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**OCTOBER 1993**

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**MICROFILMED**  
**August 1993 - April 1994**

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
**SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT**

**Funded in part by**

**THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE**  
**HUMANITIES**

**Grant No. PS-20709-93**



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# **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT**

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY  
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

**This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is \*\*M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.**

**The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.**

**The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.**

**The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.**

**The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.**

**Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.**

**Music Department  
Boston Public Library  
P. O. Box 286  
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives  
Symphony Hall  
Boston, MA 02115**



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.



VOLUMES 44-46

1924-25 TO 1926-27



# TECHNICAL DATA

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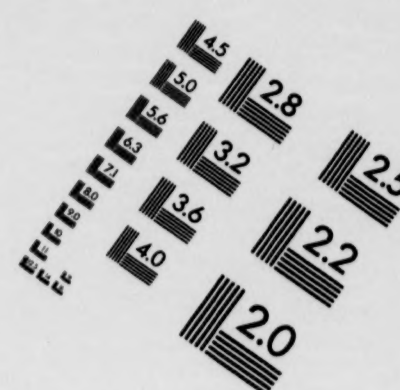
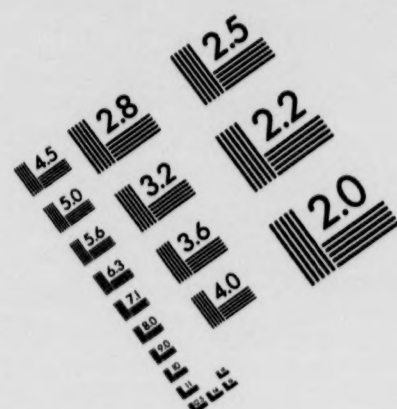
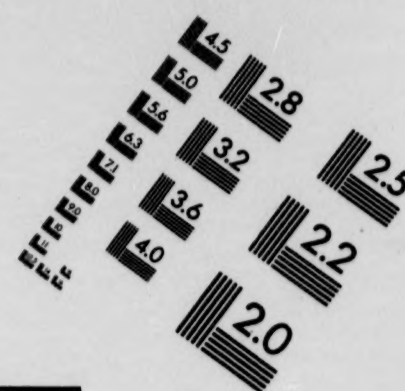


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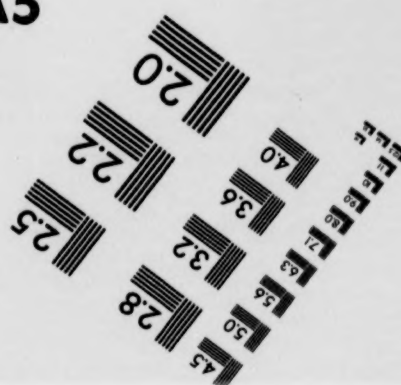
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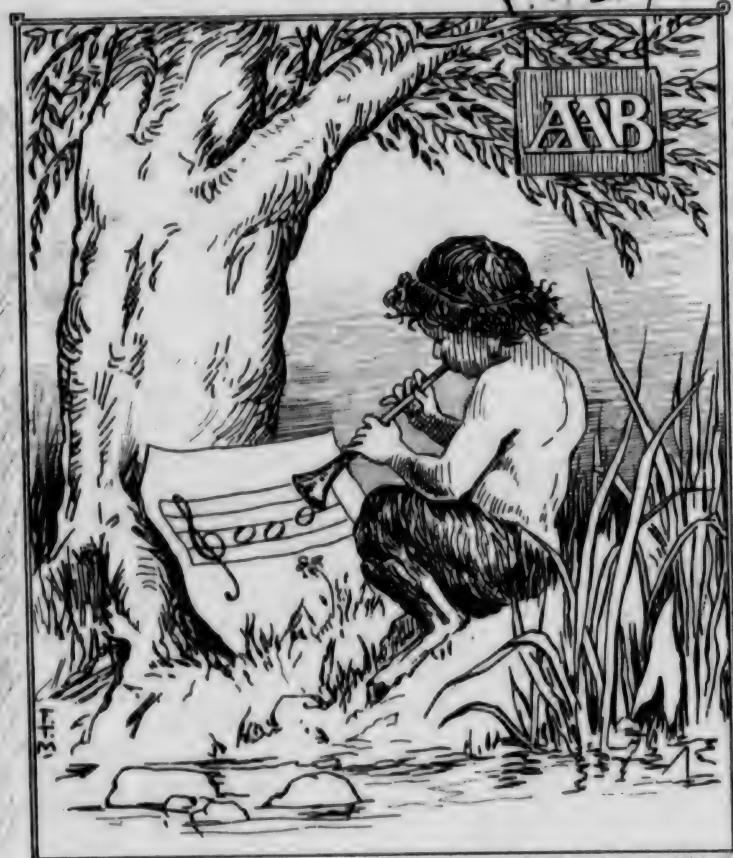


**VOLUME 44**

**1924-1925**

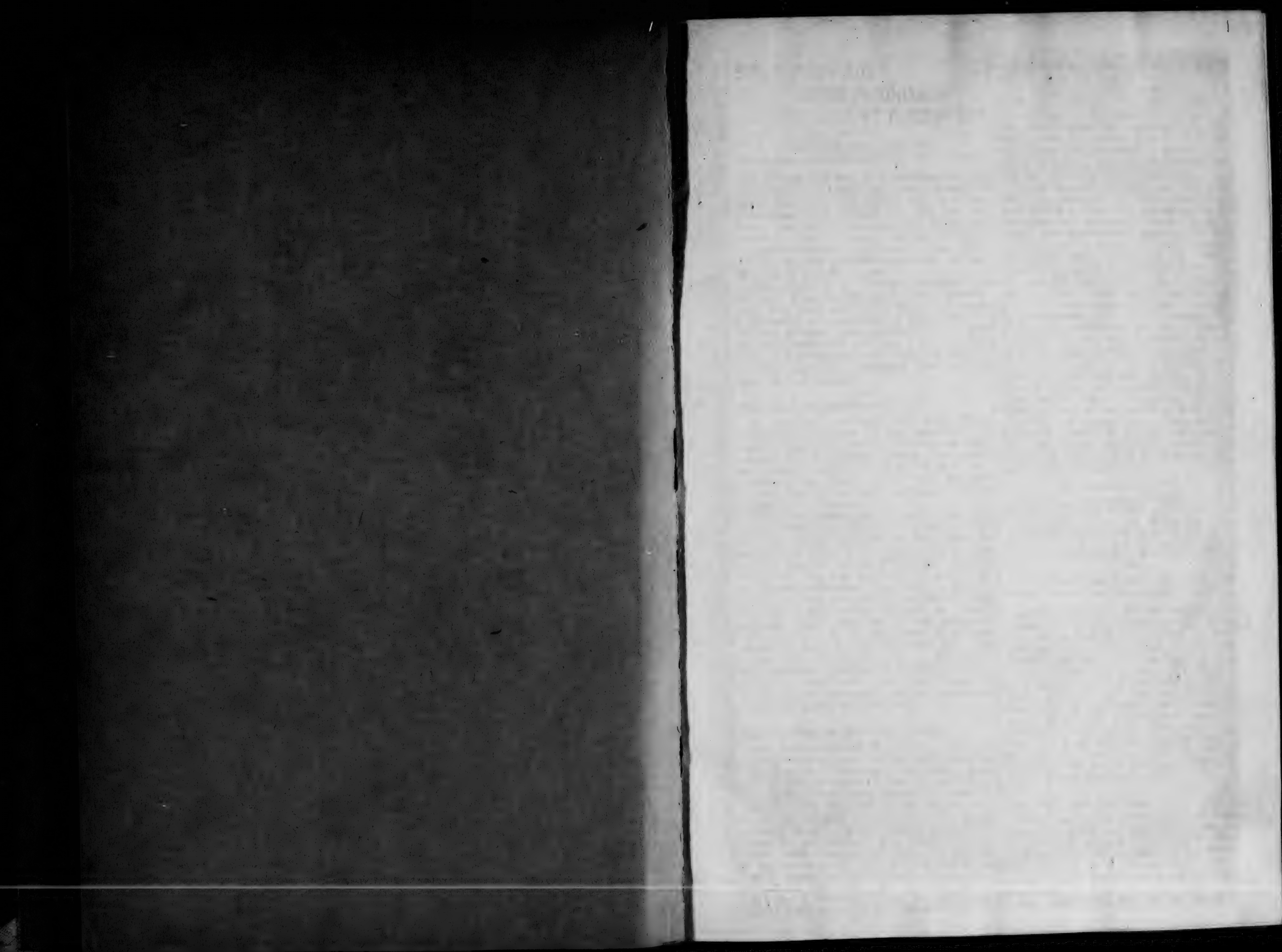


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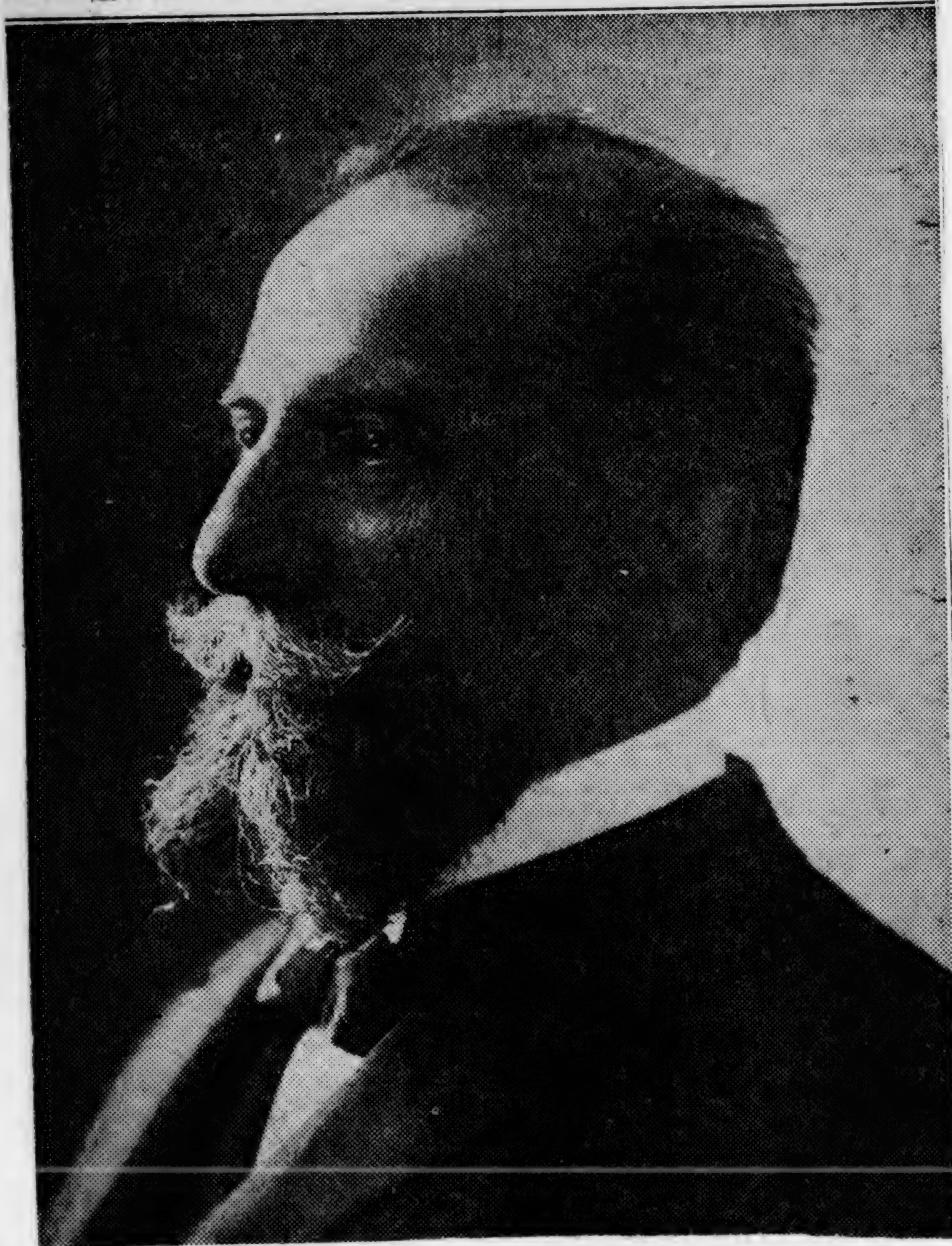




# Wilhelm Gericke, the Second Conductor of Boston Symphony

Death in Vienna of the Man Long Associated With the  
Early Progress of a Great Musical Organization

*Died Oct 27 - article Oct 29, 1925*



**W**ILHELM GERICKE is dead. Today a cablegram came from Vienna telling of the death of the man who perhaps as

much as any one else made the Boston Symphony Orchestra what it is today. He died on Tuesday. He had been ill for a long time and so the end was not unexpected. But with the coming of the cablegram gloom was spread throughout Symphony Hall where the strains of Stravinsky's Song of the Nightingale were filling the vast empty spaces of the auditorium as the orchestra was practicing under the magic wand of Koussevitsky. Only a few men are left in the orchestra now who once bent their bows at the direction of the great Gericke but those who knew him played their parts a little more gently, a little more sadly, for the spirit of Gericke still hovers about the building. And in a busy banking house there was cast a veil of silence for a moment when the word came while in a little room at the New England Conservatory tears came to the eyes of a man who was teaching pupils the way to become—perhaps second Gericke. William C. Endicott was the man in the bank to whom the cablegram came; Timothy Adamowsky the teacher who could not go on with his class, for he was the man whom Gericke brought from abroad to be a part of the orchestra which he conducted in Boston.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was founded in 1881. In the first years of its existence George Henschel led its difficult way. When the end of his leadership came, Wilhelm Gericke stood at the front of the platform to lead the men through the delightful intricacies of Brahms's waltzes which he played for the audiences of Boston for the first time. Three years ago when they gave a testimonial and benefit concert for the great conductor who was then in exile in Austria and in dire need of funds they played again Gericke's own arrangements of these waltzes. Boston has never regretted this gift which Gericke gave to its vast music loving population.

## Early Promise

Wilhelm Gericke was born in Schwanberg, Styria, on the fourteenth of April, 1845. He was not forty years of age when he came to Boston. It was when he was fifteen years old that he first showed signs of having talent for music. His education was almost solely received at the Vienna

Conservatory. Here his progress was so complete that upon his graduation he was offered and accepted the position of one of the three leaders of the orchestra at the Imperial Opera. His training had been of the most exact type. His temperament was such that he loved the classics. To the detail and mastery of technique he devoted much of his attention and when he came to Boston for the first time, the growing orchestra was made to pay strict attention to the mastery of this and the mastery of finesse. After his second concert he remarked to Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, "There are some musicians; but it is hardly an orchestra." When, after five years of leading, he left the Boston Symphony it might well have been said: "These are musicians and this is an orchestra."

It was on the evening of Oct. 20, 1884, that Mr. Higginson, the founder of the orchestra, was in Vienna and heard Gericke conduct. Mr. Higginson attended a concert at the Grand Opera House. The opera was "Aida," and so favorable was the impression which the handling of the score in the hands of Gericke made upon Mr. Higginson that immediately negotiations were under way to bring the Austrian to Boston. Two days later arrangements had been made and Gericke was ready to start to America.

Gericke took the men he had when he arrived and did with them the best that he could. A year or more after he first stood at the conductor's desk he reorganized the orchestra. He sent to Vienna, where he found many new and younger men. These he had come to sit on the platform with him. Whether any of those now playing under Koussevitsky are men whom Gericke found could not be learned today. Timothy and Josef Adamowsky of the New England Conservatory of Music were two of those whom Gericke imported, and two who will mourn the most at his passing.

## Not a Nationalist

During his first stay in Boston Gericke proved himself an eclectic, selecting whenever it was possible, the music which at the time was generally considered the best. He was not an explorer into strange musical domains, preferring to choose music that time had proved worthy of the name classic. But he was not a nationalist, Italian, German, English, Russian, it made little difference to him. His one object was to choose worthy composers.



It has been said that few conductors anywhere were better able to produce the effect that the composers originally intended for their works. Whether it was Beethoven or Brahms, his beloved Brahms, Mozart or Schumann, he always seemed to give it the interpretation which its composer meant it to have, never intruding sensational effects of his own, never interpreting it in his own individual light.

Gericke was a strong disciplinarian, but as Mr. Timothy Adamowsky today pointed out, there never was a more likable personality at the head of a Boston orchestra. "He was very severe but, oh, he was very kind. Very just and very kind. He really made the Boston Symphony. He brought it to perfection of roundness in sound, he made it mellow, not an assemblage of individualists." But he let such men as Lisztman and Leopold Lichtenberg go, whether for disciplinary reasons or for musical reasons it has never been told. The public only knew that they were gone. But in their place came such men as the Messrs. Adamowski and Charles M. Loeffler and Franz Kneisel.

#### Prophets Confounded

When Gericke reorganized his orchestra the musical critics of the city declared that they played well together, but also objected because there was "more discord than harmony in the relations of the musicians with the director. They prophesied that the enterprise would die a natural death at the end of the season. This, of course, was all before the present Symphony Hall was built, that edifice being opened in 1900. It might be noted that Gericke was one of the first to introduce Richard Strauss—and that the audience walked out on the performance.

But under Mr. Gericke's guidance the fame of the orchestra grew and in the year 1888-89, as M. A. Wolfe Howe's book points out, 112 concerts were given before audiences averaging 2500. In January, 1889, it was publicly announced that the conductor's health was undermined by the New England climate and that he would not return the next season. The choice of his successor was announced. Following a tour in the West as far as St. Louis, he was given a farewell testimonial concert in Boston in May, 1889.

#### Au Revoir

Of this concert, Louis Elson, the music critic, wrote:

"The enthusiasm which had been bubbling up all through the evening, found its full vent at the end of the concert. Then the audience rose (as they had done at the beginning of the concert also) and shouted themselves hoarse, while waving of hats and handkerchiefs was carried on even by the most sedate of individuals. Why in the world did not the trumpeters add the climax by blowing a 'Tusch' just here? But everyone was hushed in agreeable surprise when Mr. Gericke squared himself for a struggle with our language, and gave forth a charming little speech, all the more delightful because of its naive sentences and evident sincerity. He told the people of Boston how much he appreciated their recognition; he thanked the orchestra for their faithful work, the public for their steady attention; he thanked the Cecilia for assisting at his last concert, and he thanked Mr. Higginson (all Boston, and in some degree all America, may join in this) for the munificence which had made the orchestra what it was, and then he added the single work of parting, 'Farewell.' We can all hope that the last word is premature. Let us compromise the parting, oh, most popular and deserving conductor, on the basis of 'Au revoir.'"

A private farewell took place later at the home of Mrs. Ole Bull at Cambridge. On this memorable occasion an album containing verses by Holmes, Aldrich and others was presented to Mr. Gericke. On the fly-leaf, over the signature of John S. Dwight, appeared these words:

TO THE MAKER OF THE BOSTON  
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Later Mr. Gericke came back to Boston. In the interim the conductors were Arthur Nikisch and Emil Paur. The former acted in this capacity for four years and the latter was the leader for five.

#### Start All Over Again

Mr. Gericke found new conditions when he returned. Players had come and gone in the nine-year interim and new human material for Gericke to mould to his whims confronted him. The world of music had, too, undergone changes and, as Mr. Howe points out, the conductorship of Nikisch and Baur had done much to broaden the outlook of American audiences.

Many objected to Gericke's choice of music and felt that he too often gave them the familiar, the classic. But he heeded these complaints and near the end of his second term more and more showed sympathy with the moderns and played them

with a wonderful enthusiasm and devotion. During this second term two important events took place. One was the opening of the new Symphony Hall and the other was the establishment of the pension fund. It was in the winter of 1906 that a misunderstanding arose. There was a failure to agree upon terms by which his contract was to be renewed and in February of that year his resignation was announced. Dr. Karl Muck was his successor.

William Endicott, in the busy offices of Kidder, Peabody & Co., had this to say of Gericke: "He was a charming man. He knew of little but music, but that he knew to his finger tips. I was very fond of him and knew him well. The war hurt Gericke, and, of course, with all the bitterness which attended it, it made of him almost an exile from this land where for thirteen years he had done so much for us. He was very fond of America, too, and had many warm friends here that will miss him more than I can tell."

Proof of the sincerity of Mr. Endicott's statement was the benefit concert which was given him on Dec. 5, 1922 at Symphony Hall. At this concert Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, his own arrangements of Brahms' waltzes, Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" and Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," all favorites of Gericke, were played to a packed house. A fund was raised and sent to him to help in the difficult years in Vienna. Gericke wrote back a letter of appreciation that is one of the most prized possessions in the archives at Symphony Hall.

Arthur Foote, at Jordan Hall, today summed up the characteristics of the man when he said, "He had the utmost feeling for beauty of tone in an orchestra. His was the fullest artistic conscience. Whether he cared for it or not he would afford one piece of music the same sympathetic treatment that he poured forth into the music which he loved. He was a splendid conductor; whether better than later ones it is not for me to say. He was very uncompromising in his ideals, very quiet by nature, deeply loved by all who knew him."

From Emil Mollenhauer come words that are fitting to end this summary of the great Gericke: "Words cannot express the regret I feel for his passing. Gericke was not only one of the world's great conductors, he was one of the world's great men, in spirit as in deed. I refer especially to the noble quality of his personal honor, the breadth and kindness of his human sympathy. In his leadership he was never the autocrat. He was so sincere a musician, and so able in his profession, that these qualities were always enough to command the respect and close following of his men, without other need of discipline. A musician who did credit to the beauty of music is gone. He will be long admired and long mourned."



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*[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side]*

















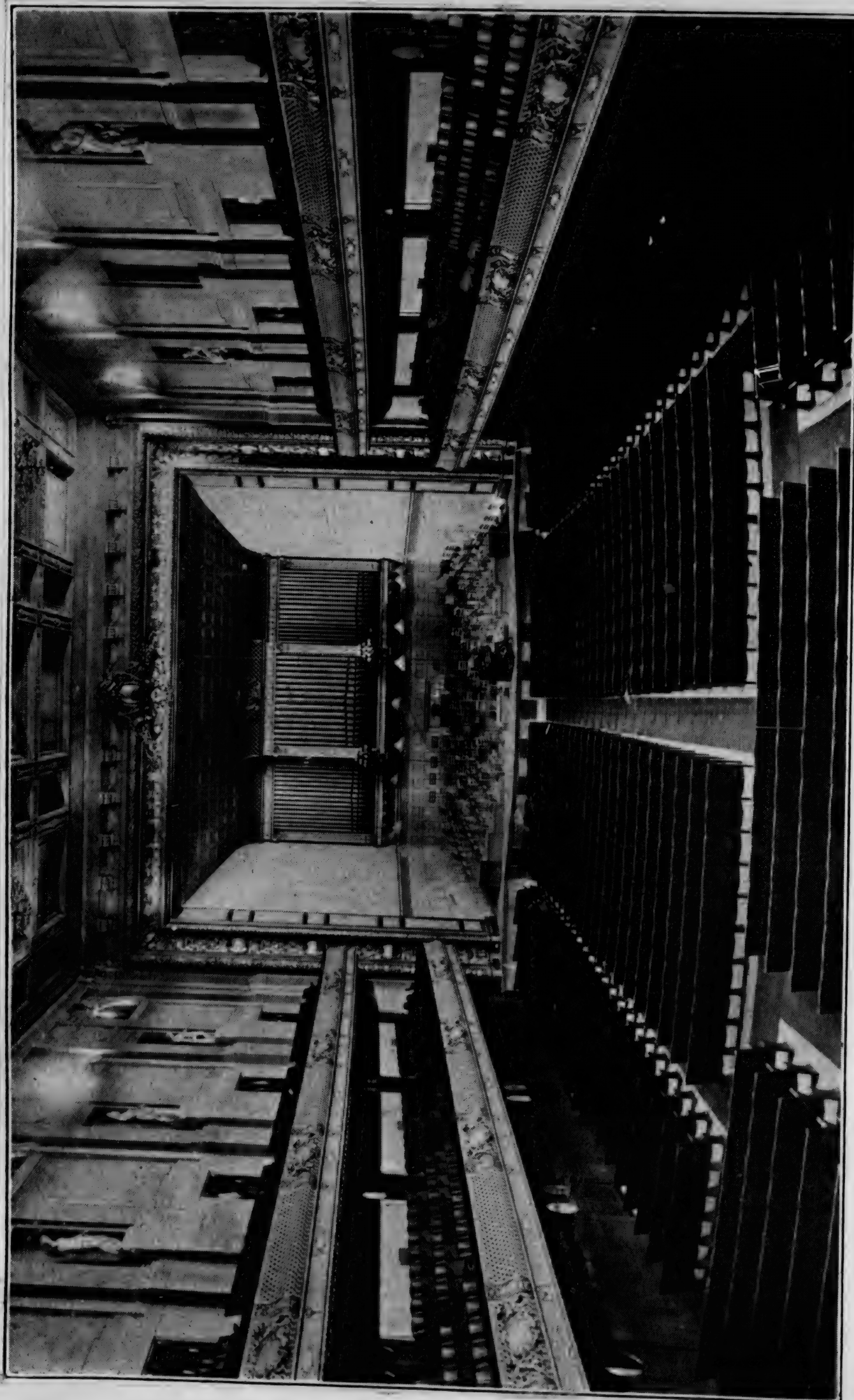












SYMPHONY HALL,  
Huntington Avenue

*The most beautiful auditorium in Boston*

# SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Branch Exchange Telephones, Ticket and Administration Offices, Back Bay 1492

## Boston Symphony Orchestra

INC.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FORTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1924-1925

### Programme

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE  
NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

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#### FREDERICK P. CABOT

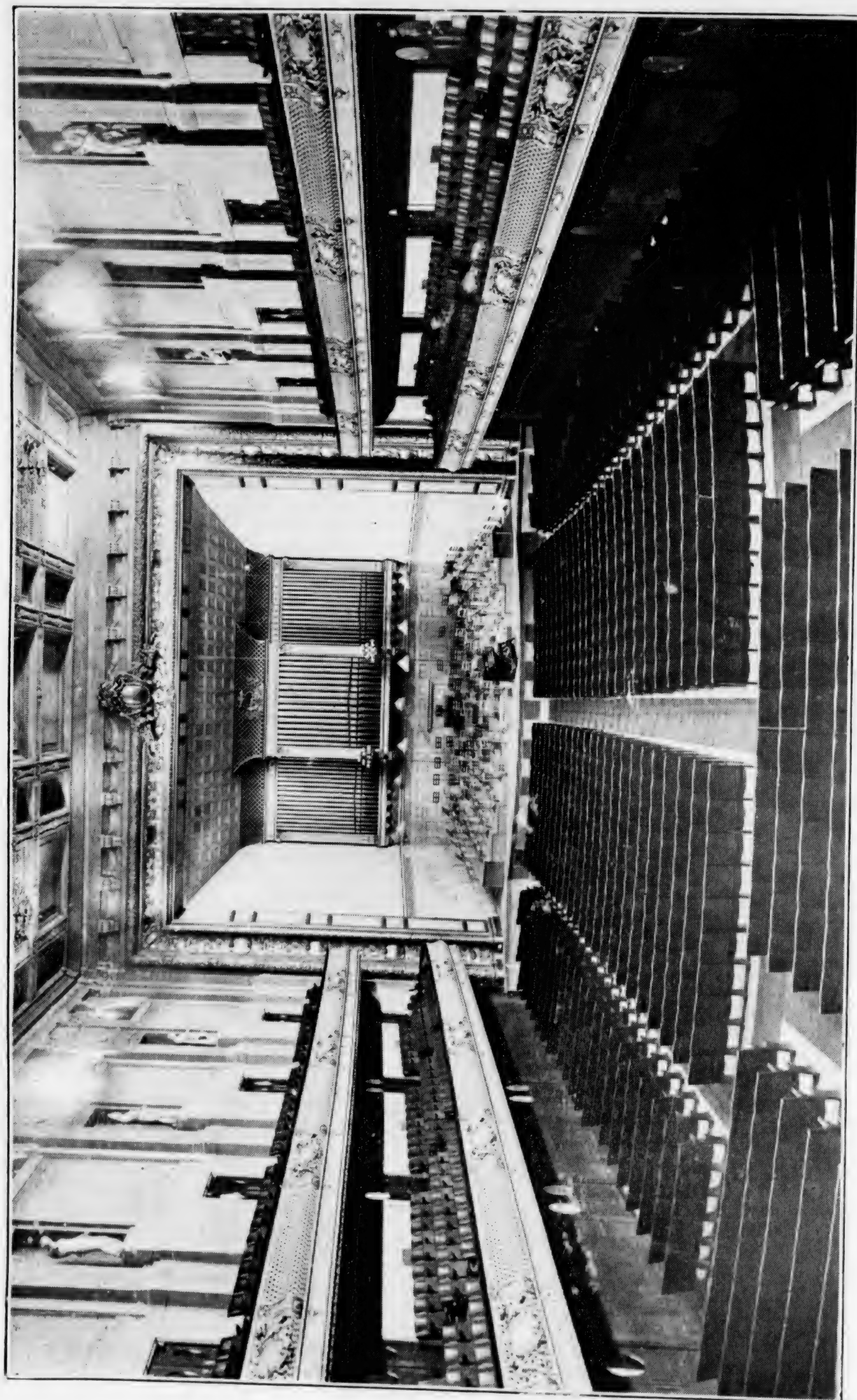
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M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE	GALEN L. STONE
JOHN ELLERTON LODGE	BENTLEY W. WARREN
ARTHUR LYMAN	E. SOHIER WELCH

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Assistant Manager

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Huntington Avenue

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W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Assistant Manager



# Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-fourth Season, 1924-1925

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

## PERSONNEL

### VIOLINS.

Burgin, R. <i>Concert-master.</i>	Hoffmann, J. Mahn, F.	Gerardi, A. Krafft, W.	Hamilton, V. Sauvlet, H.
Theodorowicz, J.	Pinfield, C.	Fiedler, B.	Siegl, F.
Gundersen, R.	Cherkassky, P.	Leveen, P.	Mariotti, V.
Kassman, N.	Gorodetzky, L.	Kurth, R.	Riedlinger, H.
Thillois, F.	Goldstein, S.	Bryant, M.	Knudsen, C.
Murray, J.	Tapley, R.	Del Sordo, R.	Messina, S.
Stonestreet, L.	Erkelens, H.	Seiniger, S.	
Diamond, S.			

### VIOLAS.

Fourel, G.	Werner, H.	Grover, H.	Fiedler, A.
Artières, L.	Van Wynbergen, C.	Shirley, P.	Mullaly, J.
	Gerhardt, S.	Kluge, M.	
	Deane, C.	Zahn, F.	

### VIOLONCELLOS.

Bedetti, J.	Keller, J.	Belinski, M.	Warnke, J.	Langendœn, J.
Schroeder, A.	Barth, C.	Stockbridge, C.	Fabrizio, E.	Marjolle, L.

### BASSES.

Kunze, M.	Seydel, T.	Ludwig, O.	Kelley, A.	Girard, H.
Keller, K.	Gerhardt, G.	Frankel, I.	Demetrides, L.	

### FLUTES.

Laurent, G.  
Bladet, G.  
Amerena, P.

### OBOES.

Longy, G.  
Lenom, C.  
Stanislaus, H.

### CLARINETS.

Sand, A.  
Arcieri, E.  
Vannini, A.

### BASSOONS.

Laus, A.  
Allard, R.  
Bettoney, F.

### PICCOLO.

Battles, A.

### ENGLISH HORNS.

Mueller, F.  
Speyer, L.

### BASS CLARINET.

Mimart, P.

### CONTRA-BASSOON.

Piller, B.

### HORNS.

Wendler, G.  
Schindler, G.  
Hess, M.  
Lorbeer, H.

### HORNS.

Valkenier, W.  
Gebhardt, W.  
Van Den Berg, C.  
Hain, F.

### TRUMPETS.

Mager, G.  
Mann, J.  
Schmeisser, K.  
Perret, G.  
Kloepfel, L.

### TROMBONES.

Hampe, C.  
Adam, E.  
Mausebach, A.  
Kenfield, L.

### TUBA.

Sidow, P.

### HARPS.

Holy, A.  
Mme. Savitzkaya

### TIMPANI.

Ritter, A.  
Polster, M.

### PERCUSSION.

Ludwig, C.  
Sternburg, S.  
Zahn, F.

### ORGAN.

Snow, A.

### CELESTA.

Fiedler, A.

### LIBRARIAN.

Rogers, L. J.



# WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1924-1925

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.  
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.  
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.  
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.  
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.  
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

- BACH, C. P. E.: Concerto, D major, for orchestra\*\* (arranged by STEINBERG), October 24, 1924 . . . . .  
Concerto for two pianos,\*\* December 19, 1924 (Messrs. MAIER and PATTISON) . . . . .  
BACH, J. S.: Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, G major, for strings, January 9, 1925; May 1, 1925 . . . . . 845,  
Organ Fantasia and Fugue, C minor (arranged for orchestra by ELGAR),\*\* January 9, 1925 . . . . .  
Adagio from Organ Toccata (arranged by A. SILOTI),\*\* May 1, 1925 . . . . .  
BAX: "The Garden of Fand,"\* April 17, 1925 . . . . .  
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3, E-flat major, Op. 55, December 5, 1924 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 5, C minor, Op. 67, October 17, 1924 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 6, F major, January 16, 1925 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 7, A major, Op. 92, January 16, 1925 . . . . .  
Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62, January 16, 1925 . . . . .  
Overture to "Egmont," Op. 84, November 7, 1924 . . . . .  
Scene and Aria "Ah! Perfido," Op. 65, February 6, 1925 (Mme. MATZENAUER) . . . . .  
BERLIOZ: Overture, "The Roman Carnival," Op. 9, October 10, 1924 . . . . .  
BLISS: Concerto for two pianos,† December 19, 1924 (Messrs. MAIER and PATTISON) . . . . .  
BOCCHERINI: Symphony, C major,\*\* Op. 16, No. 3, November 21, 1924 . . . . .  
BORCHARD: "L'Élan,"† March 20, 1925 . . . . .  
BORODIN: Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," with chorus\* (CECILIA SOCIETY), March 27, 1925; May 1, 1925 . 1634,  
BOULANGER, LILI: "Pour les Funérailles d'un Soldat,"\*\* February 20, 1925 . . . . .  
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 3, F major, Op. 90, March 6, 1925 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 4, E minor, Op. 98, October 24, 1924 . . . . .  
Variations on a Theme by Handel, October 10, 1924 . . . . .  
CAPLET: "Épiphanie," Fresco for violoncello (Mr. BEDETTI†) and orchestra,\*\* March 20, 1925 (first time in America) . . . . .  
COPLAND: Symphony for organ and orchestra\*\* (NADIA BOULANGER\*\* organist), February 20, 1925 . . . . .  
CORELLI: Concerto Grosso, C minor, for strings and piano,\* Op. 6, No. 3, December 12, 1924 . . . . .  
DEBUSSY: Nocturnes ("Nuages" and "Fêtes"), November 7, 1924; May 1, 1925 . . . . . 376,  
"La Mer," November 21, 1924 . . . . .  
"Danse" (arranged for orchestra by RAVEL),\*\* March 20, 1925 . . . . .  
DUKAS: "La Péri, Poème Dansé," February 13, 1925 . . . . .



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- EICHHEIM: A Chinese Legend (about 600 A.D.).† First performance with enlarged orchestra. Conducted by the composer, April 3, 1925 . . . . .
- ELGAR: See J. S. BACH.
- DE FALLA: "El Amor Brujo" ("Love the Sorcerer"\*\*\*), October 17, 1924 . . . . .
- FAURÉ: (Memorial Concert): Overture to "Penelope," December 5, 1924 . . . . .
- Élegie for violoncello\* (Mr. BEDETTI†) and orchestra, December 5, 1924 . . . . .
- FOOTE: Suite, E major, for strings, Op. 63, April 3, 1925 . . . . .
- GLAZOUNOV: Symphony No. 8,\*\* E-flat major, Op. 83, February 27, 1925 . . . . .
- GLINKA: Overture to "Russlan and Lioudmilla," February 27, 1925 . . . . .
- HADLEY: Symphony No. 4, D minor, "North, East, South, and West,"\*\* February 6, 1925. Conducted by the composer . . . . .
- HANDEL: Concerto Grosso, D minor, October 17, 1924 . . . . .
- Concerto Grosso, No. 5, D major, for strings (Köchel edition) (solo strings, Messrs. BURGIN, THEODOROWICZ, FOUREL, BEDETTI), March 27, 1925 . . . . .
- Concerto for organ and string orchestra, D minor, February 20, 1925 (NADIA BOULANGER\*\* organist) . . . . .
- HAYDN: Symphony, G major (B. & H., No. 13), December 19, 1924 . . . . .
- HILL: Scherzo for Two Pianos† (Messrs. MAIER and PATTISON), December 19, 1924 . . . . .
- HONEGGER: "Pacific 231,"\*\* October 10, 1924 . . . . .
- D'INDY: Symphony, B-flat major, No. 2, Op. 57, February 13, 1925 . . . . .
- LIADOV: "Kikimora," Op. 63, February 27, 1925 . . . . .
- "The Enchanted Lake," Op. 62, February 27, 1925 . . . . .
- "Baba Yaga," Op. 56, February 27, 1925 . . . . .
- LISZT: "Tasso; Lamento e Trionfo," Symphonic Poem No. 2, February 20, 1925 . . . . .
- LOEFFLER: Poem "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine), April 24, 1925 . . . . .
- MAHLER (see WEBER).
- MANUEL, ROLAND: Sinfonia from "Isabelle et Pantalon"\*\*\* (first time in America), March 20, 1925 . . . . .
- MENDELSSOHN: Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," March 6, 1925 . . . . .
- MOUSSORGSKY: Prelude\*\* to "Khovantchina," October 24, 1924 . . . . .
- "Pictures at an Exhibition"\*\*\* (arranged for orchestra by M. RAVEL). First time in America, November 7, 1924 . . . . .
- MOZART: Symphony, G minor (K. No. 550), November 7, 1924 . . . . .
- "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" (K. No. 525), February 20, 1925 . . . . .
- Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," November 21, 1924 . . . . .
- "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Mme. MATZENAUER), February 6, 1925 . . . . .

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- PROKOFIEFF: Scythian Suite,\*\* Op. 20, October 24, 1924 . . . . .
- Concerto for violin (Mr. BURGIN† and Orchestra\*\*), Op. 19. First time in America, April 24, 1925 . . . . .
- RABAUD: "La Procession Nocturne," Op. 6 (after Lenau), February 13, 1925; March 27, 1925 . . . . . 1183,
- RACHMANINOFF: "The Island of the Dead" (after Böcklin), Op. 29, November 21, 1924 . . . . .
- Concerto No. 2, C minor, Op. 18 (Mr. RACHMANINOFF), April 17, 1925 . . . . .
- RAVEL: Orchestral Fragments (First Series), from "Daphnis et Chloe," December 3, 1924 . . . . .
- "La Valse," December 19, 1924; April 3, 1925 . . . . . 732,
- See MOUSSORGSKY.
- RESPIGHI: Old Dances and Airs for the Lute (freely arranged), December 12, 1924 . . . . .
- Concerto Gregoriano,\*\* for violin (Mr. SPALDING) and orchestra, January 9, 1925 . . . . .
- RIGEL: Symphony, D major.\*\* First time in America, December 26, 1924 . . . . .
- RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "The Flight of the Bumble-Bee,"\*\* Scherzo from "Tsar Saltan," October 24, 1924 . . . . .
- Caprice on Spanish Themes, November 21, 1924 . . . . .
- Suite\*\* from "Christmas Eve" (after Gogol), December 26, 1924 . . . . .
- ROUSSEL: Symphony, B-flat,\*\* Op. 23. First time in America, October 31, 1924 . . . . .
- "Pour une Fête de Printemps,"\*\* Op. 23, February 13, 1925 . . . . .
- SCHMITT: Rêves,\*\* for orchestra, Op. 68, No. 1, October 17, 1924 . . . . .
- SCHUBERT: Unfinished Symphony, B minor, December 26, 1924 . . . . .
- Symphony, B-flat major, No. 5, April 24, 1925 . . . . .
- SCHUMANN: Piano Concerto, A minor, Op. 54 (Mr. CORTOT), April 3, 1925 . . . . .
- SCRIABIN: "The Poem of Ecstasy," Op. 54, October 10, 1924 . . . . .
- "Prometheus: A Poem of Fire,"\*\* for orchestra and piano, with organ and chorus, Op. 60, March 27, 1925; May 1, 1925 . . . . . 1608,
- SMETANA: Overture to "The Sold Bride," February 6, 1925 . . . . .
- STRAUSS: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28, December 12, 1924 . . . . .
- "Don Juan" (after Lenau), Op. 20, February 6, 1925 . . . . .
- "Ein Heldenleben," Op. 40, April 17, 1925 . . . . .
- Salome's Dance from "Salome," March 6, 1925 . . . . .
- STRAVINSKY: Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu," January 23, 1925 . . . . .
- Suite from "Pétrouchka," January 23, 1925 . . . . .
- "Le Sacre du Printemps," December 26, 1924 . . . . .
- Concerto\*\* for Piano (Mr. STRAVINSKY) and wind orchestra with double basses. First time in America, January 23, 1925 . . . . .
- Song of the Volga Bargemen, for wind orchestra,\* January 23, 1925 . . . . .
- TAILLEFERRE: Concerto\*\* for piano (Mr. CORTOT) and orchestra . . . . .



- TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5, E minor, Op. 64, March 20, 1925 . . . . .
- Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (after Shakespeare), February 27, 1925 . . . . .
- Concerto for Piano (Mr. BOROVSKY\*\*), No. 1, B-flat minor, Op. 23, December 12, 1924 . . . . .
- VIVALDI: Concerto, D minor, for orchestra with organ, edited\*\* by A. SILOTI, October 16, 1924 . . . . .
- WAGNER: Overture to "Rienzi," January 9, 1925 . . . . .
- Overture to "Tannhäuser," April 24, 1925 . . . . .
- Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," October 31, 1924 . . . . .
- Prelude to "Lohengrin," January 9, 1925 . . . . .
- Prelude to Act III of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," March 6, 1925 . . . . .
- Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," October 31, 1924 . . . . .
- Ride of the Valkyries, January 9, 1925 . . . . .
- Funeral Music of Siegfried from "Dusk of the Gods," October 31, 1924; April 24, 1925 (in memory of John Singer Sargent) . . . . . 298-
- WEBER: Overture to "Oberon," October 31, 1924 . . . . .
- Intermezzo\*\* from "The Three Pintos" (probably by MAHLER), March 6, 1925 . . . . .

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED THIS SEASON

- BEDETTI,† JEAN: December 5, 1924, Fauré's Élegie . . . . .
- March 20, 1925, Caplet's "Épiphanie," for violoncello and orchestra (first time in America) . . . . .
- BOROVSKY,\*\* ALEXANDER: December 12, 1924, Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto, No. 1, B-flat minor. Sketch . . . . .
- BOULANGER,\*\* NADIA: February 20, 1925, Handel's Concerto, D minor, for organ and strings; Copland, Symphony\*\* for organ and orchestra. Sketch . . . . .
- BURGIN,† RICHARD: April 24, 1925, Prokofieff's Concerto\*\* for violin and orchestra (first time in America). Sketch . . . . .
- CORTOT, ALFRED: April 3, 1925, Schumann's Piano Concerto and Tailleferre's Concerto.\*\* Sketch . . . . .
- MAIER, GUY, with LEE PATTISON: December 19, 1924, C. P. E. Bach's Concerto\*\* for two pianos; Bliss's Concerto† for two pianos; Hill's Scherzo for two pianos . . . . .
- MATZENAUER, MARGARET: February 6, 1925, Beethoven, Scene and Aria, "Ah! Perfido"; Mozart, "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito" . . . . .
- PATTISON, LEE: See MAIER.
- RACHMANINOFF, SERGE: April 17, 1925, Rachmaninoff's Concerto, No. 1, C minor . . . . .
- SPALDING, ALBERT: January 9, 1925, Respighi's Concerto Gregoriano.\*\* Sketch . . . . .
- STRAVINSKY,\*\* IGOR: January 23, 1925, Stravinsky's Concerto for piano, wind instruments with double basses (first time in America). Sketch . . . . .

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

THE NEW CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA





TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5, E minor, Op. 64, March 20, 1925  
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## SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

THE NEW CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA







The Conductor's Secretary, Dr. Vladimar Zederbaum, Serves Him as Musician, Linguist, and Man of Letters. Incidentally He Served in the Medical Corps at the Russian Front and Was Twice Wounded

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY was born at Tver (north Russia) in 1874. His first musical studies were at home. At the age of twelve he became the conductor in the theatre of that town, where he wrote the incidental music for the plays. When he was fourteen, he went to the Moscow Conservatory. There he studied, for an instrument, the double bass, a pupil of Rambaussec. He became the double-bass soloist of the Imperial Opera and succeeded his teacher as professor of that instrument at the Conservatory. He toured as a double-bass virtuoso of extraordinary proficiency in Russia and Western Europe for ten years, and composed pieces for the instrument, among them a concerto.

But his ambition was to become a conductor. In 1907 he formed an orchestra from pupils at the Hochschule in Berlin. In 1909, returning to Russia, he organized the Koussevitzky Orchestra, and in Moscow, for choral works, formed a mixed choir of two hundred and fifty voices. (In Leningrad, he used the Archangelsky Choir.) In those cities he gave Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and other festivals. In summer he toured in the provinces; made annual voyages with his men down the Volga. He introduced many native and foreign novelties.

During the World War he continued to give concerts with other orchestras than his own, for most of his own men had been called into service. After the revolution of 1917 he was appointed director of the Russian State Orchestras. In 1920 he left Russia to dwell in Western Europe. From 1921 to 1924 he gave in Paris two seasons of four concerts yearly. He has conducted in London and other English towns, Scotland, Barcelona, Madrid, Rome, Berlin, Warsaw, etc. At Barcelona he conducted and staged a number of Russian operas; in Paris, Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" and "Khovantchina." In 1909 he and his wife founded the publishing business of "L'Edition Russe de Musique," and later took over the old Russian business of Gutheil & Co.





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# As the Door Swings Open Upon Music

Trans. — Sept. 6, 1924  
Koussevitzky, Newcomers and New  
Courses for the Forty-Fourth  
Year of Symphony  
Concerts

**T**ODAY Mr. Koussevitzky is taking ship at Cherbourg on the way to his new post as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A week hence, he is expected at Symphony Hall. From the one date or the other, chroniclers may reckon the beginning of "the reign of the Russians," as a few wits are already naming it. To Mr. Koussevitzky—they have discovered—will be added three other Russians among the "assisting artists" for the new season: Rakhmaninov as pianist and composer; Stravinsky as composer and pianist; Prokofiev as both and, possibly, conductor in his own music. They have heard also that the programs will contain more than one new piece from Russian hands. Hence their nimble exercise in phrase-making for the smiles of all within earshot. The pastime is innocent and a pretty provocation to those who still complain that Mr. Koussevitzky is a Russian. He is—it is true—by the accident of birth (which is chance for us all), by residence in his younger years, by the earlier practise of his profession. No sooner, however, had he risen in it than he became the cosmopolitan, the individualist, that in these days, nearly all eminent conductors are. In his turn Mr. Koussevitzky has traversed the concert-halls of Europe from Moscow to Madrid. When Russia became a troubled and precarious dwelling-place for the arts, he transferred himself to Paris. Thence, and from London in equal measure, his renown has spread through the western world. As Russian conductor, it might barely have heeded him. As cosmopolitan conductor, it sets him in the first rank of these days.

Now, in plain fact, conducting is a highly individualized calling. Not from the passport and the records that assign him a nationality proceed a conductor's

eminence and vogue. The sources of his merits, the springs of his power, are within himself as musician, poet, stimulant and authority upon the orchestra before him and the audience behind him. By the understanding and imagination that possess him, so does he give forth music in his own image as well as that of the composer. Mr. Koussevitzky is not a high-placed conductor because he happens to be Russian by antecedents, but by the mettle he has proved in a dozen corners, as an Irishman might say, of this round world. And on no other ground, or for no other occasion was he called to Symphony Hall. All this is to write the very primer of musical understanding. Yet there were those who believed—and may still believe—that only a German can truthfully and eloquently translate Beethoven into sound or that a Parisian is necessarily a notable conductor, because the French armies were among the victors in the late war. Near neighbors are those who await with an air of mistrust and foreboding the waving of a Russian baton over the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Some of these even call the engagement of Mr. Koussevitzky a "mystery"—as though the trustees were misled into the choosing of a conductor of the first rank, who should be also, since Americans exact it, vivid "personality."

As groundless are the repeated alarms over Mr. Koussevitzky as a fanatical, forthputting modernist. In these times eminent conductors are seldom fanatics for anybody or anything. Rather, they are, musically, broad-minded, open-minded, discerning and balanced. They are even aware that an audience is—an audience, especially through a series of fifty concerts in the same city to the same public. Incredible as to some it seems, Mr. Koussevitzky passions himself for the classic masters of music. As Mr. Newman has said in these columns, he would set his Bach, Beethoven and Mozart newly aglow, in the ardors, bright or deep, large and full, with which they wrote. He conceives them as eager spirits outpouring themselves upon our time as well as upon their own day. With this intensified life they must warm orchestra and audience as they have already kindled his own responsive and transmitting powers. From this impassioning of the classics, more than from any other merit, has sprung Mr. Koussevitzky's great reputation in Europe. Therewith do his band and his hearers feel him most. Yet he discriminates while he burns. If he would have his Beethoven incandescent and his Brahms beating high, he is as eager in another vein for the modelling and the chiselling, the suavity and sensibility, the pellucid mood and course, the play of sentiment, the darts of fervor, in eighteenth-century music. More: he rediscovers and reanimates it, choosing

from the shadowy neglected nooks as well as from the sunny high places. For within these forms and surfaces—he would persuade us—there is still the pulse of life.

By the same token, a conductor of Mr. Koussevitzky's intensities is little likely to overlook the romantics of music from Schubert, Berlioz and Schumann through Wagner, Chalkovsky and Strauss. They recur upon his programs in Europe. They invite his visioning and dramatizing powers. With them, he can be architect for line and poet for picture and passion. The discerning and good-willed Monteux erased Chalkovsky's tone-poem of Francesca and Paolo from his programs for last winter, because Mr. Koussevitzky excels in it. From London to Moscow his version of Strauss's "Don Juan" remains a tingling memory. In a nearly opera-less city like Boston, he may go open-armed to Wagner. A Russian outflinging himself upon Chalkovsky and Rimsky—there has been none such hereabouts in this symphonic day—should not fail of excitements where audiences thrill to relative calm. The romantics of Friday and Saturday at Symphony Hall bid fair next season to have their fill, with Mr. Koussevitzky as minister. Nay: even the exacting Francophiles may anticipate contentedly. No less a master of line and edge, the new conductor stirs to Ravel. Another turn and his sensibility joins hands with Debussy's.

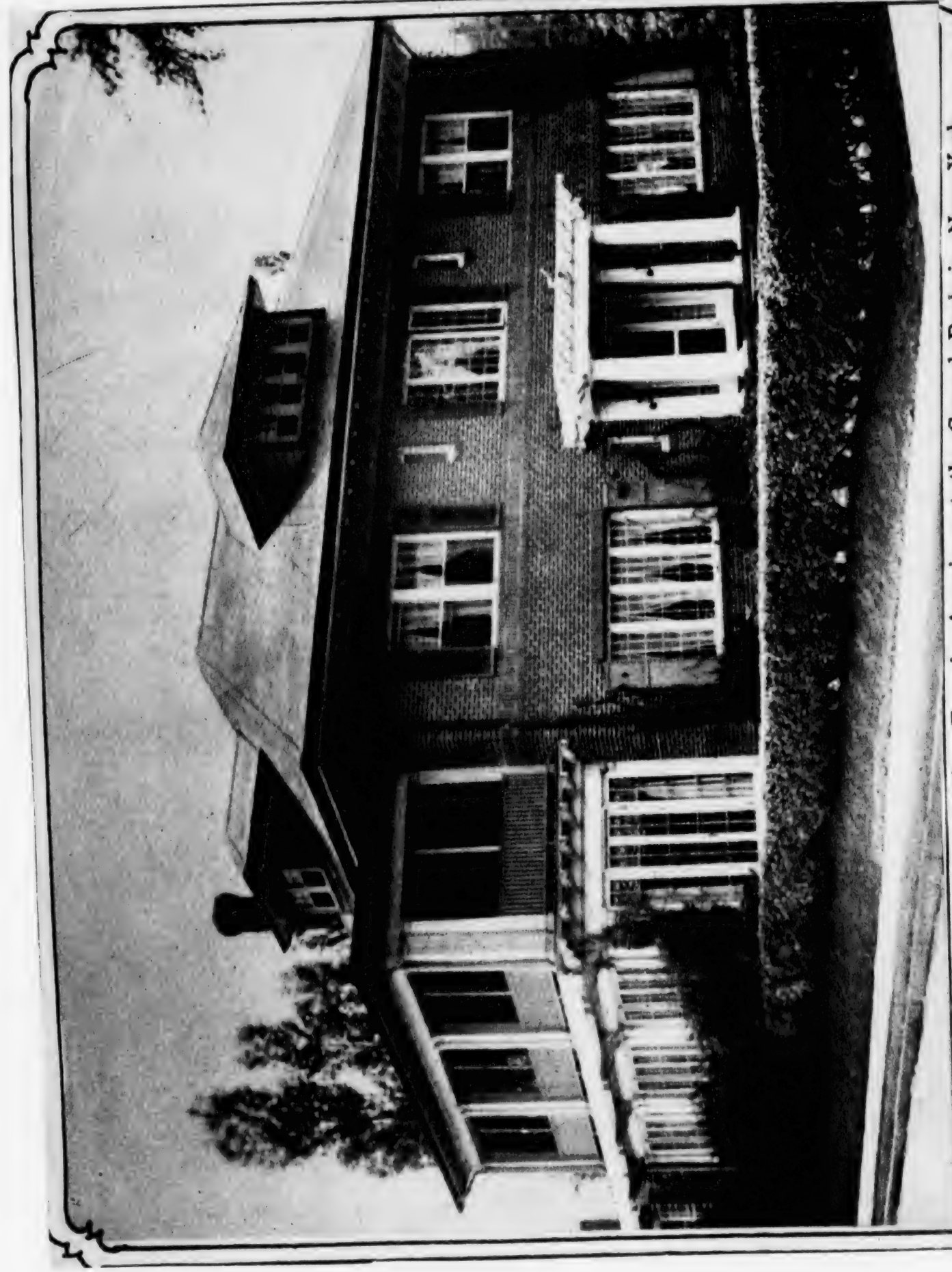
Yet Mr. Koussevitzky remains the dreaded—and dreadful—modernist; whereas on that score he is not one jot more menacing to the peace of Symphony Hall than was the now haloed Monteux. No conductor, unless he work in a provincialized Germany, may shut his ears to the music written in this, our immediate, day, or close his doors when a Stravinsky or a Honegger, out of an innovating generation, knocks at them. Symphony concerts have their classics—so far in perpetuity. They have as well their established moderns, who may or may not endure the sifting years. Neither the one nor the other is in the least peril at Symphony Hall or any other concert-room. Record has yet to name the conductor who, in human nature, would not prove his particular and pervading quality in both. They prove—and display—him; while with the modernists the composer usually comes uppermost for execration or applause. Not many of us have a warrantable notion how much or how little Mr. Koussevitzky admires his newcomers. Because they have sometimes preponderated through four grouped and specially schemed concerts in Paris is no sign that they will also outweigh twenty-four pairs of concerts under the different conditions of Boston.

Here, none the less, the modernists will surely be heard in full and also just, desert, not merely because Mr. Koussevitzky

is responsive voice to them, but because he is in artist's and musician's honor bound to find place for the new ways and the new works. Irritated ears and angry tongues to the contrary notwithstanding, a renowned conductor may not now "turn down" Stravinsky or Honegger, the new Italians and Englishmen, the newer Russians and Czechs, and still look himself honestly in the face. Like or mislike it, the day of rejection and silence is overpast. The innovators and "come-outers" have won their right to hearing, and heard they will be, as part of the progress, the pleasure, the pains and the penalties of music coursing through our day. The listeners may welcome or resent; but still the tide will flow. No conductor—least of all an alert and eager Koussevitzky—and no audience, may escape it. Yet Boston, it is the silly custom to say, "is different." Not a whit. The public of Symphony Hall that cannot abide the modernists is no larger and no more vocal with woe and menace than it is in New York or Paris or London. Beside it, in all four cities, the curious, interested, exhilarated, believing minority is the same "obnoxious" fraction—or faction. Yet the conductors, and not least Mr. Koussevitzky, somehow minister to it and somehow prevail. As some say strangely, they believe they are serving both the present and the future of the music.

So stand the signs of the times at Symphony Hall for a public that is to be thrice blessed in the coming of a conductor of the first rank in both Western and Eastern Europe; a classicist, a romanticist and a modernist justly and discerningly fused; in passion for his music yet in wrought design unfolding it, courting power yet also courting sensibility. Four times blessed is Mr. Koussevitzky coming in his turn to an unchanged orchestra bestowed upon him in new flower and eager to be extended—at last—to the top of its bent. A fifth blessing is his in the full authority over the matter and the manner of the concerts that is the theory, practice, tradition and pride of Henry Higginson's orchestra. At the very beginning Mr. Koussevitzky elects to exercise it. He will have no decorative "soloists"; no intensive and expansive "assisting artists" fondly fancying that a Symphony Concert is service and setting to their powers and "personality." Instead his "soloists" will come to play music they have themselves composed or to fit into schemes and pieces of the conductor's own choice and devising. For the while, they are Rakhmaninov, Stravinsky and Prokofiev for their own piano-pieces; Mr. Spalding for Respighi's new Concerto for Violin; Mr. Cortot, Messrs. Maler and Pattison and Mme. Matzenauer for other purposes not yet disclosed. . . . Once more, expectancy is the word. H. T. P.

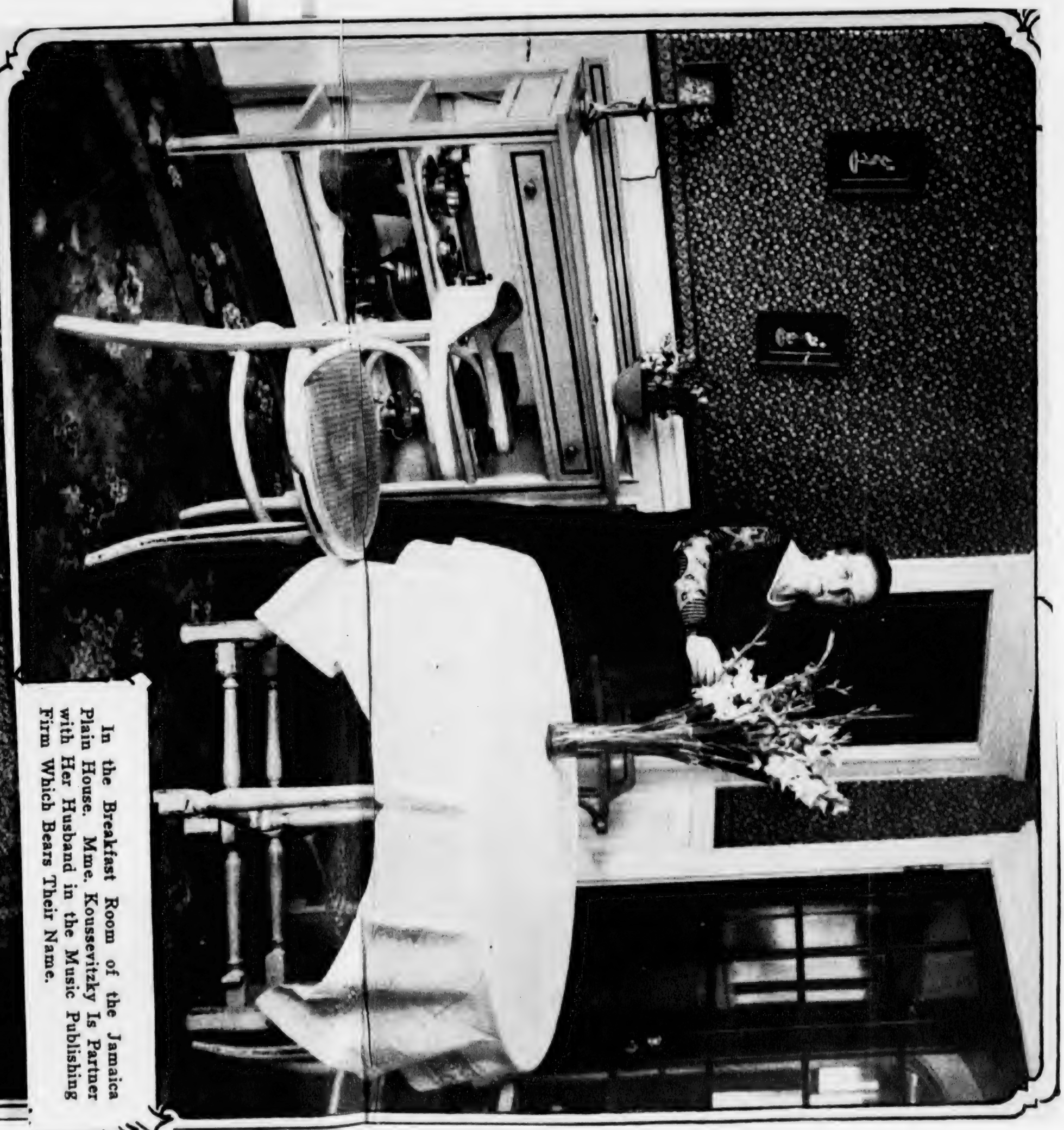




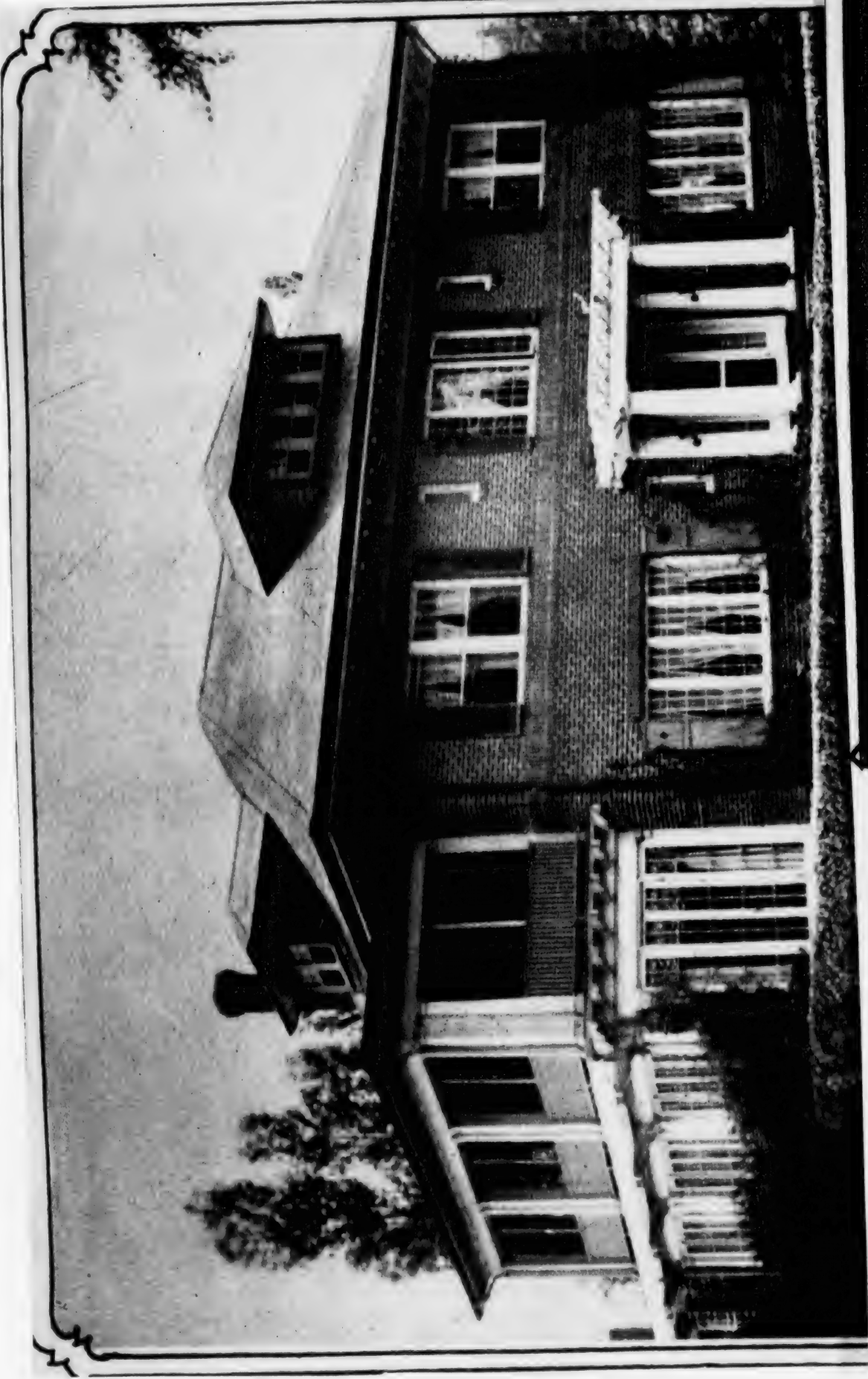
Nine Hours After First Setting Foot in America, at the Cunard Dock in New York,  
Koussevitzky Was in His New Jamaica Plain Home at 122 Pond Street, Ready to Begin the  
Season's Musical Plans.  
(All Photographs by James Jones)







In the Breakfast Room of the Jamaica Plain House. Mme. Koussévitzky Is Partner with Her Husband in the Music Publishing Firm Which Bears Their Name.





## Announce Season Plans of Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky sailed for America yesterday (Sept. 6) to assume his duties as the new conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Not long after arriving in America he will assemble the orchestra for rehearsal and prepare for the opening of the season which will take place in Symphony hall on Oct. 10 and 11. The orchestra to which Mr. Koussevitzky comes retains unchanged the personnel which met with such high and general praise last season.

For the regular series of 24 pairs of concerts all seats for the Friday afternoons have been resubscribed. Those for the Saturday evenings which have not been thus taken are now on sale—their number is considerably less than at this time last year.

In recent months, Serge Koussevitzky has been appearing notably as guest conductor of the London Symphony orchestra, and while in Paris he has been leading the "Concerts Koussevitzky" and Russian operas at the Grand Opera. In the last several years Mr. Koussevitzky has been probably the most talked about conductor in that part of the world. He is described as having all of the qualities of great leadership and as having the sympathies, convictions and range of the universal artist.

Serge Koussevitzky's first conspicuous activities as a conductor were in Russia, where as a young man he organized his own orchestra in Moscow. He came to be greatly admired in his country and looked upon as a propagandist for symphonic music, for he traveled to many remote parts of Russia with his orchestra, making known all of the established "classic" repertory, and the music of living composers as well.

He was not heard of in western Europe as a conductor until 1920. From then until now he has been the dominant figure in the concert halls of London and of Paris. Mr. Koussevitzky will be the first Russian to conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra.

### SOLOISTS

The list of soloists now announced is only partial and will be added to later. In choosing these assisting artists, the conductor is planning carefully to pre-

serve the symphonic integrity of the programs. In this interest, each artist will appear in a certain orchestral score of importance with a solo part for which his genius is particularly suited.

For example, three composers who are also brilliant pianists and experienced as conductors will appear in works of their own. These are Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Prokofieff. Serge Rachmaninoff has appeared several times as soloist with the Boston Symphony orchestra. His undisputed eminence as a piano virtuoso by no means overshadows his importance as the com-

poser of numerous scores, both orchestral and in smaller forms.

Igor Stravinsky is to come to America for the first time this season. To the daring score "Le Sacre du printemps," which was performed at these concerts last season, and such famous ballets as "Petrouchka," and the "Fire Bird," he has recently added a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in which he appeared at the "Concerts Koussevitzky" last summer with great success.

Serge Prokofieff has been called the most talented of the younger generation of Russian composers, and is likewise a pianist of remarkable ability. He first came to America in 1918. Several of his works have been performed in this country, notably his satiric opera, "The Love for the Three Oranges," which was produced by the Chicago Opera Company. His "Strythian Suite and his tone poem, "Sept'is sont Sept," have attracted a great deal of attention in Europe under the baton of Mr. Koussevitzky. He has given piano recitals in our principal cities. His pending appearance with this orchestra will be his first in Boston.

The remaining artists have appeared on former occasions as soloists with this orchestra. They are Marguerite Matzenaur, the Wagnerian mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Albert Spalding, the distinguished American violinist, and Alfred Cortot, who is considered the greatest pianist of France; likewise Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, who will appear in music for two pianos, with orchestra.

THE SUNDAY HERALD. BOSTON. SEPTEMBER 7. 1924

## BOSTON'S RUSSIAN CONDUCTOR AND JAZZ

At All Events Serge Koussevitzky Is Not Afraid  
of American Horn Blowing

By DIANA RICE

AND now out of the frozen wastes of Northern Russia comes Serge Koussevitzky, heralded as one of the most daring orchestral leaders of the age.

A man, some say, whose convictions do not entirely conform to the orthodox in music, but who has had the courage to blaze new trails along old paths. Trails that have already led him successfully through the capitals of Europe and have now brought him across the Atlantic to wield the baton for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. New York will watch him with the greatest of interest. Paris and London, though calling Koussevitzky a radical, have nevertheless gathered him into their musical arms. But, as has been pointed out elsewhere, Paris and London are, after all, a long way from Boston Common. The new conductor is known to approve of jazz.

It was 8:30 the other morning when the writer telephoned the Boston home of the newly arrived conductor of symphonies, to be greeted with the word that he had gone for a "petite promenade." He would be back in half an hour. So in half an hour she found her way to the pleasant red brick Massachusetts Colonial house, with its white trimmings, set beside the landscaped shores of Jamaica Pond, where Serge Koussevitzky has established his household for the coming season. A miniature Boston bull pup welcomed the visitor, so quickly has this ménage from the land of samovars and

droskies adopted the customs of a country where these particular things are alien.

Koussevitzky came into the sunny living room with a low bow. Had his biographers not written him down as 50 the average observer would lower the figure by ten. He is of middle height, with no tendency to the heaviness of middle age. Or it may be the daily morning walk takes care of that. At any rate, if it did not, his energy would. For it is this energy that immediately impresses the visitor. Volcanic, some critics call him. Energy in movement and energy in conversation; and an amazing energy behind the quiet reserve of the man. His dark hair is heavy and there are yellow lights in eyes some novelists would describe as "flashing."

A small table stood in front of a straight-backed chair close to the grand piano—it was toward this piano that Koussevitzky instinctively turned when he entered the room—but it was in the straight-backed chair he settled himself first. His first word was about America.

"I liked it before I came, but I like it much better now." And pointing toward the green stretches outside, "It is more beautiful than I had expected it would be."

The writer had come to talk about jazz and the influence it might have, if any, on future music. It seemed a difficult subject to open up with a great conductor who lives in classics. However, Koussevitzky answered the question immediately and directly, as seems his way.



"Yes, of course, I like jazz." And picking up the fragile table he moved it away from him and brought it back again—his way apparently emphasizing his remarks, as he did the same thing frequently through the talk that followed. One way perhaps of expending some of that energy which he seems to have in so great an abundance. Then warming to the subject of modern music, the dance instinct, jazz (here at last was an artist acclaimed by critics as of the first rank who was not afraid to talk about jazz), he continued:

"Jazz is an important contribution to modern musical literature. It has an epochal significance. It should not be downed. It is not an indication of bad taste. It is not superficial. It is fundamental. Jazz comes from the soil, where all music has its beginning. It marks the turbulence of the times, the energy and bustle of a people. It is good music because it responds to the longings of a people. If it went against their natures it would not be good music."

According to Koussevitzky, musicians did not know the value of the trombone, the trumpet and other wind instruments—the instruments he associates with jazz—until modern music brought them into prominence. There were, of course, among the older composers those who brought out to some degree the brasses, drums, &c., which formed the background of an orchestra. Beethoven over a century ago wrote into his Second Symphony a more ambitious part for the double bass than had ever before been attempted. At that time Dragonetti, the Venetian, was the only bass viol soloist of note, and authorities say there have been but three or four famous ones. The story goes that the great Beethoven was so impressed by the possibilities of the double bass after hearing Dragonetti play upon it that he immediately went home and set to work on a score which gave to the large, unwieldy instrument a new and important place in the orchestral world. So it has been with other instruments to which musical practice now gives a more prominent place.

In this development Koussevitzky

sees a natural change in music as expressed in jazz and other modern compositions. On his first program in Boston appears a selection entitled "Pacific 231," and, as might be surmised, it is written around a modern steam engine of American make, though the composer is a Swiss. It is in the rendition of this type of piece no less than his original reading of old classics (and there is a composition of the eighteenth century on the same program with the steam engine) that has won for Mr. Koussevitzky the name of radical. This and similar pieces he will present to his American audiences because he feels that these reflect the spirit of the age in which they are written. Then the question came up whether tuneful music is bad music:

"That," interrupted the virtuoso, while his table was dragged from and returned to its vantage point, "that is my hobby. All music is melodious if the melody is properly brought out. It is only a case of familiarity. The cook may prefer the hurdy-gurdy to Ravel, that greatest of moderns. But if she hears Ravel often enough she will find melody in his music. Music is like love. Light love may seem delicious, but it does not last. Deep love does. It is the same in literature and in music. A frothy melody is sung on all lips and lasts a couple of months, but a great melody never dies. That which is fundamental in music always endures, whether it is jazz or Beethoven. Beethoven's pieces are tuneful and can be played to reveal this."

And here Koussevitzky indicated that we might expect some changes in the way he would play the old standbys—those he played at all.

"Music changes with the times," he continued. "Nobody liked Beethoven at first. A friend of mine in Berlin, a great collector of manuscripts, has an old journal commenting upon the Third Symphony of Beethoven's, the day after it was played. 'What awful music,' runs the account. 'No one will ever stand it. It was the worst thing I ever listened to.' When Wagner was first played the people put their fingers in their ears. It may be the same with the new Russian composers and with the

French modernists, many of whose compositions have never been heard in this country, and exist only in manuscript. It will take time to understand them and to like them. The modernists are searching. They are groping for the truth. That is their contribution to composition. True music has melody. It is tuneful."

It was in the City of Tver, which appears on most maps in clear black letters showing it to be a city of importance, that small boy Serge learned his first scales and solos. At the age of 6 he played the piano so well that even in a musical household it was a matter of comment. He went with other boys of his age to the local schools and at the age of 12 began to conduct an orchestra in one of the theatres. It was here, too, that he composed his first music. Dramatic bits for the provincial playhouse of his home town. But the musical conservatory at Moscow had already begun to beckon the ambitious composer and before he was 15 he was enrolled in the Moscow Philharmonic Society as a student of composition and orchestral conducting.

Here he qualified for a scholarship by studying and mastering the double bass, and for several years toured the principal cities of Russia as a virtuoso of this little-known instrument. A friend who recently heard Koussevitzky improvise on his famous Amati, which he brought with him to Boston, said that he never before realized the similarity between the double bass and the 'cello, or the beautiful tones of the former.

Berlin also added a chapter to the life of the young musician in his early twenties. For it was here that he passed some time in studying the interpretation of the best classical and modern music. An orchestra which he organized from the students of the Berlin School of Music added still further to his experience as a conductor. In 1900 he returned to Moscow, where he established his own symphony orchestra.

Those were in the days when the Moscow Imperial Opera drew to its glittering proscenium music lovers from all over the world. And it was in this home of the Czars that Kous-

sevitzky and his band of artists played the music of modern European composers. Debussy was his friend and came to Moscow on his invitation to perform his own works. Scriabin, too, that other modern of moderns whose early and tragic death cut short a meteoric career, was an intimate of Koussevitzky. But it was before this that the pioneering conductor used to take his orchestra of eighty-five musicians on those long tours down the River Volga into neighborhoods rarely visited by such talent. Here along the banks of the river concerts were given at the principal cities. Over a distance of 2,325 miles traveled this orchestra of first-class musicians. And then came the revolution.

But music still continued in Russia. Koussevitzky was appointed director of the State Orchestra under Kerensky. Kerensky disappeared and the reign of the Soviets began. Still Koussevitzky played his concerts.

"We were cold and wore our mittens," said the Russian. And the picture of an orchestra in mittens is hard for us to conjure up. This was during the years of famine, when no one in Russia had enough to eat, and Koussevitzky and his band of players starved with the rest of their unhappy countrymen. In 1920 a vacation was granted him and he came to France.

"I was a sorry sight," and he smiled ruefully, "with swollen hands—broken in health. It was to be a three months' vacation. But I could not go back."

Russia, according to Koussevitzky, has not become as radical musically as it has politically. It was, in fact, with considerable difficulty that he succeeded in giving programs of his own choice during his last year in Russia. There was a strong conservative element who objected to music of the modern school.

This is the man who is bringing to America the modern music he thinks Americans should understand. For he says: "There is no progress in clinging always to the old, especially in this great America, with all its promise."

"Here everything is ahead of you. In Europe so much is behind us. There is no reason why in time America should not produce great



composers. It is yet a very young country. It takes time. Of course I am a musician, why not? My father was a musician. My grandfather was a musician. My mother's brothers were all musicians." And it was this mother who taught Koussevitzky to play the piano.

"Your McDowell," he continued, "did some very good work. And there is another American, the young Alexander Steinert, who has great promise. But if America does not yet create it does a wonderful thing—a lawyer told me the word yesterday (Koussevitzky still finds his English words with difficulty)—it cultivates. Americans may be said to be cultivators of music. And whenever things do not grow easily people take more pains to make them grow, to nourish them. And so Americans are nourishing their music. You pay more attention to music than any other country in the world. America has the greatest orchestras in the world. Why shouldn't America in the future produce great music?"

When Koussevitzky brings the Boston Symphony to New York at Thanksgiving time he will bring also some of the much-talked-of manuscripts never before played in America. One of these, "Paintings from the Picture Show," by Moussorgsky, has been specially arranged for the conductor by Maurice Ravel.

### THE NEW CONDUCTOR

For the first time in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a Russian takes up the baton as regular conductor of this great organization, our pride and—let us freely admit it—our boast. Its career began with a German for leader, and its latest conductor was a Frenchman. In earlier days a Hungarian, the brilliant Nikisch, directed its musical ways. But the Teutons have had by far the preponderance of encumbency.

With the artistic and musical effect of Koussevitzky's first concert, the Post's musical critic, Mr. Smith, will deal this morning. Enough to say here that the advent of the new conductor marks the beginning of a distinctly fresh era in the annals of the orchestra. Time alone can tell just what the ultimate effect will be on public and performance. But the early augury seems favorable.

### Major Higginson's Monument

If the spirit of Maj. Higginson visited the scenes of his living monument yesterday afternoon he must have had the satisfaction of being able to quote, "And behold, it was very good." For the forty-fourth year of the Boston Symphony orchestra has had an auspicious beginning. The line of applicants for the unreserved seats formed at 10 o'clock in the morning for a concert to begin at 2:30 in the afternoon; during the concert there was practically not a vacant seat in the house; the audience was most enthusiastic in its reception and judgment of the new conductor, Serge Koussevitzky. Among musicians and the patrons of their art the week-end was fraught with news value.

And yet, on turning to the first program one is led to ask, "How much of a musical city is Boston?" There, in the centre of the program, is a statement showing an average deficit for the last three years of over \$83,000, and this year's deficit still needing contributions to the amount of thirty-odd thousands of dollars.

The fate of opera in Boston comes to mind. Will Bostonians allow a deficit to hang over their orchestra each year? A more cheerful thought might be that this will be the last year to show such a deficit; that those who have the interest and the means will make practical demonstration of their pride in the cultural achievements of the city by seeing to it that the endowment fund is enlarged sufficiently to increase the orchestra's income from that source, with the view that in time there may be no need to call for subscriptions to a deficit fund.

Boston should give generous support for one of the greatest musical organizations of the country.

### Now, "The Symphony Lectures"

On this day of the first Symphony Concert of the new season and of Mr. Koussevitzky's first appearance as leader, an unusual announcement comes from an unusual quarter. The Massachusetts Division of University Extension has joined forces with the Boston Public Library to provide a course of lectures on the Symphony Concerts which will be perhaps the most complete and meaningful series of its kind that has ever been offered here. Beginning at 4.45 P. M. on Monday, Oct. 20, in the lecture hall of the Public Library, the new lectures will continue through twenty weeks of the Symphony season. On each successive Monday the lecturer of the afternoon will make an analysis and an appreciative estimate of the music to be played by the Symphony Orchestra in the concerts of the Friday and Saturday next following. Mr. Richard G. Appel, head of the music division of the Public Library, will be the instructor in charge of the course. With him there will serve also as occasional lecturers such men as Professor W. R. Spalding of Harvard University, Professor John P. Marshall of Boston University, and Mr. Malcolm Lang of King's Chapel. Moreover, musical illustrations will be provided.

There is, of course, good precedent for use of the library's music division as a place of public preparation for the Symphony Concerts. For many years the resources of the excellent Allen A. Brown collection have been made especially available for study of the programs currently offered in Symphony Hall. But the plan now devised will have an immensely wider appeal. It will hold much of pleasure and value not only for the experienced followers of the orchestra, but also for the public that is newly finding its way into the full enjoyment of orchestral music. Both Mr. James A. Moyer, director of the State's Division of University Extension, and Mr. Charles Belden, the director of the Public Library, are to be congratulated upon the good judgment which has led them to sponsor this novel opportunity of service. May the "Symphony Lectures" become as permanently established within the community as the Symphony Concerts.

James. — Oct. 10, 1924.

### WILL ANALYZE THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

James. — Oct. 10, 1924  
SERIES OF TWENTY LECTURES ANNOUNCED BY DIVISION OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION, CO-OPERATING WITH PUBLIC LIBRARY

A course of twenty lectures, "to aid in appreciation of the Boston Symphony concerts," is announced today as a special feature of this year's program of the Massachusetts Division of University Extension, acting jointly with the Boston Public Library. The series will begin on Monday, Oct. 20, at 4.45 P. M., in the lecture hall of the Public Library, Boylston street entrance, and will continue on successive Mondays at the same time and place throughout the autumn and winter. Richard G. Appel, head of the library's music department, will be the instructor in charge of the course. Coöperating with him will be such men as Professor W. R. Spalding of Harvard University, Professor John P. Marshall of Boston University and Malcolm Lang, director of the Cecelia Society, who will serve as special lecturers.

Week by week the Monday lectures will consider, with musical illustration, the program of the concerts to be given on the following Friday and Saturday in Symphony Hall. In this connection, James A. Moyer, director of the Division of University Extension, explains that "the course is designed for all who wish to gain a keener enjoyment in the appreciation of orchestral music as well as for teachers and students. Although based on the current repertory, it will be essentially a study of orchestral composition from the point of view of the listener. The principles of music relating to form and design, the principles of interpretation and the characteristics of the different musical instruments will all be studied, together with practice in score reading." Each lecture will be limited to one hour.

The first meeting, to be held on Monday, Oct. 20, will be open to the public. The complete course will be given in two parts, of ten lessons each. There will be a slight enrollment fee for each part.

BOUND COPIES of the

#### Boston Symphony Orchestra's PROGRAMME BOOKS

Containing Mr. Philip Hale's analytical and descriptive notes on all works performed during the season ("musically speaking, the greatest art annual of to-day."—W. J. Henderson, New York Sun), may be obtained by addressing

PRICE \$5.00

SYMPHONY HALL







## First Programme

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 10, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, at 8.15 o'clock

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Vivaldi . . . . . Concerto in D minor for Orchestra with Organ  
(Edited by A. Siloti)  
(First time in America)

I. Maestoso.  
II. Largo.  
III. Allegro.

Berlioz . . . . . Overture, "The Roman Carnival," Op. 9

Brahms . . . . . Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a

Honegger . . . . . "Pacific 231," Orchestral Movement  
(First time in America)

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Scriabin . . . . . "The Poem of Ecstasy," Op. 54

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There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Honegger's "Pacific 231"

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City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Alexander Scriabin

## WELCOMES NEW SYMPHONY HEAD

*Herald*—Oct. 11, 1924  
Crowded Hall Greets Koussevitzky as 44th Season Opens

### FIRST PROGRAM IS INTERESTING

By PHILIP HALE

The 44th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted for the first time in the United States. The hall was completely filled with an audience that was enthusiastic from the time the conductor stepped on the stage to the final chord of "The Poem of Ecstasy" and after. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Silotti, concerto, D minor, for orchestra and organ (first time in America); Berlioz, "The Roman Carnival"; Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Honegger, "Pacific 231," first time in America; Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy."

When Mr. Nikisch succeeded Mr. Gericke he said after the first rehearsal, delighted by the technical proficiency and euphony of the Boston orchestra: "All I have to do now is to poeticize."

Mr. Monteux left a superb instrument, the work of his own creation, for Mr. Koussevitzky to play upon.

No conductor, however expert, and no orchestra, however elastic and responsive, can in a week or 10 days become so intimate in relationship that the players are the unfailing interpreters of the conductor's eloquence and passion. Further acquaintance will undoubtedly be to the advantage of these players and their conductor. His talent, his genius will shine the more brilliantly; his limitations, if he has them, will the more clearly appeal.

Yet this in all justice may now be said, Mr. Koussevitzky has a commanding figure and that indefinable quality known as magnetism which works its

spell on orchestra and audience. When he faces his public he is neither arrogant nor obsequious. He at once inspires confidence, expectation, curiosity. These are all valuable qualities for a conductor to possess in these nervous, restless, questioning years.

It is evidence that Mr. Koussevitzky is imaginative; that while he can be sensuous in gaining effects of color, this sensuousness is controlled by a cool head. He probably approves the famous paradox of Diderot. He surely sympathizes with the dictum of Mozart: "Music should sound." There is no fear in his breast of pedantic saws and cold or stuffed traditions; he thinks for himself; he feels the music in his own way; he hears its appeal without caring how it appealed or appeals to others.

He knows that melodic figures should be sung, yet he is not given to sentimentalism. He realizes the value of tonal proportion. When he delights in strong contrasts, it is not merely to win the applause of the unthinking. He is dramatic, but yesterday he was not theatrical.

These are hastily impressions made by his leadership at one concert. It is always rash to prophesy, but, after all, is it rash to predict that the season of 1924-25 will be a brilliant one?

How Mr. Koussevitzky will please as a maker of programs remains to be seen. Yesterday's was interesting, one designed to please the reactionaries, for if they shuddered, seeing the names of Honegger and Scriabin, those sons of Bellal, the program was so arranged that they could leave in peace after hearing music by their beloved Johannes Brahms.

The concerto by Vivaldi had been played here in its original form, at a concert of the 18th Century Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Martino on Feb. 24 of this year. Mr. Silotti's transcription, with its wood-wind instruments and organ, was played in this country for the first time. The engrossing portion of the work is the beautiful Largo, which was played in a spirit of rival beauty. There was a dazzling performance of "The Roman Carnival," in which Mr. Speyer distinguished himself by his solo for the English horn. Our old friend Johannes Brahms was treated with due respect; there was no attempt to "modernize" his moods, nor was Mr. Koussevitzky's rendering painfully academic.

Honegger attempted in his "Pacific 231" to express in tones not the noise of a locomotive engine, "but the visual impression and the physical sensation of it." He wished to depict the "quiet respiration" of the engine "in a state of



then its panting to be off; the constant gain in speed. The is amusing, it even gives the hearer what Athenaeus said was one of music's missions: "a gentlemanlike joy." No doubt, this music of Honegger's is "clever," but cleverness in music quickly palls. Louis Antoine Jullien years ago in this country excited wild enthusiasm by his "Firemen's Quadrille," in which a conflagration, the bells, the rush of the firemen, the squirting and the shout of the foreman, "Wash her Thirteen!" were graphically portrayed.

Scriabin's hysterical "Poem of Ecstasy," with its theosophically Wagnerian pages, its fits and starts, its boisterous swellings and its dying falls, was performed con amore and loudly applauded. Perhaps some day we shall appreciate Scriabin's music and join with Dr. Hull and some others in hailing him "Moster." Some day, some day!

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, D minor, op. 6, No. 10; Debussy-Ravel, Danse; De Falla, "El Amor Brujo" (with Mr. Sanroma, pianist); Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

## SYMPHONY'S CONDUCTOR TRIUMPHS

Koussevitzky Wins His  
Public at First  
Concert

CHEERS MINGLE WITH  
FRENZIED APPLAUSE

## Stirs Audience to the Highest Pitch of Enthusiasm

*Post* Oct. 11, 1924  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The king is dead: long live the king!

Great was the ovation that last spring was accorded the departing Monteux. Yet hardly less warm and impulsive was the reception tendered Serge Koussevitzky yesterday at the first Symphony Concert of the season.

In one case, a beloved man and an able musician was bidding farewell to an orchestra and a public for whom he had performed inestimable service. In the other a world-renowned conductor was receiving the greeting and the plaudits of an audience that had come prepared to be stirred, and that was not doomed to disappointment.

### STAND IN GREETING

In a manner altogether unassuming Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday stepped forth upon the stage of Symphony Hall, and with a quiet gravity he took his place before the orchestra. With common impulse the audience rose to greet him. And after prolonged applause seats were resumed and there was the silence of expectation.

Came and went the first number, Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor for orchestra and organ (as arranged by Alexander Siloti), and after each movement and at the end there was fervent hand-clapping. A moment's rest, and Mr. Koussevitzky, resuming his baton, led the orchestra through a performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture that for expressiveness and corruscating brilliance must have come to each individual in the hall as a revelation both of the potentialities of Berlioz's thrice-familiar music and of the powers and the prowess of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

### Has Won His Public

This time there was no mistaking the audience's enthusiasm. With Vivaldi Mr. Koussevitzky had persuaded: with Berlioz he conquered.

Brahms' Variations on a Theme of Haydn followed the Overture, and their reception made doubly sure the assurance that Mr. Koussevitzky had won his public. Then, in sharpest contrast, ensued the eagerly-awaited first performance of Honegger's paean to a locomotive, "Pacific, 231"—and even louder and longer than before rang the plaudits. Again, as at the close of the Overture, Mr. Koussevitzky brought the audience to its feet, and again enthusiasm knew no bounds. Then and there was recorded another triumph for Honegger's extraordinary piece, for Mr. Koussevitzky and, last but not least, for the Boston orchestra.

During the intermission the corridors buzzed with excitement, and he must have had sharp ears indeed who could catch any other comments than those of fervid praise. From the beginning of the concert, indeed, had excitement been in the air, and there was no lessening of it during those 10 minutes of interlude.

### The "Poem of Ecstasy"

One number only remained to be played, but that number, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," was a piece in which, by common consent, Mr. Koussevitzky outshines all other conductors.

In this Poem are moments when Scriabin's inspiration undeniably flags, although yesterday there was ever the compensating loveliness of the orchestral tone, the superlative expressiveness that Mr. Koussevitzky imparts to each melodic phrase. As the music progresses, however, it rises in intensity, it gathers sound and momentum, until at the end the composer seeks to release the full sonorities of the modern orchestra and to give full vent to the half-mystical aspirations that so constantly tormented him.

Twice has Boston heard this Poem at a pair of Symphony Concerts, and twice has this finale sounded as opulent tonal tumult. But never before in this city has Scriabin's music attained to such heights of tonal glory.

### Applause and Cheers

From the orchestra yesterday came sonorities ever richer, glowing ever brighter, until the end brought a climax stupendous and overwhelming. And now an audience stirred and exalted heaped upon conductor and orchestra salvos of handclapping and even cheers.

By every sign a Symphony season of rare excitement lies before us.

Report had included Mr. Koussevitzky among the more demonstrative of conductors and to be sure there are moments when, swayed by the music in hand, he "lets himself go" far more than did the reticent Monteux. Nevertheless Mr. Koussevitzky's manner

upon the podium is far from sensational. Often he is singularly sparing of gesture: often his expressive left hand hangs idly at his side. But when he would build a climax, enforce a telling stroke or draw from the instruments a melting songfulness, then are Mr. Koussevitzky's gestures equal to the occasion.

### Glorifies the Composer

In his conducting the embodiment of grace and of physical expressiveness, Mr. Koussevitzky seems born to lead an orchestra as Pavlova was born to dance or Melba to sing. His feeling for musical "values," as revealed in yesterday's concert, is remarkable. To a rare degree is he the divining interpreter sensing to the last detail the tonal and the spiritual content of the score before him; and as unmistakably can he transmit to his orchestra all that he discerns and feels. Time may prove that his interpretations are not infallible. But under no circumstances could he be inarticulate.

Call Mr. Koussevitzky if you will a "prima donna conductor." No doubt some will be minded so to classify him. Yet it is possible to feel that the term fits him not at all. Not for the greater glory of Mr. Koussevitzky does this Russian conduct, but for the greater glory of the composer. Had Vivaldi, Berlioz, Brahms, Honegger and Scriabin heard the concert of yesterday, each must have felt that then and there his dreams had found voice, and not merely in the correct placing of each accent, the precise moulding of each phrase. Neither the outward detail nor the innermost essence does Mr. Koussevitzky miss. He gains not only technical perfection but beauty and expressiveness as well.

Have some thought Brahms' variations long-winded and at times dull? Then let them hear Mr. Koussevitzky make of the piece an ever-changing tonal tapestry. Do some call Berlioz's Overture hackneyed? Then bid them hear the miracle of brilliance that Mr. Koussevitzky makes of it. Are some repelled by modern dissonance? Then let them sit before "Pacific, 231" as it sounded in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, and they will learn that, whatever his means and however fantastic his idea or his inspiration, the modern composer also feels and expresses. Necessary to him as to the older composer is the conductor who, through an often astonishing complexity of means, can discern the end that is the true aim of all music old or new—expression.

And it matters not whether it be the expression of sheer plastic beauty, of the mood and atmosphere of an Italian holiday, of Scriabin's "Joy of untrammelled activity" or of Honegger's conception of the "pathos" of a giant locomotive hurtling its 33 tons through an unfriendly darkness.



# Serge Koussevitzky Conducts For the First Time in America

Monitor

Oct. 11, 1924

By STUART MASON

THE first concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Vivaldi.....Concerto in D minor for orchestra and organ (edited by Siloti)  
Berlioz...Overture "The Roman Carnival"  
Brahms...Variations on a theme by Haydn  
Honegger....."Pacific 231"  
Scriabin....."The Poem of Ecstasy"

This was the first appearance in America of the new conductor of the orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky. He was enthusiastically applauded by the audience, not only at the beginning and end of the concert, but at each interval of the program.

This program was a novel one, particularly so for the first one of the season. It has been the custom for conductors at the beginning of the season to pay tribute to the classics and to arrange a program of a more conservative character. Yet that of yesterday afternoon contained after all but one absolute novelty, Honegger's "Pacific 231," which was played for the first time in America. The novel effect resulted rather from the arrangement and character of the music itself, and also to some extent from the manner of the performance.

It was quite evident from the first moment that new fashions are to prevail at the Symphony Concerts. The members of the orchestra did not enter one by one or in small groups, as heretofore. Neither did they tune or prelude, as has been their custom from time immemorial, but remained quietly in their places. The seating of the various orchestral groups has been changed, and this decidedly for the better. The double basses are now placed at the back of the stage at the conductor's left, while the brasses form a group immediately behind the woodwind and facing him. The horns, too, no longer form a long line at the back of the stage but sit in two groups of four, one behind the other. Better still, the entire orchestra remains on the stage for the entire concert, so

that the seats are occupied at all times and the distracting exits and entrances of the musicians between numbers are eliminated.

## Music of Great Variety

Mr. Koussevitzky chose to display his talents in music of great variety, ranging from Vivaldi of the late seventeenth century to Honegger of our own time, it may be somewhat in advance of it. In this varied music Mr. Koussevitzky made a striking impression, not by trickery or sensationalism, as one might have been led to expect from certain remarks and criticisms which have been circulated, but by an artistry which is immediately apparent. There can be no doubt, even after a single concert, of his mastery of his art or of his musical understanding, of his sincerity or of his emotional power. Yesterday there was no attempt to force his personality into the music, no apparent desire to astonish his hearers by effects or "readings." His sole desire seemed to be to play the music in hand for its own worth and even in Honegger's "Pacific 231," a piece in which many a conductor would have grievously sinned by overemphasis, he exercised a restraint and displayed a sense of proportion and balance which were above criticism.

Whatever Mr. Koussevitzky's conceptions may be of the music which he is to play during the coming season and no matter how different they may be from the preconceived views of many of his hearers, it is safe to say that he will never fail to give performances characterized by good taste and real musical feeling. Mr. Koussevitzky found on his arrival here an orchestra carefully and skillfully trained by Mr. Monteux, a superb instrument ready at hand. It will be no small task to keep the orchestra to this high standard of technical perfection. Of Mr. Koussevitzky's powers as a disciplinarian we have yet to learn.

## Honegger's "Pacific 231"

The afternoon's novelty was Honegger's "Pacific 231," which, as is usual with music of radical tendency, is bound to provoke discussion. Lovers of formalism in music are bound to detest it, but those who are willing and ready to recognize the fact that the fundamentals of musical aesthetics change from generation to generation are bound to find much to admire in it. The average concertgoer appreciates the difference between the modes of musical thought of Beethoven and Schumann, for instance, and seems able to summon the mood necessary for the proper enjoyment and understanding of their music; yet strangely enough he finds it often impossible to realize that the music of a Honegger or a Stravinsky depends just as much on a proper attitude on the part of the hearer. Granted that certain musical conventions consecrated by years of usage may be done away with, this piece by Honegger contains nothing which may not properly be called musical. In fact, once it is recognized that the means of expression adopted are not intended to be those in common use among composers, it is seen that there are many pages of real beauty and expressiveness and that underlying the whole composition is a wealth of poetry and imaginative thought. And in hearing this piece it is well to remember that in due course of time these new harmonies and orchestral colors will become themselves conventionalized and accepted as common musical parlance. New musical idioms must be studied and an effort made to comprehend them before they are condemned, for art is not altogether a matter of facile enjoyment.

Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" contains many eloquent passages. Much of it now sounds old-fashioned and long drawn out, its climaxes often theatrical; yet Mr. Koussevitzky played it with such Slavic fervor that it almost sounded like great music. Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" sounded as fresh and sparkling as on the day on which it was written, and Brahms' Variations as dull and clumsy as ever. Even Mr. Koussevitzky could not make them interesting, although the orchestra played them with the greatest virtuosity.

If yesterday's concert, both in its program and in the playing of it, may be taken as a sign of what is to come during the present season, the patrons of the Symphony Concerts may look forward to a winter of unalloyed delight.

## FOUR-FOLD COMES

## A NEW CONDUCTOR

## TO BOSTON STAGE

Trans. — Oct. 11, 1924

THE QUALITY AND THE RANK OF  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

Master of Line, Color, Tone and Characterization in Music—From Vivaldi and Brahms to Berlioz and Scriabin—Impressions Along the Way—The Interlude of Honegger's "Pacific"—Audience and Orchestra

CONDUCTOR, orchestra and audience regarded every tradition; fulfilled every rite. On the tick of two-thirty yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky emerged upon the stage of Symphony Hall; while the shade of Henry Higginson, no doubt watching from the celestial hills, blessed him for such punctuality. As the new conductor crossed to his stand the whole house rose to salute and applaud him. Making the distinction of a musician who cherishes his instrument, he acknowledged first the greeting of the band—with a collective handshake bestowed individually upon Mr. Burgin. Next Mr. Koussevitzky turned to his audience, then to the score of his first piece, an eighteenth-century Concerto by Vivaldi. At the end of the first division many clapped anew, and the conductor courteously suffered the interruption. At the close of the second, with upraised stick he pressed forward over a few insistent plauditeers.

A more familiar and a showier piece, Berlioz's Overture, "Roman Carnival," drew warmer response. As pleased was the audience with Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Haydn; while no modernist music, except Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," has been so heartily applauded at these concerts as was Honegger's "Pacific, 231." It was as



that audience had discovered of a French temper which the word "amusing" connotes. Once, twice and three times in the course of these plaudits the conductor transferred them to the standing orchestra, with climax at the end of the concert and of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." After all, clapping is an ordinary fervor. Much more significant was the demeanor of this audience of the Fridays. Scarcely anyone was tardy. Hardly anyone departed before the close of the concert. In cursory view, no one seemed to be memorizing the program-book. The cough catarrhal rose not in the land. Clearly Mr. Koussevitzky had stirred Bostonian curiosity; was laying hold upon Bostonian imagination.

No eminent conductor would be worthy of the name and of a new post, did he not, upon arrival, alter the arrangement of the orchestra. Accordingly, the double-basses at Symphony Hall now fringe the left end of the stage with the harps enscenced among the adjacent strings. Back from the wood-wind choir, in the centre of the platform, stretch horns, trumpets and trombones; while to right strings and instruments of percussion again expand. The clear purpose, readily gained, is a concentrating and a deepening of the wind-tone, both brass and reed. Only here and there did a new face rise from the orchestra; but the connoisseurs of method observed that while the bowing of the violins changed with the course of the music, at any given moment it was exactly uniform, evidently under prescription from Mr. Koussevitzky for precise phrasing. To his program, moreover, none might reasonably demur. It ranged many times, temperaments and manners. It arrayed an ancient Italian, a romantic Frenchman, a classic German, a Russian modern, a Parisian modernist. It contained two numbers—one dated 1924—that were heard for the first time in Boston. It was not over-long; cultivated diversity; singled out no piece for virtuoso-display. True, no symphony was included. Long since Mr. Monteux shattered that superfluous precedent. The course of his programs seems also the course of Mr. Koussevitzky's.

In outer semblance, the new conductor somewhat belied report, oral, textual, pictorial. He is in the flower of middle years; but no lingering aura of youth seems to gild them; while to one pair of eyes, he was less romantic presence than twentieth-century musician in the unglamored practice of his profession. As he approaches or leaves the stand, his step is quick; his carriage erect; his manner serene; his tallor admirable. Gravely and simply he receives applause; likes not to tarry between numbers. About to begin a piece, Mr. Koussevitzky enforces a moment of suspensive silence upon orchestra and audience as though he would have the

music pulse upon the waiting air. Always his beat is clarity itself. Usually it has a graphic precision as of both muscular and spiritual tensility.

Otherwise Mr. Koussevitzky's gesture takes character from the music in hand. In an ancient Concerto, it curves the line and evens the accents. In a romantic overture, like Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," it is sedulous for the dramatizing and poetizing play of the voices, the distribution and shading of the tonal colors. In the Variations of Brahms, it is linear again, light also and adroit. With Monsieur Honegger's locomotive, it whips rhythm, up-piles tonal masses, outflings climax. In Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," it is like the leap of the conductor's to the composer's intensities and fires. Then does Mr. Koussevitzky ply that characteristic gesture of ingathering arm for outpouring orchestra. Then does he visibly mould great crescendos. Then does his figure rise and draw tense until the whole force of his being has launched the tonal thunderbolt. Koussevitzky superb, as the old Romans might have written; but Koussevitzky passioning for the music—not for himself.

The fundamental trait, the basic merit, of this conducting is regard for musical line, progress, structure. It expresses itself in a marvellous clarity, precision, on-flow. Wagner himself did not more passionately pursue that germ whence music unfolds, expands, runs course, in animating and characterizing curve. The clarity is never dry, brittle, hard. The precision is also plastic. The current parts and reports, gathers, floods, ever unbroken. Under Mr. Koussevitzky's hand Vivaldi's Maestoso upswelled and deepened like a firmament outspread in tones. The Largo was arch-like span of instrumental song. No arabesque might fret or hide the grace of the Finale. The conductor articulated the skeleton—and skeleton it is—of Berlioz's Overture, laid upon it the warm flesh of the orchestral voices; sent the blood of dramatic and pictorial illusion racing through it; while with color every surface glowed or darkened. The austere will say that Mr. Koussevitzky was too limp, too sensitive, too fanciful with Brahms—they who would have their Johannes in Teutonic chunks. Yet when since Mr. Toscanini played the Variations have they seemed so bright and changeable a pattern in seeming improvisation? There, as clear as the day, was the manifold invention; there, the warming color; there, the teeming fancy.

Honegger's music gathers speed, mass, impetus until it is a race and a thunder of sound, on an instant checked. It might have seemed mere arbitrary process, blocks of tone pushing each other in fiercer and fiercer impact. Mr. Koussevitzky bound it together as force generating motion. The frenzies of Scriabin fill his "Poem of Ec-

stasy"—tides of longing, surges of exaltation, sighs deep and voluptuous, flames lambent and piercing. It is possible to hear the music as neurotic, erotic, pseudo-Wagnerian maunderings through a full orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky expanded it as a vision become tones upon the ear, creating its own form, course, substance; fused by its own fires. The ardors and intoxications, the voluptés—as the untranslatable French word has it—of a singular and Slavic temperament became of a sudden universal.

For in Mr. Koussevitzky by the proofs of yesterday dwell those four-fold powers which define and consummate a conductor of the first order. The ability to discover, unfold, curve and modulate the intrinsic and essential line of the music; to weave it into pattern; by pace and rhythm to give it motion; by accent to impart it character. The ability to distribute over the surface of this pattern the harmonic and instrumental colors which are light and shade, heat and cold upon it. The ability to give to each piece and each composer in it his particular voice, quality, life—Vivaldi winding into his staid patterns golden threads of sumptuous, sensuous melody; Berlioz lining and coloring his fresco of a dancing, singing, rioting yet stately Rome, Cellini's city; Brahms twining wreaths of fancy round the grave brows of meditation; Honegger passioning in tones for a machine, writing the music of mass, drive, impact; Scriabin from the depths of longing, loosing his voluptuous sea, till it scales a heaven of plangent ecstasy.

Last, the ability to draw from the orchestra the tone that shall bear these powers and beauties in a manifold eloquence; the accent that shapes and marks; the color that is glamour and relief. Great arcs of tone the Symphony Orchestra achieved yesterday for Scriabin; thudding masses for Honegger; silken threads intertwined for Vivaldi; glows and tumults for Berlioz; ripples and gentle floods for Brahms. Mr. Koussevitzky caresses his slow song with lingering fingers. Yet not once did his orchestra let it sag. Mr. Koussevitzky loves measures cameo-cut. His orchestra was master of such phrasing. With Berlioz, with Scriabin, Mr. Koussevitzky courts the pause, the suspension, the isolated or contrasted timbres that are spur upon the listening nerves. His orchestra is a band of virtuosos in such rhetoric. In all Europe he has not been so well served.

Between Vivaldi eighteenth-century stamped, familiar Brahms and Berlioz, Scriabin not unremembered, stood Monsieur Honegger and his renowned piece to the greater glory of locomotives, "Pacific, 231." He wished to express—the learned "programist" quotes him—"the physical sensation of an engine, not the noise of it." Whoever has made the feint of sleep in a hotel beside a railway yard, will bear witness to the fullness of Monsieur Honegger's achievement at the beginning. There indeed were tones all compact with the "physical sensation" of a locomotive making steam, preparing for the start, getting under way. And these tones were as imitative a music as Strauss ever perpetrated when the sheep bleat or the windmills whirl in "Don Quixote"—a feat, a freak, if the listener will, curious, "amusant" but otherwise unimpressive. At the end again, the brakes grip and groan; the train and piece alike stop. "Physical sensation expressed in music," if the composer's note will have it so, but also tones imitating sound.

Yet something more, since in this sudden arresting, Monsieur Honegger shows no small mastery in the wielding of tonal masses, the control of rhythmic impacts. Once his "Pacific" is gathering speed, once it is hurtling across the night, he writes no imitative music. Veritably he translates into a new medium visual image, bodily and spiritual thrill. The pounding rhythms, the mounting speed, the tonal masses at every instant forging new might and impetus—here is music achieving and expressing an imagery that it has never known before. Monsieur Honegger has ceased to be imitative and "amusant" to the pleasure of audiences Parisian or Bostonian. He has added a new energy to tones. He has wrought them into new shapes; frenzied them with a new motion. He has found the music not for great rods and cylinders and driving wheels, but for the sensations that this steel wrought into power and mass and motion wakes in the human spirit. To evoke its sensations under new experiences has been the perdurable function of music from the days of Bach, be it in church cantata or suite of dances to the days of Stravinsky crashing through a barbaric "Rite of Spring." Fortunate Monsieur Honegger finding and capturing such sensation from the engine of our time, and in music, as clearly ours, summoning and releasing it. Power springs in him, imagination also and the courage of both. Only incidentally is he "amusant."

H. T. P.



# KOUSSEVITSKY WINS SYMPHONY AUDIENCE

## First Appearance With Orchestra Shows Russian's Mastery in Interpreting Music

Globe Oct. 11, 1924.

Serge Koussevitzky will make the Boston Symphony Orchestra once more first in the world, if the deep impression he made on his first Boston audience yesterday afternoon is any test. Orchestra and audience stood to applaud him at his first entrance. There was vehement applause after every number on a program, which no conductor could have made more vivid. At the end of the concert the orchestra applauded its new leader as fervently as the audience did. In the intermission the throng in the hallways was praising Koussevitzky unstintingly.



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

He is one of the very rare people to whom it is natural and inevitable to take and keep the center of the stage.

A man of 50, carefully dressed, of medium height, erect, solidly built, with dark hair with a tinge of gray, one decides on cool second thought. No ordinary man, is one's first impression.

His strongly moulded face, keen eyes, fastidious musician's hands, constantly reveal an intense and steadily burning inner flame. Yet he is always dignified.

If Koussevitzky had never done anything to make his name known, people seeing him casually would stop to look at him. He has to an extraordinary degree that intangible combination of qualities which one must call "personality."

### His Mannerisms Few

As a conductor Koussevitzky shows few traces of the mannerisms that have won other orchestral leaders the nickname "prima donna of the baton." Any one leading an orchestra must make various and repeated gestures as signals to the players. Koussevitzky's gestures are always definite commands promptly obeyed by the orchestra. He has no difficulty in securing vivid pianissimo and fortissimo effects. He makes the players chop off their rests evenly. There will be little straggling behind the beat of his baton, and one surmises that no player would willingly anticipate it.

Any orchestra, however good the individual players may be, will not achieve its collective best as an orchestra unless ruthlessly and continuously driven by a leader whom it willingly obeys. There is every indication that Koussevitzky is such a leader.

A successful leader must know where he wants to go, and a conductor must be able to hear in advance just how he wants each piece on a program to sound if there is to be any hope of an orchestra playing brilliantly. To Koussevitzky each number on yesterday's rather mis-

cellaneous program was obviously not an arrangement of notes to be reproduced mechanically in accurate accordance with the printed music, but a living, breathing thing.

### Permits No Dullness

Musical notation is too imperfect a means of conveying musical ideas to absolve the conductor of an orchestra

from the duty of quickening the performance by the intense working of his imagination. Nobody is likely to think any number Koussevitzky conducts is dull or perfunctory, if yesterday's remarkable interpretations are any test.

The too often apathetic audience was obviously stirred as it has seldom been stirred in recent Symphony seasons. Only during some of Brahms' Variations or a Theme by Haydn could one observe people who were evidently not listening heart and soul.

Even the much discussed new piece, Honegger's "Pacific 231," a rhapsody about the locomotive of an express train written in modernist, and therefore noisily dissonant, musical idiom, did not dull the enthusiasm of the audience perceptibly. The music is less violent and more lyrically imagined than one had supposed from reading about it. Honegger does not waste notes, and makes his effects. Koussevitzky gave a marvellously vital interpretation of what seemed a genuinely worth while new work, deserving repeated hearings and likely to remain in the orchestral repertory.

### Made Vivaldi Modern

The opening number was by an 18th century composer, Vivaldi, from a musical world very different to that in which Honegger and we ourselves are living. The arrangement by the pianist Siloti for orchestra was new to America. Koussevitzky's was not the sort of interpretation to which one is accustomed. He showed no tenderness or reverence for the classic qua classic but apparently endeavored to conduct the piece as though Vivaldi were as much alive today as Honegger.

Purists are certain to criticize some of Koussevitzky's eloquent pauses, exaggerated pianissimos and long-held forte chords for full orchestra as not in the true classic spirit. But, after all, does anybody now know exactly how Vivaldi, or for that matter Bach and Beethoven wanted their works performed?

Berlioz "Roman Carnival," overture, based on materials from an unsuccessful opera, is dramatic music which demands of the interpreters both unforced high spirits and genuine romantic pathos. Here again the purists will say that the slow theme was taken too slowly and the percussion effects and rapid passages overdone. This interpretation was not that of Dr. Muck, but although it lacked the extraordinary poise and clarity which distinguished Muck's readings of such music Koussevitzky's version had an equal distinction of its own. One will remember in hearing the piece years later from other hands how it sounded yesterday afternoon.

### Temperament Is Russian

The Brahms' Variations were the weak point in the performance. To do this music well, apart from the theme by Haydn itself, one must be temperamentally in sympathy with the peculiar Teutonic lyricism found in German folk songs and assimilated a bit laboriously by Brahms. This emotion, which is all there is to redeem seven arid variations from dullness, seems alien to the Russian Koussevitzky as it often has seemed to the French conductors of the orchestra.

On the other hand, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" gained at Koussevitzky's hands an eloquence it never seemed to possess before. Muck made it thrilling, but by a too obvious tour de force. Koussevitzky's impassioned conducting evoked for the hearer Scriabin's strangely tortured spirit.

Voluptuousness, exaltation, and a hint of madness and horror fill this music. It is, like so much in Russia, quasi-unintelligible to an American because outside both the Greek and the Puritan traditions. The man who can lead Scriabin as Koussevitzky did yesterday is in his way a genius. This number was applauded as it never has been at the several previous Boston performances.

Next week the program includes Handel's Concerto grosso in D minor; Debussy's "Danse," orchestrated by Ravel; de Falla's "El Amor Brujo," for the first time here; and as a test of Koussevitzky powers in the great classics, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. P. R.



RICHARD BURGIN



Honegger, born of Swiss parents, first studied music at Zurich. Going to Paris, he studied the violin with Capet. At the Paris Conservatory he studied composition with Gedalge and Widor; orchestration with d'Indy. He became one of "the Six," having for co-mates, Georges Auric, Louis Durey (who is now an outsider), Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc and Germaine Tailleferre. It has been said of the Six: "They have no set principles to which all of them subscribe save that which permits each of them to seek salvation in his or her own way. One might say that they have accepted the constitution of a certain kingdom invented by Pierre Louys, whose code of laws contained only two statutes: (1) Do your neighbor no injury; (2) that being thoroughly understood, do whatever you please. . . . They do not undertake to disregard all the established rules and conventions of musical composition, but each of them follows his own inclination in accepting or rejecting them." Milhaud says that Honegger is the offspring of German romanticism. While others in Gedalge's class were interested in "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Boris Godunov," Honegger studied the works of Strauss, Regér, Schönberg, while among the French composers he was drawn towards Florent Schmitt. "Honegger is perhaps one of the last musicians to have felt the spell of Wagner and to have profitably assimilated it."

### TO OUR FRIDAY AFTERNOON SUBSCRIBERS

It has been suggested that subscribers who for any reason find themselves unable to attend the Friday Symphony Concerts, and whose tickets would not otherwise be used, send them in to be sold for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc. Endowment Fund.

Kindly send such tickets as early each week as convenient to Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc.

Symphony Hall, Boston.



"PACIFIC 231," ORCHESTRAL MOVEMENT . . . ARTHUR HONEGGER

(Born at Havre, France, on March 10, 1892; living at Paris.)

When "Pacific 231" was first performed in Paris at Koussevitzky's concerts, May 8, 15, 1924, Honegger made this commentary:

"I have always had a passionate love for locomotives. To me they—and I love them passionately as others are passionate in their love for horses or women—are like living creatures.

"What I wanted to express in the 'Pacific' is not the noise of an engine, but the visual impression and the physical sensation of it. These I strove to express by means of a musical composition. Its point of departure is an objective contemplation: quiet respiration of an engine in state of immobility; effort for moving; progressive increase of speed, in order to pass from the 'lyric' to the pathetic state of an engine of three hundred tons driven in the night at a speed of one hundred and twenty per hour.

"As a subject I have taken an engine of the 'Pacific' type, known as 231, an engine for heavy trains of high speed."

Other locomotive engines are classified as "Atlantic," "Mogul." The number 231 here refers to the number of the "Pacific's" wheel, 2—3—1.

"On a sort of rhythmic pedal sustained by the violins is built the impressive image of an intelligent monster, a joyous giant."

"Pacific 231" is scored for piccolo, two flutes, two obes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, double bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, bass tuba, snare drum, bass drum, cymbals, tam tam, strings.

\* \* \*

The locomotive engine has been the theme of strange tales by Dickens, Marcel Schwob, Kipling, and of Zola's Novel, "La Bête Humaine." It is the hero of Abel Gance's film "Roue," for which it is said Honegger adapted music, and the American film, "The Iron Horse."

Poets have sung the praise of the locomotive. The most noteworthy of the poems is Walt Whitman's.

TO A LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER

Thee for my recitative,  
Thee in the driving storm even as now, the snow, the winter-day declining,  
Thee in thy panoply, thy measur'd dual throbbing and thy beat convulsive,  
Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel,  
Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods, gyrating, shuttling at thy sides,  
Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar, now tapering in the distance,  
Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in front,  
Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple,  
Thy dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-stack,  
Thy knitted frame, thy springs and valves, the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels,  
Thy train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,  
Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily careering;  
Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power—pulse of the continent,  
For once come serve the Muse and merge in verse, even as here I see thee.  
With storm and buffeting gusts of wind and falling snow,  
By day thy warning ringing bell to sound its notes,  
By night thy silent signal lamps to swing.

Fierce-throated beauty!  
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,  
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all,  
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding.  
(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine.)  
Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,  
Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,  
To the free skies unspent and glad and strong.



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**Second Programme**

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . . . Concerto Grosso in D minor, Op. 6, No. 10

- I. } Overture.
- II. } Allegro.
- III. Air.
- IV. Allegro Moderato.

Schmitt . . . . . Rêves for Orchestra, Op. 68, No. 1  
(First time in Boston)

De Falla . . . . . "El Amor Brujo" ("Love the Sorcerer")  
(First time in America)  
(Piano, JESÚS SANROMÁ)

Introduction and Scene—The "Gypsies" (Evening)—The  
Homecomer—Dance of Terror—The Magic Circle  
(Narrative of the Fisherman)—Midnight (Sorceries)—  
Ritual Dance of Fire (To dispel Evil Spirits)—Pantomime  
—Dance of the Game of Love—Finale (Morning Chimes)

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. } Allegro; Trio.
- IV. } Allegro.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# FINE SYMPHONY PROGRAM GIVEN

Conductor Koussevitzky  
Wins High Praise for  
Performance

BEAUTIFUL HANDEL  
MUSIC IS ENJOYED

*Herald* — Oct. 18, 1924

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky's program for the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon was as follows: Handel, four movements from Concerto Grosso, D minor, op. 6, No. 10; Florent Schmitt, Reves, op. 68, No. 1; De Falla, "Love the Sorcerer"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5.

Debussy's Danse for piano, orchestrated by Ravel, had been announced, but as the score and parts did not arrive in time for rehearsal, Schmitt's "Reves" was substituted. As the program book had already been made up, information about this piece was unavoidably omitted.

It was good to hear the sturdy allegros and the beautiful air of Handel again; to be reminded that Handel wrote other music than "Messiah" and the Largo, the monstrous transcription of Xerxes's little air in a forgotten, or neglected, opera. John F. Runciman was right in saying: "Mr. George Frederick Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music. He alone, of all the musicians, lived his life straight through in the grand manner." He also wrote in the grand manner. No one has equalled him in pomp and dignity. And this giant of a man could express a tenderness known only to him and Mozart, for Schubert, with all his melodic wealth and sensitiveness, could fall at times into sentimentalism, and Schumann's intimate confessions were sometimes whispered. Handel in his tenderness was always manly. No one has approached him in his sublimely solemn moments! Music that is Miltonic. And with what apparently simple means this music soared to celestial heights!

Orchestral, chamber and vocal music by Florent Schmitt has been heard in Boston in the course of the last dozen years. He is probably more favorably known by his "Tragedy of Salome" than by his other compositions.

He has been called "the wild boar of the Ardennes," an isolated, almost savagely solitary person. Hearing his "Reves," one was tempted to spell "boar" differently.

For this music, written in the Pyrenees a year or so ago, before the great war, purposing to illustrate rhapsodical sentences of a French writer that dangerously approach "hifalutin," is swollen, preposterous, full of sound and fury signifying nothing. There is a mighty struggle to express dreams and clouds. And what dreams! Possibly the ingenious Herr Freud of Vienna could explain their meaning, but this explanation might be unfit for publication except in a journal devoted to medicine or psychology.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked for acquainting the audience with De Falla's delightful suite, which was performed for the first time in America, with Jesus Sanroma, pianist. The suite is derived from a fantastic ballet with songs that was produced at Madrid nine years ago. (The ballet was performed several times at Antwerp early this year.) No doubt the music would be still more effective played for theatrical performance, but, unlike many suites derived from stage-works, it is charming and engrossing as absolute music, interesting melodically, rhythmically, and by surprising color. This suite is not of the conventional type written by those who know not Spain; nor is it persistently in the dance vein. There are exquisite relieving episodes of a haunting nature.

Jacques Riviere, considering Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody, wrote in a manner that to some will seem paradoxical: "There is torpidity in all Spanish dancing, which is the union of fury and sleep. The dancers always seem to be on the point of awaking themselves by their cries; they stamp with their feet, they curve their arms, they bend their bodies, they rail at themselves by way of encouragement. But their whirlwind remains sluggish." This may be true of Spanish dancing, which, so Spaniards say, is caricatured here, even by our own "interpretative artists," but there is no suggestion of torpidity in De Falla's Suite, which has more racial character than his "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" played here last March.

Those who feared lest Mr. Koussevitzky would give a sensational, theatrical performance of the Fifth Symphony; that he would startle the ultra-conservative by his licentious treatment, must have been bitterly disappointed. He gave a conspicuously sane



and noble performance. Perhaps the Andante was taken a shade slower than is customary—after all it is an Andante con moto—but by his choice of pace the points in the detail were deftly brought out. Admirable was his contrasting the main body of the Scherzo with the tumultuous Trio. The mysterious transition to the Finale was never more mysterious, and the stately beginning of the Finale, for once not hurried shouting, led to a vital reading of pages that have to some seemed, when treated too respectfully, that is perfunctorily, a falling off from the grandeur of the first measures.

For Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations and the orchestral performance throughout the concert there is nothing but praise.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: C. P. E. Bach, Concerto, D major, arranged by Steinberg; Moussorgsky, Prelude to "Khovantchina"; Rimsky-Korsakov, "Flight of the Bumble Bee" from "Tsar Saltan"; Prokofiev, Scythian Suite; Brahms, Symphony No. 4.

## KOUSSEVITZKY IN CLASSIC SYMPHONY

### New Conductor Interprets Beethoven's Fifth

*Globe* — Oct. 18, 1924

Koussevitzky ended his second Boston program yesterday afternoon with the first classic symphony he has conducted here. Beethoven's C minor, the most frequently heard work in the standard symphonic repertory, gave the new Russian conductor a chance to prove to the Boston Symphony audiences that he is no mere modernist, but a musician of wide and deep sympathies.

His Beethoven is his own interpretation of the music, moving, eloquent, with extraordinary rhythmic vitality. It was very warmly applauded.

The concert began with Handel and offered two new modern pieces, Schmitt's "Daydreams," opus 68, No 1; and a suite from de Falla's ballet "Love the Sorcerer."

The new conductor is obviously going to do away with one nuisance of long standing at Boston Symphony concerts. He will not permit applause between the movements of a concerto, suite or symphony. He checked the automatic applauders, with whom handclapping is a mere nervous reaction, more than once

yesterday by a sharp gesture. There was no mistaking the meaning of his upraised hand. Only after the first movement of the Beethoven did the audience disregard his obvious desire. After suffering frequent annoyance for years, it is a great and unexpected pleasure to find a conductor able and willing to stop well-intentioned, but ill-timed applause.

Nobody without a strong and yet infinitely subtle sense of rhythm can excel as an interpreter of Beethoven. Koussevitzky vitalises all music by his clear phrasing, his delicately graduated accentuation, his instinct for a tempo rubato which is not exaggerated, and for strict time which is as sure and often as solemn as fate. These qualities stand him in good stead when he conducts the Fifth Symphony.

The most difficult task of the interpreter in this masterpiece is to make the repetition in the finale of the dramatic transition from scherzo to finale, something more than an anticlimax. It is as though the conquering hero having found that his first entrance into his kingdom was thrilling, tried to repeat the same experience before the shouting had died down.

Nobody knows what Beethoven meant by the passage. There is no obvious irony, yet otherwise the thing is an enigma. Koussevitzky so planned the large outlines of his interpretation that the much-mooted anticlimax became merely part of what in fiction would be called the "falling action."

He sees his classics as whole compositions, not page by page. He gave full value, by the way, to every passage where his own instrument, the double bass, has one of its rare chances to dominate the tonal masses.

Koussevitzky does not ask the tradition, and he may sometimes omit noticing the metronome mark before deciding on his tempo. His slow movement yesterday was almost an adagio, but the pace was solemn rather than sluggish. He goes his own way in interpretation, as every interpreter must, except for the meager indications of the printed music beyond which we have no sure guide to Beethoven's mind and soul. No grave indiscretion and many felicities distinguished Koussevitzky's version of the C minor.

A rather dull Handel concerto, in a too carefully polished performance; a well meaning and, in its way, original piece by Florene Schmitt, called "Reves," and some rather confused and tantalizing excerpts from De Falla's ballet "Love, the Sorcerer," were less interesting than the Beethoven. De Falla has now abandoned the idiom of Debussy in part for that of Stravinsky. As before he can say amusing and entertaining things of his own with this derivative technic.

These ballet tunes are often a most banal, for all the clever rhythm and orchestration.

J. M. Sanroma, well known here as a promising young pianist, played the piano part in De Falla's piece. It is not a solo, though seemingly about as difficult. Mr Sanroma, as was fitting, behaved as one of the orchestra, which, pro tempore, he was.

P. R.

# SYMPHONY GLORIFIES BEETHOVEN

## Koussevitzky Makes Music of the Fifth Marvellous

*Post* — Oct. 18, 1924

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Not the suite from Manuel De Falla's "Love the Sorcerer" nor Florent Schmitt's tone-poem "Reves," both heard for the first time in Boston, but a certain Fifth Symphony by one Ludwig van Beethoven proved the most engrossing, the most exciting music in the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon.

### THE BEETHOVEN OF MIGHT

Mr. Koussevitzky, so we had many times been told, is minded to play the music of Beethoven in such fashion that it may make upon the audiences of today at least something of the overpowering impression that it made upon those who were the first to hear it. To gain this end he does not have recourse to the deplorable device of revising Beethoven's instrumentation, nor does he find it necessary to resort to unwarrantable extravagances of accent, pace and dynamics. Rather by approaching Beethoven's scores as one unprejudiced by traditional "readings," he has been able to recreate them in his own mind, perceiving to the fullest

their potential expressiveness, while by reason of his animating effect upon the orchestra before him, he succeeds in endowing them with renewed vitality.

Such, in brief, was the prevailing account of Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting of Beethoven that had preceded him hither, and yesterday it was made clear that the Beethoven Mr. Koussevitzky would have us hear, is in very truth the Titan of music that tradition has made of him. In the torrential close of the first movement and in the mounting climaxes of the Finale of the Fifth Symphony, there was heard in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon that Beethoven who upon his death bed shook a defiant fist at the thunder, who in his proud scorn of titles shrugged his shoulders at the noblest of Vienna's nobility.

### The Andante a Tone-Poem

From the first Mr. Koussevitzky's Fifth Symphony reveals that conductor's independence of thought. Not with exaggerated emphasis, but with violent impulsiveness does he take the celebrated eighth-notes of the opening, nor, once launched upon the first movement, does he let it run its course metronome-wise. For once it was possible to understand how Berlioz could find here "the terrible rage of Othello" and "a frenetic delirium which explodes in frightful cries."

Again with no posturing or sentimentalizing, Mr. Koussevitzky made of the Andante a rarely expressive tone-poem, with recurring moments of majestic force, while in his hands the Scherzo became for the time a thing of mystery, even of terror. At a furious pace must the double-basses play their famous passage in the Trio (here spoke Koussevitzky the double-bass virtuoso) and in the finale the horns, the trumpets, the long-withheld trombones, all must give of their utmost.

### Transition Made Impressive

Not within long memory has a Boston audience heard the marvelous transition from Scherzo to Finale accomplished with such impressiveness. After the stride and sweep, the compelling power of the mighty March, the recurrence of the Scherzo came not, as has sometimes been the case, as irrelevant intrusion, but as psychological necessity, while the final progress of the March heaped tumult on tumult, splendor upon splendor.

Through the first portion of yesterday's concert the audience, although by no means unappreciative of conductor and orchestra, displayed no unwonted enthusiasm. Between the divisions of the Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky with upraised hand bade all applause to cease, but at its end the long-restrained



plaudits burst forth as a pentup torrent suddenly released. Recalled again and again to the platform, Mr. Koussevitzky at length summoned the band to its feet. Upon both Mr. Burgin and Mr. Bedetti he bestowed a fervent handshake, then with an eloquent raising of the arms he expressed to the orchestra as a whole his gratitude for the support it had given him.

### DeFalla's Suite

So much, then, for a masterly performance of a masterpiece. For the rest the concert of yesterday furnished less stirring pleasures. The Suite from DeFalla's choreographic fantasy is, indeed, music of singular fascination that must work a potent spell when heard as accompaniment to the action that it would point and enhance. Much to be preferred to DeFalla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," played here last spring, this music is truly Spanish, although DeFalla's Spain is here the grim Spain of sinister and superstitious Gypsies, not the conventional Spain of bull-fights and boleros, of malagueñas and mantillas.

The other "novelty," the morbid, phantasmagoric "Reves" of Schmitt, is a piece that, truth to tell, did not greatly convince, despite Mr. Koussevitzky's care and eloquence with it. Instead, coming after the dignity and the grave beauty of a Concerto Grosso (in D minor) of Handel, it seemed for the most part little more than futile striving.

The passing of almost 200 years has left the lustre of Handel's simple music undimmed. A bare decade finds Schmitt's complicated score definitely "dated."

## BAFFLING MODERNS, STIRRING CLASSICS, ALSO KOUSSEVITZKY

SECOND AFTERNOON OF THE NEW  
CONDUCTOR

Trans. — Oct. 18, 1924  
Calm Before Storm at Symphony Hall—  
Once More Schmitt Is Dull and de Falla  
Blows Hot and Cold—Then Beethoven  
Panoplied in Passion and Power—Handel  
Staid or Handel Sensuous?

**I**N calm, yesterday, went the first part of the Symphony Concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, as it were, had been discovered. Matrons and maidens had

looked upon him and found him good to behold. His "stage-deportment" was impeccable and, by paradox, also interesting. His tranquil incomings and outgoings, quick bows, poise between pieces, were all flawless. Yet when he flung up an arm to check ill-timed clapping, or with outspread and embracing gesture gathered the orchestra into better placed plaudits, there was no doubting the quick mind, the ready will. True, Mr. Koussevitzky, actually conducting, abounded in tense and energetic play of body. His countenance upon occasion reflected the fervors within. His eye, as well as hand, broadcast them. With his own lips he would now and then shape exacting measures. His down-beat could be electrically precise. His upper might sweep the air with curve and climax. Yet what were all these things but the draughts of his spirit blowing the flame of performance? The heat, the light, were inspiring to feel. At a first concert our most decorous dowagers, our least sensitive demoiselles, had paid to Mr. Koussevitzky the homage of excitement. At the second what was there to do but wait the return of that agreeable sensation?

Obviously Monsieur Florent Schmitt, writing a piece named "Dreams," could hardly bring back the golden moment. One after another, the conductors at Symphony Hall have played him. Dr. Muck introduced him. Le bonhomme Rabaud included him in a round of Parisian composers. Mr. Monteux gave him occasional room. The Cecilia once went astray into his choral music. His Quintet for Piano and Strings well nigh filled a winter evening. Yet from "The Tragedy of Salome" at Dr. Muck's hands to "Dreams" by way of Mr. Koussevitzky, Monsieur Schmitt has left hearers cold. It is quite true that, composing, he imitates no one; but a negative, rather than a positive, individuality is a dull virtue in concert-hall or theater. Monsieur Schmitt can contrive a musical design; and the listening mind is more impressed by his care and pains than by his invention. Presumably, he sees and remembers visions; experiences and collects emotions; but neither the one nor the other outflow from the music into which he would infuse them. He writes it with well-considered device from abundant resource. Yet seldom in it goes tang or thrill.

Modern routine-piece and nothing else is "Dreams"—tone poem in little? waxing, culminating, waning. It contains motifs and "ideas" that leave not a trace behind; development that more dulls than sharpens the point; rhythm, modulation, color, transition, that strain for the desired effect, and by a hand's breadth miss it. With all its brevity, the music is persistently restless. Seemingly, the dreams now wrenched now soothed; but not once is the listening imagination stirred. Once more commun-

ating fire burns not from Monsieur Schmitt. In "Dreams" even a Koussevitzky may not kindle it.

No more could the de Falla of "Love the Sorcerer" quite summon the desired excitement, though he brought conductor, band and audience appreciably nearer them. De Falla wrote his music originally for the theater—a ballet with songs and even speeches, mimed and danced in the trappings of the stage. Revised for another medium—the orchestra unassisted; transferred to another place—the concert-hall, the earlier flavors may have lessened, the earlier implications clouded. Certainly neither the sub-titles of the program-book nor the "argument" prefixed to the score were exactly lamps to the hearer's groping feet. Worse still the intrinsic and veritable Spanish quality in de Falla's music is to most of us a sealed book. His own countrymen extol it. Various commentators harp upon it. Fine-tempered Spaniards undoubtedly thrill to it. Yet we others know only that de Falla will not ply the surface-tricks nor accept the traditional matter of Spanish music conventionalized. Unmistakably Laparra wove this Spanish note into his opera, "Habanera." Ravel has been known to catch and convey it. Yet from de Falla, it somehow evades many an ear.

A native wildness, as at the beginning, sometimes sounded from this music of "Love the Sorcerer." Again it was thin, piercing, agile and fitful, as with the voice of gypsy-fiddles remembered. Once more, and it raised luminous atmosphere about what may have been some tranquil scene. There were dances bare and angular, now graphic with sensation released, now uncanny with hint of magic rite and evil exorcised. Toward the end the measures softened and glowed, then swelled and dazzled, full-voiced. No doubt, the triumph of life and light over death and darkness that—the books say—is the underlying "idea." Possibly it was easier to discover and to feel in the theater. In the concert-hall, the sensation was rather of a spare, sinewy, compact music, sharply rhythmed, warmly and variously colored, elemental of mood, vivid in suggestion. The gypsy-tang often sounded Oriental. Yet on occasion the composer's procedure was plainly Parisian. Possibly, de Falla's nature is too mixed for its own good in the expressive arts.

The excitement, however, did come and nothing less than the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven finally brought it. From end to end and upon every bar between Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra outpoured themselves. The first movement of tumult

rose, receded, rose again, and not once was the long surge broken. As in flood, the music tossed up the significant phrases; eddied into Beethoven's fierce contrasts. Superb was the fire of the tone, the energy of the rhythm. Spaciously and in splendor, over heights and depths, curved the relettered and haunting song of the slow movement, and not a line wavered. The rhythmic vigors renewed themselves at the beginning of the Scherzo. Quick was the pace and sharp the contours. As a conductor of power and imagination, neither more or less, Mr. Koussevitzky let fall the harmonic veils, threaded in the mystery, summoned the suspense of the famous transition. His particular touch upon it was the tremor that quivers uncannily between sound and silence. With the outburst of the Finale, there was only to evoke new splendors of full-throated tone, larger magnificences of phrase and period, new sweeps of progress, new ardors of rhythm, repetitions that blazed or clanged.

To Mr. Koussevitzky, the Fifth Symphony is of an heroic, an epical Beethoven. Throughout he would have it sound as a music of passion and power, might and magritude. Mystery may once cross it—in the transition. Brooding may for a while haunt it—through the Andante. Elsewhere it shall stream and stride, toss and leap and cry to heaven in surge and flood inexhaustible. To these ends Mr. Koussevitzky bends his every means and makes his every choice—shapes contours, marshals gradients, arrays climaxes, chooses tempi, whips rhythm, distributes accent and emphasis. The music in itself, the performance in the outcome, alike justify him. Long before it was classic, out of Beethoven this Fifth Symphony also flamed.

In Mr. Koussevitzky's ears, Handel writing Concerto Grosso for string choir in King George's London was also ardent composer. Into the particular Concerto of yesterday the composer set an Air. The conductor prolonged the phrases, caressed the contours, deepened tone the while, until the music rose sumptuous and sensuous upon the ear, velvety, deep-textured. In contrast, light were the rhythms and racing the figures through the little Finale. Stately was the course of the Overture, dignified, eloquent, precise and square-toed. There was Handel's music and there also was Mr. Koussevitzky's temperament passioning itself for whatever kindles it, outpouring itself upon whatever it lays hold. Possibly the composer would have found the cup not only full but running over. Even from the conductor, though less than the evening before at Cambridge, it was a bold and a heady brew. H. T. P.



## Serge Koussevitzky's Second Boston Program

Monitor—Oct. 18, 1921.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Handel—Concerto Grosso in D minor, op. 6, No. 10.

Schmitt—"Rêves," op. 68, No. 1.

De Falla—"El Amor Brujo."

Beethoven—Symphony No. 5 in C minor, op. 67.

Florent Schmitt's "Rêves" was played for the first time in Boston and De Falla's Suite for the first time in America.

The interest of this concert centered round Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Why a Beethoven symphony, and particularly the fifth or third, should be considered a test of a conductor's abilities is a difficult question to answer. Yet such is the habit of concertgoers and music lovers as well as professional musicians. There is music which requires greater intellectual power for its proper interpretation; there is music of much greater emotional depth. But perhaps after all there is one in which these qualities are united in better proportions.

For his program of last week, Mr. Koussevitzky chose pieces which led up to brilliant and vigorous climaxes. Even the Concerto by Vivaldi was not without a stirring close, aided by the imposing sonority of the organ. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony contains such a climax as well, but its relation to preceding movements is somewhat different from that of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" or Berlioz's "Carnival Romain" or Brahms' Variations. Then, too, once it has arrived, it is difficult to maintain, and the long-continued exultation of this final movement, unless carefully handled, borders dangerously near an anti-climax. The quieter mood of the Andante con moto and the Scherzo is a difficult one to maintain, and yet on its proper maintenance depends the entire effect of the final outburst.

Last week it was evident that in building up a quick, overpowering

crescendo Mr. Koussevitzky was adroit, masterly even; and so yesterday afternoon was he equally adroit in the great crescendo which unites the Scherzo with the Finale. But in the Andante and Scherzo itself he was less successful. The Andante dragged unmercifully. Tempo marks are but general directions, but surely Beethoven did not write "con moto" without reason. And the Scherzo itself was wanting in that mystery which is its most salient characteristic. For these reasons the Finale lost greatly in effect and the whole symphony seemed tame, even tepid. The opening measures of the first movement, ordinarily so pregnant with meaning, were yesterday but perfunctory. This is certainly not music which brings out Mr. Koussevitzky's best powers as a conductor. And as the conductor seemed ill at ease in this part of the program, so did the orchestra. There was an uncertainty of attack to which audiences of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are not accustomed, above all in the music of Beethoven. The tone of the violoncellos and violas in the opening theme of the Andante was not full voiced, and the passages in the Scherzo were confused and indistinct. Not so was this symphony played at the concluding concert of last season.

Florent Schmitt's "Reves" will hardly add to the composer's reputation. Its harmonic and melodic schemes follow formulas which are by now thoroughly conventionalized and fast becoming trite. Yet the indiscriminating audience, under the spell of a new conductor, gave it hearty rounds of applause. Apparently, even after so short a time,

Mr. Koussevitzky has quite won the hearts of the patrons of the Friday afternoon concerts who are seemingly willing and ready to accept gratefully any musical dish which he chooses to set before them.

De Falla's Suite is agreeable, highly colored music, skillfully written and orchestrated. Like all music of exotic character it quickly palls. Nevertheless it is a toothsome tit-bit. It was brilliantly played.

S. M.

## UNTO CAMBRIDGE ALSO

Trans. — Oct. 17, 1924  
For the First Time Mr. Koussevitzky Conducts at Harvard—Audience and Auditorium—Handel Through a Temperament and Beethoven from a Master of Rhythm—De Falla Obscured

AS the convenient French phrase runs, Mr. Koussevitzky "continues his débuts." Last evening the public of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge saw and heard him for the first time; filled Sanders Theater to the last seat; gave every sign of interest and pleasure. Even in the gallery above his head hung those who would look and listen. For the excitement of him, de Falla's Suite from the ballet, "Love the Sorcerer," was applauded, though it baffled. In turn the conductor had his first experience hereabouts of a wooden-walled and highly resonant auditorium. No doubt, he rejoiced when it gave him back every flying detail of the Finale to a Concerto Grosso from Handel. To some ears, the Beethoven of the Fifth Symphony sounded pent within these narrow spaces. Yet they reverberated magnificently to Mr. Koussevitzky's vigors with the music. Students of his ways also discovered that his version of a given piece varies hardly at all with time and place. Again he repeated Berlioz's Overture, "Roman Carnival"; and, as he made it to sound a week ago in Symphony Hall, so now it sounded in Sanders Theater. Not a recollected stroke or shading seem altered.

Otherwise the music heard in Cambridge last evening was the music played in Boston this afternoon. According to Mr. Koussevitzky's custom, it began with three parts of a Concerto Grosso from Handel. The conductor indeed cherishes these ancient pieces; but he plays them in a fashion of his own. Line they are and line he keeps them. Yet he courts every opportunity for tonal color. Handel wrote a slow-paced, largely unfolding Air. Mr. Koussevitzky stretched to the utmost every curve of the music, lingered over every convolution, carried it onward and upward in a spiral of intense tone. It was sumptuous and sensuous to hear; but as plainly it was Handel through a temperament. Akin were the flick and the race of figures through the finale—sheer excitement under Mr. Koussevitzky's whipping; but Allegro Moderato on Handel's pages. Slowly streamed the beginning of the Overture—the very state and splendor of such music—

but were not those long-held chords rather of the conductor's than of Handel's making?

More by this temperament did Beethoven profit. Upon the Fifth Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky laid the hand of power, as one who would set it newly aflame with the composer's passion. At will he lifted the orchestra to its utmost sonorities. At will, as in the transition from Scherzo to Finale, he held it almost in suspensive rustle. For it, he phrased, as by a human voice, the songful measures of the Andante. Deep were the euphonies. At every turn, moreover, the conductor was master of line, progress, ascent. He began in turbulence; he seemed to fling in contrasts; but his sea of sound broadened, deepened, mounted; while never was it opaque. The song of the Andante was measured. To the utmost Mr. Koussevitzky would prolong and intensify its beauty. He was all for gradients; yet unbroken, even unruffled held the curve. Above every other faculty, Mr. Koussevitzky's sense of rhythm beat through the symphony deepening the glow, intensifying the sweep, re-kindling the passion. Rhythm tossed through the first movement; was wing to the second; conjured up the creep and the leap of the transition, marshalled the reiterant elation of the Finale. There will be debate of Mr. Koussevitzky's pace. Irresistible was his rhythm. Since Dr. Muck's day, there has been none such in our concerts.

For the composers around the corner only de Falla had his day in Cambridge and dubious day it seemed. With reason, these men of our time write their ballets and mimed dramas. Music proffers them no freer field for invention, imagination, handiwork. Less wisely do they draw from such music their orchestral Suites for the concert-hall. Originally, de Falla's "Love the Sorcerer" was ballet of action, ballet even with songs, in the theater of Madrid. As scenario out of gypsy folk-ways, Martinez Sierra devised a fable for the stage as well as for music. Then the inevitable concert-piece played in Paris, played in London played over-seas. Faintly last evening a string of sub-titles hinted at course, scene, episode and atmosphere. The listener tried to hear it as "absolute music," but as often heard it as music that outside the theatre, away from the dancing and the miming, is but half itself. It sounded direct and sparse. Now and again it was angular and bare. Often rhythm quickened it—into native wildness, tortured dance, hint of uncanny rites. In this fragment was warmth of song; in that enfolding atmosphere. In a third were the mimes at play? Not once, however, did the obscurity, the confusion, of impression quite lift. A ballet remained a ballet. Suite or no suite, it usually does.

H. T. P.



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### "Leningrad"

*Herald* — Oct. 21, 1924.

Mr. Courtenay Guild and some others seem to be perturbed because the word "Leningrad" stands in the place of Petrograd, or St. Petersburg, in the program books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It occurred to them that Mr. Koussevitzky had suggested or ordered the "substitution." The suspicion was wholly unwarrantable, ridiculous in fact, for the eminent conductor bears no good will toward the soviet government of Russia; he has suffered at its hands.

Unfortunately "Leningrad" is now the name of the city founded by Peter the Great in the marshes of the Neva in 1703, the city long known as St. Petersburg, or, in some countries as Petersburg. After the revolution the name was changed to Petrograd. The soviet government has changed Petrograd to Leningrad, and as Leningrad it is now known, however one may deplore the fact. "Leningrad" is the word recognized in political and journalistic circles.

If in the years to come the name of Washington, D. C., should be changed by a wild-eyed government to Bryanville, the capital would then be known as Bryanville in all circles, foreign and domestic.

The Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky will be heard at Sanders Theater in Cambridge on Thursday evenings, Oct. 16, Nov. 6, Dec. 4, Jan. 8, Feb. 2 and 26, March 19, April 2 and 30. Tickets for the series of nine concerts will cost \$12. Through next Saturday, Oct. 4, present subscribers may repurchase their seats of Mr. W. F. Carmichael at the University Book Store. On Saturday morning, Oct. 11, unclaimed seats will be put on sale at the same place.



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This course is intended for all those who wish to gain a keener enjoyment and  
appreciation of symphonic music, as well as for teachers and students of music. The  
instructor intends to analyze on each Monday music to be performed at the symphony  
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conducted by

ERNEST SCHELLING

ASSISTED BY FIFTY MEMBERS OF  
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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### "Leningrad"

*Herald* — Oct. 21, 1924.

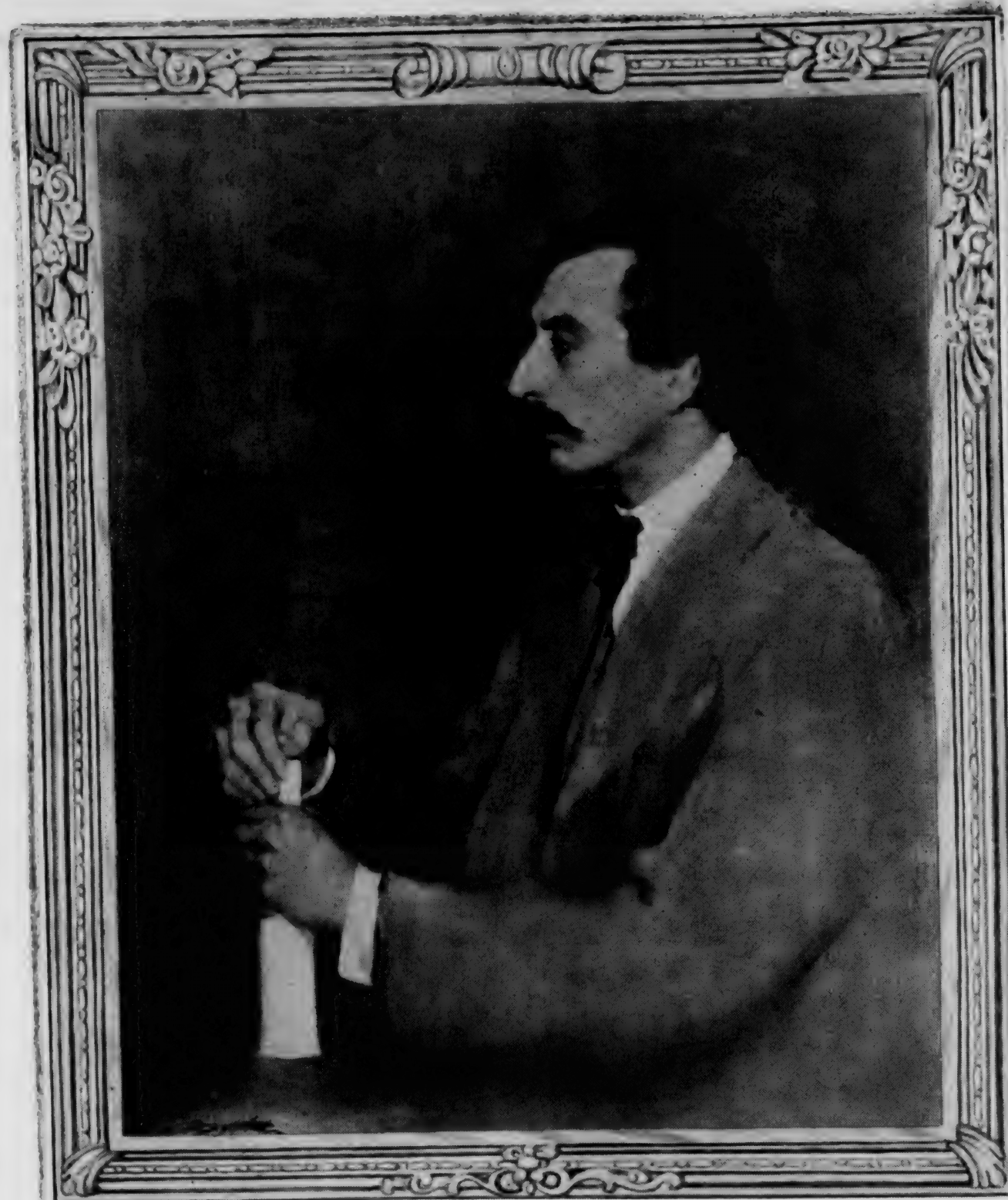
Mr. Courtenay Guild and some  
others seem to be perturbed because  
the word "Leningrad" stands in the  
place of Petrograd, or St. Peters-  
burg, in the program books of the  
Boston Symphony Orchestra. It oc-  
curred to them that Mr. Kousse-  
vitzky had suggested or ordered the  
"substitution." The suspicion was  
wholly unwarrantable, ridiculous in  
fact, for the eminent conductor bears  
no good will toward the soviet gov-  
ernment of Russia; he has suffered  
at its hands.

Unfortunately "Leningrad" is now  
the name of the city founded by  
Peter the Great in the marshes of  
the Neva in 1703, the city long  
known as St. Petersburg, or, in some  
countries as Petersburg. After the  
revolution the name was changed to  
Petrograd. The soviet government  
has changed Petrograd to Leningrad,  
and as Leningrad it is now known,  
however one may deplore the fact.  
"Leningrad" is the word recognized  
in political and journalistic circles.

If in the years to come the name  
of Washington, D. C., should be  
changed by a wild-eyed government  
to Bryanville, the capital would then  
be known as Bryanville in all circles,  
foreign and domestic.

The Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Kous-  
sevitzy will be heard at Sanders Theater  
in Cambridge on Thursday evenings, Oct.  
16, Nov. 6, Dec. 4, Jan. 8, Feb. 2 and  
26, March 19, April 2 and 30. Tickets  
for the series of nine concerts will cost  
\$12. Through next Saturday, Oct. 4, pres-  
ent subscribers may repurchase their seats  
of Mr. W. F. Carmichael at the University  
Book Store. On Saturday morning, Oct.  
11, unclaimed seats will be put on sale  
at the same place.





ERNEST SCHELLING

## Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 25, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach, C. P. E. . . . . Concerto for Orchestra in D major  
(Arranged by MAXIMILIAN STEINBERG)

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante lento moto.
- III. Allegro.

Moussorgsky . . . . . Prelude to the Opera, "Khovantchina"  
(First time in Boston)

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . . "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," Scherzo  
from "Tsar Saltan"  
(First time in Boston)

Prokofieff . . . . . Scythian Suite, Op. 20  
(First time in Boston)

- I. The Adoration of Veles and Ala.
- II. The Enemy God and the Dance of the Black Spirits.
- III. Night.
- IV. The Glorious Departure of Lolly and the Procession of the Sun.

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andante moderato.
- III. Allegro giocoso.
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





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## SYMPHONY IN RUSSIAN WORKS

Conductor and Orchestra  
Give Magnificent  
Performance

FIRST TIME HERE  
FOR MOST OF MUSIC

*Herald* — Oct. 25, 1924

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert of the season yesterday afternoon. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Emanuel Bach, concerto for orchestra, D major (arranged by M. Steinberg); Moussorgsky, prelude to the opera "Khovantchina"; Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" from "Tsar Saltan"; Prokofiev, Scythian suite; Brahms, Symphony No. 4, E minor.

The music by the composers, except Brahms, was played for the first time in Boston. Bach's concerto was played for the first time in the United States, as was probably the case with Rimsky-Korsakov's Scherzo.

The ancient Scythians, wildly savage, had horrid manners and customs. Herodotus tells us at pleasing length how they sacrificed one in a hundred of their enemies to Mars; how in battle they scalped their foes and drank their blood; how they burned false prophets among their many soothsayers; how they strangled servants of their dead king and seated them upon horses stuffed with chaff to place about the monument. Truly a splendidly barbarous folk.

And in his Scythian Suite Prokofiev has written superbly barbaric music.

This music is something more than roaring, blaring dissonance; something more than eccentric experimentation in harmonic schemes and daring orchestration. The Suite is deftly planned; broadly conceived; carried out with rare dramatic intensity.

We are not told where Prokofiev found the story from which he drew the short argument of his Suite; the invocation to the sun-god Veles and the sacrifice to the Scythians' favorite idol Ala, the daughter of this god; where he read of the evil-god who dances deliciously with seven subterranean pagan monsters. The moon-maidens console Ala for the great harm done her in darkness by this evil-god. Then Lolli, to save her, fight the evil one. The sun-god smites the wicked deity, and the Suite ends with a tonal portrayal of sunrise.

This Suite was produced at Leningrad in 1916. The composer was then 25 years old. The first performance in this country was at Chicago in 1918, when Prokofiev was in the United States.

No matter how wild this music is there is admirable method in the madness; there is a refreshing mastery in the development of the composer's purpose. He knew what he wanted; he gained his effects: they are not episodic, spasmodic, but skilfully continuous. He has an individually melodic vein; his harmonic schemes are his own, as is the orchestral voice. And throughout the Suite there is singular dramatic intensity.

The third movement "Night" is perhaps the most remarkable in the revelation of poetically dramatic feeling. This is not the night of Walt Whitman: "Night of south winds! Night of the large few stars! Still nodding night! Mad, naked summer night."

There is "the blackness of darkness": a night in which Nature herself shudders and is afraid; a night when the Demon is master and strange, sinister deeds are wrought.

Compare this movement with the magnificent finale with its amazing climax, one of the most original pages in the whole literature of music.

Attention for this Suite was well prepared by Mr. Koussevitzky. There was the delightful concerto of Emanuel Bach, reverently arranged by Rimsky-Korsakov's son-in-law, with its beautiful Air for a second movement, an enchanting melody announced by the English horn. Then came the Prelude to "Khovantchina," noteworthy for exotic melody and "atmosphere." And



just before the Suite was "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," which in Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy opera rises from the sea to buzz around the Swan-maiden; a dazzling virtuoso piece, played brilliantly by the orchestra, with Mr. Laurent noteworthy in solo passages.

It was a great afternoon for Russia. The fourth symphony of Brahms was performed with unusual elasticity. Too often the performance of this work reminds one of the criticism passed on the interpretation of Hamlet in "Great Expectations": Massive and concrete. But Mr. Koussevitzky brought out the poetry, as he respected the austere and solid, at times grim, almost forbidding basic structures. The lyric passages were sung; they were given time for breath; transitional passages for once did not seem matter-of-fact. In a word the performance was romantic, not metronomic. Ultra-conservatives may whisper that the symphony was Russianized; which, being interpreted, means that it was engrossing.

The great audience was enthusiastic, and with good reason, for the program was most interesting, and conductor and orchestra covered themselves with glory.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon;" Roussel, Symphony, B flat (first time in America; Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," Siegfried's Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

## Koussevitzky Plays Russian Music Monitor—Oct. 25, 1924

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach  
Concerto for orchestra in D major  
Moussorgsky  
Prelude to the Opera "Khovantchina"  
Rimsky-Korsakov... "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," Scherzo from "Tsar Saltan"  
Prokofiev ..... Scythian Suite, op. 20  
Brahms

Symphony No. 4 in E minor, op. 98.

For the third time Mr. Koussevitzky chose for his opening piece music from the eighteenth century, late eighteenth century to be sure, but music cast more or less in the same mold as that of Vivaldi and Handel, which was heard in the two preceding concerts. Does he choose to commence his programs with such music in order that his hearers may be put in a comfortable and contented frame of thought for the ultra-modern mu-

sic which is to follow? In any case, it makes an agreeable beginning.

Yesterday afternoon there were other sugar plums as well. Moussorgsky's Prelude is pleasant, agreeable music, but mildly Russian in character, while Rimsky's "Flight of the Bumble Bee" is a clever jeu d'esprit, which is bound to become a favorite with the patrons of the "Pops." It was none the less welcome at a symphony concert, however, and somewhat relieved the austerity of the function.

Then for those who enjoy music of more familiar and conventional pattern there was the E minor Symphony of Brahms. But, alas! those who are enamored of its beauties were obliged to sit through Prokofiev's Scythian Suite, which must have proved a severe trial to some. Yet Mr. Koussevitzky has so won the hearts of his public that even this example of extreme modernity was received with an unusual amount of applause.

This is as it should be. Mr. Monteux was not unaware of the moderns, but such music when played by him was seemingly regarded with suspicion and distrust, and only with the performances of "The Rite of Spring" did his audiences show that enthusiasm which they undoubtedly ought to feel in the presence of music of this present day and generation. For although admiration and appreciation of the past is due and proper, yet it is never well to forget that the art of music did not cease to progress with Brahms and that a hearing must be given to those who now are endeavoring to search out the beautiful, albeit in new and often strange and disquieting ways. All praise, then, to Mr. Koussevitzky, who has the courage and conviction to disregard the traditions of over 40 years and successfully to impose those convictions on a public which we fear has long been sadly in need of an awakening.

Again did Mr. Koussevitzky prove his artistic sincerity yesterday afternoon. That his interpretations of whatever music he may undertake are the result of long and careful consideration cannot be denied. That they are of engrossing interest is no less true. Whether or not they always agree with the mood of the music itself is not always certain.

His reading of the E minor Symphony, for example, was to our way of thinking replete with poetry and imagination, but we very much doubt

if such an interpretation would have pleased or gratified the composer. For once the music seemed to lose that bleakness which has always been associated with it for us and became expressive and living. But was this not rather the mood of Koussevitzky than of Brahms? Be that as it may, it was none the less a delightful change from the more accepted readings of this symphony.

Prokofiev's Scythian Suite is but mildly exciting. Stravinsky has said these things so much more eloquently in his "Rite of Spring." There is perhaps no objection to two or more different themes played simultaneously in as many different tonalities, but it is of prime importance that these several themes be of striking character. Not so with the thematic material of this suite. We venture to say that any one of them heard by itself is but ordinary stuff. They are mere melodic fragments, of little distinction and capable of but little development. At least they receive but little at the hands of the composer, who conceals the poverty of his invention by harmonic and orchestral effects which arrest the attention for an instant by reason of their strangeness alone. There is a vast difference between the unusual and the original, in music at least. S. M.

## DAY UNTO RUSSIANS, DAY FOR PLEASURES, DAY ALSO OF POWER

Trans. — Oct. 25, 1924.  
THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS AGAIN  
AT ZENITH

Composers and Conductor, Orchestra and Audience in Full Fettle—Brahms and a Bach According to Koussevitzky—From Musorgsky Pictorial and Rimsky Amusing to the Splendors and Savagery of Prokofiev

LIKE a river, running deep, bright and full from many a source, was the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Plentiful and various was the pleasure; and clear were the

springs whence it flowed. Audiences approve, for example, Mr. Koussevitzky's departures from custom and precedent in program-making. No mistaken notion of dignity deters him from fanciful and expert trifles—say Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scherzo of the Bee," now heard for the first time in Boston and clapped on Friday to the last echo of the buzz. He is aware that length is no avenue to interest and, without a flicker of hesitation, he chooses such brief pieces as Honegger's "Pacific," a fortnight ago, or the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina," upon the list of yesterday. An eighteenth-century Concerto has begun three programs. Through years hard to count the public of the Symphony Concerts has enjoyed such music, even when the performance fell short of the sonorous voice, the sinewy line, the ample progress that Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra lend to it.

So far, moreover, the conductor's novel numbers—save only Monsieur Schmitt's accidental commonplaces—have won the general ear. Honegger's rhapsody was clapped and clapped again. The listener "who knows what he likes" was surer of his satisfactions with de Falla's ballet than were some of the connoisseurs. The bumble-bee of Friday left only the sting of pleasure. The Prelude to "Khovantchina" held every ear rapt; while Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" ended, literally and figuratively, in a blaze of glory. Back to the victorious day when "The Rite of Spring" first sounded through Symphony Hall, went the applause.

The orchestra, no less, is new source of stimulation and delight. All that Mr. Monteux asked, it gave him back. Mr. Koussevitzky asks more and as fully receives it. In splendor, suavity and suppleness, with that mingling of precision and vibrancy, flow and stride, which is life to such music, the string-choir moved yesterday through Emanuel Bach's Concerto Sensuous pleasure and pictorial illusion were the coloring and the gradation of tone in the whole orchestra through Musorgsky's Prelude. A band of virtuosi buzzed with that sea-born bee. The piercing radiance, the surging depths, the mounting flood of the brass-choirs in the "Scythian Suite" were revelation. Red and gold, they saw, heard and sounded. Count also the darkling color, rhythmic life, keen-set contrasts and sharp-set modulations of the tonal mass, opening and closing through Brahms's Fourth Symphony—and the tale of an orchestra at the height of its prowess and the top of its bent is no more than half told.

Mr. Koussevitzky may well persuade, command and inspire such a band. He enforces precision; preserves the unfolding line, the upspringing march which shape musical form and order musical motion. Yet he knows and practises all the freedoms of pace, rhythm, curve and



accent which are the spirit that giveth life. His hand is alert and his ear sensitive with every degree and tint of tone. He would have his orchestral phrase, accent and color like the living voice it is. His contrasts are contrasts; his climaxes, climaxes. Outpoured are the riches, outflung is the vitality of the chosen music. From itself and from himself, Mr. Koussevitzky characterizes it. And all this to an audience that even on Fridays comes alert, stays alert, beating high in sensation and pleasure. Toward zenith the Symphony Concerts rise again.

With reason, hearing Emanuel Bach's Concerto played as chamber-piece for ancient instruments, Mr. Koussevitzky heard in it also a Concerto for strings, flute, oboes, horn and bassoon out of a modern orchestra. The first movement unfolds in broad line and ample spacing. Spare and sinewy is the counterpoint, energetic and cumulative the rhythm. It invites such magnificence as the string choir and Mr. Koussevitzky now summoned. Of the paternal Sebastian himself might have been these amplitudes and freedoms. The ensuing slow movement gave the wind-choir finer and choicer opportunity; yet quicker came the impression of a music that departed from mid-eighteenth century formula and mood. It ran in no songful periods unfolding and far-spreading, Handel-like. The elder Bach took a simpler, directer, barer way with such effusions of his music-making mind and heart. Here, rather, was the younger Emanuel, anticipating both the Mozartian mood of melancholy and the Mozartian grace of treatment. Here sang sentiment; here went elegant and artful modulation. The finale, by way of contrast, tripped almost Haydn-like; and upon any eighteenth-century Allegro Mr. Koussevitzky spares not in quickening pace.

At the other end of the program, the Brahms of the Fourth Symphony was clearly the romantic, the songful, Brahms of the conductors in this present day from Toscanini and Nikisch to Stokowski and Koussevitzky. The granitic Brahms of Hans Richter, as "massive and concrete" as that apostle himself, is on the runway to oblivion. Quite down it "the romantics" have thrust the generation that would also have Brahms abstruse, opaque, remote and therefore, like so many other gods, to be revered. Our applauded masters are all for a Brahms vitalized and vivid, luminous and lambent. Mr. Koussevitzky, making way through the Scherzo, sharpened the rhythms, until they nearly danced, intensified the contrasting song until it was well-nigh sentimental, and the "austere" Brahms very like a German Michael singing of a Sunday across his sun-lit garden. Passing to the finale, that intricate orchestral Chaconne, the conductor was all for contrast with the successive variations

etched measures finely sharpened say in the wood-winds; massed measures with the whole orchestra piled upon them; upswelling progress from ground-bass theme to deep and full-flung close.

With a like impetus, Mr. Koussevitzky filled the first movement. Under his plastic hand, the swaying measures of the beginning seemed at each return freshly characterized. In vigorous motion entered and recurred, advanced and receded, the larger-voiced periods, Brahms's every development and variation upon them deepened or sharpened. Transition and contrast, ardor and edge, voices interwoven, parting and gathering—a music not only vitalized but dramatized, the conductor's temperament as wing and release to the more hesitant composer. Yet again with the slow movement—Brahms persistently reiterating, varying, developing and deriving; Mr. Koussevitzky holding fast to this generative progress, but heightening every turn of it; while over all he spread a tone as mellow, warm and sober as the musing heart from which the music sings. Into even a Beethoven of the Fifth Symphony, a Brahms of the first or the fourth, every conductor of power has a right to infuse himself. Thereby the music gains a two-fold life.

Through all else in the concert, the Russians rose to conquer. Rimsky's "Scherzo of the Bee" is the merest trifle; but, being fanciful, high-humored and apt, it is livelier pleasure than several score German and German-American tone-poems, five hundred times as long. In the name of the Nine Muses all at once, why should we not be merry at a Symphony Concert? We are human; composers are human; so also is some of their music. Besides does not Rimsky's bee rise out of the sea—first, and last, feat of the kind in all recorded entomology. . . . The Prelude to "Khovantchina" is Musorgsky at the "tone-painting" of which he was many-sided master. By this time, everyone knows his vast and multi-colored tonal tapestry of the crowning of Tsar Boris. Ears that closely heed will also remember the measures that hint at the bleak and thin Forest of Cromy, snow-laden under leaden skies. As etching is the music with that nearness to the object that was Musorgsky's delineative aim. Akin is the Prelude of yesterday—music of the dawn breaking over a quarter of ancient Moscow, the Red Square of turbulent mercenaries and hunted, hiding, dreading outcasts. There is no evocation of nature and the orchestra in the grand style; no rising sun and blare of brass. Only the pale light creeping into the eastern sky, touching roof and cupola and belfry; only the stir, still drowsy and smothered, of awakening life; only the echo of pious matins from distance borne.

The light recedes; the life hushes as to another sleep. Upon a pause of silence waits the beginning of a sombre drama. Over a music of bare line Musorgsky lays his thin half tints of color. Upon the ear the measures take form; upon the imagination the illusion is wrought.

Rhythm is mighty, and it shall prevail—much more than all the harmonies of all the modernists from Ravel unto Schönberg. Thrice in his "Scythian Suite" Prokofiev is master of it; when at the beginning the barbarians invoke their Sun-God; when the monsters of the Evil-God dance wildly, grotesquely, filthily; when, finally, the hero, Loh, strides forth victorious, the Sun-God rises again, and all his hosts acclaim the darting beams. Like Stravinsky's in "The Rite of Spring," these rhythms sweep and pound in barbarian frenzy, in demoniacal fury. The whole orchestra shakes and shivers, bounds and plunges with them. So do devils dance in the dreams and exorcisms of savage men. So do wild tribes march to battle or to rite.

Color is also mighty, and it shall prevail beyond all the modulations of either the primitives or the sophisticates among the modernists. Once Prokofiev summons it when he drives his orchestra, choir upon choir, into the blaze and swirl of piercing sound with which the "Scythian Suite" ends. At last music has achieved the apotheosis of the Sun. The heavens are radiant; the earth is drenched; frenzied are the tribes of men. There is color again, when through the shadows of Night—as the third division is labelled—phantoms flit and wan lights flicker. For ghostly half-tint there are pallors on Prokofiev's tonal palette. Not all of it is glare. Savage are the lustres upon the evocation of the beginning. As the sacrifice proceeds they fall away and and the whole music fades and shatters into mystery is ferocity riven and shredded. By these signs is Prokofiev composer of imagination, as again in the fantasmal grotesquerie haunting the music of the Evil-God, his monsters and the Night.

Ask of this Russian savagery, and he answers with a music of clang and clash, swirl and flood—tribal cry to the tribal god. Ask of him power and sweep and splendor, and he opens those final pages incandescent above all the music of our day. Ask of him grotesquerie, now bestial, now phantom-like, and he looses his dancing monsters, packs in his shrilling night-visions. It is true that in the "Scythian Suite" are sterile and shapeless intervals, brief, bare and spotty. Little they matter beside this wild and savage and primitive imagination wielding, like hammer and battle-axe, the forged and tempered weapons of modern music. Genius, or something very like it, is in the deed.

H. T. P.

# SYMPHONY ELOQUENT IN BRAHMS

## Great Fourth Is More Than Match for Moderns

Post — Oct. 25, 1924.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

One fact made clearer with each succeeding Symphony concert is that, contrary to many expectations, Mr. Koussevitzky is proving himself no specialist in the music of the moderns.

At the concert of yesterday afternoon, three pieces by modern or relatively modern music-makers stood upon the programme: Musorgsky's Prelude to Khovantchina; a Scherzo, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan," and Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite," all played for the first time in Boston.

### BACH AND BRAHMS

And yet, although Musorgsky's charming Prelude was most poetically played, although the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's deft and tricksome Scherzo was a marvel of orchestral virtuosity, and although the barbaric music of Prokofiev was played with a superb fire, power and sweep, still the keenest delight of the afternoon lay not in any of these things.

Rather was it to be found in the exquisitely moulded performance of the Andante lento molto from a concerto of Philipp Emanuel Bach (as orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg) and in Mr. Koussevitzky's puissant and persuasive reading of the Fourth Symphony of Brahms.



### Makes Symphony Sing

In the recollection of Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation, at the first concert of the season, of the Variations on a Theme by Hadyn and of that of the E minor Symphony yesterday, an anti-Brahmsite may be newly defined as one who has not been privileged to hear that composer's orchestral music performed under the leadership of this conductor. Surely not since the days of Nikisch has the Fourth Symphony of Brahms sounded in Boston as yesterday it sounded. Gone was the stodginess and, if you will, the soggyiness that some inevitably associate with Brahms in orchestral composition. Instead, there stood forth yesterday a music incessantly eloquent, a music now lyrical, now impassioned: now portentous and now grippingly dramatic.

From first to last the symphony sang. To cite a single outstanding instance, unforgettable was the delivery of the melting phrase that comes as afterthought to the second theme of the first movement. Again, richly, broadly, streamed the song of the cellos in the Andante.

### Mus'c of Divers Emotions

To the third movement Mr. Koussevitzky brought a rhythmic incisiveness strangely exhilarating, and no mere series of academic variations on a nine-measure theme was the final Chaconne. Here instead was music of mood, music of many and divers emotions progressing to a rarely stirring climax that, like the end of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony a week ago, roused the audience to manifest and whole-hearted enthusiasm.

In Mr. Koussevitzky's version of this, surely the most eloquent of Brahms' four symphonies, some may perchance miss the grave, reposeful beauty that certain conductors find in the first movement, the sacerdotal solemnity with which they endow the Andante. There is, indeed, in Mr. Koussevitzky's performance a suggestion that Brahms, the arch-typical Teuton, had in him a trace of Slavic fire and passion. But if Mr. Koussevitzky's temperament has a little colored and transformed what we are generally pleased to believe (whether or not erroneously) was the temperament of the august and hieratic Brahms, there is no denying that Mr. Koussevitzky also vitalizes and dramatizes this music in amazing degree.

For the moment the listener is well convinced that thus and thus only did the music first sound in the mind of the composer. For the moment, too, it is possible to believe that the Brahms legend has done that composer more harm than good. Perhaps he was after all a man of flesh and blood and not a mere sublimation of academic musical procedure. Assuredly it was a composer whose feeling ran strong and deep who could sense the range of hu-

man moods and thus weave them into an organic musical structure.

Not the least happy feature of the symphony concerts under Koussevitzky's rule is that conductor's resurrections from the music of the 18th century and his supremely eloquent interpretation of that music. Granted that the first and third movements of this Concerto of Philip Emanuel Bach's do not noticeably diverge from the set ways of 18th century music, the beautiful Andante that comes between seems to have been written a hundred years before its time. There need be found no more convincing evidence of the originality of the greatest of the three composer-sons of Johann Sebastian than the chief theme of this Andante, which in one turn of melody and harmony suggests, and forcibly, the theme of Amfortas' suffering in "Parsifal"—a theme that represents the furthestmost development of Wagner's harmonic idiom.

### Of Singular Charm

As in "Boris," so in "Khovantchina" Rimsky-Korsakov was the good angel of Musorgsky. To him, indeed, fell the entire task of orchestrating this last opera of his comrade; and to judge by the Prelude heard yesterday this orchestration is in Rimsky's happiest vein. Picturing the coming of dawn over the Red Square in the Kremlin at Moscow, the Prelude is music of singular imaginativeness and charm. And oddly enough, it suggests in no uncertain fashion the Prelude to the third act of "Tosca" that would portray the coming of dawn over the house-tops of Rome.

No such remarkable bit of tone-painting is Rimsky-Korsakov's own Scherzo, but it is a miracle of orchestral lightness, a spray of water through which the sun throws prismatic colors.

### Prokofiev's Suite

And slight as it is it would seem better worth rehearsing than the much-vaunted Suite of Prokofiev. With magnificent stride of pageantry and power does this Suite begin, and its final picture of the sunrise is one of dazzling brilliance. But between comes much that seems but futile sound and fury, the inarticulate striving to voice the moods and the scenes made vivid in the "Sacre" of Stravinsky. Where Stravinsky grips, Prokofiev but amuses or mildly stirs. Dissonance he provides in plenty, but compared to the dissonance of Stravinsky it seems a thing superficial rather than fundamental and integral.

The younger composer may not here achieve the extraordinary independence and daring that characterize his predecessor's harmonic thought. The Scythian Suite, the only one of his more important pieces yet heard in Boston, hardly proclaims Prokofiev a great creator. Yet for a youth of 23, it was no mean accomplishment.

## PRECEDENT BROKEN, CONDUCTOR TESTED, WEEK-END CONCERTS

*Trans. — Oct. 27, 1924*  
**MR. KOUSSEVITZKY DEPARTS FROM  
OLD CUSTOM**

The Symphony Orchestra Immediately  
Repeats an Applauded Piece—From New  
York Come the Philharmonic Society and  
Mr. Hoogstraten—Earnest but Uneven  
Occasion

**T**HE oldest inhabitants, at Symphony Hall on Saturday evening, said that never in the forty-four years of the Symphony Orchestra had such a thing come to pass. The middle generation remembered that it came within an ace of happening at one of Dr. Muck's earlier concerts in Boston. The youngest listeners heard, enjoyed, applauded; then vaguely realized that to do as Mr. Koussevitzky was doing, broke with all precedent; whereat, as became them, they were the more pleased. On Saturday, as on Friday, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scherzo of the Bee" tickled the ears of the audience. They liked it as show-piece; they liked it as humorous fancy. Loud and long was the clapping. Without more ado, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra re-played the music, since it is hardly five minutes long. Warm again, and general, were the answering plaudits. The heavens of precedent did not fall to crush the guilty. The police did not appear upon the scene as guardians of the tradition. In fact the concert merely proceeded.

Yet never before, it was said, had such a repetition befallen at the Symphony Concerts. Imperative rule—"it had been understood"—forbade it. Mr. Henry Higginson, founding the orchestra, made it. Mr. Henschel, as first conductor, followed it; while from it none of his successors had hitherto departed. Once, however, but only once, had a breach been imminent. Upon a certain Friday afternoon Dr. Muck led the orchestra through Chabrier's Rhapsody, "España"—the rhythms pulsing, the colors flaming. The answering applause would not be stilled. Plainly the conductor was disposed to repeat the piece. He turned back the pages of the score to the beginning. Inquiringly, he surveyed orchestra

and audience; half-raised his stick; took second thought—then passed to the next number. With the "Scherzo of the Bee," Mr. Koussevitzky knew no scruples. Since the audience was highly pleased, the orchestra "on edge" and time permitting, he re-played the music. To do so in such circumstance is no rare happening at his own or other European concerts. "Pacific 231," for example, was redemanded and immediately repeated last spring in Paris.

Here in Boston did the incident of Saturday do any harm to that "institution" (as some call it) which are the Symphony Concerts? Hardly. The purpose of the original rule and the continuing custom was to check the passion of "assisting artists" to display themselves in solo-pieces after they had been applauded in appointed numbers. Even so, Mr. Paderewski for pianist and Mme. Sembrich for singer twice or thrice transgressed it to the general satisfaction. From the outset, probably, the immediate repetition of an orchestral piece has seemed a contingency too remote for practical consideration. Usually they are too long in themselves, too fatiguing upon the orchestra, too little applauded. Where Dr. Muck finally shied, Mr. Koussevitzky went tranquilly forward. No one and no thing seems the worse for his "indiscretion" except a precedent—again more honored in the breach than in the observance.

*H. T. P.*

## "SCYTHIAN SUITE" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

C. P. E. Bach and Brahms

Stir Koussevitzky

*Gl. bc — Oct. 25, 1924*

Koussevitzky has followed a formula in making his first programs. Yesterday for the third time he began the symphony concert with an 18th century concerto, in a modern arrangement. For the second time he ended with a familiar symphony, played without applause between movements. Before the intermission again came the modern new piece, this time Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite," which is promised us on every program.

A concerto by Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, arranged at the request of Koussevitzky by Maximilien Steinberg from an original for five "ancient instruments," made more than amends for its lack of archeological correctness by its plaintive and moving andante, and its spirited allegros. What does it mat-



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ter that a piece is an arrangement, if the arrangement is as it stands musically and aesthetically satisfactory, as in this case? Conductor and orchestra gave a stirring eloquent performance.

Koussevitzky prefaced the "Scythian Suite" by two fragments from Russian operas, the prelude to Musorgsky's "Khovantschina," and a brief scherzo called "The Flight of the Bumblebee" from Rimsky Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan." The names signed to these works are deservedly illustrious. The audience applauded both numbers with great gusto, which few showed despite their much clapping for the music of Prokofiev.

Yet both pieces are at once too fragmentary and too trivial to deserve inclusion on Boston Symphony programs.

In the old days, Henschel and Gericke won over the local public to the idea of symphony concerts by putting Handel's "Largo" and other gems now relegated to the "Pops," on the programs, along with first performances of Brahms and other then unpopular masters.

Symphony orchestras in smaller American cities still sugar bitter pills for their audience in this way. But in Boston we have been for 25 years beyond that stage of musical culture, thanks to the conductors and to a discriminating minority of the audience. No lowering of the standard of programming should now be tolerated. And operatic scraps and snippets have long been tabu.

Musorgsky's prelude is good third-rate Italian opera with a Russian accent, like the too celebrated garden scene in "Boris." Rimsky's scherzo is a rather inferior version of the "Bee" by that Schubert whose sole distinction is that he was not "the" Schubert.

Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" is too self-consciously barbaric. It varies between "andantino," with dissonances perturbing innocence, and "tempestuoso" in several keys at once. There is a "dance of the pagan monsters," which sounds much like American jazz of the sort the composer no doubt enjoyed during his recent residence in Chicago. It made one wish Koussevitzky would some day follow the example of Rudolph Ganz with the St. Louis Symphony and put a real jazz piece on the program. Koussevitzky's "Rites of Spring," when he gives it, is going to be dazzling. His marvellous sense of rhythm vitalized what did not strike one as really original music. Unless, perchance, Stravinsky derives from Prokofiev, instead of vice versa. Even so, one must remember that Wagner, harmonically speaking, derived from Liszt.

Koussevitzky does a great service to Brahms in conducting his Fourth Symphony as though there were in the music no hint of pedantry. The orthodox interpreters have so often lent Brahms' music all the defects of orthodoxy that an intense and personal interpretation is a relief, even when it does not strictly obey Brahms' directions. Those who dub Brahms dull should listen to Koussevitzky's conducting. It is dramatic, but never theatrical. The audience again unmistakably showed its enthusiasm for the new con-

ductor, whose personal triumph keeps growing.

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Next week the novelty is a symphony by the French modernist, Roussel, said to be in his post-Stravinsky manner and not in the post-Debussy style of other works of his already heard here. The other numbers are Wagner excerpts, and the "Oberon," overture of Weber, as announced for the first concert but not then played. The "Meistersinger" prelude is added. P. R.



## Fourth Programme

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 31, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, at 8.15 o'clock

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Weber . . . . . Overture to "Oberon"

Roussel . . . . . Symphony in B-flat, Op. 23  
(First time in America)

- I. Lent; animé.
  - II. Modéré.
  - III. Très lent.
- 

Wagner . . . . . Bacchanale ("The Venus Hill") from "Tannhäuser"

Wagner . . . . . Funeral Music of Siegfried from "Dusk of the Gods"

Wagner . . . . . Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

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There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

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City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# SYMPHONY IN 4TH CONCERT

Overture to "Oberon"  
Brilliantly Given—Rous-  
sel Work New

PERFORMANCE TO BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT

*Harold* — *Nov. 1, 1924*

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its fourth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised these pieces: Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Roussel Symphony B flat (first time in America); Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhauser"; funeral music for Siegfried from "Dusk of the Gods," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

For a good many years the conductors thought it necessary, or safe—the words with them was perhaps synonymous—to play each season the three chief overtures of Weber, as they thought it behooved them to perform at least four symphonies by Beethoven. As a result the performance of these overtures was often perfunctory and pedestrian. Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday showed the audience that, in spite of familiarity, the overture to "Oberon" is beautiful and brilliant. Never within recollection has the fairy music been so exquisite, from Oberon's horn, a horn of Elfland faintly blowing, to the crash that announces the change of mood and pace. In the Allegro, the theme first announced by the clarinet war for once sung, not breathlessly hurried through, but as an aria with full liberty given to the finger for expression. In the same way the joyous outburst of Rezia's peroration was freed from the banality, not to say vulgarity, often attributed to it by literal, matter-of-fact, metronomic conductors.

Roussel's Symphony was produced at a Pasdeloup concert, Paris, in 1922. The work was courteously but adversely criticised. We are informed that a friend of Roussel showed the

score of the modest and discouraged composer to Mr. Koussevitzky, who became interested in it and produced it at one of his concerts in the fall of the next year, when its reception by the public was very different; other performances were equally successful.

In the Fifties and the Sixties, when a good New Englander wished to prove that he had an artistic taste, he hung upon the walls of his parlor a series of engravings by Cole, representing "The Voyage of Life," in which a man beginning with innocent childhood encounters as a youth and in maturity temptations, knows the peril of shoals and rapids, but finally, in his old age, reaches calm water and a peaceful end. These pictures were proudly shown with shells on the mantelpiece, mourning wreaths, a set of ivory chessmen brought by Uncle Ebenezer, the sea captain, from the Orient, while a silver plated ice water pitcher with goblets stood on the sideboard in the dining room.

Roussel provides an argument, not unlike this series of engravings, for his symphony. His music is intended to portray (1) the enthusiastic ardor of youth; (2) joys, then deep impressions of a rather sentimental nature; (3) sorrow, bitterness, revolt, "at last peacefulness in the serenity that raises man above the passions."

The introduction, the composer informs us, is only a sort of preface. It is peculiarly gloomy and mysterious, as if hinting at Adam's fall; man born in sin and reared in corruption. The youth is apparently lost in "devious coverts of dismay." But suppose no explanation of the composer's purpose were given? The music can hardly be said to be a literal and minute commentary on the announced thesis, except for those who are not content with music unless an explanation allows them to dilate with the proper emotion. They may easily find joyous moments, sad moments, a dramatic revolt; at the end serenity, and these pages are truly beautiful. But what shall be said of the symphony as absolute music? For the work cannot be called program music after the manner of Liszt and the later composers who turn poems, pictures, legends, heroic or pathetic figures into symphonic poems.

There is no doubt about the honesty, the high aims, the musical equipment of Roussel, but this symphony, in spite of many impressive pages, some of them beautiful as those we have mentioned, is lacking in clearness of design and firmness of structure. Themes that are not striking in themselves are lost in the development through a too painstaking search after details that too often obscure the main ideas and do not enrich them. It might also be said that much of the work is diffuse



and on the whole too episodic.

Life that is worth living is full of contrasts. One misses relieving contrasts in this symphony, especially contrasts in color. The prevailing tone is rather gray, drab. For one that has known the Orient and been inspired by it for other compositions, Roussel is here surprisingly without sensuous warmth in thematic material, in his use of it, and in the orchestral dress.

The production of the symphony yesterday was evidently a labor of love on the part of Mr. Koussevitzky. The music appeals to him; he believes in it; the performance was one to do it full justice.

The final pages of the symphony are intended to portray man raised above the passions. Wagner's Bacchanale that followed was not intended, like tragedy, to purify them. The performance was a glowing, gorgeous one, exciting in the Bacchantic frenzy, sensuous in the measures that should accompany the sight of the three Graces, Leda with the swan, and at last Tannhaeuser alone with Venus. And the performance of Siegfried's music and the overture to "The Mastersingers" was equally memorable.

After the first beats of the drum in the funeral music, Mr. Koussevitzky stopped the orchestra. He was evidently annoyed by the coughing and barking in the hall. Was the silent reproof heeded? Not at all. The intrepid coughers continued, probably thinking that the drum was not beaten to Mr. Koussevitzky's taste.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Mozart, Symphony, G minor; Arensky, Variations for strings on a theme of Tchaikovsky's (first time in Boston); Moussorgsky, "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for orchestra by Ravel (first time in America).

## KOUSSEVITZKY IN WAGNER EXCERPTS Globe — Nov. 1, 1924 New Symphony Leader Surpasses Himself

Koussevitzky conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday in excerpts from the music dramas of Wagner, and surpassed himself. His Beethoven and his Brahms have been remarkably vivid and intense. His Wagner yesterday was superb. So was a magical performance of Weber's

"Oberon" overture. The modern novelty, Roussel's Symphony in B flat, proved disappointing, despite some effective passages.

The "Funeral Music of Siegfried" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" represents Wagner's genius at its highest point, as the world has long since agreed. Koussevitzky condensed the whole passion of "The Dusk of the Gods" as Wagner conceived the drama, into the measures of the music that mourns for Siegfried. Every phase had its full value of light and shade, every note was surcharged with the keenest emotion. Even Dr. Muck's well remembered performance illustrated no more perfect a blend of intensity and accuracy.

The "Mastersingers" prelude is one of the most gorgeous bits of musical tapestry in existence. Koussevitzky brought out the color in every thread of the polyphony. He remembered, and made his hearers remember with him, the dramatic values in the comedy foreshadowed by the music of the prelude. He, as is his wont, grasped the large outlines of the piece without slurring over a single detail. So to transfigure one of the most familiar numbers in the orchestral repertory that a performance of it is an event to the most callous of listeners is the height of a conductor's achievement.

And Koussevitzky did not seek freakish "new readings." He is not a man who needs to force originality, to gain a hearing, but one whose authority is instantly and always felt.

It was hard to see why the detached fragment of the first act of "Tannhaeuser," Paris version, was offered without the overture. Not all Koussevitzky's eloquence could make this bit of the "Bacchanale" seem coherent or significant torn thus from its context.

Weber's "Oberon" overture is as hackneyed these days as Tennyson's "horns of elfland faintly blowing." Koussevitzky yesterday made the listener realize what both Weber and Tennyson really were driving at, the magic of fairyland.

Roussel has been a pupil of d'Indy, some of whose musical methods and idioms he retains in his symphony. This symphony lacks the unsuccessful striving for color of his "Rosy City" heard here two years ago. If the unresolved secondary seventh chords and the clashes of harmony incidental to the writing of a learned contrapuntist were exercised this symphony would savor of banality. The themes are not memorable. The development of them is more ingenious than inevitable. The scherzo is rather pretty, and there are interesting moments in the other movements. The final philosophical apotheosis is unconvincing. Koussevitzky did his obvious best to vitalize music which refused stubbornly to be vital.

Next week Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Mozart's G minor Symphony, some variations by Arensky, and Ravel's orchestral version of Musorgsky's piano pieces, "Pictures at an Exhibition" fill the program. P. R.

# SYMPHONY'S CONDUCTOR WAGNERIAN

## Reveals Unthought of Beauties and Frenzies in Music

Post — Nov. 1, 1924

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With Mr. Koussevitzky there may be no trifling.

At the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, an audience left emotionally spent by an unbelievably eloquent performance of the Bacchanale from Wagner's "Tannhaeuser," stirred restlessly in its seats. Next upon the programme stood the "Funeral Music" of Siegfried, and the kettle-drummer, Mr. Ritter, began his ominous drum tappings. Now, it is Mr. Koussevitzky's wish that these solemn beats should be all but inaudible; felt rather than heard. They sounded; but the rustling of the audience continued. Straightway, Mr. Koussevitzky dropped his baton—and not until there was absolute silence did he recommence the music.

### GLORIFIES WEBER

On the programme of yesterday stood three pieces originally announced for Mr. Koussevitzky's first concert in Boston: The Bacchanale and the "Funeral

Music" aforementioned, and the Overture to "Oberon." To them was now added the Symphony in B flat major by Albert Roussel, played for the first time in America, and, for exultant ending, the Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

No doubt the ultra-conservative are now saying, and will say after this evening's concert, that Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of Weber's Overture was mannered, that in the introduction the volume of tone was subdued beyond all reasonableness, that the second theme of the overture proper was dragged and sentimentalized, and that sundry other "liberties" were taken.

### Poetic and Brilliant

Yet is not this introduction music of fairyland, and did it not sound yesterday as from another world, a world of magic and unreality? And is not Huon's air a romantic melody, though conductor after conductor jigs through it and so deprives it of all emotional significance?

No, good friends, Mr. Koussevitzky no more distorted Weber than two weeks ago he distorted Beethoven. Rather he has glorified them both. That which Bruno Walter at a symphony concert of two years ago did for the Overture to "Euryanthe," Mr. Koussevitzky did yesterday for the Overture to "Oberon," and the audience applauded to the echo a rarely poetic, rarely brilliant performance. Again, let it be said, that in Mr. Koussevitzky's hands no music, it would seem, can sound hackneyed.

### Difficult to Hear

Difficult to play, difficult to conduct and difficult to hear is the Symphony of Roussel that yesterday followed these Weberian fancies. Even for the practised, sympathetic and open-minded listener this tremendously concentrated, often austere, music presents many a problem. No doubt for long it will be caviare to the general, yet it seemed yesterday that France has here given us another symphonic masterpiece.

And as in their own days the Symphony of Cesar Franck and the First and Second Symphonies of d'Indy defied precedent and tradition and baffled audiences and critics, so does Roussel's Symphony break for itself new paths and prompt upon the one hand protests and on the other words of high praise.

In composing this Symphony which establishes him beyond question as a force in contemporary music, Roussel has challenged those who hold that the larger instrumental forms are outmoded even while he has reminded us



that significant music in these forms can never be a re-working of familiar formulae. And particularly does he offer a rebuke to the flippancies and the fooleries of certain of his younger compatriots, the clownings of Milhaud and the studied infantism of Poulencik.

### Music of Deep Feeling

From the outset Mr. Koussevitzky has befriended Roussel's Symphony, and one may safely say that in it he is all-revealing of the composer's purposes. Near to being half-hearted and perfunctory was the applause bestowed upon the piece yesterday afternoon, yet Mr. Koussevitzky that he has played in the consciousness that he has played for us music that, however perplexing and formidable at first blush, is music of deep feeling, of frequent lyrical beauty and of architectural strength, music that must ultimately find for itself an established place in the orchestral repertory.

As has already been said, the performance of the Bacchanale yesterday was one of superb frenzy and of suffusing beauty, a performance such as in all likelihood no Boston audience had ever heard before. Turning then to the funeral music, Mr. Koussevitzky likewise exalted and transfigured that stupendous page, lifted it to the plane of epic lamentation, while no less remarkable in its own way was the performance of the "Meistersinger" Prelude.

Once more a great Wagnerian conductor is among us.

## OLD MUSIC OPENED, NEW MUSIC KINDLED, AGAIN KOUSSEVITZKY

A FULL AFTERNOON OF BALANCED  
RATIONS

Trans. — Nov. 1, 1924.

The Conductor's Way with Thrice-Familiar Pieces—Wagner and Weber in New Fires—Roussel's Symphony Both Taxing and Rewarding—Music That Holds the Ear, Stirs the Mind and Quickens Answering Emotion

JUDICIOUSLY, as becomes a man of the world, Mr. Koussevitzky contents his audiences with the law of compensations. Yesterday, for example,

he bade the company at Symphony Hall listen to Monsieur Roussel's Symphony in B-flat. From experience in Paris, he could readily foresee that the music would set on edge many ears and many tongues. It would irritate some; it would baffle others. Over not a few it would pass quite unheeded; while the curious and the open-minded would be less certain of their impressions than of a desire to renew and retest them. For these and other reasons Mr. Monteux read the Symphony; prayerfully considered it; finally put it by. Mr. Koussevitzky was of a bolder mind. To the utmost of their ability, he and the orchestra played it; because he believes it a highly individual and significant piece; a sign of the times in symphonic music; a renewal of the symphonic stream in Paris, virtually dry since Monsieur d'Indy's prime. Conductor and composer were rewarded by the tepid applause that wonders "why people will do such things" (when the way of convention and conformity is so much easier) but that is patiently resolved to be polite to such delusion. Sixteen years ago, virtually the same audience was of similar mind toward Monsieur d'Indy's Second Symphony, whence Monsieur Roussel's plainly derives. Nowadays it claps the older piece roundly; takes it for granted in "the standard repertory"; salutes the composer as a modern master. Monsieur Roussel is no more than fifty-five years old and in sound health. He may yet be "recognized" in Boston.

Already, however, Mr. Koussevitzky had set the law of compensations in motion. He began the concert with the Overture to "Oberon," as sure-footed a battle-horse as ever conductor mounted. Desert Queen in princely hunting-fields is not more safe. After intermission, moreover, he rounded the concert with a miscellany from Wagner—the Venusberg-Music out of "Tannhäuser"; the requiem for the dead Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung"; the prelude to "Die Meistersinger"—old Truepennies all, the common currency of symphony concerts in cities unblest with opera. Everyone knew the four pieces; was eager to hear them again; wondered what the new conductor would do with them. He did much, and the audience volleyed back the plaudits of excitement. The rafters rang to the clapping for Weber, the Overture to "Oberon"—and Mr. Koussevitzky. For himself, as well as for Frau Venus, Siegfried and The Mastersingers, he twice returned to bow.

The conductor—and with him the orchestra—begins Weber's Overture in the softest of sustained whispers. Under his hand the "slow introduction" is a marvel of shadowy outline within velling tones. As the ear listened, the throat caught at the beauty and the mystery of the music re-awakened. Mr. Koussevitzky takes the celebrated chord of transition more lightly than did some of his illustrious predecessors, say Dr. Muck. Once embarked upon the

overture proper, he rounds the pace, piles the contrasts; sings phrase and period; spares not in rhythmic or colorful energy. Like a tapestry of mediæval chronicle, the music hung outspread. . . . Those who dislike Mr. Koussevitzky and his ways will be quick to say that in the Venusberg-Music he was "at his old tricks." By this they will imply that he took the measures of sensual frenzy very rapidly and the measures of sensual languor very slowly. By German standards, which are neither the law nor the gospel in these post-Wagnerian days, his Bacchic rout is quick-paced; while no more than most imaginative conductors, with a proper sense of the theater, can he resist the temptation to linger over the most luscious of diminutives. Moreover, Mr. Koussevitzky's justification is written large. Under his pace, rhythm and accent, under his sharpened and differentiated timbres, the music of frenzy cries, stings, bites and will not be stayed. As he slows the pace, relaxes the rhythm, fuses and softens the timbres, the music stills into the longest of caresses, hushes itself motionless. Hearing Mr. Koussevitzky's version of this Bacchanal none might complain, like Wagner's friend in Paris, of "an orgy—at a young ladies' boarding school."

With the music that hymns Siegfried the Hero, Mr. Koussevitzky had but to follow, like every other conductor, Wagner's clear prescriptions. Yet he deepened them in the clangor of the brass, to high heaven extolling or lamenting; in the pervading incandescence upon the tonal web. The conductor would indeed surcharge the music with Wagner's passion of woe and evocation. Yet not once did he forget the clear definition, the luminous fusion of the motifs out of which it is woven. A conductor for line as well as for color, a conductor of precision as well as of power is Mr. Koussevitzky. From the first measure to the last he sustained in unbroken course the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Once more the music seemed the most wondrous flood of counterpoint that composer ever loosed or orchestra ever bore—like the breadths and the depths of the Rhine out of Wagner's window, beyond his worktable, all golden in the summer sunshine. And Mr. Koussevitzky's quickened pace gave it anew the impulse and the inspiration under which, at one swift heat, the composer put it to paper. Yet upon this unswerving line, this incessantly expanding and ascending instrumental song, the conductor wrought every detail of masters and lovers, of Nürnberg folk and Nürnberg scene; while over all, as Wagner willed, was the glamour of sentiment, humor, romance and beauty. It is time to take the bit between the teeth and declare the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" the most magnificent piece of music that has yet come from human hand.

Monsieur Albert Roussel is a schooled and studious musician—even the Professor of Counterpoint in Monsieur d'Indy's austere Schola Cantorum. He is a Frenchman practising one of the arts. Therefore he respects, feels, cultivates form. By birth and habit of life he is of the upper middle class; by inclination he has conned the music of the past. Thereby, he is mindful, rather than scornful, of the tradition. Monsieur d'Indy was his teacher in adult years; has been his counsellor; remains his friend. From him Monsieur Roussel must have learned that music is rooted in processes of the mind, however it may flower in passions of the spirit. Out of these backgrounds and faiths springs clearly the Symphony of yesterday. Though ostensibly it falls into three divisions, it is easy to detect within them the orthodox four. Recurring motifs bind together the whole body and the full course of the music. Within each division the ear and the mind readily note the interplay of generating motives, in new freedoms indeed, but in clear descent from the classic procedures. First, last and midway, the formal continuity, the logical evolution, the inner and the outer content of the Symphony are unbroken. It engages, stimulates and holds fast the listening mind. Nowhere does it lack clear design or certain course. The composer diversifies his heritage of form; amplifies his legacy of tradition. So works wisdom, seeking individual expression.

Monsieur Roussel is a composer of subjective imagination. He reflects upon life; in reflection generates emotion; would give both expression in music. He knows the eager ardors, the lighter zests, the passionate longing, the bitter constraints, the high resolve traversing and possessing the spirits of men. So thinking, so feeling, he has invented the musical ideas, or motifs, of his Symphony; wrought them into a fabric that should have not only musical form but emotional content. Even in a single hearing, these ideas lay hold upon the listening imagination—the sinewy theme of high resolve discovered in the Introduction, kindled to glow and whipped to march through the Finale; the luminous theme of vision, surmounting the First Movement, deepened and heightened into the exaltation of the last measures of all; the motif that pricks and pierces and sparks through the lighter measures of the Scherzo; the contrasting periods as of pleasure stilled and intensified into passion. Here go not only inventions in music, but inventions that convey also a significant and stirring emotion.

The composer enlarges, diversifies, upbuilds these musical thoughts; in the darksome and expanding Introduction, like the great shadow of life descending upon a brooding spirit; in the rhythmic disorder and the tonal confusion of the First Move-



ment until the visioning theme ascends—music of the stirrings, strivings, sensations of youth, desiring all things, receiving all things. Listen to the volatile rhythming of the Scherzo—and here is youth at play; while par interim, as the French phrase goes, passion, in song unfolding, seizes and possesses these young spirits. The Finale murmurs and mourns. Underneath the theme of resolve is stirring. The rhythms, the modulations, the timbres, cut and thrust, scramble and clash. Of a sudden the theme of resolution possesses the music and it marches in vallant energy. The theme of vision intervenes, and in gently radiant calm sound the final measures. Symphonic processes and procedures ably conducted; but both charged with high, clear, emotion, various and human—the very goal of a modern, a Franckian, a d'Indyan Symphony.

Monsieur Roussel is also composer of sensuous imagination and studious resource in harmonies, in timbres, in the modulation and the movement of his music. It has pleased him on other pages to evoke Hindu tale and scene, picture and drama. He once set his fancy at play over a ballet of insects. Through the gravities and austerities of the Symphony in B-flat runs also this sensuous instinct for accent, motion, vesture. The ear plunges deep into the shadow of the beginning; bathes in the calm radiance of the end. The harmonies about the prickly phrases of the Scherzo tweak the fancy. The voices of the violas soon bear the ache of longing. Another sort of sensuous instinct flings about in the violence and vehemence of harmony, timbre and rhythm before the theme of resolve sets firm the course of the Finale. The harmonies, progressions and timbres through the earlier tumult of the first movement are as the sting of vigorous youth translated into sensuous tang upon the ear. So forth and so onward as the receptive hearer may summon remembered detail. Three-fold, then, is Monsieur Roussel's Symphony, sustaining form, progress and substance; achieving musical invention, charging it with human emotion; sensually vested; artfully propelled; a music at once for ear, mind and spirit. Few symphonists in these days may give Roussel challenge.

H. T. P.

## MODEST MUSORGSKY NEWLY CAPARISONED BY MONSIEUR RAVEL

### PIANO-PIECES TRANSLATED INTO ORCHESTRAL SUITE

"Pictures at an Exhibition" in Petersburg Now Wear Parisian Trappings—  
Backgrounds, Course, Contents and the  
Play of Four Masterful Hands

Trans. — Nov. 6, 1924.

**A**BOVE all else in music, Musorgsky sought truth, freedom, progress. In the Petersburg and Moscow of the sixties and the seventies, the stand-patters belittled and otherwise reviled him; while never were their feet more firmly planted in the ruts of "the tradition." According to Mr. Montagu-Nathan, the older the music was, the more the musicians of those days venerated it. The best music of the previous generation they tolerated because it might one day become classic. All were agreed in ignoring the music of their own contemporaries. Musorgsky came directly into conflict with these conservatives. He took so radical a stand that he objected even to technique; because it made students look backward for their musical development, instead of forward. He was himself too impatient of technique to acquire any considerable knowledge of it, and in this deficiency lie a partial weakness and, at the same time, a recurring source of strength to his music. As composer with no other mind than his own, as forerunner of much music of the present, he cannot be denied. His work affirms for him.

Musorgsky was a realist. He detested mysticism, and tended toward graphic representations of movement and gesture. His piano-pieces, "Pictures at an Exhibition," to be heard at the Symphony Concerts this week in the orchestral version of Monsieur Ravel, are not the least of his exercises in objective delineation by tones. Yet he was writing music, and to it emotional sensation is also necessary. From an ox-cart lumbering over a Polish steppe; from the sights and sounds of a marketplace; from ancient and hallowed gate rising upon his eyes and spirit, Musorgsky could receive it.

"Pictures at an Exhibition," ten piano pieces once played in Boston, and within memory, by Mr. Bauer, are memorial in music to Musorgsky's friend, Victor Hartmann, the architect. Shortly after Hartmann's death, his sketches and water-colors were collected and shown publicly. The composer frequented them, lingered over nine; finally found them stirring him to music-making. At the beginning he set an introduction. With Interludes, labelled "Promenades," he linked several divisions. In this prelude and these intermezzi, he reflected his own moods before the several pictures, and gave also to a series of short pieces continuity and unity. The motif of The Introduction, variously recurring, is the binding force.

As some say, while Musorgsky wrote the music for piano, he intended ultimately to rewrite it for orchestra. In fact, the more individual and characteristic numbers imply a composer with an orchestra, rather than a piano in mind for medium. He was, however, infirm of both will and body. When he died, "Pictures at an Exhibition" had not changed dress. As Western Europe discovered Musorgsky, and also how few symphonic pieces he had left behind, it began to repair his omission. Already Sir Henry Wood, the conductor in London, and Monsieur Ravel, the composer in Paris, have scored the "Pictures" for orchestra. An obscurer Russian, has also done the job.

After the Introduction first enters "The Gnome." Here a little dwarfed being takes his way in halting and awkward manner. The irregular rhythm portrays his clumsy steps. The trumpet has the theme of the little creature.

A Promenade leads to the second Picture, where the composer evokes the atmosphere of mediæval romance. The song of a wandering minstrel is heard, played, in Ravel's orchestration, by saxophone. The song done, a brief sally brings new voices and new life. Children, with their nurses, are playing in the garden of the Tulleries at Paris. They wrangle over their games. A truly remarkable suggestion of the shrill childish voices up and down the sunlit lanes lends vivacity and charm to the picture.

Now comes a quick change—to Polish steppes. Over a ribbon of road through the changeless plain, under as dull a sky, a peasant drives his huge bydlo—a great wagon drawn by oxen. The dull thud of the hoofs beats a steady rhythm. The driver whiles away the journey with a simple song. His chariot approaches. Louder and louder the wheels creak and the hoofs thud as his team enters into the Picture. Then the music deadens and stills, as the cart disappears into the distance. Rakhmaninoff has made a similar effect in his "Trolka en Traineaux."

A quiet transition leads to a jolly little

"Ballet of chickens in their shells," one of the masterpieces of the series—by the invention of Musorgsky in the piano-piece; by the marvellous orchestration with which Monsieur Ravel has clothed it.

Poland again. Two Polish Jews—the one wealthy and well content; the other poor and unhappy—are in talk. The first, Goldenberg, expands in the full choirs of winds and strings. He is nigh to bursting with pompous patronage. For contrast, his friend, Schmyll, speaks by way of muted trumpet, with accompanying clarinet and bassoons. The strife of tongues continues. Soon both speak together. The "conversation" ends fortissimo and shrill. In the music flip the gestures.

Suddenly, without any transition, Musorgsky and Ravel evoke a new atmosphere—a market place where women and peddler's haggle. Confusion reigns. Ravel catches Musorgsky's vein; maybe, imagines a little for himself; is a marvel of harmonic and instrumental devices.

In the Eighth Picture, "Catacombs in Paris," Hartmann has limned himself wandering about the subterranean passages, lantern in hand. Musorgsky makes him speak to the dead bones, "Con Mortuis in Lingua Mortua." Lights shining from the rows of skulls are heard as shimmering tremolo from the violins. The saxophone again enters.

The next Picture gives us "Baba Yaga," the witch of Russia, who travels about in her mortar frightening, kidnapping and, on occasion, eating children. Celesta, xylophone, tam-tam, harps, are forthwith added to Monsieur Ravel's choirs. The old witch of Russian folk-lore—whom Lyadov has also caught into tones—vanishes. For final turn, Musorgsky sets before the Bohatyr Gate of Kiev, chief and ancient portal to the city. A Russian epic style, recalling the old church modes, establishes a new atmosphere. The wind-choirs, which begin alone, are interrupted by religious song. The ecclesiastical melody passes from one group of instruments to another. Slower, ampler, more impressive grow the periods. The finale rounds in music of power and sweep.

Parisians consider Ravel's transformation of these piano-pieces one of his finest contributions to modern music. Upon those pages, they say, he has surpassed himself in the intuitive and suggestive orchestration of which he is past master. Typically French as is his procedure, he still keeps the flavor and spirit of Musorgsky's sketches. Yet "Pictures at an Exhibition" have not been extolled always and everywhere. Some call them formless, incomprehensible. But they are picturesque, inventive, unbelievably descriptive. Now and again Musorgsky's theories have crept into the music. Few will discover them. None will find them bar to pleasure. C. S. S.



# MR. KOUSSEVITZKY, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

A Change or Two for the Better at Symphony Hall — The People's Orchestra Resumes Its Concerts — Mr. Lamond, Serious Musician in Serious Program — Paul Robeson, Actor and Singer—Absent Shalyapin

**Trans. Nov. 3, 1924**  
**L**ITTLE by little, Mr. Koussevitzky is persuading the audiences at the Symphony Concerts to the manners and customs that he reasonably desires. On both Friday and Saturday, no applause disturbed the brief pauses between the divisions of Monsieur Roussel's Symphony. Some will say that no one could possibly wish to clap "such music"; but a week before the listeners were of quite another mind toward the Fourth Symphony of Brahms. Even so, only once had the conductor to fling up that left arm, half-imperious, half-imploring for silence. Seemingly, the lesson that Mr. Monteux mildly began, is now nearly learned under the more insistent tuition of Mr. Koussevitzky. At best, interrupting and disconcerting applause between the divisions of a piece of music is mere outlet to excited nerves, more appropriate to a movie-house than to a concert-hall. At worst, it is the survival of the primitive notion that every public performance is a "show," to be treated accordingly, even as audiences ask actors to put aside their parts and speechify in their own persons. In New York the habit is dying; in Philadelphia it is dead; in London, in Amsterdam, in most German-speaking cities, it has long been obsolete. Before Mr. Koussevitzky has done, it will also have departed Symphony Hall. He has reason on his side.

Upon another point of etiquette the conductor and a few in his audiences on Friday afternoons are still at odds. It is his custom to enjoin a pause of silence upon both hearers and players before he beats the first measures of a piece. He would have the music sound upon stillness, cleaving the hushed air. So doing, he forgets the irrepressible cough of the uneasy or the catarrhal. So doing, he also forgets those who discover belatedly a desire to quit the concert and move—stately, slow and all uncomprehending—toward the chosen door. There were those that coughed and those in process of de-

parture when Mr. Koussevitzky would begin the mourning for Siegfried last Friday afternoon. He began it—and stopped the orchestra after the first drum-beats. He said nothing; he looked nothing; he merely waited for stillness. Plainly he likes not the cough in his temple; nor regards an hour and three-quarters of symphonic music as undue exaction between luncheon and tea. H. T. P.

## Mr. Koussevitzky as Wagnerian Conductor

**Monitor Nov. 1, 1924**  
The fourth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Weber.....Overture to "Oberon"  
Roussel.....Symphony in B flat, Op. 23  
Wagner..Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser"  
Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods"  
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Roussel's symphony was played for the first time in America. So important a work may scarcely be judged by a single hearing and only first impressions (not always true ones) may be given; yet it may be stated with certainty that this symphony is not one to be lightly dismissed as merely another example of outlandish modernity. Nothing would be further from the truth, for it is at once apparent that this is music nobly conceived, music whose primary purpose is not to tickle the ear but rather to stir the deeper emotions. Like all music thus conceived, while it remains more or less unfamiliar, it at first repels, although its greatness and nobility are at once felt.

Thus yesterday afternoon there were many pages which seemed difficult and forbidding which will undoubtedly become clearer to the understanding with further acquaintance, for once again let it be stated that this is not ingratiating music. It would be possible to dwell at length on the more salient features of this work, its distinctive orchestral coloring, the rhythmical ingenuity of the second movement in particular, its real harmonic originality and withal the effect of a strong musical individuality which

impresses upon the hearer. It would be possible to cite striking and moving passages—the middle section of the second movement, and the closing measures, yet all this would give but a pale idea of the lofty grandeur of the work as a whole.

The concert was one of sharp contrasts. It has never been our good (or ill) fortune to hear Weber's Overture to "Oberon" played as it was yesterday. New wine may not be put into old bottles with impunity, and while everyone will readily admit that familiar works like this overture do not deserve the stereotyped interpretations from which they too often suffer, yet there is a limit beyond which it is unsafe to go.

On the other hand, Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of the Wagner selections was unqualifiedly superb. He succeeded in evoking in the concert room the atmosphere which it has often seemed only the surroundings of the theater could lend to this music. And yet he was not theatrical. The sensuous music of the Venusberg, the poignant funeral music and the noble Prelude to "The Mastersingers" were each given their true value, and this without a tinge of exaggeration. Never did the genius of Wagner shine more brightly, and it is safe to predict, never will the unusual qualities of Mr. Koussevitzky as a conductor show to better advantage than they did yesterday in these pieces. Inspired by the conductor, the orchestra fairly outdid itself, and never has it played with greater warmth or beauty of tone. The performance of Roussel's Symphony, too, deserves mention, for, although the skill of orchestra and conductor in this music were less apparent to the general auditor, they were none the less present in the highest degree. S. M.

## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky evidently was not greatly pleased at rehearsal with Arensky's Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky which was announced for performance at the Symphony concert

tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, for he dropped the piece from the program, which now stands as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Mozart, Symphony, G minor; Debussy, Two Nocturnes; Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for orchestra by Ravel (first time in America).

Moussorgsky was a great friend of the architect, Victor Hartmann, who died in 1873. An exhibition of Hartmann's drawings and pictures was held in his memory, and Moussorgsky, wishing to pay tribute to his friend, wrote 10 piano pieces, naming each one after a picture, and introducing them with "Promenade," which is supposed to suggest the gait of the spectator and impressions made on him. "The composer," says Stasov, "here shows himself walking to and fro, now loitering, now hurrying to examine a congenial work. Sometimes his gait slackens; Moussorgsky is thinking sadly of his dear friend."

These pieces were entitled, Gnomus, The Old Castle; Tulleries, representing sports and quarrels of children in the gardens; Byalo, a Polish cart with huge wheels drawn by oxen; Ballet of Chickens in Their Shells, intended for a ballet "Trilby"; Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle, representing two Polish Jews, one fat and prosperous, the other lean and begging; Bickering Market-women at Limoges; The Catacombs, showing Hartmann visiting the catacombs in Paris by the light of a lantern; The Hut on Fowls' Legs, a design for a clock in the shape of Baba-Yaga's hut. (She was a witch, fond of collecting human bones, traveling about in a mortar, which she urged on with the pestle—Liadov's musical sketch named after her has been performed here at Symphony concerts); and the Bogatyr's Gate at Kiev—the drawing was a proposed design for a massive gate whose cupola was in the shape of a Slavonic helmet.

The piano pieces were brought out in Boston by Harold Bauer.

Eight of them were orchestrated by Tauschmalov and performed at Leningrad in 1891. Sir Henry Wood then tried his hand at orchestration for London. Ravel, well acquainted with Russian music, in conversation with Mr. Koussevitzky, expressed his liking for these "Pictures" and gladly accepted Mr. Koussevitzky's invitation to orchestrate them. Ravel's arrangement was produced by Mr. Koussevitzky at one of his concerts in Paris (May 3, 1923). A still later orchestration is by Leonidas Leornadi, a pianist and composer in Paris, who conducted his work in that city last June.



## Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 7, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

Mozart . . . . . Symphony in G minor (Koechel No. 550)

- I. Allegro molto
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro assai

Debussy . . . . . Two Nocturnes

- I. Nuages.
- II. Fêtes.

Moussorgsky . . . . . Pictures at an Exhibition (arranged for Orchestra  
by M. Ravel)  
(First time in America)

Promenade—Gnomus—Il Vecchio Castello—Tuileries—Bydlo—Ballet  
des Poussins dans leur Coques—Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle—Catacombs  
(Con mortuis in lingua mortua)—La Cabane sur des Pattes de Poule—  
La Grande Porte de Kiev.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Debussy's Nocturnes

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# FIFTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

*Herald*—*Nov. 9, 1924*  
Playing of De Bussy Nocturnes Striking Feature of Program

## MOUSSORGSKY'S "PICTURES" ALSO

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont," Mozart, Symphony, G minor; Debussy, nocturnes; "Nuegaes" and "Fetes"; Moussorgsky, "Pictures at an Exhibition" arranged for orchestra by Ravel (first time in America).

Some, remembering how Mr. Koussevitzky read the cantabile theme in the main body of the overture to "Oberon" and insisting that it was sung with too much sentiment, shook their heads when they saw in the program book that he would perform the overture to "Egmont" and the G minor symphony of Mozart. What would he not do to them! Probably one or two exclaimed: "New wine in old bottles," or indulged themselves in similar platitudes.

They were grievously disappointed yesterday, for the classic works were performed without any attempt at modernization. True, there was here and there in the symphony a slight slackening of pace before the introduction of a new musical idea, but this slackening was natural, not forced, serving as a graceful one might say Mozartian preparation.

The performance of the overture was uncommonly dramatic. We heard this overture played in Berlin by the Philharmonic orchestra in the early eighties. When Franz Wuelner, the conductor, came to the heavy recurring chords in the Allegro, the chords that are supposed by some ingenious, deep-thinking commentators to typify the lean-visaged Duke of Alva with his iron heel of oppression, he played them Adagio with long holds and a long pause between them, thinking thus to give them emphasis. The continuity of the

Allegro was thus destroyed; the musical energy instead of being strengthened was dissipated; Beethoven's fire was for the moment quenched.

The performance of the symphony was conspicuous for its clearness, its happy choice of tempi, its euphony. Measures in dialogue were musically as well as rhetorically contrasted. The second movement was sung with great but not exaggerated expression, and for once it was not dragged. Did some think the Finale was taken too fast? Mozart indicated a very rapid pace, but as played yesterday there was distinctness: the instruments had time to breathe; no detail was slighted. In fact the clarity of the whole performance led one again to wonder at the structure and the beauty of this masterwork among symphonies, ancient or modern.

Interesting as Ravel's arrangement of Moussorgsky's "Pictures" is, the most striking feature of the concert was the extraordinary performance of the two Nocturnes. Mr. Koussevitzky has succeeded in obtaining an orchestral pianissimo—as yesterday in "Nuages"—that is sustained, not merely for a measure or two after which there is the tonal restlessness that shows the impatience of the players to swell the tone—yet not an "inaudible pianissimo." And so yesterday the "Nuages" was approximately vaporous, elusive, now floating, now arrested, dreamy music, musical cloud-land. The hearer for the first time fully appreciating the exquisite character of the Nocturne remembered the famous prose-poem of Baudelaire. Then followed a gorgeous reading of "Fetes," one of Debussy's crowning works. How skilfully Mr. Koussevitzky introduced the episode of the pompous, superb procession, sounding its spectacular way at first as from far off!

Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," composed for the piano, were a tribute to his dead friend Hartmann, the architect, whose drawings and pictures were shown publicly after his death. (Harold Bauer played the series here some years ago). They have been orchestrated by four musicians. Ravel's version was made for Mr. Koussevitzky. It was a labor of love, for his work shows uncommon fancy, humor and technical skill. He has glorified Moussorgsky's little pieces. Ravel's wit, humor, irony, qualities which characterize his delightful opera, "The Spanish Hour," are here exercised in full: witness, the children in the Tulleries; the amusing ballet of chickens dancing in their shells; the two Polish Jews—the poor, thin one fawning on the prosperous, fat one, and begging and being abruptly dismissed; the market women quarreling. Ravel has given mysterious grandeur to "The Catacombs," and national solemnity enthusiasm to "The Gate of the Bohatyrs at Kiev."



Even more impressive in its simplicity than the sonorous Finale is the suggestion, by persistent rhythm and cunningly conceived orchestration, of huge groaning cartwheels and slow-placed, tugging oxen in "Bydlo."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program for Nov. 21 and 22 is as follows: Mozart, Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Boccherini, Symphony, C major, op. 16, No. 3 (first time in America); Debussy, "The Sea"; Wagner, A Siegfried Idyl; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

## SYMPHONY BARES GEM OF MOZART

New Beauties Are Disclosed by Koussevitzky's Reading

Post — Nov. 8, 1924

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

No torrents of musical emotion were released at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon; no Fifth Symphony, "Tannhauser" Bacchanale or Siegfriedian Funeral Music stood upon the programme.

Yet it was a concert that brought keen enjoyment; one long to be treasured in the recollection, and one that throughout its course provoked marked enthusiasm.

### AFFECTIONATE WITH MOZART

Yesterday for the first time in Boston Mr. Koussevitzky was heard as interpreter of Mozart and of Debussy: in the one instance through the G minor Symphony and in the other through two of the Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festi-

vals." And to the supreme classicist and to the supreme impressionist alike the conductor brought that divining imagination, that enkindling ardor with which already he had newly revealed to us the music of Beethoven and Brahms, of Weber and Wagner.

In the knowledge of Mr. Koussevitzky's temperament and practices some might perhaps have found it not wholly surprising had he read into the G minor Symphony a feverishness and an intensity not customarily associated with it. But clearly he is too well poised a musician thus to confuse classicism and romanticism. A tornadic Beethoven is easily conceivable; a neurotic Mozart would be hard to justify.

### A Satisfactory Performance

In Mr. Koussevitzky's version of this levellest of symphonies there is no straining after effect, no false emotionalizing; gentle Mozartian melancholy is not transmuted into Tchaikowskian morbidity. Rather was the G minor given a performance exquisitely proportioned, rarely euphonious and subtly rhythmed. Inner voices hitherto often overlooked were brought to the fore, yet clearly in fidelity to the composer's intentions, not in variance with them. All in all a performance of the Symphony that refreshed the ear, gladdened the heart and satisfied the mind.

Never before, it can now be said, has Boston harbored a conductor so sensitive, so responsive to the music of Debussy as yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky proved himself to be.

### Debussy as Should Be

For once "Clouds" had the impalpable quality of Debussy's imaginings. For once in "Festivals" might be heard, or rather felt, "the luminous dust participating in the universal rhythm of all things," while the episode of the procession was, again to use the composer's own words, "a dazzling and wholly idealistic vision." Scant wonder that at the end of the Nocturnes, as at the conclusion of the Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky was fervently applauded. And again, as so many times before, he paid his own graceful acknowledgment to the eloquence and the virtuosity of the orchestra.

To begin this concert came a performance of Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont," in which Mr. Koussevitzky did for that somewhat overrated composition all that any composer might legitimately do; at its end came the music that for many was no doubt the most delectable portion of the whole, Ravel's orchestral transcription of Musorgsky's piano-pieces "Pictures at an Exhibition," heard for the first time in America.

## Mr. Koussevitzky in a Conventional Program Monitor — Nov. 8, 1924

The fifth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Beethoven,  
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont"  
Mozart, ..... Symphony in G Minor  
Debussy,  
Two Nocturnes ("Nuages" and "Fêtes")  
Moussorgsky,  
"Pictures at an Exhibition" (orchestrated by Ravel)

This was by far the most taxing program Mr. Koussevitzky has thus far attempted, as it consisted for the most part of music which scarcely provides opportunities for the display of those qualities peculiar to himself (we will hardly venture on the word "tricks") in which Mr. Koussevitzky delights. There were no tremendous climaxes to be worked up, no startling examples of modernity to disturb the comfortable enjoyment of the afternoon, for Debussy's Nocturnes are now accepted as regular members of the repertory along with Haydn symphonies and the overtures of Weber. Even Moussorgsky's "Exhibition" is conventional enough except in the titles of its several parts. It does, in passing, contain one movement which is sure to endear Mr. Koussevitzky still further to the patrons of these concerts—the "ballet of chickens in their shells"—if that were still possible since his playing of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," which now bids fair to be the most popular and successful number in his repertory.

Be it to Mr. Koussevitzky's credit that, there being no suitable opportunities for the introduction of Koussevitzkyisms, he refrained from them. But alas! how tame, after the last four weeks. Even in this short period we have grown accustomed to a highly spiced musical diet and this sudden return to a Mozart symphony played in the most conventional of conventional manners, save

for one meaningless little hurrying in the first movement, is disconcerting. Already we expect our Mozart, our Beethoven, our Weber, our Koussevitzky, but it appears that Mr. Koussevitzky has not yet worked out a version of the Mozart G minor Symphony. Truth to tell, a conductor of the virtuoso type, as Mr. Koussevitzky most certainly is, is bound to find it difficult to sustain the interest of 24 successive concerts. They cannot all consist of the pieces or of the kind of music in which he excels and there are bound to be dull moments. It is taxing on all concerned when the chief interest of the concert centers around the conductor, and this is not said in disparagement of the present conductor of the symphony concerts, who is to be taken as he is. It was felt that a conductor of "personality" was needed for these concerts. A conductor of undoubted personality has most undoubtedly been secured.

Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" is only mildly exciting. Even Ravel's orchestration only slightly increases the interest, masterly though it is. Its coloring is familiar, and brilliant as it is, it scarcely conceals the poverty of the harmonic and melodic framework which it is designed to clothe. So Moussorgsky is a great musical genius! The greater part of his music has been arranged or rewritten by someone else, and even so its originality is difficult to discover. Is not this veneration of Moussorgsky somewhat of a pose on the part of a certain group of musicians and writers, just as the Parisian "Six" are said to hold in particular esteem the music of Ambroise Thomas and Mendelssohn, an attitude which it is difficult to believe is sincere.

One more question. Why did not Mr. Koussevitzky permit the audience to applaud between the two Nocturnes of Debussy. There is perhaps a shadow of a reason for not permitting applause between the several movements of a symphony; though in the "classic" symphony at least there is little real relationship between them. But Debussy's Nocturnes are two distinct compositions. Applause is no more disturbing than the rustling and general squirming which now takes its place. S. M.



# MOZART LUMINOUS, DEBUSSY VAPOROUS, MUSORGSKY MATED

Trans. — Nov. 8, 1924  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY VARIOUS AS  
THE MUSIC

An Audience That Listens as Well as  
Applauds — Aid and Amplitude for  
Beethoven—A Symphony at the Golden  
Mean—Contrasts of Two Nocturnes—  
Russian Water-Colors as Designs for  
Parisian Tapestries

NOT yet does the audience of Friday afternoons at the Symphony Concerts take Mr. Koussevitzky for granted. Perhaps it never will, since the play of his individuality ranges as widely as his choice of music. These listeners may sit cold before the piece of the moment, as they did, a week ago, before Roussel's Symphony; or, last month, before Schmitt's "Dreams." In their indifference to the music, they may seem indifferent also to the devoted ardors of the conductor. Once, however, this handicap is lifted, their applause swells to flood. It descends upon Monsieur Honegger and the only fashionable locomotive, modernist though "Pacific 231" may be. It falls upon Mr. Prokofiev, celebrating barbaric rites, as though Scythia and Suburbia were not poles apart. It redoubles when Beethoven or Brahms, Weber or Wagner, is occasion for it. Minor eighteenth-century masters, serving court, church and concert-hall, may not diminish it. No more may a modern mystic, if, like Scriabin, he add sound and fury to his ecstasies. As to the trifles and brevities of an afternoon, is not the buzzing bee of Rimsky-Korsakov a household word in these parts even at the children's tea-table? And the mother of this appreciation is attention. It is not necessary to go as far as the young cynics of the University, cheerfully remarking that "the Friday people are listening again." Yet it is true that, while the circulation of the program-book has not declined, the number of readers has perceptibly lessened.

This mounting mood came to present climax yesterday when Mr. Koussevitzky's program contained not one piece to be questioned by the most irritable of censors, Beethoven of the Overture to "Egmont" began it. Mozart with one of the Symphonies of his ripest years, continued it;

Debussy of "The Nocturnes" sounded again; while the novel number, Ravel's arrangement for orchestra of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," might have graced any Friday from the time of Muck through the time of Monteux. Summer heats dulled neither conductor nor orchestra; while, like waves, the applause of many hands rolled over them. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky journeys to Buffalo, Pittsburgh and sundry stations en route. Is he departing, like a prince in a fairy tale, to discover whether the world beyond the palace-garden thinks as well of him as the world within those walls? If he is, he will not be disillusioned. Such conductors are not exactly common course in either Troy or Ithaca. No more are they "the regular thing in the regular way" in Olympian and all-absorbing New York, within the month to hear Mr. Koussevitzky for the first time. Tremors of expectation (it is credibly reported) are already audible among the firm foundations of Carnegie Hall. Into the temple of Jove from Amsterdam and Apollo from Philadelphia soon enters the unknown god from Boston.

Upon Beethoven's Overture to the tragedy of "Egmont," neither Mr. Koussevitzky nor any other conductor may lay too individual a hand. Certain playwrights define their personages so precisely that the players may not enlarge or diminish them. Akin, after a century of repetition in a hundred concert-halls, remains the Overture to "Egmont." Conductor and orchestra may multiply the exuberance of the Finale until it becomes a whirlpool of tonal rejoicing. Out of it darts the piccolo; through it swirl the fanfares. Mr. Koussevitzky had only to ply familiar and expected intensities. No more was his perception or his hand likely to be at fault with the sombre measures of the beginning. In this music of lament went the epic quality darkling that, at the end, was to be epic quality blazing. With no idiosyncrasy did the conductor roll the depths or cloud the heights of Beethoven. Once more, he was of those who see the end from the beginning—a serviceable quality in the interpretive arts. Most, however, he excelled in those middle pages, which nowadays do sound as though Beethoven were treading water among formulas and figures, until the breath of inspiration should release anew the stroke of power. Probably these periods seemed no routine progress, when the Viennese first heard them, Anno Domini, 1810. Possibly they glowed only a little less than Introduction and Finale. It is the years that have dimmed them. In degree, Mr. Koussevitzky would restore the old lustres.

Into neither of the pitfalls beside Mozart does the conductor stumble or even look. He does not play him literally, as though he were notes, notes, notes, assorted into patterns. He will not

have him—in a symphonic piece—expressive of anything but his musical self. Most of all does he shun a Mozart stewed into sentimentality or bedizened with virtuoso-display. So minded Mr. Koussevitzky did not linger over the slow movement of the Symphony in G minor, molding the phrases, varying the pace, distributing the accents as though Mozart were a restless fellow, moonstruck. Rather, he set free a music of the air, expanding in its own loveliness. The line was limpid and in light motion. Upon it every shading was gentle; every modulation a momentary grace; every ornament the ripple of fancy. The orchestral tone illuminated the music. It came and went, a bubble upon the air; while the composer sighed because it was so fleeting. Here were the substance and the spirit of Mozart by the conductor conveyed and released.

If the composer fared a little less well through the Finale, no virtuoso-conductor at his stunts diminished him. Again, as always—possibly from Mozart's time even into ours—the orchestra seemed less pliant, less fleet-footed and light-voiced than the music. Numbers and human necessity constrained it; whereas in Mozart's hand was the pen of invention and imagination limitless. Not a trace of "expression"—in the sinister sense of the word when Mozart is in question—clouded the shimmer or distorted the course of the First Movement. Again came the sense of sound in play upon the brightest and clearest of air; while a sportive figure was the fascination of one moment, a modulation the spur to another. Mr. Koussevitzky is a highly sophisticated conductor. At will and need, he can be as restless as Scriabin himself. Yet by and for Mozart, he regains the simplicity and the calm of perfection. He sets Mozart in Grecian relief, but the surfaces are warm and lustrous as of the flesh, not chilly and white, as of the marble. He divines the means—and hides the process.

Debussy's music falls in these days upon accustomed ears. Twenty-five years afterward, the listener takes no thought of the boldnesses and the badnesses that vexed and repelled an earlier generation. By this time, they are hackneyed virtue. Another quarter of a century and "the melody of Debussy" will probably be held as example and precept over the dare-devils of 1950. Here and now, the Nocturne of "Clouds," the Nocturne of "Fêtes," are heard only for the beauty and the illusion within them. Still the evocation fails not. Still within it lingers something magical. The contours of Debussy's music become as the shapes of clouds. The motion of the music is as their motion. It dissolves, regathers, stirs anew; and again is it cloud-like. Stillness haunts sound. These skies are monotonous and melancholy. Yet there is a piece of music as separable into its elements and procedures as a

student's exercise in composition. True, Debussy has the better of it in matter and manner; in the spirit within and the revelation without. Debussy has also the inestimable advantage of genius. Through "Clouds" it conjures; while hardly less is the spell of "Fêtes."

In one essential respect, however, the two musics are wide apart. Scintillant is the beginning; brilliant is the end of "Fêtes." There are audible effects as when the visioned procession sounds from the distance through the hushed orchestra. The practised listener knows when to sit up and take notice. "Fêtes" is a music for performance in the concert-hall; whereas "Clouds," though it be heard there, is music of intimate personal disclosure, of spiritual impression into music flowing and channelled. There are no prepared effects and contrasts in "Clouds"; only vistas and horizons. Mr. Koussevitzky could not better have differentiated the two Nocturnes, matter for matter, mood for mood. The orchestra gave him back a tone as evanescent as the one music, as vivid as the other.

There is no quarrelling with Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" as piano-pieces. The Russian wrote unevenly; here he must write tenfold; there are inevitable lapses. Intentionally or unintentionally, the troubadour's serenade before the old castle is Italian banality—a pit into which Musorgsky could fall even in "Boris." Beside the piano-pieces of even Mademoiselle Germaine Tailleferre, the sporting, squabbling children of the Russian's Tuilleries come off but poorly. The clatter of the market-women is shrill convention. If Hartmann's sketch had limned a court of the Kremlin, and not a gate at Kiev, it would have better invited Musorgsky's churchly sonorities. Yet other of these "Pictures" are of the pure milk—or rather the sharp acid—of the composer's word. The Gnome teeters and puffs across the canvas, and Musorgsky can characterize humorously in a music of motion. The clumsy ox-cart rumbles over the Polish steppe; nears, passes, rattles away into discordant distance. The waggoner sings his peasant song. Musorgsky hearing the folk; Musorgsky alert to rhythmic motion. Rhythm and homely sounds again for the chicks pit-i-patting and peeping in their shells. Humor, gesture, something objective and graphic—and Musorgsky writes the miniature masterpiece of the pompous and booming, the cringing and whining Polish Jews. The Catacombs, the Witch of folklore and Musorgsky is striking his rare note of mystery.

There is no quarrelling, either, with Ravel as craftsman, scoring these "Pictures" for orchestra at Mr. Koussevitzky's suggestion. He scarcely increases the customary instruments of Musorgsky's time and place. So far as a single hearing might detect, he eschews all the modern-



isms. Yet he is an apt and simple, incisive and pungent, as composer could well be with harmonies, progressions, timbres. He spares not; he wastes not; he hits the mark unflinchingly. As though Musorgsky himself had written it, the music swells or wizens with the bickering Jews. Ravel finds the characterizing orchestral vesture for the pictured cart upon the waste of the steppes; the pictured Gnome waddling and wobbling. From the shimmer of The Catacombs to the peep-peep-peep of the chicks nothing evades him. Market women's clatter and liturgical sonorities are equally at his command. He follows Musorgsky's graphic rhythms. Eye to eye they see; ear for ear they hear. Composer and transcriber are in close sympathy unforced.

And yet the listener will disturb the peace. Musorgsky's Pictures in tones, like Hartmann's on the gallery wall, were slight things—sketches and water-colors; the impulse, the impression of the moment. Instantanés, colloquial French might call them; while underlying was the bond of close affection between composer and architect. As piano-pieces, the Pictures are exactly in fit medium and genre. Clothed in Ravel's instrumental dress, sonorous and sumptuous or incisive and sophisticated; heard from the many mouths of the orchestra; enhanced by Mr. Koussevitzky at every turn, these sketches and water-colors emerge as tonal tapestries to be hung about some great chamber like Symphony Hall; to be considered for design, color, stuff and workmanship. Trumpets peal Musorgsky's presence at the exhibition, where he would slip about intently, carelessly, even mournfully. Il Signor Mascagni might envy the pulchritude of the Troubadour's serenade. At climax, not one ox-cart, but a score, rumble past the bystander. Rimsky's Overture, "Russian Easter," is little more sonorous than Ravel's churchly close. Musorgsky's intimate impressions in the tones of one instrument become as orchestral proclamations across the public square. Too much flesh inflates and burdens a spare, sinewy music. When Rimsky retouched the score of "Boris," Ravel was reproachful. The revisor had thickened and softened the music. Scoring in his turn "Pictures at an Exhibition" Ravel himself may not escape admonition. H. T. P.

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Mozart, more than any other composer, must be played with infinite subtlety of nuance and perfect clarity of outline. His music is not and cannot be made exciting. This is not said in its dispraise. Heaven, so we are told, is not exciting either.

If Koussevitzky would only realize that Mozart demands just the qualities of the interpreter which Debussy demands and which the two nocturnes played yesterday received in full measure his Mozart conducting would improve. Debussy, too, wrote with sedulous elegance of style, perfect clarity of formal structure, and an avoidance of meaningless violence and tumult that is essentially aristocratic in the best sense of the term.

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## Sixth Programme

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart . . . . . Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"

Boccherini . . . . . Symphony in C major, Op. 16, No. 3  
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- III. Tempo di menuetto.
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Rimsky-Korsakoff . . . . . Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34

- I. Alborada.
- II. Variations.
- III. Alborada.
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
- V. Fandango of the Asturias.  
(Played without pause)

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Debussy's "La Mer"

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Rachmaninoff

## SIXTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Mozart's Overture to "Marriage of Figaro" Revives Memories

### BOCCHERINI WORK

FIRST TIME HERE

*7/11 crald — Nov. 22. 1924*

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its sixth concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Boccherini, Symphony, C major, op. 16, No. 3 (first time in Boston); Debussy, "The Sea"; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead"; Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

The sparkling overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," and what music could be more appropriate as a prelude to Beaumarchais's comedy with its insolence and wit mellowed by Mozart played brilliantly and at a swift pace that did not forbid clarity, grace and elegance, brought with it pleasant memories. Again we saw Emma Eames, the radiantly handsome Countess in her gorgeous Spanish costume. Again we heard the exquisite "Letter" duet sung by her and Mme. Sembrich, and the latter as Susanna breathing forth her love to the consenting stars. We remembered Edouard de Reszke, lumbering along the stage and singing measures that lay too high for him. Was there ever a more roguish Cherubina than Pauline Lucca? There was Campanari in the old days, a sly, malicious, humorous Figaro. And there were performances in English that we would gladly see again, with Clara Louise Kellogg, the charming Zeldar Seguin and William Carleton, surpassed by no one as the dashing, amorous, jealous Count. Alas, Postumus, Postumus, the fleeting years!

Maurice Barres wrote many pages to show how El Greco, the painter, arriving at Toledo and making it his home was influenced in his art by that venerable and sombre city. Was Boccherini, the Italian dwelling in Madrid, affected by Spanish surroundings? Was

his music, and he was incredibly fertile, changed in native spirit by the stately court, the music of the old masters for the church, the folk and gypsy tunes of the street and the bleak country? We doubt it from the compositions by him that we have heard; purely Italian in melody and simple harmony, pleasing to the ear with here and there a haunting strain that led Champfleury to liken this music to a rose colored ribbon tenderly preserved for years in a lavender scented drawer of rosewood in the chamber of a noble dame. In the symphony of yesterday there were a few measures that might have been written by Mozart; a few that were Haydenesque; but the movements were distinctly Italian. In all probability Boccherini's name will long live by reason of the familiar minute from a string quartet. Perhaps Debussy 50 years from now will be only the man of "The Faun's Afternoon" and Rachmaninoff, the writer of the Prelude, which James Huneker swore was composed for the funeral of a piano tuner in Brooklyn, N. Y.

To us "The Sea," in spite of certain beautiful and striking passages, is as a whole inferior musically and aesthetically—the two words are not always synonymous—to the "Afternoon" and the "Nocturnes." Nor is this impression derived from A's, B's or C's interpretation; nor is it due to any consideration of pictorial or naturalistic effects, whether they are vivid or pale. One might say of a conductor, he is not a true Debussyite; he does not appreciate the value of the hints, vague suggestions, demi-tints; he does not respect Debussy's indications. But what if his interpretation produces a composition that, bearing Debussy's name, might excite the envy of the composer if he were living. Or does any composer hear his own music twice alike? We know from personal experience that men as unlike as Brahms and Gounod, conducting their own works, paid little attention to the indications in the printed score.

And here comes up a question about Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem. When he conducted at a Symphony concert, 15 years ago, his "Island of the Dead," the music seemed throughout to be quite elegiac; the prevailing, persistent color was gray. There was no frenzy of lamentation, no shrieking against the decree of inexorable Fate; there was no suggestion of dramatic and stormy intensity, any more than in Boecklin's picture itself. Yet the succeeding conductors in Boston, without exception, have turned this poem, after the opening measures, into a thing of storm and stress. It would be interesting to know whether Rachmaninoff would conduct his work in 1924 as he interpreted it in 1905. Today the music itself is not so imposing as it first seemed. Is it not too long drawn out, in a word, verbose and at times plati-



audacious? Or does this feeling come from the modern interpretations?

Rimsky-Korsakov took pains to say in his autobiography that his caprice on Spanish airs is not "a magnificently orchestral piece; it is a brilliant composition for the orchestra . . . a purely external piece, but vividly brilliant for all that."

Brilliant it surely was as Mr. Koussevitzky conducted it, inspiringly rhythmed, performed with compelling dash and brava by solo players and the whole orchestra. Yet this caprice is not to be ranked among the Russian's finest works. ("Splendid" is the better word, for this music has a certain splendor.) Now that the concert is over, we look back with the greater pleasure on the music of Mozart and Boccherini, the interpretation of their works and of many pages of Debussy's "Sea."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will go to New York next week. The program for Dec. 6 has been arranged in memory of Gabriel Faure: Locatelli, funeral symphony; Faure, elegy for violoncello and orchestra, and overture to "Penelope"; Ravel, "Alborada del Gracioso"; Scriabin, symphony No. 3, "The Divine Poem."

## BOCCHERINI FOR SYMPHONY CONCERT

Composition of 1775 Is Presented by Koussevitzky

Globe — Nov. 22, 1924

Koussevitzky, at yesterday's Symphony concert, kept to his announced intention of giving one piece new to Boston on every program, but this time he eschewed the moderns in favor of a symphony in C major by Luigi Boccherini, composed in 1775. Everybody knows one piece by Boccherini, the minuet. Few have heard more than an occasional additional specimen from his voluminous works. The symphony played yesterday has had its instrumentation revised by Dr. Sondheim. It is claimed that he has made only the indispensable alterations in the text to fit it for performance in a large hall by a modern orchestra.

If this symphony is a fair sample,

other music by Boccherini should be republished in modern editions. Mr. Martino's 18th century orchestra has of late years proved to Boston audiences that there is a wealth of exquisite old music buried beneath the dust of European libraries, whence Mr. Martino has resurrected many lovely things. Now that the 19th century is going out of fashion, musically speaking, it is good to be reminded that other and earlier centuries have left us priceless legacies of beauty.

YKoussevitzky conducted Boccherini with the rhapsodist's imagination he brings to everything. All his readings are intensely personal, save when the music obviously fails to touch his emotions, as was the case with Mozart's overture to "Figaro" yesterday. Koussevitzky cares less for clarity and elegance of style and more for warmth of heart and fervor of expression than one assumes Boccherini to have cared. If one believes that there is a gulf between the moods of Chopin and the 18th century, one will not care for Koussevitzky's Chopinesque Boccherini.

Debussy's "The Sea" was yesterday more strenuous than tenuous. One wondered whether the composer really wanted as much sound and fury as Koussevitzky put into the "dialogue of wind and sea." But Koussevitzky, one must remember, is a rhapsodist. "The Sea" is the least successful of Debussy's major works, anyhow. Neither Muck, Rabaud nor Monteux have been able to make it sound.

Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead," suggested by Boecklin's picture, has long been a familiar repertory piece here. Koussevitzky, by taking the opening section rapidly and blurring it, managed to intensify the climaxes later in the work. Here is music upon which a temperament like Koussevitzky's can work wonders. The morbid intensity of mood in painter and composer is of the essence of romanticism. Koussevitzky feels with Boecklin and with Rachmaninoff, and makes his hearers feel with them, the uncanny stillness, the strangeness of old, unhappy, far-off things. Incidentally, this is one of the few works of Rachmaninoff that proclaims him a genius.

Koussevitzky's vivid and subtle sense of rhythm made the performance of Rimsky Korsakov's brilliant and utterly artificial "Spanish Caprice" remarkably effective. He is a virtuoso conductor, as well as a rhapsodist. But a devotee of Mozart cannot quite forgive him for not lingering more lovingly over every detail in the beautifully wrought outline of the "Figaro" overture, instead of merely overstressing the strong accents, as if that were the only way to avoid dullness in Mozart.

There are no Symphony concerts here next week, as Koussevitzky will make his New York debut. P. R.

# SYMPHONY AT MERCY OF THIEF

## Programme Changed Because of Missing Clarinet

Post — Nov. 22, 1924

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Due in part to the presence in Boston of Mr. Rachmaninoff and in part to the cupidity of an unidentified individual in the railroad station at Buffalo, N. Y., the programme of the Symphony concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening has undergone radical alterations.

As graceful tribute to his friend and countryman, Mr. Koussevitzky replaced the originally announced "Siegfried Idyll" with Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead." So much for one substitution. The other showed the hand of unforeseen circumstance, and thus runs the tale:

### STEALS E FLAT CLARINET

On the orchestra's recent trip to New York State Mr. Vannini had taken with him the band's E-flat clarinet (an instrument little used in symphonic music), that he might practise thereon his part in Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," designed for performance at the concerts of this week. But through the theft of Mr. Vannini's bag, the orchestra lost its representative of this shrill branch of the clarinet family, and rather than risk "breaking in" of a new instrument, Mr. Koussevitzky removed "Till" from its place at the end of the programme and set in its stead the "Spanish Caprice" of Rimsky-Korsakov.

For the rest the programme stands as originally intended; Mozart's Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," given yesterday a performance of amazing speed, lightness and brilliance; a Symphony in C major by Boccherini, played

for the first time in Boston, and Debussy's three symphonic sketches, "The Sea."

### Tepid and Insipid

To discuss first the "novelty," it may hardly be said that this Symphony of Boccherini, pleasant, placid music, equals in interest Mr. Koussevitzky's previous resurrections from the 18th century. To be sure, the piece has its moments, for example the mellifluous passage in the third movement, where in the solo first and second violins coo in dulcet thirds, but much of the Symphony is tepid, almost to the point of insipidity. None the less, the audience liked the piece, or at the least appreciated the rare beauty of the performance, for it applauded warmly and at length.

The use of the phrase "never before" in the praising of an orchestral performance under Mr. Koussevitzky begins now to smack of triteness, yet surely that of yesterday was the most imaginative and illuminating performance of "The Sea" that a Boston audience has yet heard.

### Ravishingly Beautiful

More varied, more ravishingly beautiful than ever before, seemed the hues of Debussy's magical tonal palette. And in its varied manifestations the superb chief theme of the third sketch (a theme that should silence those who deny Debussy the gift of melody) was delivered with an irresistible eloquence.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Rachmaninoff, then on his first visit to the United States, conducted at a pair of symphony concerts his "Island of the Dead," and the piece, then heard here for the first time, made an overpowering impression that, truth to tell, has not been duplicated by any subsequent performance of it. Perhaps we were then in measure hypnotized by the imposing frame, the dominating personality of Rachmaninoff the man and so led into overvaluing his music.

### Lacked Impressiveness

Assuredly, Mr. Koussevitzky gave to it yesterday all that he had to give, but again the piece seemed wanting both in the requisite impressiveness and in musical ideas of true consequence. And where, the listener must inevitably ask, lies the affinity between Rachmaninoff's surging climaxes and Slavic frenzies and the awful quietude of the picture of Boecklin that was his inspiration?



Hardly remarkable as music is Rimsky-Korsakov's "Caprice." To employ a pre-Volsteadian metaphor, in it is much froth and little beer. In fact the composer himself characterized it as "a purely external piece." But as a composition to display the prowess of each and every member of the symphony orchestra, this "Spanish Caprice" has few equals and yesterday's performance of it was one of dazzling, breath-taking virtuosity.

### Sixth Concert of the Boston Symphony

Monitor — Nov. 22, 1924

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Mozart, Overture to "Marriage of Figaro."  
Boccherini, Symphony in C major.  
Debussy, "La Mer."  
Rachmaninoff, "The Isle of the Dead."  
Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes, op. 34.

This program was perhaps the most interesting, from every point of view, Mr. Koussevitzky has so far given. Others have excited more curiosity as to what he would do with this or that composition, others have contained more novel music, yet this of yesterday afternoon showed Mr. Koussevitzky in a better light as an interpreter than have the preceding five, which have rather served to impose his personality upon audience and orchestra than to reveal the inherent qualities of the music played.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky, as Mr. Koussevitzky, was almost completely forgotten, so thoroughly was he imbued with the music in hand, and seemed no longer a soloist playing an incidental part in a series of 24 concerts, but an integral part of them. He and the orchestra seemed more in each other's confidence and the sympathy between them was clearly evident in the quality of the performance.

The most remarkable feature of a remarkable afternoon was the playing of Debussy's "La Mer." It requires no very long memory to recall the time when these three symphonic sketches were considered a difficult problem to both listener and player. Was this not perhaps due

to the way in which they were played? Certain it is that whatever the qualities of Dr. Muck as a conductor he was hardly to be considered a sympathetic interpreter of such characteristically French music as this, and Mr. Monteux was perhaps of too precise a nature to bring out fully the beauties of this music of fancy and dream.

It remained for Mr. Koussevitzky, more temperamentally adapted to it, to give a performance than which no better has so far been heard here, and which was as near perfection as may be. At last even the most conservative will hardly allege that Debussy's music lacks melody, that its harmonies are strained and unnatural. Played in this way, it is as clear, melodious and logical as that of Mozart, and hearing it thus we realize that the composer, instead of being such a radical innovator as many have claimed, has but carried on the noble traditions of the school of Rameau and Couperin.

In another fashion, Mr. Koussevitzky was no less successful in the playing of the other pieces on the list. Often he has given pieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a modern tinge hardly in their character. But yesterday he played the Symphony of Boccherini and Mozart's more familiar overture with a charm and grace, a freedom from extravagance, beyond praise. To be sure, some may object to the extremely rapid tempo in which the overture was taken, but clarity was not sacrificed and the whole was given with such a delicacy and lightness of touch that such a critic would indeed be hard to satisfy.

The impression which Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" originally created has somewhat worn away. The taste of the present day calls for simpler, clearer music, and these overcharged measures are not so impressive as they were.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's brilliant orchestration could not conceal the poverty of melodic and harmonic invention of his Spanish Caprice. It served to display to advantage the virtuosity of the orchestra.

Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday was more restrained in his gestures than heretofore and the concert gained immeasurably thereby. S. M.

## CONDUCTOR UNEVENLY, COMPOSERS VARIABLELY, DOUBTS AND DELIGHTS

Iræ. — Nov. 22, 1924.

### A SYMPHONY CONCERT AT LAST FOR QUESTION

Mr. Koussevitzky Overblows Rakhmaninov's Tone-Poem and Blurs Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice"—Amends with Mozart and Boccherini—Debussy, "The Sea" and a Miracle

A TRADITIONAL anecdote of the American theater pictures a vanished manager of musical plays. He came only to the final rehearsal. He made no comment upon the producer's methods or results. He merely took post in the wings, where, from moment to moment, he bawled "Louder! Louder!!" at principals and chorus already stretching their throats to the utmost. Imagination may hardly conceive the grave, silent, self-possessed Mr. Rakhmaninov as shouting anywhere over anything. Yet, ever since his tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," passed into the repertory of the Boston Orchestra, one conductor after another has seemed to hear the composer, like a voice from out the void, crying "Louder! Louder!!" Originally, Mr. Rakhmaninov led the band through the music. At the next performance Mr. Fiedler increased the volume of sound. In turn, Dr. Muck multiplied Mr. Fiedler; while Mr. Monteux outdid them both. At the Symphony Concert of yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky had his inning, and Mr. Monteux receded, as it were, into reticence. From end to end of the tone-poem, Mr. Koussevitzky kept the orchestra full-voiced. Broad, thick and four-square was the pattern of the music. Emphasis haunted it. At every climax the conductor upreared sonorities. Vociferously he evoked the dead.

The picture by Böcklin stirred Mr. Rakhmaninov to the tone-poem—a picture in which the artist would paint stillness and solitude. His sea is motionless. His skiff seems scarcely to cleave it. His ferryman barely lifts the oars. Silent the mourner grieves. Nowind stirs the cypresses of the isle; no wave laps at the cliffs. From the chambers of the dead issues no echo of life. There is no sharpness in Böcklin's drawing; no brightness in his colors. From canvas to canvas he repeated the picture. At length, he believed, he had evoked peace and a sanctuary. . . . Fifteen years ago, as guest of the

Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rakhmaninov conducted in "The Isle of the Dead." Record confirms recollection that he then sought no thickness of texture, no strides and surges of sound, no glowing blocks of color. He kept the music low-voiced; held it within a narrow range of force, weight, motion; subdued the tonal tints and backgrounds; sought, like Böcklin, an imagery and an impression of stillness, solitude and peace. Not unmoved, his hearers understood. . . . Then came the other conductors, practising a profession which perforce must gain effects and cultivate rhetoric. Tempted, they blew hard upon Mr. Rakhmaninov's tone-poem until Mr. Koussevitzky at last has blown it to bursting. Less than ever before "at these concerts" was it applauded yesterday.

Not only is this inflation false to the spirit of the music. It also dulls and clouds the substance. The listener begins to find Mr. Rakhmaninov repetitious and uninventive; in the obscure middle pages suspects him of taking refuge in the Dies Irae because his own imagination has failed; wearies at so labored a progress, at harmonies and timbres ever massed and thickened; half-believes that such music has seen its best days. The youngest generation, indeed, does not hide its contempt. "Any of the latter-day German medlocrities might have written that!" Perhaps Time the Sifter will justify these reproaches. Though Mr. Koussevitzky stressed and surged to the utmost, plainly the music no longer stirred either orchestra or audience. And yet and yet, it is possible to remember Mr. Rakhmaninov towering austere above that very band; out of sound summoning the illusion of stillness, from a hundred musicians upon twenty-five hundred listeners evoking solitude; softening and blending colors, measuring pace and rhythm while the sea stirred not and among the cypresses there was only peace. Then the music, with all its faults upon it, seemed to unlock the chambers of death. Yesterday, to be quite candid, Mr. Koussevitzky made a "holy show" of them.

Nor was the conductor too fortunate with Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice." The music has barely been revived since Dr. Muck's heyday. Then he made it show-piece to surfelt, but show-piece also in which he and the orchestra wrought their virtuoso-wonders. Above drum or cymbal or triangle, they sounded the cadenzas that introduce the Gypsy Song, like improvisations upon the air. Yesterday they were by no means so graphic. When Rimsky repeats his first movement as third in fresh pattern and new colors, Dr. Muck caught the fantasy, the glow, the sheer exuberance of the repetition. Yesterday we listeners heard but a dexterous composer and a dexterous orchestra. The motif of the Fandango did not quite prance upon the ear. It was possible to conceive the



Variations more clearly figured.

Mr. Koussevitzky, indeed, seemed to have looked too long and too hard at the "vivo e strepitoso" that Rimsky-Korsakov inscribes over his first and his third movements. The conductor was all for the impetus and the onrush of the music, for the high-colored, glinting, changeable surfaces. For moments—but only for moments—he and the orchestra were thrilling to hear, as when they attacked the Gypsy Song only to fling out of it into the Fandango; or when the horns sounded from the Variations magical. Elsewhere, however, Mr. Koussevitzky was over-eager, over-emphatic, until he blurred the finer outlines, thickened the lighter shadings. And small was the need of a quotation from Rimsky's autobiography to prove that he had shaped every arabesque of the shortest cadenza. There is line as well as color in "The Spanish Caprice," pattern as well as surface. For once in zest for delirium, Mr. Koussevitzky clouded detail. For the first time in his stay in Boston, it was possible to understand European reproaches upon energy overdone.

Amends were plentiful in the two eighteenth-century pieces that began the concert—the Overture to Mozart's opera of Figaro; a Symphony in C major of Boccherini. The lightness of tone that Mr. Koussevitzky gained from the orchestra in the Overture gladdened the ear. Through the enranked virtuosi fleetness and precision went hand in hand. When Mozart sets the instruments to bandy phrases, to drop them, catch them, toss them, race for them yet again, the music danced upon the air. Charm and elegance, grace and volatility might hardly further go. Like champagne in free countries, Mr. Koussevitzky outpours such a piece and is unbottling new measures before the last bubbles of the old have vanished. Fancy a music still heady after 138 years and all sorts of repetitions in and out of opera houses. And a music that is the distilled essence of the operatic comedy it preludes—the artifice, the mockery, the gaiety and the dalliance, the wine of life in incessant sparkle with only the lees of passing moments. Ageless, timeless, changeless these exercises of genius in the glint, the ripple, the wit and the comedy of musical sound. "The Barber" is coarse stuff beside this "Figaro." Even "Falstaff" shows streaks.

There is pleasure, too, in Boccherini's Symphony, though only the learned may walk sure-footed when they would differentiate these secondary composers of the eighteenth century—a Boccherini from a Dittersdorf or from both a Locatelli. Boccherini was Italian wherefore melody was in him; but he lived his days largely in Paris and Madrid where artifice might temper song and charm refine upon it. Boccherini was exceedingly fluent. The cataloguing program-book lists his "works" in figures that look like a tradesman's in-

voice. Yet he had the habit of his time, which in music cultivated aptness of stroke and economy of means. This whole Symphony could have been no more than twenty minutes long. Less than five was the span of each movement. Yet there was the design begun, set in flow, rounded and ended; the minor feat of scholarship, as in the canon of the Minuet; the sensibility to instruments, as in the first two movements; the gentle play of sentiment—over an Andante "Amoroso"; the light elegance of a fleet Finale.

For a moment Boccherini is juggling figures; the next and he is twining tendrils of ornament; the third and he is as innocently melodious as a singing bird whose voice happens to be a little orchestra. (As likely as not, for the texture and the pace of the music, Mr. Koussevitzky's over-abounded in the darker, heavier strings). In sum, a Symphony in little as pleasant to the ear as the miniature upon Monseigneur's snuff-box or the medallions upon the fan of Mme. La Princesse and, as the chances go, much less faded. Boccherini's patrons lived the good life in their Paris of the eighteenth century, the life of an aristocracy graced and charming in the practice of the amenities. By every sign of the Symphony his music was one of them.

Betwixt and between, alike in the quality of the performance and the ordering of the program stood Debussy's three Sea-Pieces. Mr. Koussevitzky played them as one that would overlook nothing. The climaxes, as at the end of the first sketch, were full-throated and full-bodied, out of the depths as well as the heights of the orchestra. Measures of vivid modulation, measures in which a few instrumental voices stand clear and sharp, were etched upon the ear. Long and changeable was the progress from dawn to noonday upon the sea. Not a detail of the sport of the waves passed unheeded. When the sea and the winds made answer, each to each, graphic were the contrasts. That is to say, Mr. Koussevitzky did not over-labor these Sea-Pieces as he over-labored Rimsky's and Rakhmaninov's music. Yet he fell short of the flow of his eighteenth-century numbers, of themselves unfolding, while he (as it seemed) barely directed pace and course. Obviously, as "conscious artist" he was manipulating the Sea-Sketches. They invite such manipulation and gain by it.

The Debussy of The Faun, the Nocturnes, of many a page in "Pelléas," does not write this music of the waters. Gone are the sensuous images, into each other fading or brightening. Gone the sensuous expression, like spontaneous and inevitable vesture. Gone the sensuous and impulsive course as The Faun might dream and remember; as the clouds might sail the heavens; as sirens might see and sing enticing. Even among the Nocturnes, "Fêtes" discloses a conscious art, calcu-

lating and unconcealed. In the later days of the Sea-Sketches, it has become a method, a process, a reputation to be sustained, enhanced. Debussy plans the three pieces. They are the largest scaled, the most obviously contrived of all his symphonic music. "From Dawn to Noonday upon the Sea"—a crescendo of waxing light and motion. "Sport of the Waves"—scherzo of rhythms, motifs, harmonies, timbres. The Wind and The Sea in Colloquy that before the end shall not lack thrust, vigor and sweep. There must be incessant modulation—part now of the Debussyan formulas. Motifs have uses, may for the while broaden and deepen melody-like; but rhythm shall be the pervading force and bond. Already the Debussyan canon prescribes as much. Chords, harmonies, timbres, each have their Debussyan course.

The wonder is (as in "Iberia," "Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps") that a music so written to prescription should still sound fresh and warm. For prescription it was, even if the formulas expressed, as well as cribbed, the composer who for himself had made them. Greater wonder still, a music so precisely devised, yet achieves the imagery and the illusion of the sea, which was its ostensible purpose. The sky and the waters stir, quicken, brighten to golden noon outspread. The waves curl and glint, shimmer and spray through modulation, harmony and timbres. As Tristan heard the light, the listener to "The Sea" hears the spindrift. The waters and the winds chafe and will not be stilled. Upward and downward they shout and sweep. Perhaps, after all, these Sea-Sketches are the miracle of Debussy. He locks himself in his formulas—and he sets free his imaginings.

H. T. P.

#### THROUGH OTHER CITIES PASSES MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

The Journey to New York at Hand—The De Reszke Singers for New Venture and New Experience—Mr. Mason Leads the People's Orchestra—Mrs. Hudson-Alexander in Annual Return—Enter Dusolina Giannini

FROM a first expedition to cities beyond the Bostonian horizon Mr. Koussevitzky has returned well pleased. Schenectady, Troy, Ithaca, Buffalo and Pittsburgh—twice over—

all heard him last week; heaped him with applause; yielded audiences with an ear as well for music. He has known the luxury of travel by private car; discovered that an armory may house a concert without too grave handicap; come face to face with the public of secondary American cities and university towns, craving a symphony concert as often as it comes their way. To this public he adjusted programs skillfully. Upon each stood a classic symphony—Beethoven's Fifth; Brahms's Fourth; Mozart's in G minor. Upon each was a classic overture—to "Oberon"; to "Egmont"; or else "The Roman Carnival." Into "modernism" Mr. Koussevitzky ventured no further than the moderate distance along which Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" or Ravel's version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" might bear his hearers. Among the ancients he lingered only over Emmanuel Bach's resonant and flowing Concerto. He entertained Schenectady and Buffalo with Russian trifles like the "Scherzo of the Bee" and Rimsky-Korsakov's arrangement of the folk-tune, "Dubinouchka." The other audiences, seemingly, he accounted above such toying. Yet none the less he pleased them.

After a week in Boston, Mr. Koussevitzky goes forth anew—this time to the conquest of New York, vital victory for any European conductor in America. His fortunes there rather than in any other American city, will be reported overseas. If he carries the day, then will the Boston Orchestra be on the way to regain its old place in our capital of music. At the least an eager public awaits him, since it has already taken nearly every seat in Carnegie Hall for the two concerts. At the first, on Thursday evening, Nov. 27, Mr. Koussevitzky will lead the orchestra through these pieces:

Concerto for Orchestra in D minor.....Vivaldi  
Overture to the Opera, "Oberon".....Weber  
Two Nocturnes ("Clouds; Fêtes").....Debussy  
Orchestral Movement, "Pacific 231".....Honegger  
"Poem of Ecstasy".....Scriabin

Having thus set in view his powers as conductor through a miscellaneous program, Mr. Koussevitzky will divide his second concert in New York on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 29, between the Russians and Brahms viz.:

Overture to the Opera, "Ruslan and Ludmilla".....Glinka  
Prelude to the Opera, "Khovantchina".....Mussorgsky  
Scherzo of the Bee from the Opera, "Tsar Saltan".....Rimsky-Korsakov  
Scythian Suite.....Prokofiev  
Symphony in E minor, No 4.....Brahms

H. T. P.



## MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

*N. Y. Times* Nov. 30, 1924

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was additional testimony to the present excellent technical status of the band and to the temperament and individuality of the conductor. Mr. Koussevitzky had a better grip of the situation than on Thursday night; he worked his will more completely in interpretation. The performances, barring an occasional attack which gave evidence, more than anything else, of an almost excessive desire on the part of the men to carry out the wishes of the conductor, were of a very brilliant nature, and the reception of the orchestra and its director by the public was unmistakable endorsement.

The program, with the exception of Brahms's fourth symphony, consisted of Russian music, most of it of inferior quality. There were four compositions by Mr. Koussevitzky's countrymen. The first was Glinka's overture to "Russian and Ludmilla," an overture with conventional measures, but always delightful by reason of its zest and sparkle and the joyous lilt of the second theme. This overture could hardly have been played with more kindling spirit and virtuosity by the men.

The overture was followed by the prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," the scherzo "Flight of the Bumblebee," from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Tsar Saltan," and Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite," performed for the first time here. The prelude to Khovantchina is poor and impotent music. Its best measures suggest what is done in "Boris Goudonoff" twice as well. The instrumentation is thin, but the musical thought is thinner. Mr. Koussevitzky made all that could be made of the work, and the concluding measures furnished a planissimo such as the patrons of Boston symphony concerts have not heard since the days of Wilhelm Gericke.

Much had been said in advance of the "Scythian Suite" of Prokofieff. The suite is in four movements, "The Adoration of Veles and Ala," "The Enemy God and the Dance of the Black Spirits," "Night," "The Glorious Departure of Lolly and the Procession of the Sun." The music is inspired by a conception of a primitive people, their passions, superstitions, ceremonies. Thus the opening movement is an invocation to the

sun god and a sacrifice to his daughter, the idol Ala; in the second movement the Evil-God summons seven monsters from their realms, and they dance; in the third number the Evil-God comes to Ala in the darkness, and "great harm befalls her." In the final movement Lolly, the hero, pursues the Evil-God to save Ala. He is near to defeat when the Sun-God rises and smites the black spirit.

The finest moment in this suite, as it seems at a first hearing, is the last fifty measures, more or less—the depiction of sunrise. This passage has a certain harshness of outline and shrill vividness that is not soon forgotten. Sustained tones of trumpets, a pedal point about which there revolve high, clashing sonorities, make the effect. Tone is refracted from one group of instruments to the other. This sun is a barbarian's sun. It rises grimly; it hurls sheaves of light like spears that shatter. It is an admirable invention; the dissonant, shrieking harmonies are carried out logically, shrilly, to an inexorable climax.

In the section "Night," there are curious colors, momentary softness of shadow, but withal something, again, that is harsh and even macabre. But these are effects rather than ideas, and could embody quite different conceptions. The best elements of this music are elements of color. As a whole it seems to us poor stuff, at best an invention, and not an inspiration, at best a derivation from other men's music. This suite was composed in 1914. It followed all of the earlier Stravinsky. It followed "Sacre du printemps" by two years. Twenty years ago it would have been astounding. Today it is principally imitative, and it does not escape the suspicion of sensationalism. Twenty measures of "Sacre du printemps" are more primitive and terrible. Did the thought that primitiveness was fashionable cross the mind of the young and fertile Mr. Prokofieff? He uses an enormous orchestra, he is polytonal when he feels like it, which is much of the time, but he very seldom rings deep and true. There is a certain vigor and bounce in the writing, a youthful impetuosity, but it seems far more manufactured than imagined, and we do not believe it ever could have appeared, had it not been for Stravinsky. Prokofieff, we believe, has done better things.

A more toothsome morsel for the majority seemed the scherzo of the Bumble Bee. Not only is this one of the cheapest, and more, most ordinary compositions of Rimsky-Korsakoff that we know, but it is not music worthy of performance on a symphony program. A man wrote a piece for violin, "L'Abelille," much like this one in figuration and, on the whole, only a little worse. Yet Mr. Koussevitzky put on this catch-trap for applause, and, much worse, repeated it. Neither the applause after the first performance nor the character of the music itself warranted any such procedure, to say nothing of the fact that encores are wholly out of place in a

symphonic concert. An episode of this kind should be relegated to "pop" concerts in the Summer time.

The performance of the Brahms symphony was the musical capstone of the concert. Certain details of interpretation, such as the dragging of the tempi in the chorale passage of the passacaglia, invite discussion of the academic kind which need not at this moment detain us. The essential thing is that in breadth, in virility and also beauty of color this was a reading that did admirable justice to the spirit, the form, the classic workmanship of the symphony. It was not a purist's interpretation, but it was a living one, which revealed the beauties of the work and did them no essential violence.

The audience remained to the very end of the concert, overcrowding the hall, exhibiting enthusiasm which Mr. Koussevitzky did not permit to expand between the movements of the symphony.

## IN TWO CONCERTS

## NEW YORK HEARS

## MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

### STIRRED AUDIENCES: PRAISEFUL REVIEWERS

Insight, Imagination, Control and Logic  
—The Temptation to Overdo—From Vivaldi to Skriabin—Weber, Debussy, Brahms as They Emerge from the Conductor's Hand—The Orchestra as He Uses It—The Bee Buzzes Anew

*Trans. — Dec. 1, 1924.*

CONDUCTING at two concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly received and favorably judged by both audiences and reviewers. Alike on Thursday evening and on Saturday afternoon last, the audience filled Carnegie Hall to the last seat and the last foothold of standing room; while on either occasion it teemed with applause. Furthermore, if The Herald-Tribune is believable, "Boston Symphony seats are now almost as scarce as they used to be in those fabulous pre-war days when the concerts of the Boston organization were the chief and shining events of our orchestral season." As for the reviewers, each and every one of them gave testimony according to his lights, as shall appear hereunder. For final clearing of the ground, be it written that Mr. Koussevitzky's program on Thursday composed Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor; the Overture to Weber's "Oberon"; Debussy's "Clouds" and "Fetes"; Honegger's "Pacific, 231"; Skriabin's "Poem of

Ecstasy." On Saturday he ranged through the Overture to Glinka's opera, "Russian and Ludmilla"; the prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina"; the "Scherzo of the Bee" from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Tsar Saltan"; Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" and the Fourth Symphony of Brahms.

### Briefly and Firmly

One concert does not make a conductor, but the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Serge Koussevitzky last Thursday was enough to show that America is richer by the presence of a musician of superlative attainments. Mr. Koussevitzky had a European reputation of almost legendary magnitude to live up to, and the fact that he exceeded the expectations of most of his hearers is the highest possible tribute to his gifts. He brings to the Boston Orchestra a broad catholicity of taste, an extraordinary insight into whatever music he conducts, and a complete mastery of the technique of handling an orchestra. The results are bound to be of absorbing interest and artistic profit not only to Boston but to American music in general. [The World]

### An Imperfect Instrument

The impression Mr. Koussevitzky made was all the more profound because he was not playing upon a perfect instrument. The Boston Orchestra, despite Mr. Montoux's heroic labors of the past few years, has not regained the wonderful plasticity and tonal beauty that it had under Karl Muck. The brasses are nicely balanced but a little wanting in richness, the other wind choirs, while they number famous artists in their ranks, lack complete homogeneity, and the strings, clear as they are, remain a little cold in quality. Only an authentic miracle, of course, would have corrected these shortcomings in the few weeks Mr. Koussevitzky has been in Boston. What he has evidently done is to concentrate his energies upon getting the finest possible playing out of the orchestra under his hand, reserving radical efforts to refine the instrument itself for a time of greater leisure. [The World]

### In Survey

Mr. Koussevitzky will not be numbered among "the prima donnas of the baton" for the simple reason that he is a virile, forceful and withal an analytical conductor, whose interpretations combined sweep and power with searching insight and broad musical imagination. The program gave him room for an exhibition of his command of styles. Vivaldi's Concerto was superbly performed. The orchestra delivered it with breadth of tempi, illuminating clarity and nicely adjusted balance of polyphony and unfailingly beautiful phrasing. The whole composition breathed the breath of life, but never for an instant lost dignity of progress or architectural lines.



The overture to Oberon is music throbbing with the fervor and gallantry of the romantic movement. The conductor's reading was unquestionably more analytical than those to which this public is accustomed. He made his points openly; but when one had adjusted his mind to this one received the right impression of instrumental splendor and variety of moods. The contrasts of themes and movements were strongly marked, but the spirit of the piece was published. And the tonal magnificence of the orchestra was revealed in all its glory.

Debussy's Nocturnes served to illustrate the disposition of Mr. Koussevitzky toward the romanticism of modern France and the disclosure was far from being the least interesting contribution to the evening's pleasure. The clouds of Debussy are often gray and foggy. Under the newcomer's baton they resumed their proper character. They were pearly, delicate, gently floating, mysterious. The playing of this number was a masterpiece of gossamer transparency and exquisite finish. "Fêtes" was splendidly festal. The aerial procession has never been played here with such a masterly development of the long crescendo. [The Sun]

#### Checks and Balances

Mr. Koussevitzky has two outstanding traits that make for vividness: he has a dramatizing imagination, and he has a passion for accentuation. Often—very often, indeed—this vividness of conception and of treatment produces results of the most memorable sort. We have never, for example, heard that marvelous effect in the middle of Debussy's "Fêtes," the sudden mysterious hushing of the music in preparation for the advance of the chimerical procession, more impressively achieved. And in moments like the incandescent climax of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" Mr. Koussevitzky puts over superbly what the music invites him to accomplish. But too often his passion for italicizing everything has unfortunate results. It seems difficult for Mr. Koussevitzky to allow the music to "breathe natural," like the colored lady in the story. If the score calls for a piano passage, Mr. Koussevitzky turns it into a pianissimo that is barely audible. If Weber wishes us to hear the horns of Elfland faintly blowing, Mr. Koussevitzky is not content until the elves have vanished behind the farthest hill. If Weber writes "dolce" under the A-major clarinet theme in the Allegro of his Overture, Mr. Koussevitzky has his player dawdle over the melody as if it were a languishing Andante.

The voluptuous swoonings of Scriabin in his dreams of ecstasy become, under his sympathetic care, merely a series of relaxing naps, wherein the patient rests easily, while the waiting audience stirs restlessly and wonders when the eight horns are going to stand up and bring things to an issue.

Yet there is no resisting the burning intensity of the man. Even when he languishes unduly, as with Scriabin, he languishes through excess of sympathy, not because his own vitality is relaxed. Clarity of conception, quick sensibility, a comprehensive grasp of structure, a fusing and projecting imagination—these virtues are Mr. Koussevitzky's, beyond denial. There are no dead areas in his brain; the whole man is flamingly responsive and alive. Even when you are convinced that he is wrong—even when you are sure that the song was not meant to go that way—you are fain to listen, though you dissent and disapprove. His misconceptions are more engrossing than the accuracies of less fiery and headstrong spirits: for he has genius—misguided and wayward, at times; but unmistakable and authentic, and, at its best, magnificent. [The Herald-Tribune]

#### Koussevitzky Arrives

(From the N. Y. World)

The consensus seems to be that Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitzky, new conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is as great as he had been declared to be. For this we may be thankful. The leadership of the Boston orchestra, or any of our great orchestras, is in many ways more important than the presidency of one of our universities. Too often we have seen great orchestras fall into the hands of some absurd little fellow more fit for matinee acting than interpretation of music. The new conductor was evidently at some pains to correct an impression that he was sensational, and in this he was wise, if he has ever had a leaning in that direction. The American public has acquired a keen eye for the musical grandstander, and theatricality is no longer a virtue. The Boston orchestra has suffered lamentable vicissitudes since the departure of Muck, although Monteux did heroic service toward rebuilding it. If the new conductor can pick up the reins where Monteux left off and attain to still higher ground he will have done us an inestimable service.

Herald 3. 1924

## FORTY-FOURTH SEASON NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR & TWENTY-FIVE

### Seventh Programme

To the Memory of Gabriel Fauré, 1845-1924

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 5, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, at 8.15 o'clock

Fauré . . . . . Overture to "Pénélope"

Fauré . . . . . Elégie for Violoncello and Orchestra  
(Violoncello solo — JEAN BEDETTI)

Ravel . . . . . Orchestral Fragments (First Series)  
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Nocturne — Interlude — Danse Guerrière

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major,  
"Eroica," Op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio.
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- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

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Herald Nov. 3, 1924

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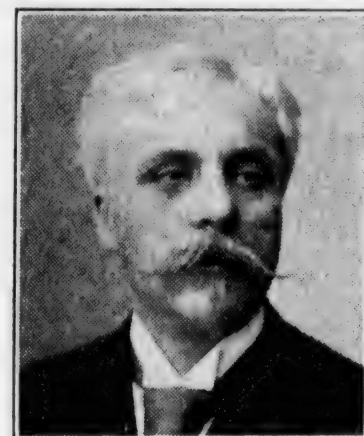
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1845 ————— 1924

## 7TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

*Herald* ——— *Dec. 6, 1924*

Koussevitzky Gives Program in Memory of  
Gabriel Faure

PERFORMANCE IS  
FULL OF INTEREST

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged the following program in memory of Gabriel Faure, who died at Passy on Nov. 4: Locatelli's Funeral Symphony, Faure's overture to "Penelope and Elegy for violoncello and orchestra, Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso" and Scriabin's "Divine Poem," but Mr. Koussevitzky's sickness and the consequent lack of rehearsal necessitated a change.

The program finally arranged and followed yesterday comprised these compositions: Faure, Overture to "Penelope" and "Elegy"; Ravel, Orchestral Fragments (first series) from "Daphnis and Chloe"; Beethoven, "Eroica" Symphony. That accomplished artist, Mr. Bedetti, played the violoncello solo in the "Elegy."

There was good reason for saying this tribute to Gabriel Faure, although he was not conspicuous as a writer of symphonic music for orchestra. He wrote a symphony but it was not published, though it was performed at a Colonne concert at Paris in 1885. A critic then wrote that "two of the three movements pleased, but the finale was "composed, without any precise musical idea, even the instrumentation lacked color." He added, "We advise the young composer to revise the whole of this movement before presenting the symphony again to the public." "Young Composer." Faure was then 40 years old, a mere

child if Bernard Shaw's Sallie Hovey's extension of the age allotted to man by Moses in the Psalm attributed to him is to be considered seriously and accepted by those who would not dread being Struldbrugs, the unhappy immortals seen by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver in the Kingdom of Luggnagg.

Faure has been represented at the Symphony concerts by his exquisite music for "Pelleas and Melisande," incidental music to "Shylock," a French version of "The Merchant of Venice" and the overture to "Penelope"—all music for the stage. His Ballade for piano and orchestra, his Allegro Symphonique; the Pavane and "La Sicilienne" have been ignored, perhaps with good reason, for they are not numbered among his important works even by the warmest admirers in his own country.

The true talent, one might say genius, of Faure is clearly revealed in his songs and chamber music. They are the work of a singularly sensitive composer, who, with Verlaine, valued the nuance more than the color. He is not a man for the crowd; he demands sensitive, poetic hearers, though his works have the clarity that is the glory of the best French literature and music. Though in a way a dreamer, his technique was not vague, not experimental. An admirer of Saint-Saens and his close friend, unlike him he was generously disposed toward the men of the younger school. He taught them, he encouraged them, though he probably smiled at the vagaries of those who put their trust in polytonality and wrote for the sake of making the bourgeois sit up. As a teacher he exerted a deep and beneficent influence not only for his own country, but for the whole musical world. His name will live long as the composer of some of the most beautiful songs in musical literature, of chamber music of a fine distinction, and as the teacher of musicians, who without aping his style—and Faure of all men possessed style—are true to his high standard, his poetic idealism, his purity of taste.

It was natural, then, that Ravel's name should be on this memorial program, for Ravel was a favorite pupil of Faure, and when he was debarred from competing for the grand prix de Rome by ultra-conservatives, though his talent had already been officially recognized, the exclusion vexed musical Paris and led to the appointment of Faure to the directorship of the Conservatory.

Apart from sentimental reasons, the concert was an interesting one. While the overture to "Penelope" is not a commanding work, the performance glorified it. Mr. Bedetti played the Elegy as it should be played, not as a virtuoso piece, which would have been absurd, and in what one might call



the truly Faurean manner. Ravel's music for a ballet was in keeping; especially the first two movements, and the brilliance of the third, the War Dance, gave the necessary contrast to what had gone before.

Some perhaps wondered, or expected, or hoped that Mr. Koussevitzky would take all sorts of improper liberties with Beethoven. If they wished for a sensational performance, that they might wax hysterical in praise or blame, they were disappointed. The interpretation was first of all musical in its emotional quality; it was characterized by impressive nobility, that did not preclude tenderness; it was dramatic, when intensity was demanded, but it was not theatrical; there was dignity without metronomic pedantry; and the Variations in the Finale were truly varied, running the gamut of expression. Nor should it be forgotten that Mr. Koussevitzky has a remarkable orchestra on which he can play at will and interpret music as it appeals to him.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will probably be as follows: Respighi, Four Old Dances and Airs for the Lute (freely arranged); Schumann, Symphony No. 4, D minor; Prokofieff, Piano Concerto No. 3 (first time in Boston; Alexander Borovsky, pianist); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

## FAURE HONORED AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Ycobe — Dec. 6, 1924  
Program in Memory of  
Dead Composer

The program of yesterday's symphony concert was dedicated to the memory of Gabriel Faure, the noted French composer who died at Paris Nov. 4. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted, despite his recent illness, which caused some changes in the pieces played. Faure's "Elegy," his overture to "Penelope," three fragments from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony fill the program as given. The "Divine Poem" of Skriabin needs further rehearsals, and is postponed until later in the season.

Mr. Hale in the program notes alluded to the fact that when Faure was first heard of in Boston people supposed that he was the same man who had composed "The Palms." No doubt many well meaning people even among

the composer's acquaintance have thus blundered. For no work of Faure has ever become a "popular classic." You will not find his songs on radio programs nor his operas among those offered by touring companies. Yet his music has long been respected, admired, praised by musicians and amateurs. And yesterday the Boston Symphony gave him a tribute it reserves for the great.

Faure's music is the work of a man with subtle taste, the finest musical skill, an aristocrat by temperament. How few composers between 1870 and the present day have in their works shown the reticence, the habitual understatement, the shunning of all that could be deemed exuberance that distinguish the work of Gabriel Faure.

Yet he was not a man without feeling because he never made gestures. To "Penelope," an opera on the return of Odysseus and the punishment of the suitors, he prefixed an overture, heard yesterday, which has a sombre coloring and an unperturbed emotion of which the English adjective "dreary" is a misleading approximate description. The French for it is "morne." His "Elegy" with a violoncello solo, well played by Mr. Bedetti, is no less sombre. There is a certain monotony in his rhythms and grayness in his tone color which for many obscures the real genius of Faure.

The pieces by Ravel played yesterday, fragments from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe," showed to how great an extent Faure's most famous pupil has been influenced by his master. Ravel is an ironist, and a better colorist than his teacher. His harmonies are more daring, though no more original and personal than those of Faure. But how akin in tone their works are!

Through all the first half of the program was a grayness, a sadness wholly elegiac. Koussevitzky has not hitherto so perfectly kept that unity of mood and tone which used to characterize many of Dr. Muck's programs. And, although at first thought Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony might seem a contrast, Koussevitzky's interpretation remembers that Beethoven wrote it as a musical commentary on the career of Napoleon. True, the symphony was composed before Napoleon became Emperor, but there is a profounder truth in the composer's remark in 1821 when he heard the news from St. Helena, "Did I not foresee the catastrophe when I wrote the Funeral March in the Eroica?"

Koussevitzky always seems to feel symphonies as imaginative units. One has never heard the "Eroica" as an elegy before, but after all is not that the truer interpretation? Should it not be played on Armistice Day? Were not those who played it in 1914 more optimistic than Beethoven was about the heroic life? The hero is here so plainly the hero of tragedy, not of battle pictures. As always the interpretations throughout the concert had the personal touch that Koussevitzky seldom fails to impart.

P. R.

## RECUPERATION, COMMEMORATION, TRANSFIGURATION

Trans. — Dec. 6, 1924  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY AGAIN IN FULL  
FLOOD

Tribute to the Dead Faure in a Grave and Noble Prelude, a Graceful and Sighing Elegy—Ravel in the Full Panoply of Subtlety and Suggestion—Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as Genius Sets It a-Striding and Aglow

AS the perversities of chance would have it, the Symphony Concert of yesterday was the more interesting for the illness that, earlier in the week, disabled Mr. Koussevitzky. Since it reduced him to a minimum of rehearsals, he was constrained to put by Skriabin's "Divine Poem," announced as final item. Now, whatever the merit of the Russian's pages—and this is not the time or the place to renew that embittered debate—two of his tone-poems within two months tend to excess. Last October Mr. Koussevitzky ended the first concerts with the "Poem of Ecstasy." He purposed to end the seventh pair, in December, with the "Divine Poem." No doubt, he would have made the second piece as exciting as he had made the first; but since Skriabin remains Skriabin, especially in American ears, not a few were content with the excitement deferred. Moreover, Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," in a version that veritably re-animated and re-created the music, was thrice ample compensation.

Mr. Koussevitzky had designed the concert as tribute to the memory of Gabriel Faure, oldest and most widely esteemed of French composers, dead last month in Paris. Ravel happens to be Faure's renowned pupil. Accordingly, the conductor set on the program Ravel's orchestral version of his own piano-piece, "Alborada del Gracioso." It is scored in sophisticated, meticulous fashion. Disabled

over three days, Mr. Koussevitzky had no time to prepare the orchestra in it. Therefore, it gave place to the First Suite that Ravel drew from his ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," more familiar and less tricksome music. Faure's two pieces—the Prelude to the opera, "Penelope" and the Elegy for Violoncello and Orchestra—were obviously not to be discarded. In one short day Mr. Koussevitzky prepared these numbers; added to them Ravel's Suite and Beethoven's Symphony; brought all four on Friday to signal performance. In emergency in America, it is useful to have been wandering conductor in Europe. There a Koussevitzky, a Weingartner, a Mengelberg, must often be content on his travels with a single rehearsal for an exacting concert. Given the orchestra, they learn to make the most of that brief preparation.

It is not easy to commemorate Faure in a symphony concert. He wrote relatively little for orchestra; while that little seldom exemplifies his more characteristic aims. Chamber-music no one could disclose him, and he were best honored, in these days of mourning, by a program chosen from his sonatas, quartets, quintets and songs. Indeed, his music for the stage oftenest makes way into orchestral concerts, though it hardly abounds in detachable pieces. Possibly Mr. Koussevitzky dismissed as hackneyed the Suite from Faure's incidental music to Maeterlinck's play, "Pelléas and Mélisande." Anyhow, he chose for commemorative performance the Prelude to the master's best-esteemed opera, "Penelope," and the orchestral version of the Elegy for Violoncello. Five years ago, the inestimable Rabaud muddled through the Prelude at a pair of Symphony Concerts. Until yesterday the Elegy was new to them.

"Penelope" is music-drama of the return of Ulysses to home and country; of the wifely faith that Penelope kept against the Suitors, wasting the substance of her lord; of the swineherd's recognition, of the test with the hero's bow, of his vengeance upon those that had threatened his honor and defiled his house. Faure conceived the opera almost as Grecian relief made animate and articulate upon a twentieth-century stage. That is to say, he wrote the music in chaste and sensitive line, with subtle inflections, suffused coloring, reticent emotion. With the outward shows of the operatic theater he was little concerned. Of the inner and spiritual states of his personages he would imply much. Racine-like, he would write, in the twentieth-century, French music-drama.

In the Prelude of yesterday passed hints of these quests attempted and achieved. It unfolds in grave and noble lines, neither rigid with austerities nor relaxed into softness. The motif of Ulysses, the motif of Penelope, fall upon the ear like contrasted



couplets of Racine; while adroitly, delicately and richly the poet of tones and the poet of words clothe them, each in the imagery of his art. The progress of the Prelude is stately. Little by little the contrasted figures gain high relief as though they stood between the pillars of their lordly house. The instrumental and harmonic color, playing upon them, is clear and warm and sometimes deep—the luminosity of Fauré's reflecting tones. Conveying the music, Mr. Koussevitzky was like to Mme. Bartet acting the Bérénice of Racine or like Bernhardt in golden prime achieving his Andromaque or Hermione. Like them upon the transparent flow of beauty, he laid—at will and need—the cloudier sweep of power. . . . In itself, the Elegy, with Mr. Bedetti to sing the solo-part, was no great matter. It is of Fauré's chamber-music, subjective, sensitive and subtle, lined and shaded with an exhaustless grace, fancy and finesse, exhaling a gentle melancholy, as of beauty remembered and regretted—"Lycidas" (to make one more literary comparison) in water-color.

The "Orchestral Fragments" of Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe" have kept place in the active repertory at Symphony Hall since Dr. Muck first published them. The first, shorter and less interesting Suite assembles three—the night-piece and the dawn-piece in which, if memory serves, Daphnis awakes to discover Chloe absent from his side; the Interlude as he departs in quest of her; the dance of the abducting pirates as he draws near their rocky haunts on the sea-beach. The Nocturne, as the first division is labelled, is a marvel of Ravel's skill, imagination and suggestion with the surfaces of music. Here is the very imaging in tones of the paling and departing night, the stir and sparkle of the insinuating dawn, the rustle of the awakening glade warming to a new day, the inflow of life into human spirits after the ebb and void of sleep. Tones more artful and illusory, more refined and concentrated to a single end were hard to imagine; while, since the music need have no depths, the detractors of Ravel for once are stilled.

The Interlude pleases the ear as music, and may suggest alarm and suspense to the fancy—in the subdued vein that becomes a ballet to a Græco-Roman pastoral. The Pirates dance and in rude rhythms and rough progressions Ravel characterizes them—music like the ochre-hued and jutting rocks with which Bakst used to set the scene upon Monsieur Diaghylev's stage. A sensitive and many-hued orchestra served Mr. Koussevitzky, the colorist, through the Nocturne. A vibrant band answered him as master of rhythm, rubato, check and spring, through the Pirates Dance.

A month and more ago, Mr. van Hoogstraten and the Philharmonic Society of New York played in Symphony Hall the "Eroica Symphony" of Beethoven. Recalling also sundry performances, under Mr. Monteux and Dr. Muck by the resident orchestra, some said in their haste that the first and the second movements had faded and withered; that they failed to engross twentieth-century ears and stir twentieth-century emotions. With the robust and hearty Scherzo interest in the Symphony began; with the tumultuous Finale, now leaping and now singing, it ended. Yesterday there was reason to revise these impressions and mistrust these opinions, since at Mr. Koussevitzky's hands, the music became again—and from first measure to last—a living, stirring, transporting thing. It is quite true that so animating and transfiguring it, he waived away many a precedent; altered the play of inner and outer voices; was a law—or rather a freedom—unto himself in pace, rhythm, accent, climax; departed more than once from what the scholasts and the reverent will call "the plain intentions of Beethoven."

A conductor may respect every tradition; obey every studious prescription; follow, never so literally, that "clear purpose" of the composer. Yet not once in such a version will the "Eroica Symphony" come to voice and life, musical and spiritual being. A Weingartner may and does achieve this academic miracle; but it was not the lot of either Dr. Muck or Mr. Monteux so to do. Under their leading "The Eroica" became an historical "work" of Beethoven. Under Mr. Koussevitzky's, it is a classic again, living and breathing, striding and singing, as freshly as though one year, and not a hundred and twenty, were gathered upon its head. And to keep such glowing and perpetual youth (said Goethe) is to be a classic in spirit and in truth.

Not since the visit of Mr. Toscanini has this third—or any other symphony—of Beethoven so sounded upon Bostonian ears. For Mr. Koussevitzky's version of "The Eroica" far transcends his version, a month ago, of the C-minor. Yesterday the listener heard crescendos that were the impassioned progress and cumulation of sound. Or a music that strode and shouted, leapt and laughed, of a sudden stilled itself, as in the Finale, suffused with the calmer radiance of song. The Scherzo whirled into gayety, rustled into merriment, alive and alight with rhythm; or swung into the hearty tune of the throbbing horns. Low-voiced, sustained and deep was the mourning of the Funeral March. Then it swelled, like the surge of hearts multitudinous, into the plangencies of grief; swelled and was still again. Superbly the twin chords of the beginning smote the ear. Then the music, as Mr.

Koussevitzky would have it, fell to brooding; fermented into tumult; rose, tossed and yet again would return to its brooding.

Rhetoric and rhapsody, it is easy to hear the Academics saying of Mr. Koussevitzky and maybe the reflecting reviewer. He counts for next to nothing; but of the conductor be it affirmed that, achieving this play of emotion, he held fast to Beethoven's line and progress, unfolded ideas from idea, so shaped and paced and guided the music that from itself it seemed ever upspringing. Unflatteringly, too, it flowed with Beethoven's richness of harmony and warmth of instrumental color, or else cut

with the incisiveness of his individual voices—traits that "conservative" and "faithful" conductors not seldom overlook. Once more the "Eroica Symphony" was the manifold and masterful, the impassioned and glowing music that surely sounded in Beethoven's ears. Genius wrote it, as genius now stripped it of the ceremonies of time and the coatings of custom. Into the mind and the heart of Beethoven, like Mr. Toscanini before him, goes Mr. Koussevitzky. H. T. P.

## SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR RECOVERED

Post — Dec. 6, 1924

### Koussevitzky Forced to Change List of Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Like the best laid plans, the most carefully arranged programmes may now and then come to grief.

Although, happily, Mr. Koussevitzky had sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to lead the Symphony Orchestra at the concert of yesterday afternoon, he had been able to attend but one rehearsal—that of

Thursday morning. Hence the novel music planned for this programme in tribute to the memory of Gabriel Faure—Locatelli's "Funeral Symphony" and Ravel's Alborada del Gracioso—must needs be laid aside, and under the circumstances it was also deemed expedient to replace Scriabin's "Divine Poem" with the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven.

### BEDETTI PLAYS ELEGY

Yet with all these changes the programme still served, and appropriately enough, as memorial to Faure. At its head stood that composer's Prelude to the opera "Penelope," and the Elegy for Violoncello and Orchestra, with Mr. Bedetti for the soloist. As Faure's foremost pupil, Maurice Ravel was still represented, but by the first series of excerpts from his ballet "Daphnis and Chloe." And the "Eroica," in which Beethoven wrote the noblest of all funeral marches, was wholly in place as final number.

Not by any orchestral concert, however, might Faure the composer be most fittingly remembered, for that distinguished and lamented musician wrote no symphonic music of the first importance. Although, hardly practicable, it would then have been kinder to his memory to have brought to performance certain of his exquisite, harmonically sensitive songs and one or another of his chamber-pieces. For it was in those two fields of composition that Faure performed his work of genuine consequence.

### Comes Down to Beethoven

Granting to it a certain grave beauty and a few arresting measures, the Prelude to "Penelope" is a piece all but dull. Nor is the Elegy much more than a superior sort of salon-music.

Of Ravel's Suite, furthermore, it can only be said that in interest it falls far below the second group of pieces drawn from the same ballet. The Nocturne and the Interlude seem relatively colorless, while the "Danse Guerrière" in no wise compares with the superb Bacchanale that closes the second Suite.

In the "Eroica," then, lay the real interest of this concert, and doubly grateful to hear was this mighty music after that which went before it. How far Mr. Koussevitzky had been able, in his one rehearsal, to work his will upon the orchestra may not safely be said. But at least yesterday's performance was one of uncommon eloquence, and incidentally it was one wholly free of the "liberties" of interpretation that made Mr. Koussevitzky's astounding



version of the Fifth Symphony the subject of heated debate.

The purist might object, to be sure, to the adding of five more horns to Beethoven's three in moments of climax, but the effect thus gained was singularly impressive. And it should be noted that Mr. Koussevitzky's fine sense of tonal values forbade his doubling of the horns in the fanfares of the Scherzo, a procedure to which many another conductor has resorted.

As with the G minor symphony of Mozart, Mr. Koussevitzky gave the "Eroica" a respectful reading, yet one in which not a whit of its essential greatness was lost. Although the first movement, taken at the pace Beethoven surely intended when over it he wrote "Allegro con brio," was compellingly rhythmic, no expressive detail was slighted. The funeral march had due pathos and power and withal a noble dignity, while the finale was, as too often it is not, the fitting crown to the whole.

On his initial appearance yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky was welcomed by the audience with an unusual and emphatic cordiality, and there was warm applause for Mr. Bedetti's portion in the Elegy. But of the music of the afternoon, only the symphony provoked enthusiasm, a verdict from which there may be no dissenting.

### Boston Symphony Honors Memory of Gabriel Fauré Monitor — Dec. 6, 1924.

The seventh program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Fauré—Overture to "Penelope."  
Fauré—Elegie for Violoncello and Orchestra (Jean Bedetti, violoncello solo).  
Ravel—Orchestral Fragments (First Series) from "Daphnis et Chloé."  
Beethoven—Symphony No. 3 in E flat major.

This program was in memory of Gabriel Fauré and fittingly included, in addition to the master's own compositions, one by his most distinguished pupil.

It is certain that Fauré's orchestral compositions are not his most characteristic works, and of them

this overture, heard here under the sympathetic baton of Mr. Rabaud, is perhaps the least effective. It may be that the opera to which it serves as a prelude is one of the greatest productions of French art. Of that we have not the means to judge, but as a purely orchestral piece, torn from its true setting, it is but dismal music indeed. In it there is scarcely a trace of the Fauré so well known and loved in his songs and chamber music, the Fauré of the Nocturnes and Barcarolles for the piano, the Fauré who so admirably and delicately mirrored in his music the most subtle emotional distinctions. This greater Fauré was better felt in the all too short Elégie, almost every measure of which bears the imprint of his surpassing genius.

But if the very nature of his genius did not permit a due tribute to be paid it in a purely orchestral concert, the tribute was none the less sincere and touching on the part of Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Bedetti, and the orchestra. All played from their hearts, and their respect and admiration for the master were amply shown in their playing of his music.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted yesterday for the second time the music of Beethoven. If the principal interest of the symphony concerts centers around his personality, as some would have it, there was little to justify such a statement in his interpretation of the third symphony. It would seem that no greater purity of style, no greater respect for Beethoven's work could be demanded by the most ardent lover of his music. It was played with nobility and lofty simplicity; there was not the slightest trace of searching effect for effect's sake; there were no attempts at original "readings" of this or that passage. It was a performance replete with sympathetic understanding of the music, not one easily to be bettered nor likely to be soon forgotten. S. M.

## Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 12, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, at 8.15 o'clock

Respighi . . . Old Dances and Airs for the Lute (Freely Arranged)  
I. Balletto detto il Conte Orlando (Simone Molinaro).  
II. Gagliarda (Vincenzo Galilei, 155-).  
III. Villanella (Composer unknown, end of 16th Century).  
IV. Passo mezzo e mascherada (Composer unknown, end of 16th Century).

Tchaikovsky . . . Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 1, in B-flat minor, Op. 23  
I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso: Allegro con spirito.  
II. Andantino semplice: Allegro vivace assai.  
III. Allegro con fuoco.

Corelli . . . Concerto Grosso in C minor for String Orchestra and Piano, Op. 6, No. 3  
(First time in Boston)

Strauss . . . "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner, in Rondo Form," Op. 28

SOLOIST  
ALEXANDER BOROVSKY

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

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Alexander Borovsky

(Photograph)

## 8TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Alexander Borovsky Solo  
Pianist—Koussevitzky

Conducts

*Herald* — *Dec. 13, 1924*

RESPIGHI WORK  
GIVEN FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Alexander Borovsky was the solo pianist. The program was as follows: Old dances and airs for the lute freely arranged for orchestra by Respighi; Tchaikovsky, piano concerto, B flat minor; Corelli, Concerto Grosso, C minor, for strings and piano, Op. 6, No. 3; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

This program was changed at least thrice before final arrangement. The orchestral parts of Prokofiev's Piano Concerto did not arrive, so Tchaikovsky's was substituted. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," which had been announced, was thrown overboard; Corelli's Concerto took its place. These changes were made after the program book was ready for the press. As a result, the book contained much about the "Idyl" and nothing about Arcangelo Corelli, not even the date and birthplace of this Italian composer of the 17th century who died at Rome in 1713. Schumann's Symphony in D minor had also been announced, but it dropped out.

After this, announcements in the Program Book of forthcoming concerts should be headed: "Subject to change." Changes, not absolutely necessary, should be discouraged, if only for the sake of the learned lecturers on Monday afternoon at the Public Library, who prepare the audiences for enjoyment and profit at the concerts of the week, so that the hearers may then dilate with the proper emotion and talk with some show of intelligence to their less fortunate neighbors.

The first of the movements in Respighi's Suite was performed yesterday at a Symphony concert for the first time. Even Mr. Toscanini omitted it when he led a performance. The New England Conservatory orchestra played

the whole Suite in 1922. Why Mr. Toscanini and Mr. Monteux ignored this movement is not easy to see; the music is charming in itself, and the Suite in its complete form is not too long. The performance yesterday was delightful. The beautiful oboe solo was played in a masterly manner by Mr. Longy, and the accompaniment to it will long be remembered. The middle section of the Gagliarda also made a profound impression. It would be interesting to know how much of this Suite is by Respighi, how much by the old Italian masters, named and unknown.

There was an old Grecian gentleman who apologized for the sumptuous funeral provided for his little child. There are men who have built a lordly portico for a dwelling place, and then for some reason or other, lack of funds or through caprice, contented themselves with a tasteless, shabbily furnished mansion. The opening section of Tchaikovsky's piano concerto has a compelling melodic sentence, treated gorgeously and with magnificent breadth and sweep. What follows is a curious mixture of engrossing measures and wild vulgarity. In the Name of the Prophet—figs! What is good in the work was brought out in full strength by pianist and orchestra; what is cheap and trivial for the moment held the attention. Perhaps Nicholas Rubinstein was right, after all, in his bitter, almost venomous, tirade when Tchaikovsky played it to him in private. When the concerto was brought out in Boston by Buelow, in October, 1875—it was the very first performance—a critic of this city shrewdly discovered that the first movement was not in "the classical concerto spirit." Tchaikovsky himself was amused by American reviews sent to him by Buelow. Peter wrote: "The Americans think that the first movement of my concerto 'suffers in consequence of the absence of a central idea' . . . and in the Finale this reviewer has found 'syncopation in trills, spasmodic pauses in the theme, and disturbing octave passages!' Think what healthy appetites these Americans must have: each time Buelow was obliged to repeat the whole Finale of my concerto! Nothing like this happens in our country!"

So wrote a reviewer nearly 50 years ago. What will be said in 1974 of reviews written here and in New York today? Brethren, let us not take ourselves too seriously; let us pray that no young lion of the press in 1974 will exhumate reviews published in 1924 about the contemporaneous compositions and roar in savage glee.

Yet, at the risk of future ridicule, we will frankly say that to us Corelli's concerto was boring.

The remarkable performance of Strauss's rondo consoled us. Some may think it was a too personal matter with Mr. Koussevitzky, but we like and admire him most when he breaks from tradition and lets his imagination revel



enthusiastically. Some may take exception to certain tempi, but was not his choice of pace effective, as frankish as Tili's exploits? How dramatically the scene of trial and condemnation was put before the audience. We still hear Tili's squeak as he danced in air, after the thunderous verdict. Perhaps there are those who would prefer a "chaste and strictly musical" interpretation, but yesterday Tili was on the stage, we saw his knavish tricks, we smiled in his coarseness, and at the end we stood looking at him as his legs twitched and dangled.

The concert will be repeated tonight. It is said that the program next week will comprise Haydn's Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13), and Ravel's "La Valse." It is also said that Messiaen, Maler and Pattison will play C. P. E. Bach's Concerto, E flat major, for two pianos; Bliss's Concerto for two pianos and Hill's Scherzo for two pianos.

# FIRST OF SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

Post Dec. 13, 1924  
Borovsky at Piano  
in Tchaikovsky's  
Concerto

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Through seven concerts the Boston Symphony Orchestra had this season made its way without assisting artists. Yesterday afternoon, however, this no-soloist regime was ended with the appearance of Alexander Borovsky as pianist in Tchaikovsky's B minor Concerto.

And plainly the audience rejoiced in the presence of Mr. Borovsky and

in his brilliant playing, since, the Concerto done, they applauded him with fervor, while during the intermission and at the concert's end tongues were busy with his praises.

## CONCERTO HOLDS FAVOR

Strangely, the chief pleasure of yesterday's concert lay, not in Mr. Borovsky's and the orchestra's admirable performance of a fascinating and often brilliant piece, but in Mr. Koussevitzky's exquisite interpretation of Respighi's transcriptions of ancient airs and dances for the lute and, yet more, in his discerning, persuasive and exhilarating reading of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," which brought the concert's close.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted, in the interests of accuracy, that there was apparent a far greater enthusiasm for Tchaikovsky's Concerto, with Mr. Borovsky, than for the superbly imaginative performance of the score that is at once the most daring and the most poetic of the Straussian tone-poems.

### A Substitute Piece

Originally it was announced that Mr. Borovsky would be heard in the Third Concerto of Prokofiev, but it seems that the orchestral parts were not to be obtained. Hence Tchaikovsky's Concerto was perforce substituted for that music of the younger Russian, which had promised a fresher interest.

Yet whatever the faults or the thread-bareness of Tchaikovsky's Concerto, the opening remains one of that composer's most arresting pages. And yesterday this opening was performed with an effect that was electrical. Thereafter, too, pianist, conductor and orchestra gave each and all of their best, and here and there were memorable moments in the piece; but the initial impulse came not again. Strange indeed it seems that Tchaikovsky himself made no further use of so splendid a theme. To borrow the words of one inspired commentator: If Beethoven had chanced upon such a marvel of melody he would be writing yet.

### For Piano and Strings

Nor was the replacing yesterday of Prokofiev's Concerto with that of Tchaikovsky the only change from the programme as first given out. Perhaps because the piano stood already upon the stage Mr. Koussevitzky elected to use it once again, and so, in place of the announced "Siegfried Idyl," set a Concerto Grosso, by Corelli, for piano and strings (with Arthur Fiedler as pianist), never before heard at the Symphony Concerts.

for the music of Corelli in the concert, the solidly, the arched eloquence in his repeated in the composition of its subject. And Corelli in contrast made excellent foil to Tchaikovsky's passionate fantasia. Yet in retrospect its chief appeal seemed that of throwing into sharper relief the glowing colors, the verve, the humor, the sentiment, the straightforward yet irresistibly appealing melodies of "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

## Alexander Borovsky First Boston Symphony Soloist

Monite Dec. 13, 1924

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its eighth Friday afternoon concert of the season in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday. The program:

Respighi, Old dances and airs for the lute, freely transcribed for orchestra.  
Tchaikowsky, Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, in B flat minor.  
Corelli, Concerto Grosso in C minor for string orchestra and piano, op. 6, No. 3.  
Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

This concert marked the first appearance of a soloist under Mr. Koussevitzky's régime, and also the first occasion on which Boston has heard its new conductor in the music of Tchaikowsky or Strauss—or, for the matter of that, of Respighi or Corelli. The program as originally announced included Prokofiev's third concerto instead of Tchaikowsky's first, and Schumann's Fourth Symphony to follow it. In place of the latter the program book contained notes on Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl," but that in turn evidently had been supplanted by the Corelli piece.

The soloist was Alexander Borovsky, who we believe was making his first appearance in Boston, although he was heard in recital a year ago in New York. It was a disappointment not to hear him in the Prokofiev work, but at all events we had an excellent performance of the Tchaikowsky. The pianist's technical equipment is complete, yet he evidently is not content to be of the virtuoso type. Rather, he seemed bent on presenting the musical thought of the composer with due regard to its setting. In this he had the understanding support of Mr. Koussevitzky, who maintained a rare and admirable balance between orchestra and solo instrument. Thus for once we had a really musical

performance of these magnificent Tchaikowskyan dances. May we hope that under the same baton of Mr. Koussevitzky we shall hear this composer's symphonies too with a master ear?

The Corelli number was played, according to the program, for the first time in Boston. It is a good example of the good work of the time, lucid and concise, and was allowed by the conductor to stand forth in its own simple beauty. Respighi's arrangements were admirably played; the pianissimo in the Violonella especially won the favor of the audience.

The tale of Tili's exploits was told with unusual clarity, verve and humor—one of the finest performances of this piece within recollection.

L. A. B.

## NEW PIANIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Monite Dec. 13, 1924  
Borovsky Plays Concerto  
by Tchaikovsky

Alexander Borovsky, a Russian pianist, formerly professor in the Moscow Conservatory, and of late years touring virtuoso, made his Boston debut yesterday afternoon as soloist at the Symphony concert. He played Tchaikovsky's hackneyed concerto in B flat minor, instead of the Prokofiev originally announced. The fourth and final form of this week's Symphony program, as actually given, begins with Respighi's "Old Dances and Airs," and besides the Tchaikovsky concerto includes a Concerto Grosso for strings and piano, by Corelli, in which the piano part was played by Arthur Fiedler, and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

One wishes Mr. Koussevitzky could make up his mind two weeks in advance what each program is going to be and avoid such numerous and disconcerting changes. Many Symphony subscribers like to look over the music to be played, or to hear lectures on it beforehand. The newspapers wish to make announcements in advance. Program notes must be prepared and printed. Every other conductor for many years has made known his programs well in advance and deviated from the advance announcement only for reasons given. Koussevitzky has made at least one change in each of the eight programs so far offered in the regular series. With unlimited rehearsal time he ought to be



antastically. Some may take exception to certain tempi; but was not his choice of pace effective, as prankish as Till's exploits? How dramatically the scene of trial and condemnation was put before the audience. We still hear Till's squeak as he danced on air, after the thunderous verdict. Perhaps there are those who would prefer a "chaste and strictly musical" interpretation, but yesterday Till was on the stage, we saw his knavish tricks, we exulted in his coarseness, and at the end we stood looking at him as his legs twitched and dangled.

The concert will be repeated tonight. It is said that the program next week will comprise Haydn's Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13), and Ravel's "La Valse." It is also said that Messrs. Maier and Pattison will play C. P. E. Bach's Concerto, E flat major, for two pianos; Bliss's Concerto for two pianos and Hill's Scherzo for two pianos.

## FIRST OF SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

*Post* — Dec. 13, 1924  
**Borovsky at Piano  
in Tchaikovsky's  
Concerto**

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Through seven concerts the Boston Symphony Orchestra had this season made its way without assisting artists. Yesterday afternoon, however, this no-soloist regime was ended with the appearance of Alexander Borovsky as pianist in Tchaikovsky's B minor Concerto.

And plainly the audience rejoiced in the presence of Mr. Borovsky and

in his brilliant playing, since, the Concerto done, they applauded him with fervor, while during the intermission and at the concert's end tongues were busy with his praises.

### CONCERTO HOLDS FAVOR

Musically, the chief pleasure of yesterday's concert lay, not in Mr. Borovsky's and the orchestra's admirable performance of a fast-aging and often hollow piece, but in Mr. Koussevitzky's exquisite interpretation of Respighi's transcriptions of ancient airs and dances for the lute and, yet more, in his discerning, persuasive and exhilarating reading of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," which brought the concert's close.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted, in the interests of accuracy, that there was apparent a far greater enthusiasm for Tchaikovsky's Concerto, with Mr. Borovsky, than for the superbly imaginative performance of the score that is at once the most daring and the most poetic of the Straussian tone-poems.

#### A Substitute Piece

Originally it was announced that Mr. Borovsky would be heard in the Third Concerto of Prokofiev, but it seems that the orchestral parts were not to be obtained. Hence Tchaikovsky's Concerto was perforce substituted for that music of the younger Russian, which had promised a fresher interest.

Yet whatever the faults or the thread-bareness of Tchaikovsky's Concerto, the opening remains one of that composer's most arresting pages. And yesterday this opening was performed with an effect that was electrical. Thereafter, too, pianist, conductor and orchestra gave each and all of their best, and here and there were memorable moments in the piece; but the initial impulse came not again. Strange indeed it seems that Tchaikovsky himself made no further use of so splendid a theme. To borrow the words of one inspired commentator: if Beethoven had chanced upon such a marvel of melody he would be writing yet.

#### For Piano and Strings

Nor was the replacing yesterday of Prokofiev's Concerto with that of Tchaikovsky the only change from the programme as first given out. Perhaps because the piano stood already upon the stage Mr. Koussevitzky elected to use it once again, and so, in place of the announced "Siegfried Idyl," set a Concerto Grosso, by Corelli, for piano and strings (with Arthur Fiedler as pianist), never before heard at the Symphony Concerts.

In the music of Corelli is the dignity, the solidity, the sober eloquence to be expected in the compositions of its school. And Corelli in restraint made excellent foil to Tchaikovsky's Cossack frenzies. Yet in retrospect its chief service seemed that of throwing into sharper relief the glowing colors, the verve, the humor, the sentiment, the straightforward yet irresistibly appealing melodies of "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

### Alexander Borovsky First Boston Symphony Soloist

*Monitor* — Dec. 13, 1924

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its eighth Friday afternoon concert of the season in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday. The program: Respighi, Old dances and airs for the lute, freely transcribed for orchestra. Tchaikovsky, Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, in B flat minor. Corelli, Concerto Grosso in C minor for string orchestra and piano, op. 6, No. 3. Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

This concert marked the first appearance of a soloist under Mr. Koussevitzky's régime, and also the first occasion on which Boston has heard its new conductor in the music of Tchaikovsky or Strauss—or, for the matter of that, of Respighi or Corelli. The program as originally announced included Prokofiev's third concerto instead of Tchaikovsky's first, and Schumann's Fourth Symphony to follow it. In place of the latter the program book contained notes on Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl," but that in turn evidently had been supplanted by the Corelli piece.

The soloist was Alexander Borovsky, who we believe was making his first appearance in Boston, although he was heard in recital a year ago in New York. It was a disappointment not to hear him in the Prokofiev work, but at all events we had an excellent performance of the Tchaikovsky. The pianist's technical equipment is complete, yet he evidently is not content to be of the virtuoso type. Rather, he seemed bent on presenting the musical thought of the composer with due regard to its setting. In this he had the understanding support of Mr. Koussevitzky, who maintained a rare and admirable balance between orchestra and solo instrument. Thus for once we had a really musical

portrayal of these magnificent Tchaikowskian distances. May we hope that under the suave baton of Mr. Koussevitzky we shall hear this composer's symphonies too with a juster ear?

The Corelli number was played, according to the program, for the first time in Boston. It is a good example of the good work of the time, lucid and concise, and was allowed by the conductor to stand forth in its own simple beauty. Respighi's arrangements were admirably played; the pianissimo in the Villanella especially won the favor of the audience.

The tale of Till's exploits was told with unusual clarity, verve and humor—one of the finest performances of this piece within recollection. L. A. S.

## NEW PIANIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

*Globe* — Dec. 13, 1924  
**Borovsky Plays Concerto  
by Tchaikovsky**

Alexander Borovsky, a Russian pianist, formerly professor in the Moscow Conservatory, and of late years touring virtuoso, made his Boston debut yesterday afternoon as soloist at the Symphony concert. He played Tchaikovsky's hackneyed concerto in B flat minor, instead of the Prokofiev originally announced. The fourth and final form of this week's Symphony program, as actually given, begins with Respighi's "Old Dances and Airs," and besides the Tchaikovsky concerto includes a Concerto Grosso for strings and piano, by Corelli, in which the piano part was played by Arthur Fiedler, and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

One wishes Mr. Koussevitzky could make up his mind two weeks in advance what each program is going to be and avoid such numerous and disconcerting changes. Many Symphony subscribers like to look over the music to be played, or to hear lectures on it beforehand. The newspapers wish to make announcements in advance. Program notes must be prepared and printed. Every other conductor for many years has made known his programs well in advance and deviated from the advance announcement only for reasons given. Koussevitzky has made at least one change in each of the eight programs so far offered in the regular series. With unlimited rehearsal time he ought to be



able to try over pieces about which he has doubts before announcing them for performance.

One also wishes that no Symphony concert should be given without a symphony on the program, or a piece as long and as exacting as the average standard symphony.

These concerts should not become a "highbrow" series of Pops. Yet there is nothing but artistic conscience on the part of conductor, performers, reviewers and a portion of the audience that stands in the way. Most of the subscribers pay to hear the best music and leave it to those who should know to select that best. The musical leaders should not betray their trust.

Koussevitzky's interpretation of "Till Eulenspiegel" proves that he has a genius for comedy akin to that shown by his fellow countryman, Chaliapin, in such songs as Dargomizsky's "Government Clerk." He brought out every roguish turn of phrase, as the subtitle "nach alter Schelmenweise" (shorts conductors to do in "Till.")

Muck used to remember that Strauss also put "in Rondoform" in his title. Koussevitzky thought more of the content than of the form of the piece. He remembered each point in the program note giving the details of the merry pranks, and made the orchestra emphasize it. This performance was one of the greatest dramatic and musical achievements of Koussevitzky here. The audience received it all in solemn silence. Very few people applauded. When will people be enough at home in our concert halls to dare to smile, even to chuckle?

The Corelli concerto and the old pieces for lute arranged by Respighi proved that Koussevitzky is more at home in 16th century music than in later old masters. Intensity, expressiveness, brilliant color, strong stresses do not suit 18th century music. Koussevitzky, who excels in these things, cannot make his excellence felt in music which denies him such opportunities. He obviously loves 18th century melodies, but 18th century polyphony does not seemingly strike him as a human and eloquent means of expression.

Borovsky proved a competent but not dazzling pianist. His Tchaikovsky was less eloquent than Koussevitzky's accompaniment.

## BORESOME ANCIENTS:

## CHAIKOVSKY REBORN:

## GENIUS AND GENIUS

Trans. — Dec. 13, 1924

### MR. KOUSSEVITZKY UP AND DOWN THE SCALE

A Tedious Concerto from Corelli—Respighi's Over-Praised and Over-Played Old Dances—The Russian's Piano-Concerto Thrills After Nine Years of Slumber — Strauss's "Till" for Marvel — Pianist, Mr. Borovsky

TWO months ago when Mr. Koussevitzky joined together Handel, Schmitt, de Falla and Beethoven of the Fifth Symphony in a single programme the ancients—if Beethoven may be so counted—had much the better of it. Yesterday afternoon, when he assembled at Symphony Hall old Italian airs and dances, Chaikovsky, Corelli and Strauss, the advantage was as decisive; with the moderns—not the modernists, for they were unrepresented—but with the honorable and by no means ancient Piano-Concerto of Peter the First and the evergreen rogue's tune, otherwise "Till Eulenspiegel," of Richard the Second. Upon eight programs the conductor according to his inclination and habit has set a deal of seventeenth-and-eighteenth-century music, rare, interesting, usually impressive, and always discerningly played. At the Symphony Concert of Friday came the exception that, by American proverb, proved the rule—a Concerto Grosso for Strings and Piano by old Corelli. It was a substituted piece, at the eleventh hour, for Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," and the few aware of the change presumed it "homage" to Mr. Borovsky, with the visiting virtuoso to play the piano-part. As it was, Mr. Arthur Fiedler's raven-locks bobbed up behind that instrument, and the share of the piano in the piece proved exceedingly small.

Rather, the Concerto was music for string choir parted, blended, divided and again reunited—that stately, streaming large-lined music beloved, not only in Concerto Grossi, by Latin and northern composers of the seventeenth century. True Corelli's particular Concerto is not long but it is boring. Hardly once does the matter, or the mood, or the manner of progress, alter. Onward and onward goes the austere counterpoint; stripped are the harmonies; steadfast the rhythms; changeless the contrasts and the fusions of timbres; ever the lordly stride and the plangent course. The listening ear repented of the days in which it had disdained as monotony the lively patter, the reiterated figures, of Bach's or Handel's Allegros. Now it pined for such lightness. In its haste, it had been as scornful of excellent melody—and here it was, prisoned in Corelli's angular patterns. "Put not your trust in princes" righteously cries the Psalmist, and this Concerto Grosso persisted in princeliness. Before a company of Grands Seigneurs, in a vast Italian room, their "master of music" was pluming and strutting. At last he was done.

Nor do Respighi's half-transcribed, half-invented, old dances and airs for the lute bear too frequent repetition; while little more than a year ago, Mr. Monteux played three of them. Yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky added the fourth—the first in the order of the score—a Balletto by Molinari, that breeds neither boredom nor interest. It is brief; it is archaic according to the conventions; with the final note, it slips out of memory. In fact, with the exception of the Villanella, Respighi's pieces too often repeat those same conventions. There is the lively beginning, which Mr. Koussevitzky quickened; the lively close which he also brightened; the gentle and songful intermezzo over which he dallied. Obviously makers and hearers of music in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries loved their formulas like a bedtime story. Unfortunately they are not also ours, in this good year of 1924. The Villanella is another matter. The song charms; the euphonies of flute, oboe, harp and strings caress; through the piece sounds that gentle, musing melancholy which our restless age most welcomes and cherishes in this ancient music. We will have our old lavender in tones and yesterday it exhaled from the Villanella of Respighi—and an "unknown" sixteenth-century composer. Yet the repetition of these lute-pieces served a timely purpose. Of late, some have believed that they detected a slight coarsening in the string and the wood-wind, choirs of the orchestra. In the four old dances they returned the doubters triumphant disproof.

Blessed, then, be Peter Iltisch Chaikovsky of the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in B-flat minor, unplayed these nine seasons at the Symphony Concerts; fifty years old and still playable—music, none the less, of a romantic Russian, of a modern, as moderns went in 1874, for once free of his morbidities. Mr. Alexander Borovsky of Petersburg, Paris, Moscow and half the concert-rooms of the world, took the solo-part. His tone was bright, clear, crisp and dry—champagne-like. He answered to rhythm sustained or broken; in pace was no less elastic. Content was he with his piano as such, of no mind to embattle it with the orchestra. He heard the sentimental Chaikovsky in the Andantino; the ardent and voluble Chaikovsky in the Finale. He declaimed; he sang; he otherwise sounded through the long first movement. A stodgy Slav to see, Mr. Borovsky is yet an able pianist.

As for Mr. Koussevitzky, he played the Concerto as he will, doubtless, play more of Chaikovsky's music on Sunday, in flashes of genius. Beyond recollection at any other hand, vibrated certain rhythms (as at the very beginning); sounded certain chords and progressions (as when the piano would shepherd the orchestra before it). "Gorgeous" (as the lads of the university say) though not unlabored, was the return of the songful theme in first movement and Finale. Between pianist and conductor, the melody of the Andantino purred. Lightly rhythmed was the little intermezzo; while, through the finale the rhythmic flair and the cumulating fire of Mr. Koussevitzky rejuvenated the music.

Yet quite by himself Chaikovsky came not ill off. He begins as a composer with powers well concentrated. There are sinew, stride and pulse in the music. With it expectation mounts. The dominant melody of the first movement is an invention; while with imagination Chaikovsky sets it in play. Now and again he flags and 1874 is written plainly on the piece. Yet soon the energy, fertility, suspense, return and carry all before them. The slow movement sings like a brook among the stones; music and piano are as one voice; too content is Chaikovsky to be brooding or moody or bathetic. There is no resisting the rhythmic whirl of the finale, the opening of the spinning tonal heavens to "let through" that first theme of song. The young Chaikovsky wrote the Concerto in B-flat minor. Better than many a music of his maturity, it withstands the changing years. Not too often or for too long has it faded. The thrills deaden not nor perish. The zest of freedom was in him as he wrote.

After Chaikovsky the romantic, Strauss for the music of character all compact.



Not since Dr. Muck's day—or even within it—has such a Till bestrode the stage of Symphony Hall. From the outset Mr. Koussevitzky was manifestly and unflaggingly in the vein, while at every turn and click of the tone-poem, to him the orchestra answered. The little introduction, taken slowly, phrased gently, touched the imagination. In the old story-books, musingly, Strauss was finding a hero. And what a hero! There he is in the music teetering, swanking, preening, piping. Nowhere has Strauss written measures of sharper, more instant, characterization—not even when he flings Don Juan upon his tonal stage.

Then to the japes, the clowneries—Till at the top of his bent, with the market-women, the priests, the doctors, "our best people" (and their wives); Till swaggering, cavorting, leering and mocking "all over the place." Within recollection, these pranks in tones have not been so clearly differentiated, sounded with keener zest and tang. The savor of the music was in Mr. Koussevitzky's nostrils. With an artful rhetoric, he distributed pauses and accents; quickened, stayed, shaded. At the trial, the listener heard the very dialogue of culprit and judges. Only with the hanging was Mr. Koussevitzky less vivid, even a

little blurred. Perhaps he was looking forward to the epilogue. With a smile of irony on his lips he bade the orchestra sing it.

And all this delineation, characterization, rhetoric of the tonal theater, while the web of the music was never broken and the formal progress—Strauss, in those days, loved such feats—never clouded. By common consent "Till Eulenspiegel" is a masterpiece of narration and characterization in tones. The gayety, élan, humor, even the pity of it, are well-nigh unapproachable. As music-making, according to all the prescriptions, it falls not a whit short. Genius abides in the tone-poem—and yesterday, upon an orchestra above itself, genius also played the measures.

H. T. P.

ALEXANDER KIRILLOWITSCH BOROVSKY, pianist, was born at Libau on March 19, 1889. His first teacher was his mother, a pupil of W. J. Safonov; later he studied at the Leningrad Conservatory with Annette Essipov. He also studied law. In 1912 he received at the Conservatory the gold medal and the Rubinstein Prize. In 1915 he was appointed a professor at the Moscow Conservatory. He made his escape from Moscow in 1920 and went west by way of Constantinople. He had given concerts in Russia before he appeared in Paris, where he gave concerts with the violoncellist Beloussov in April and May, 1921. On April 29 of that year, he played Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B-flat minor at one of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts. In 1922 he made Berlin his dwelling place. Having given concerts at Vienna, Prague, London, Berlin, Munich, Madrid, in other cities, and in South America, he appeared for the first time at New York on October 17, 1923, when his programme included music by Bach, Mozart, Prokofieff, Scriabin, Stravinsky, de Falla, Albeniz, Liszt.



Ottorino Respighi

Composer of "Roman Fountains," "The Gnomes' Ballad" and the Gregorian Concerto To Be Played at the Symphony Concerts

(From the Program-Book of the Ann Arbor Music Festival)



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## Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Haydn . . . . . Symphony in G major (Breitkopf and Härtel No. 13)  
 I. Adagio; Allegro.  
 II. Largo.  
 III. Menuetto; Trio.  
 IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

Bach, C. P. E. . . . . Concerto for Two Pianos

Bliss . . . . . Concerto for Two Pianos  
 (First Performance)

Hill . . . . . Scherzo for Two Pianos  
 (First Performance)

Ravel . . . . . "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem

SOLOISTS

GUY MAIER and LEE PATTISON

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Bach's concerto

A lecture on this programme will be given by Mr. R. G. Appel, next Monday,  
 at 4.45, in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
 of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





**Maier and Pattison**

## SYMPHONY GIVES NINTH CONCERT

*Herald* — Dec. 20, 1924  
Unusual Program Excites  
Large Audience to  
Warm Applause

### TWO 2-PIANO PIECES PLAYED FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major B. & H. No. 13; C. P. E. Bach, Concerto, E flat major, for two pianos (first time in Boston); Bliss, Concerto for two pianos (first performance); Hill, Scherzo for two pianos (first performance); Ravel, The Waltz. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison were the pianists.

Haydn's symphony is one of a set written for the "Concert de la Loge Olympique" in Paris. The orchestration of this society was famous for its precision of attack. Haydn wrote, no doubt, with a view to French taste, having in mind grace, suavity, and liveliness. The performance yesterday was a constant pleasure to the ear. The composer's gaiety was not merely careless rollicking. There were subtle and effective nuances in the interpretation of the opening quick movement and the Finale. The second movement was taken at so deliberate a pace that one feared at first consequent tedium, but the richly sonorous song was made vital; there was sustained interest, and the tempo chosen gave the needed contrast to the preceding and following movements. The trio in the minuet was charming in itself and delightfully played, reminding one of musettes so dear to the French composers in the 18th century.

Emanuel Bach was a fine fellow in his day, but more interesting music by him than the concerto, written originally for piano, harpsichord and a small orchestra, has been heard at these concerts; witness the orchestral concerto brought out here by Mr. Koussevitzky last October. It was not the fault of those admirable pianists, Messrs. Maier and Pattison, nor was it due to the conductor and his men, that the music

itself seemed formulated without relieving strength or beauty, no better than a mass of music composed by men of Emanuel Bach's period whose names even are now forgotten except by indefatigable biographers.

The music by Messrs. Bliss and Hill was composed expressly for the two pianists. One of the pieces would have been enough, especially as they were followed by Ravel's rhapsodic treatment of a waltz in the Viennese manner. Mr. Bliss was fortunate in coming first on the program, for after the performance, the element of surprise was lacking. Mr. Hill was fortunate in coming second, for his more normal pages—they would be considered more normal by many—came after Mr. Bliss's wild measures to which, however, the hearers responded nobly as shock absorbers. It appears from Mr. Bliss's own statement that the combination of string instruments and piano is repugnant to his sense of hearing; therefore, in this concerto he eschewed all strings and wrote for two pianos, wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments. We take it for granted that the sounds thus produced yesterday would be harmonious to his ear. The pianos he regards as two "great arabesque-making machines." Did he smile ironically when he wrote that the designs for these machines were "conceived for virtuosi pianists or pianola players."

Mr. Hill's piece is light and agreeable music, a little spun out, considering the ideas contained therein. If one asks whether it suited the supposed dignity of a Symphony concert, the answer would be that the applause incited by this Scherzo and Mr. Bliss's extraordinary Concerto was more enthusiastic than any that has followed a superb performance of a masterpiece for many months.

And let us not take music too seriously, especially in the holiday season. Jazz is now in high favor. Composers are tempted to experiment in this field. Mr. Hill's Scherzo is a product of the field. Mr. Bliss's Concerto is not easily classified. He says it is to be regarded as "sound, and nothing else." If it is often "sound and fury, signifying nothing," there are pages—perhaps one should say moments—of genuine and individual beauty. Mr. Bliss is not a man to be flippantly dismissed as a poseur, a freak. He has been consistent in the carrying out of his musical convictions. He has ideas; he has unusual ways of expressing them. Whether Stravinsky has influenced him is not to the point. There are few of the greatest composers who have not been influenced by predecessors or contemporaries.

These new pieces demanded a virtuoso performance on the part of all concerned and the demand was fully met.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a dazzling reading of Ravel's "Waltz." By reason of the brilliant instrumentation,



the diabolical cleverness, the infinite gradations of color and dynamics, one easily forgets the comparative insignificance of the strictly musical ideas.

An unusual concert, one that excited an audience that filled the hall completely, a concert from which we took away a grateful recollection of Haydn's Symphony and Ravel's "Waltz" as interpreted by Mr. Koussevitzky and performed by the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite from the opera "Christmas Eve" (first time in Boston); Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Rigel, Symphony, D major (first time in America); Stravinsky, "Le Sacre du Printemps."

## TWO NOVELTIES ON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Concertos for Two Pianos  
by Bliss and Hill

*Globe* Dec. 20, 1924  
Two of the pieces at yesterday's Symphony concert were played for the first time in public, a concerto for two pianos by Arthur Bliss, known here by his "A Colour Symphony" heard last season; and a scherzo for two pianos and orchestra by Prof. E. B. Hill of Harvard. The soloists, Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, besides the relatively inconspicuous piano parts in these numbers also played an arrangement of a concerto by Philipp Emanuel Bach, new to Boston. A Symphony in G major by Haydn (B and H No 13) and Ravel's "La Valse" rounded out a program which wholly and happily ignored the 19th century.

The audience liked it all very much, though they did not take the new pieces as seriously as they might have done.

Everybody chuckled after the scherzo with a spontaneity not often heard at these concerts, especially when Mr. Koussevitzky, unable to see Mr. Hill in the audience, shrugged his shoulders and smiled his inability to get the composer to share the applause. Then Mr. Maier said plaintively "We are looking for Mr. Hill," but still the modest composer refused to put himself on public view. Mr. Hill in this scherzo is avowedly

experimenting with what in his opinion are "the best traits of the jazz style," though he disclaims the belief in a wholesale assimilation for that style as the only hope for the future of American music. He discovered to his surprise after he finished the piece that it is in first movement sonata form. Like the other music by him heard in former seasons, this scherzo of Mr. Hill's is carefully and competently written. But as an attempt to capture the rhythmic vitality and the artless melody of jazz it is ineffective.

Mr. Hill dabbles in the rhythms of jazz, without venturing on the remorseless iteration that is the essence of jazz. He does repeat his scraps of second hand popular melody, his themes, until one is utterly weary of them. The orchestration has not the color or the interweaving rhythms that Paul Whiteman's orchestra so admirably illustrates.

If we are to have jazz at the symphony, let it be the real thing by Irving Berlin, or such unacademic developments from it as George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," which really should be included on a future program, if it can be rearranged for symphony orchestra.

Bliss this time disclaims any program for his piece. Instead of nonsense about colors and other nonmusical phenomena, he says merely that "it is to be regarded as sound, and nothing else." He adds that he has not used strings at all because he believes that their tone does not blend with that of the piano, and that the whole concerto is developed from a single motive.

This concerto has the rhythmic nervous stridency of Stravinsky's climaxes. Instead of his more delicate lyrics, as in "Le Sacre," Bliss has taken the tone of what one might call the jazz romanza for the lulls. If the piece were condensed it would make a deeper impression, as there are redundancies. The ideas and the musical idiom are, however, fresh and vivid.

Koussevitzky, aided by Maier and Pattison, gave eloquent interpretations of these numbers. The Bach concerto, in its modern dress, was extraordinarily lovely for two movements, only to end with a rather conventional and trivial finale. Mr. Pattison's cadenza, written for the first movement, was effective, granted the use of cadenzas at all. The skill of the two pianists in ensemble was as always, extraordinary.

Koussevitzky overstressed Haydn's music. Haydn does not need to be modernized. He will always be "Papa Haydn," naive but never dull. Why try to make him as energetic as Honegger's locomotive? Ravel's "La Valse" has been played here before, but never with the imaginative insight and emotional gusto Koussevitzky imparted to yesterday's performance. The Viennese rhythms in the piece underlined the composer's ironic comment on the era when "La Valse" was written, 1914-1918. Or, so it seemed. P. R.

## Music in Boston

### Monitor, Dec. 20, 1924 Maier and Pattison Are Boston Symphony Soloists

The ninth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Haydn—Symphony in G major (B. & H. No. 13).

Bach, C. P. E.—Concerto for two pianos.

Bliss—Concerto for two pianos.

Hill—Scherzo for two pianos.

Ravel—"La Valse."

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison were the pianists.

The time was when Mr. Cortot was accused of usurping more than his share of a Symphony program because he appeared twice during its course. But Mr. Cortot is a musical personality whose presence would be overwhelmingly felt even though his efforts were confined to a few instants of playing only. This is not the case with Messrs. Maier and Pattison, and, although three pieces out of the five on the program were allotted to them (and one of these pieces consisted of three fairly developed movements), they failed to create the impression that their presence on the stage for so great a part of the afternoon was of any moment.

This may have been in part due to the music which they played, in part due to the fact that two pianos are decidedly not better than one, and partly due to the style of playing which these gentlemen cultivate, a style which is neat, graceful, smooth (all good qualities these), but of little depth of sentiment. Consequently, although at first marveling at the perfection of their ensemble (for it is as near perfect as may be) we tire after a time of this somewhat shallow playing, excellent though it may be in many respects. By all means let us hear Messrs. Maier and Pattison at the Symphony concerts, but in reason!

#### Bach's Concerto

And now to return to the music. Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, if not a great genius like Wilhelm Friedemann, was the great Sebastian's most talented son. He has left much charming music, particularly solo

sonatas, but he must of necessity, as is the case with all composers, have written much that was more or less perfunctory. In this latter category this concerto of yesterday afternoon may be placed. The care which Messrs. Maier, Pattison and Koussevitzky lavished upon it was worthy of a better cause. Through three movements it politely ambled along, with soothing monotony.

Not so the Concerto of Bliss. Of monotony there was aplenty, but not of the soothing variety. Mr. Bliss likes not the combination of the piano and strings. Consequently this concerto is scored for wind, percussion and pianos only. But if anything is to be omitted from the conventional composition of the modern orchestra, why not omit the two pianos. Yesterday we for one could not discover that they added materially to the general effect.

#### More Than Color Needed

As to the music itself, there is little to be said. There are a few measures here and there which arrest the attention by reason of an altogether delightful orchestral coloring, but there must be something more to a composition than occasional splashes of color. However, it is the fashion nowadays to consider disagreeable sounding, ill-written music as a sign of genius and progress. If the hearer protests against it, he is calmly told that he does not understand, and that it sounds perfectly well to those whose ears are educated in such matters. We venture to state, nevertheless, that the music of Stravinsky (and will anyone deny that he is sufficiently advanced?) does not produce this effect, and there are other names which might also be cited.

To conclude their part of the entertainment Messrs. Maier and Pattison played a Scherzo by Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, the eminent Harvard professor. In this piece Mr.

Hill timorously ventures into the field of "jazz." Again and again he begins a real "jazz" tune, a real "jazz" rhythm, and just as he seems about to throw all discretion to the winds he suddenly recollects that he is a professor of music in a stately



university, and drawing his academic robes about him, scuttles to cover. The effect is disconcerting to say the least. Not in this way would a Chabrier have treated such a subject.

The "jazz" style, if such music may be said to have style, is essentially coarse. If music is to be written in this manner, let it by all means be coarse. We almost were on the point of quoting an old saying about a silk purse. We might also in this connection mention another concerning a shoemaker. But after all we are convinced that the bright lights of Broadway are more conducive to the production of music of this character than are the classic shades of Harvard. Mr. Hill is an excellent musician and an imaginative composer. He may be pardoned this slight lapse of judgment. In the words of a popular novel "Professor, how could you?"

The good "Papa" Haydn was in strange company yesterday, yet did not come off badly. Mr. Koussevitzky played his symphony delightfully. Ravel's "La Valse," too, received a brilliant and sympathetic performance. S. M.

## PIANISTS JAZZ WITH SYMPHONY

Maier and Pattison  
Play Hill's Scherzo  
for Two Pianos

Post — Dec. 20/24

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Hunt the composer was the game played at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon—but scant suc-

cess attended the efforts of most of the participants.

As next to last number on the programme came, in its initial performance, Edward Burlingame Hill's "Jazz" Scherzo for two pianos, with Guy Maier and Lee Pattison as the soloists, and the audience liked the piece mightily. In answer, then, to the continuing applause Mr. Koussevitzky and the pianists returned again and again to the stage—but, though there was much craning of necks, the composer was nowhere to be found.

### IN REAR BALCONY

Finally Mr. Koussevitzky, with a broad smile and a twinkle in his eye, shrugged his shoulders and shrugged them again, as though to say: I know it is not us you want to see, but what can we do about it? And then, just as a few began to realize that Mr. Hill was in fact modestly bowing from his seat in the rear of the first balcony, Mr. Maier raised a silencing hand to announce: "We are looking for Mr. Hill. Is he here?"

There were answers of Yes," but meanwhile that composer had once more sunk into the obscurity of his balcony seat, and the ovation that all were eager to accord him was thus successfully shunned.

### Not in Best Vein

Beyond question this Scherzo is a highly ingenious and a most diverting piece. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that it did not quite fulfill the expectations aroused by its composer's less pretentious Jazz Study for two pianos that Messrs. Maier and Pattison have so frequently played here.

Faced with a full orchestra and two pianos besides, Mr. Hill seems to have been over-conscious of the traditional dignity of his medium and hence fearful of writing the sentimental melodies and the obvious rhythms without which jazz as not jazz at all. One eye, or rather one ear, Mr. Hill turned toward Broadway, but the other, it would seem, was on the Champs Elysees. Almost it was as though Milhaud or Stravinsky were striving—as, indeed, each has—to assimilate the, to him, exotic idiom.

### Misses the Stvor

Beside Mr. Hill, artful, expert, sophisticated, Mr. Gershwin of the Rhapsody in Blue," who did not even make the orchestral score of his own music, is

but a little boy playing with his blocks. Yet for all its haltings and its uncertainties, the Rhapsody has the raciness and the savor, yes, the genuineness of feeling, that Mr. Hill's Scherzo comes so close to missing altogether.

Very nearly did it come to being Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison's concert yesterday. A delightful performance of one of Haydn's finest Symphonies, that in G major of the Beethoven-like Largo, was followed by a two-piano Concerto of Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach. Fading and faded much of this latter music assuredly is, yet it has its many pages of charm, and it was superbly played yesterday by soloists and orchestra.

### Bliss' Concerto Weak

Then, the intermission over, the pianists reappeared to be heard, before the Jazz Scherzo, in the first performance of a Concerto for two pianos, wind-instruments and percussion, by Arthur Bliss, the independently-minded young Englishman who now resides in California.

Mr. Bliss was already favorably known to Boston through his provocative "Color Symphony" and by some striking songs, while much of his other music has been warmly praised abroad. The Concerto yesterday, however, seemed on one hearing a piece laboriously contrived and singularly barren of original ideas, if not of novel procedures. The reproach to be levelled against Mr. Bliss' latest music is not that it disdains accepted canons of beauty, but rather that, despite certain energetically rhythmized passages and an English horn solo that recalls the Shepherd of "Tristan," it is empty and dull.

### Ravel Idealizes the Waltz

To this mingling of the 18th and the 20th centuries was added yesterday Ravel's brilliant diversion, "La Valse," music that, though still of the 20th century, would recall a scene from the middle years of the 19th. Heard immediately after Mr. Hill's Scherzo, "La Valse" inevitably prompted the reflection that no composer has yet glorified jazz as Ravel has here idealized and transfigured the Viennese waltz. And incidentally this jeu d'esprit received yesterday a performance gorgeously brilliant and superbly rhythmical.

And yet it was possible to feel that "La Valse" was not too happily placed on yesterday's programme. After so much artifice a taste of music more deeply felt would have been doubly welcome. At least one hearer betook himself from Symphony Hall remembering gratefully that unforced gaiety of Haydn's Finale, the breadth and calm of his Largo.

No, good friends, music is neither as young nor as fresh as once it was.

## HAILING MR. BLISS, SALUTING MR. HILL, CLAPPING PIANISTS

Trans. — Dec. 20, 1924  
LIVELY AFTERNOON AT SYMPHONY  
HALL

Two Pianos and Music Thereof—A Concerto of Chinese Clangors—A Scherzo Extracting the Bouquet of Jazz—Classic Piece for Paired Talents—Mr. Koussevitzky Speeds and Points Haydn, Gives Ravel Free and Bitter Fling

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. They do. A year ago, Mr. Monteux set on the program of the Symphony Concerts "A Color Symphony" by Arthur Bliss. He put it there because it was modernist music that deserved a hearing, because it was individual music as well; because the composer stood high among the younger and the bolder Britons. The audiences that listened to "A Color Symphony" were accustomed to Mr. Monteux and his novel pieces. They did not regard him as a conductor "of authority," whatever that ancient and threadbare shibboleth may mean. Usually they took his "novelties" for granted. As it happened, Mr. Bliss was quite unknown to most of his hearers. As it also happened, his music lacerated ears not a few. Meagre was the applause that barely called him to the stage; while furious was the resentment both of the Symphony and of those who chanced to admire and to praise it. The impetuous, the superior, the case-hardened were more than usually vehement in the venting of their passion and their pain. As some said, they were also more than usually comic. Never again was music by Arthur Bliss to disturb the peace of Symphony Hall. Execrated "for all time" was his name upon the lists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

An exceedingly diminutive fraction of "all time" has since passed. Yet the program of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon bore anew the name of Arthur Bliss. It was set there by Serge Koussevitzky, decidedly a conductor "of authority," who for the while can do no wrong and make no error in the choice of music, even from the modernists. It signalled the playing of Mr. Bliss's new Concerto for



Two Pianos and Orchestra, with Mr. Guy Maier and Mr. Lee Pattison as paired pianists. Hereabouts they have long enjoyed the warm favor of a considerable public. The Concerto is indeed shorter than the "Color Symphony"; but intrinsically it is no whit less "shocking, lacerating and execrable"—that is to say altogether a modernist music. Now, however, admired and trusted sponsors were presenting it, as it were, for baptism. Could it be the right thing? Perhaps, after all, it was safer to applaud it. Since Mr. Bliss is on the other side of the continent he was not to be summoned; but twice and thrice Mr. Maier, Mr. Pattison and Mr. Koussevitzky answered for him; while warm and general were the plaudits. This time Mr. Bliss had submitted credentials and the gates of symphonic salvation opened wide before him. . . . Circumstances alter cases. They do.

Yet in itself Mr. Bliss's Concerto stood—or rather ran—upon a vigorous pair of legs, all its own. It is a short and unbroken music. It discards the string choirs because the composer believes such tone is unpleasantly at odds with the voices of pianos. To the full, however, it musters wind instruments, brass instruments and instruments of percussion; on the outskirts celesta, gong and bells. It tends also to sort the two pianos into the orchestra rather than to isolate and individualize them. Throughout, the Concerto teems with Mr. Bliss's habitual energy and propulsive power. He might have written it in a single heat, so swiftly and eagerly does it unfold. His rhythms spring and stride. His sonorities pierce the ear or beat upon it. Plainly he courts acrid and abrupt transition. Plainly he enjoys the manipulation, Stravinsky-wise, of blocks of sound. He has heard and remembered, or imagined and heard, a music of the Chinese Orient, thin and brittle, by gongs and bells, by wood-wind instruments in the higher registers, sharply colored. From a scrap of motif, he presses forward, expanding his clangorous music like a geometrical design, prickly surfaced, darting here, there and everywhere in arabesques of line and flares of color.

For the while the music stills and softens into the darker development of a quasi-melodic motif. The measures quiver with a quiet energy of creation. Not quite passionless is Mr. Bliss's spare and sinewy tune. Gracious to it are the ornamenting pianos. Yet the composer will not linger. Again he spurs the Concerto into those pseudo-Chinese sonorities; with might and main sets them a-clang; whirls, as it were, in his tracks and is done. An exhilarating and exciting music—a game with sonorities; a new sport with Chinese timbres and colorings; hammer hammer, hammer on the hard, hard road of precision and concision; throughout Mr. Bliss at the top of his form. As Tilde-

volleys at the net, so he whips about his figures and his timbres—whips and seldom misses. Now and again comes the longer drive of melodic measures.

Mr. Hill's Scherzo for Two Pianos and Orchestra, likewise played for the first time, is music of another temperament, purpose and voice. In the air are syncopation and jazz. They seep into Mr. Hill's study, interest, amuse, tempt him; while to and fro goes much true and not a little false gossiping. Plainly enough, here are procedures, here ways and means, by which the open-minded and adaptable maker of music may profit. Mr. Hill opens his mind, practises his hand upon a Jazz Study for Two Pianos, upon a Fox-Trot for Clarinet, upon other exercises; finally achieves the Scherzo, the Jazz Scherzo, of yesterday. The ironies, however, will be the ironies and somehow it has flowed into orthodox form—a sonata in miniature. It bears fresh witness to Mr. Hill's harmonic sense, adjusting foreground and background until the contours and the colors of the music stand in clear and flowing relief. He knows and he feels his orchestra and his pianos, writing for them with skill and fancy—the deft hand, the ready wit.

So provided and so proceeding, sets Mr. Hill to his jazz. He does not shirk the fox-trot rhythm, though he never enslaves the music to these monotonies. He is not afraid of an unmistakably "blue" tune, though he prefers to develop and diversify it rather than repeat it after the manner of cabarets and dancing-places. He syncopates as in the natural course and the desired accent of the music—not as one who takes thought and pursues a manner. Freely and aptly he scatters chromatic spice. For the pianos and for other instruments at will and need, he devises the arabesques and the filagree of jazz, weaving into them the wit, the ruses and the invention of a practised and attuned composer. Mr. Hill does not labor at an acquired idiom and, like Stravinsky or Milhaud, go stilted and ineffectual within it. No more is he self-conscious, either in condescension or in ambition, like this or that experimenter with jazz, from above or from below, in American music.

Say, rather, that Mr. Hill writes the jazz of a cultivated musician, who has learned a rude dialect and then transmuted and refined it into a speech of wit and caprice, suavity and charm. The processes are the fruit of skill and scholarship; but over them plays an essential lightness of mind, spirit and hand. In the vineyards of France, the traveller may taste the grape from the juices of which comes ultimately the wine of Burgundy. It seems a crude, a sourish grape. Even so is the primitive and natural jazz. That evening in his hotel, the traveller may drink and savor the matured wine. The bouquet, in itself, is a delicate intoxication. Akin is the

transmuted jazz of Mr. Hill's Scherzo.

Two ancients were prelude to these exercises of our own time; while an established modern gave them (as some might say) good riddance. The ancient for Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison was Emanuel Bach in a Concerto in E-flat major, played for the first time in Boston. In the quick movements of the beginning and the end, the music runs with the grace of line, the freshness of figure, the light and fertile touch in development and ornament, that are the pleasure of these pieces to twentieth-century hearers. We call them classics, because they possess this vitality perpetual and unwithered. Yet in the ears of the patrons of Emanuel at Hamburg, of Johann Sebastian at Cöthen, of Wolfgang Amadeus, surnamed Mozart, at Salzburg such a Concerto came and went as so much salon-music. Even to the diligent composers, writing less by impulse than from the necessity of daily bread, it may hardly have seemed more—a task and a trifle.

Possibly, however, the slow movement saved the pride of those that wrote and occasionally set a prince or a rich burgher to reflecting. For in these instrumental songs dwells a lasting beauty or a charm by the years undulled. In fact, in this Concerto of Emanuel Bach the Larghetto has audible modern suggestion. Throughout, Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison caught the flow and the flavor of this ancient music; kept to that oneness of tone which is their unique possession; played at colloquy and every other give-and-take; met and parted only to run back again in little smiling races. With Mr. Bliss's Concerto the paired pianists were as sharp-set, sonorous and impetuous as he. They heightened the wit, caprice, artifice of Mr. Hill's cultivated jazz. Yet only in the ancient Concerto did they seem quite their normal selves.

Mr. Koussevitzky had his inning in a Symphony by Haydn (Number 13, in G major) and in Ravel's tone-poem, "The Waltz," heard for the third time within two years at these concerts. Fleet of pace, light of hand, bright of accent was the conductor through the first Allegro: pointing and polishing it as a craftsman the facets of a jewel. In his usual pursuit of contrast, slow were the course and deep the tone of the succeeding Largo. It is not quite the truth that Mr. Koussevitzky sentimentalized the song; but caress it he certainly did; while reluctantly he quit its side. His light touch, his ear for the well-molded phrase, smoothed and rounded the Minuet. Haydn incredibly gay; Haydn gravely musing; Haydn courtly and brocaded; finally Haydn swift as he used to be in Dr. Muck's day and no less incisive in the returning motifs of the Rondo. For once a modern orchestra—heavy strings and all—was as quick and supple as the music; while only for passing instants, did speed smirch into blur. Not

yet is the orchestra quite the transparent instrument of Dr. Muck's achievement and Mr. Koussevitzky's ambition. It had no need to be in Ravel's tone-poem, since the conductor is plainly of those who would lay on with "The Waltz" and spare not. In stress came the dance into being. Feverishly, it gained, voice, body, motion. Hard did Mr. Koussevitzky and Ravel smite it with dissonance; grind it between the shocks of opposing timbres; shiver and shatter it into the flying fragments of the end. Beyond question, the conductor—an intimate of Ravel—holds to the ironic, the brutal view of the music: A dance of hysterical sensualists over the ruins of a tumbling, reeking world. H. T. P.

## Well on the Way

The Guarantee-Fund for the Symphony  
Orchestra Touches \$73,695

BY report of the program-book at the Symphony Concert yesterday, approximately \$3,400 has been added to the fund that offsets the annual deficit in the treasury of the orchestra. On Dec. 13, the sum total of subscriptions was \$73,695.90, leaving \$10,304 to be pledged out of a desired \$84,000. "The orchestra can be carried on only by the generosity of those who believe it important in the life of Boston and are willing to help it financially." The speedier the help, the more assured and free-handed are the trustees. The list of recent subscribers names:

Balch, Mrs. John.  
C. S. D., in memory of.  
Duff, Mr. and Mrs. John.  
Eisemann, Julius.  
Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay.  
Gilmore, Mrs. G. L.  
Harding, Emor H.  
Harris, Frances K.  
Nickerson, William E.  
Peabody, Mrs. W. Rodman.  
Richardson, Mrs. F. L. W.  
Rogers, Howard L.  
Sherman, Henry H.  
Stackpole, Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont L.  
Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S.

Subscriptions, in any sum, should be sent to E. B. Dane, Treasurer, at 6 Beacon Street.





Arthur Bliss  
Of the Younger British Choir



## Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, at 8.15 o'clock

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . Suite from "Christmas Eve" (after Gogol)  
(First time in Boston)

Prelude (Christmas Eve) — Play and Dance of the Stars  
(Mazurka—March of the Comet—Round Dance—Czardas:  
Shower of Falling Stars) — Polonaise.

Schubert . . . . . Unfinished Symphony in B minor  
I. Allegro moderato.  
II. Andante con moto.

Rigel . . . . . Symphony in D major  
(First time in America)  
I. Allegro.  
II. Andante.  
III. Presto.

Stravinsky . . . . . "Le Sacre du Printemps" ("The Rite of  
Spring"), A Picture of Pagan Russia

- I. The Adoration of the Earth  
Introduction — Harbingers of Spring, Dance of the  
Adolescents — Abduction — Spring Rounds — Games  
of the Rival Cities — The Procession of the Wise  
Men — The Adoration of the Earth (The Wise  
Man) — Dance of the Earth.
- II. The Sacrifice  
Introduction — Mysterious Circles of the Adolescents  
— Glorification of the Chosen One — Evocation of the  
Ancestors — Ritual of the Ancestors — The Sacrificial  
Dance of the Chosen One.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Rigel's symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Drawn from Photograph by Lipnitzki, Paris  
IGOR STRAVINSKY

# SYMPHONY GIVES 10TH CONCERT

Rimsky-Korsakov Suite Is  
Heard in Boston for  
the First Time

*Herald Dec. 4, 1924*  
KOUSSEVITZKY HAS  
CONTRAST PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows:

Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite from the opera "Christmas Eve"; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Rigel, Symphony, D major; Stravinsky, "Le Sacre du Printemps."

The Polonaise from Rimsky-Korsakov's Suite was played in Boston at a "Pop" concert last May. The other movements were heard here yesterday for the first time. The subject of the opera, based by the composer on Gogol's story, is the same as that of Tchaikovsky's "Lea Caprices d' Oxane," performed here by a Russian Opera Company in 1922, but Rimsky added to the story much that was fantastical. The music heard yesterday was not of a fantastic nature. The Prelude (Christmas Eve) has two themes, the first, beautiful in its purity and serenity. (The opera begins with a scene on a moonlit night.) The orchestration is charming. In the following movement a rapid flute solo was played brilliantly by Mr. Laurent. The Polonaise, with its suave middle section, might have been written by a less gifted composer. Tchaikovsky's Polonaise in a Suite has greater pomp and swing. Years ago Theodore Thomas used to put Meyerbeer's Torchlight Dances on his programs. These pieces, composed originally for brass instruments and for the wedding festivities of Princesses of Prussia, more or less in the nature of a polonaise, seemed in the Seventies as played by Thomas's man to be the last word in splendor of stateliness. Then there is Liszt's first polonaise for piano, orchestrated by Mueller-Berghaus, once a favorite piece which even Mr. Gericke, fastidious in taste, conducted at a Symphony concert in 1887.

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony has been regarded by many conductors as a purely lyrical work, and they have avoided dramatic contrasts, and passionate outbursts. As a result, the performances have often been sentimental, sugary, and monotonous in spite of the inherent melodic beauty. The music, however, admits of a dramatic reading, and the lyric measures gain thereby. Mr. Koussevitzky began as if the opening for basses had been marked "misterioso"; as if there was even sinister foreboding, as in the famous measures for double basses that announce in Verdi's opera the coming of Othello with murder in his soul, into the bed chamber of Desdemona. There were certain liberties taken by Mr. Koussevitzky in tempo, chiefly in measures preparatory to the announcement of a new musical idea, measures of modulation. There was no slackening of pace in the song first sung by the violoncellos, a liberty taken by conductors who wish it to be read "with great expression." The simplicity of the reading yesterday made the song the more beautiful. The famous outburst after the first section of the first movement was intensely dramatic, and here the imagination of the conductor was as illuminating as the poetic spirit in which the lyric pages were conceived. If here and there in the second movement there were stretches that seemed tame—we do not refer to the exquisite pages for oboe and clarinet solos—the fault was in the music itself, for this Andante falls below the opening Allegro. No doubt it is fortunate for Schubert's fame that he did not complete the symphony. He could hardly have hoped to write a Scherzo and Finale worthy of the first movement.

This little symphony—really a suite—by Henri Joseph Rigel of the 18th century was probably performed for the first time in this country. We say probably, for much French music was played in the United States in the 18th and early in the 19th century. The symphony is simple, easy going music, without any marked distinction, yet it differs somewhat in character from the Italian and German orchestral music that was contemporaneous and of an earlier date. Mr. Koussevitzky revived this symphony at his concert in Paris on May 3, 1923; in Paris where this music was first heard. Not all of the old orchestral pieces bear revival. There is a song, "All Coons Look Alike to Me." Too many allegros of ancient days sound alike; Bach's are no exceptions. Only the giant Handel is still imposing.

Whatever may be said of honest Rigel's music it served as a contrast—and Mr. Koussevitzky revels in contrasts—to Stravinsky's extraordinary composition. It still appears after several hearings, to be chiefly remarkable for its rhythmic ingenuity and rhyth-



mic fury. No one in these days should object to the wild dissonances. When the ballet is on the stage, the occasional cacophony, as some would have it, may assume significance. As music, not pure and simple, but impure and complex, without the scenes and the dancing on the stage, it has one grievous fault: it is not interesting, especially after the surprise of the first hearing cannot be renewed. Surprise may be the chief element of wit; it is not the chief element of music. As concert music, "The Procession of the Wise Men" is perhaps the most impressive; the work still excites curiosity. It has been rumored through the city that the composition is sensational, and as many crave excitement and find rasping of the nerves pleasurable to the soul, many were yesterday turned away.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program for Jan. 9, 10 will differ from that announced in the program book. Bach's concerto has been dropped for the time being. Elgar's orchestration of Bach's Fantasia and Fugue (C minor) will be heard here for the first time. Respighi's Concerto Gregoriano for violin will be played by Mr. Spalding, but not "not for the first time in America." The program will also comprise "The Ride of the Valkyries," excerpts from the third act of "The Mastersingers" and the overture to "Rienzi." This is the latest announcement concerning the next program.

## "RITES OF SPRING" GIVEN BY SYMPHONY

### Koussevitzky's Reading of Piece Is Delicate

*globe* — Dec. 27, 1924  
Koussevitzky gave at yesterday's Symphony concert his eagerly awaited reading of the most discussed piece of music of the past decade, Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring." Monteux, who conducted the original performances of the ballet from which this orchestral suite is drawn, gave last season at two pairs of concerts a remarkably brilliant reading of "Rites of Spring." He made the piece the most exciting, the most stimulating to the nerves, of anything he had conducted in his five years here. What one remembered afterward was the frenzied noise of the climaxes. The word which most aptly characterizes the Koussevitzky reading heard yesterday is "delicate."

Now, since Koussevitzky's music publishing business published "The Rites of Spring," there is much reason for believing that he, too, has firsthand knowledge of how Stravinsky intends his music to be played.

Stravinsky is himself to appear as guest conductor and piano soloist at the Symphony concerts later in the season. If he puts "Rites of Spring" on his program we shall be in possession of the authentic interpretation of the music, if any audience can possess such a thing.

But is there such a thing as an authentic interpretation of anybody's music? Would Stravinsky himself, or any composer, always conduct or play his own music in the same manner? Koussevitzky thinks not, if his conducting since he came to Boston is evidence.

Yesterday, for instance, he gave a reading of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," quite different from any other heard here. When the orchestral score says "andante con moto," as in the second movement of this symphony and the slow movement of Beethoven's C minor, Koussevitzky conducts "adagio," that is much more slowly and solemnly than the written direction indicates as the composer's intention.

Koussevitzky remembered Schubert's admiration for Beethoven, perhaps. At any rate he believed Schubert in this B minor symphony to be a dramatic composer, not a mere writer of pretty songs. There was more clarity of line, more nobility of style than one expected. So conceived the music is extraordinarily moving and never sensational.

According to Koussevitzky, it is the yearning, the passion, the mystery of youth rather than its barbaric exuberance that Stravinsky has expressed in "Rites of Spring." These qualities he made felt in his reading. One felt the mood of the primitive savage, half brute and half demigod, through the music.

One grasped the themes and the rhythms more readily in a delicate, perfectly controlled, never very noisy, yet almost painfully intense performance, guided by Koussevitzky's remarkable imagination and equally notable control of the men under him. Since this reading is as vital as Monteux', the fact that it differs does not really matter. Nor does it matter if Stravinsky himself leads the music otherwise.

The other numbers were new to Boston, but neither of them amounted to very much. In honor of the Christmas season the concert began with a suite from Rimsky Korsakov's opera "Christmas Eve" composed in 1894, in Rimsky's best days. If the three fragments played are fair specimens, this opera is hack work of the most banal description, utterly unworthy of the composer of "Le Coq d'Or" and "Scheherazade." They illustrate the Russian habit of saying the same thing over and over without ever getting anywhere, or in musical terms of repeating themes without either developing or varying them.

All composers, even Bach, Beethoven and Wagner do this. Stravinsky, a Russian, does it often. Rimsky Korsakov never does anything else.

A little "symphony" by an 18th century Parisian conductor, Rigel, was another illustration of the aforesaid vice.

It was really a little suite in three very brief movements, childishly simple. The pieces Mozart composed as a child of 4 are much better written and far more beautiful, as the specimens in Abert's Mozart prove. But a conduction in quest of novel music cannot always be lucky in his finds.

There will be no Symphony concerts next week, as the orchestra goes to New York. P. R.

## HOLIDAY MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

### "Christmas Eve" Suit and a Symphony From 1770

*Post* — Dec. 27, 1924

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Rich and varied was the fare that Mr. Koussevitzky offered his hearers at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon.

And the seemingly erratic ordering of the programme served once more to emphasize the fact that Mr. Koussevitzky has no need to rely upon chronology, or upon any other stereotyped classification to gain unity, contrast and climax.

#### CROWNED BY THE "RITE"

Since this pair of concerts falls within the circle of "Christmas week," Mr. Koussevitzky set first upon his programme a suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Christmas Eve"; followed its light charms and rich sonorities with the romantic glow of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony; next harked

back to 1770 with a "new" Symphony by the little-known Henri Joseph Rigel; and crowned the whole with Stravinsky's cataclysmic "Rite of Spring."

To discuss first the novel pieces of the afternoon, the excerpts from Rimsky's opera, itself unknown to America, proved music of ready appeal that is yet not superficial; music not remarkably imaginative, yet by no means without the atmosphere that Gogol's tale suggests; and music scored with the composer's unerring feeling for instrumental coloring. And a festive note, likewise appropriate to the holiday season, sounded in the brilliant Polonaise, already heard here at a Pop Concert, that brought the suite to an end.

#### Of Dainty Elegance

Already long is the list of Mr. Koussevitzky's resurrections from the 18th century, and among the happiest of them is this tiny Symphony of Rigel, music quite exceeding in interest the mild and gentle Symphony of Boccherini, or Corelli's stodgy Concerto of last week's concerts. Almost too slight to be termed a Symphony at all, Rigel's little work has a Gallic elegance and nicety, while the final Presto might credibly have been signed by Mozart.

To turn, then, to the familiar compositions—for Stravinsky's epochal work, yesterday heard for the fifth time in Boston, may be now be accounted familiar music in Symphony Hall—Schubert's matchless fragment received yesterday a performance of surpassing eloquence and beauty.

#### New Beauties in Schubert

Not for long has Boston harbored a conductor wholly responsive to Schubert. With him the Catholic Muck seemed singularly unsympathetic, and although Mr. Monteux had abundant feeling for what may be termed the facts of his music, its poetry and its romance in measure ever escaped him.

Almost as a revelation, then, came yesterday's glamorous performance. In the first movement were perceived new depths; in the Andante instrumental voices, oboe, horn and clarinet were as tongues of gold. How Schubert would have rejoiced in such playing of the music that harsh Destiny would not let him hear.

#### Vastly More Eloquent

And in the "Rite of Spring" Mr. Koussevitzky accomplished yet another marvel. In advance it seemed reasonable to suppose that this music, at once stark and complex, direct in its appeal yet intricate of facture, would sound much the same from any conductor capable of directing it at all. Not so. From the



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mysterious opening to the overpowering close came ever new beauties and new intensities, new subtleties and new excitements. More strictly musical, more homogeneous seemed the "Rite of Spring" yesterday and withal vastly more eloquent of all that Stravinsky would express in it.

Another 10 years may pass before the "Rite of Spring" may sound as normal, as accustomed, as the once baffling music of Strauss or Debussy sounds today. Already, however, enough of its strangeness has passed from it amply to prove that in that alone lies not its extraordinary sway over the responsive and open-minded listener.

Nor should these comments close without a word for the virtuosity of the orchestra. Yesterday in such desperate tests as the music of Rimsky-Korsakov and Rigel, Schubert and Stravinsky, it quite outdid itself.

## MUSIC OF BEAUTY, MUSIC OF FRENZY, MUSIC OF TRIFLE

Trans. — Dec. 27, 1924  
LONG GAMUT AT THE SYMPHONY  
CONCERT

Naive and Empty Eighteenth-Century  
Piece — Rimsky-Korsakov Among the  
Stars—Mr. Koussevitzky from Song with  
Schubert to Savagery with Stravinsky—  
The Answering Orchestra

**O**NCE upon a time there was a collector of eighteenth-century snuff-boxes. The more of them he assembled the more interesting and remarkable did they become in his eyes. He liked to display them, one by one, to his friends; while often in company would he expatiate upon them. He was best pleased when he discovered some snuff-box that every other collector had overlooked. He fetched it home proudly; cleaned and polished it; scrutinized it until he believed it a notable snuff-box. Forthwith he gathered his friends around his table; set his treasure well in view; bade them look and admire. Possibly he was disappointed when they seemed to find it a very ordinary snuff-box in kind and, without more ado, went their ways. Thereafter, with more discretion and at longer intervals, he exhibited his "finds" to his circle and gradually it ceased to call him (behind his back) "a snuff-box stylist."

Comparable with this collector was Mr. Koussevitzky, when he set into the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon—"for the first time in America"—a Symphony in D major by one, Rigel, transplanted German, who flourished modestly as conductor and composer in Paris, through the last forty years of the eighteenth century. Mr. Koussevitzky may pass for a collector of such ancient music. Within three months at Symphony Hall he has played more of it than did his predecessors in a whole season or even two. Some of these eighteenth-century pieces were interesting to hear—the Concerto of Vivaldi, for example. One or another was genuinely impressive, like Emanuel Bach's Concerto. Yet a third seemed mediocre, say the Symphony of Boccherini; while a fourth—possibly the Concerto of Corelli—proved downright dull.

A step further yesterday went the conductor when he played this Symphony of Rigel. It was his own discovery; in Paris he unearthed it. There and elsewhere in Europe he played it. Now, he was eager to disclose it to his new public in America. It is indeed a brief music; but it is also shallow and empty. No merit of invention or workmanship distinguishes it. Superficial and bodiless it passes, gnat-like, upon the air—mere pattern of the musical time and fashion in Paris A. D. 1770. It is naive; but it is not quaint. It prattles; but it hardly charms. Doubtless fifty Symphonies akin to it were played at the Concerts Spirituels and the Concerts de la Loge Olympique in the Paris of that day. Fortunately no conductor or editor has yet rediscovered them, collected them, laid them before his public. It was no less possible to be ephemeral and conventional with "the tone-art" in the eighteenth century than it is in the twentieth. Even the indefatigable Dr. Burney was occasionally bored with the musical company he encountered from London to Rome and Hamburg. . . . There is no moral.

A far more agreeable and engaging trifle was the little Suite arranged by Rimsky-Korsakov from his opera of folk-tale and fantastical invention, "Christmas Eve." Therein we listeners kept company with comets and other heavenly bodies; heard a Czardas of falling stars; came to earth in a proud-paced, soundly rhythmed, Polonaise. Not only did we keep such entertaining company; but we heard also the sensuous charm, suavity and depth of Rimsky's voice when it is speaking in the wood-winds or the horns; the brightness of his tones when the strings are his instruments; his fancy and fertility in the devices of harmony and the play of timbres. Behold and hear a Rimsky who with a few suffusing chords and twinkling figures can outspread the star-pierced wintry heavens; who can set those stars a-dancing and persuade them into a fantastic Mazurka or Czardas; who knew comets and also the

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round dances of peasants and the polonaises of their betters. No doubt Rimsky's fantasy of vision sometimes outran his musical invention. Any lad at the conservatory will say that he repeats and embroiders rather than develops and deepens. Yet like the lady in the tale, he sins "charmingly, even beautifully"; while in these pieces from "Christmas Eve," the music keeps effortless pace with the fantasy. Rimsky was indeed a bearded and spectacled Professor in the Tsar's conservatory; but, when folk-lore tempted him, his measures played about.

Yet with Mr. Koussevitzky's Schubert—the Schubert of the Unfinished Symphony—we listeners were again on debating ground. First, last and all the time we shall be at odds over the conductor's version of the first movement. Half of us will say succinctly that we were "thrilled"; or, more extravagantly, that never before "had we heard such Schubert." The other half will reason higher and search deeper. Schubert's music—we shall say—may hardly bear the weight and incisiveness of tone that Mr. Koussevitzky laid upon the in its own sonorities; here also is a tone-poem alive and vivid with imagery—objective it is true, but the more potent for that virtue. Chaikovsky looked in his heart and wrote, and over much music-paper wrestled with himself in subjective tones. Stravinsky looks in his mind, sees as well as feels, translates into music—say the stirring of energy in the spring of the earth and of the folk; say the dark and dread world that imprisons and bounds them; say the frenzy of sacrifice that shall bring them assurance and relief. Such images evoke this new music of power; that power stimulates new imaginings, until both give birth to the mighty pages that begin and end the second part of "The Rite of Spring." For the while, in Stravinsky's tone-poem, this music of modern might barbaric begins and ends. Of the composers that we in Boston hear Prokofiev—and still more Bliss—only echo it. The nearest approach is the axe-like weight and sharpness of Honegger's "Horatius."

To "Le Sacre," Mr. Koussevitzky brought abilities and a temperament that made it at once more musical, more savage and more puissant than could Mr. Monteux. A cool head, a controlling mind, a clear musical insight direct the conductor's reiterated chords until they crashed. We shall add that, having crashed, he languished in an excess of lyric song; that he over-contrasted a Schubert dramatic with a Schubert sentimental; while to be the one or the other—"to the limit"—was not Schubert's way. Saying these things, moreover, we dissenters shall not subscribe to the easy-going doctrine that Schubert's music runs of itself, the conductor's rein, as it were, upon the oches-

tral neck. Far from it; for Schubert can be "interpreted" (as current lingo has it) as well as the next composer—"interpreted" and thereby glorified.

The proof was Mr. Koussevitzky's version of the succeeding slow movement. Never was he more the masterful conductor, who had reflected upon the given music, absorbed, designed and shapened it, to give it forth anew in his own image. Upon the orchestra he laid a clear will. It responded with a plasticity, a euphony, a beauty of many voices, unsurpassed in the prime of its predecessor as Dr. Muck's band. Here was tone softly incandescent with its own loveliness; tone in which the voices melted each into each; tone that, moving, parted the air with an infinite and melancholy grace. Here at last was the Boston Symphony Orchestra—blessed be the day!—at the acme of instrumental song.

In many ears as well, it was also the song of Franz Schubert, setting hand to what, had he lived, might have been his masterpiece in symphonies. The design unfolded and there was beauty in the curving contours. The design was in motion, and rhythm gave it life. Light and shade glamourised the surfaces. The molding of a phrase, the fall of an accent, were like ripple upon them. The songful voice was neither distorted nor obscured. A musing melancholy still transfigured it. Suffused was it with the loveliness of musical sound from Schubert upspringing. Suffused was it also from the well of sentiment which was this same Schubert. From within outward pulsed the music. The ear heard it to the depths, bathed in the beauty of transcendent orchestral tone. Sustained line set it in relief; while half-lights, so fine were the gradations, played upon it. Only a pedant would scrutinize Mr. Koussevitzky's ways and means, his regard or disregard for prescription and tradition. His worst detractor might reproach him with no more than Schubert over-conducted and therefore denied the spontaneity of the free-throated and instinctive singer. Yet here was not the restlessness of individual striving; only the calm of matured and assured accomplishment. The end justifies the means when the beauty of Schubert, singer of instrumental song, is so distilled upon the air. And has Mr. Koussevitzky, when he chooses, such an ear for tone? On that score not a remembered conductor in this music has excelled him.

For the fifth time within eight months Stravinsky's tone-poem of primitive and pagan Russia, "The Rite of Spring," was heard in Symphony Hall. From so many repetitions here in Boston in so short a space, most of us have forgotten that it is also music to a ballet of picture, action, dances. Yet so graphic was Mr. Kousse-



vitzky that time and again a few measures summoned, as in a flash of memory, the vision of the stage. Repetition, moreover, but deepens and confirms the original sensations. Here is rhythm raised to as high and diversified power as music has yet known. It scourges like whips. It pounds like the march of a tribe. It is various as the emotion and the imagery it would release. Here also is the new power of music moving in the mass, propelled by great chords, vivified by these rhythms, sustained by a kind of cyclopean design and progress. Here yet again is the new voice of barbaric harmonies, of timbres used for blow, and cut, and thrust, piercing, tearing, lacerating, suffocating at the composer's will. Yet in the new domain is room also for the old beauty, sharpened and intensified. Upon more than one passing page of "The Rite of Spring," Stravinsky still sings poignantly.

Above all the clatter about "absolute" music "moving in its own planes" "sufficient sweeps and ardors. Thereby he sustained, as does Stravinsky himself, the structure, the coherence, the steadily marching, unfolding and culminating design of "The Rite of Spring." He adjusted proportions, set in details as expertly as though he had an eighteenth-century symphony in hand. He made the little as well as the big strokes. He accomplished certain fusions of the rhythm where it may have run wilder than even Stravinsky willed. At the same time, he deepened the rhythmic blows and heightened the rhythmic frenzies; welded closer and flung wider Stravinsky's masses of tone; sharpened harmonies, isolated timbres; in the more songful measures made precision pierce with beauty. The orchestra lent him lustres of tone for the games of the youth; tone in black depths for the beginning of the sacrifice; the tone that quivers with mystery and then beats with frenzy as the rite is achieved. Nearer and nearer come we listeners to the mingling of primeval power and acute sophistication which, musically, is "The Rite of Spring."

H. T. P.

### Monitor Dec. 27, 1924 Mr. Koussevitzky Plays "Le Sacre du Printemps"

The tenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Rimsky-Korsakoff—Suite from "Christmas Eve."  
Schubert—Unfinished Symphony in B minor.

Rigel—Symphony in D major.  
Stravinsky—"Le Sacre du Printemps."

This program afforded further opportunity for observation and study of Mr. Koussevitzky as a conductor, for rightly or not, the chief interest in the symphony concerts at the present time lies in how he will interpret this or that piece, rather

than in the music itself.

Yet in these first 10 programs he has brought forward a quantity of interesting and worth while music. Much of it has been by Russian composers, it is true, but in years past we have not heard a sufficient amount of this music and have hardly been able to realize what a wealth of real beauty it contains.

Thus Rimsky's "Christmas Eve" was played yesterday for the first time in Boston. It perhaps reveals no new traits of its composer. There are the same glowing orchestral colors with which he has made us familiar. There is, too, that feebleness of inventive power of which the composer himself was not altogether unconscious. It is not music with a deep significance. No lengthy, learned commentaries are needed to elucidate its meaning. Anyone with a reasonable ear for music may understand and appreciate it. And for this let us be thankful.

Of the same character was the little symphony by Rigel. It is perhaps not of the eighteenth century at its best but it is so unpretentious and engaging in its disarming simplicity and artlessness that no one can fail to respond to it.

Mr. Koussevitzky brought nothing offensively radical to his interpretation of Schubert's masterpiece. It was a carefully thought out and well-balanced reading, although a distinctly personal one. Taken phrase by phrase, it was more often than not exceedingly beautiful and poetic.

The general lines, however, were often lost sight of in this meticulous polishing of every phrase. Many would perhaps prefer more of Schubert and less of Koussevitzky in their B minor Symphony. But it was treated with the reverence which so great a work demands, and the real character of this noble and pathetic music was never distorted.

Of course the chief interest of the afternoon centered around Stravinsky's "Rite," music which has caused much discussion and comment, without warrant as it would seem, for this is music which is clearly and unaffectedly written, which may be understood and enjoyed by all who choose to put themselves in an unprejudiced and receptive state of thought.

To be sure, there are unusual harmonic combinations, unusual orchestral colorings, to be found in its pages, yet there is a large store of melody as well. And there are sections which stir the imagination

as no other music of recent times does.

Who can listen unmoved to the introductory measures of the second part? the Mysterious Circles of the Adolescents? or the Ritual of the Ancestors? Or who can fail to respond to the powerful appeal of Spring Rounds? of the Procession of the Wise Men? Unusual and strange as this music may be, yet it is music in the highest sense.

Naturally comparisons must be made with the interpretation of it which Mr. Monteux gave last season, and these comparisons are not entirely favorable to Mr. Koussevitzky. The savage rhythms of many of the dances lost much of their primitive, elemental character at the latter's hands. There was often a lack of precision in the playing which Mr. Monteux would never have tolerated.

On the other hand, in the quieter portions Mr. Koussevitzky was perhaps more poetic, more imaginative. He had the great advantage of leading through this stupendously difficult work an orchestra which was already carefully trained in it and familiar with its dangers.

On the whole, it must be confessed that Mr. Monteux's conception of it seemed nearer being the true one. Only time and many hearings will determine this. And let us hope that it will be played at least once more this season. The public must have the opportunity of studying and learning this masterpiece of modern times, for, like it or not, a masterpiece it most undoubtedly is.

STUART MASON.

## FOR SECOND TIME NEW YORK JUDGES MR. KOUSSEVITZKY Trans. — Jan. 5, 1925 OVER TWO PIECES REVIEWERS ALL AT ODDS

The Conductor's View of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony Variousy Questioned and Affirmed—Mr. Newman for the Defense — "The Rite of Spring" as It Sounds, or Fails to Sound, from Another Russian's Hands

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ACCORDING to expectation, Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, heard for the first time in New York last Thursday evening, stirred some of the reviewers mightily. One—Mr. Henderson in The Sun—was well content, saying briefly:

Schubert's composition was performed with beautiful finish and with a fine appreciation of its classic romanticism. The conductor had some changes of tempi all his own, but his style was admirable.

Another—Mr. Taylor in The World—was merely contemptuous, setting down his scorn at more length:

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading was carefully wrought, fastidious and a little weary. The famous 'cello-passage in the first movement emerged in such an anæmic condition that it was almost buried beneath the flutes and clarinets of the accompaniment; while the violins throughout sounded juiceless and feeble. It was not a question of quiet playing, but of de-vitalized playing. The orchestra seemed to have just energy enough to play the appointed notes, with not a vitamin to spare.

There were fortes, of course, plenty of them; but even the climaxes had a quality of exhaustion, of nervous violence rather than power. The second movement went better. The lyric quality was more authentic and its lines were more unbroken. Yet even here Mr. Koussevitzky's reading was not extraordinarily imaginative. The end of the movement—virtually literal reprise of the beginning—was totally uninteresting, a repetition not alone of the notes but of the mood. No fresh light was thrown upon the music and one's attention began to wander.

In turn, Mr. Newman draws at length, in The Evening Post, the brief for the defense. "Listeners," he writes, "would like or dislike Koussevitzky's reading of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, according to whether they agreed or disagreed with him on certain general principles. As with all these old pieces, Koussevitzky, in my opinion, brings the symphony up to date by taking it back to date. The whole question is 'What is a classic?' Koussevitzky gives the seemingly paradoxical, but perfectly correct answer—'A romantic.' No classic was ever a classic to himself. He is only classic to us, who see him so far down the avenue of time that he is perspectivized, generalized—a creature of a simpler day than ours, a formula, a period, a style rather than a man. But to himself he was a romantic—not a formula or a style, but a highly charged complex of atoms. The usual way of playing a classic—especially the German way, with its respect for what is called, with unconscious humor, 'tradition'—is to make him fit the modern conception of what his own epoch must have been, which obviously could not have been the conception the men who lived in that epoch had of it: for it is dead to us, while to them



it was alive. Koussevitzky's way with the classic is to try to see him as he must see himself—a method that has remarkable results in, say, the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

"I would thus contend that it is the 'classic' conductors who romanticize an old composer, for they make him something other than what he was to himself; while Koussevitzky's apparent romanticization of him is really the genuine classicism, for it makes him walk the earth in 1925 as he must have done in, say, 1825. From this point of view, Koussevitzky's reading of the Unfinished Symphony is a remarkable raising of Schubert from the grave in which the false classicism of tradition has buried him.

"The psychological key to the first movement of the Symphony is surely to be found in the later tragic metamorphoses of the opening phrase. Here we see Schubert, as we so often do elsewhere, hag-ridden, working himself up into a paroxysm of terror and self-pity. Hence it is right to make the first enunciation of the theme, as Koussevitzky does, a mysterious foreboding of this terror, and to put an extra tincture of sweetness into the second subject each time it recurs—that theme that is manifestly Schubert's attempt to dream the terror and the horror away. If you do not agree with the psychological point of view, Koussevitzky's reading will be all wrong. If you do agree, the reading is the most impressive imaginable.

"One cannot dogmatize in these matters. One either starts from the conductor's premises or one does not. To those who, like myself, have always taken this view of a great movement that has been turned by the generality of conductors into a mere piece of musical sugar-candy, the performance was a stupendous piece of work, alike in conception and in the orchestral execution. And in the slow movement the playing was equally beautiful. We may wish, in the abstract, that Schubert could have said what he had to say without so much repetition; but at any rate the repetitions gave us time to drink our fill of the sheer sensuous loveliness of the wood-wind tone."

Finally, Mr. Gilman, in *The Herald-Tribune*, speaks for those that go the middle way of mingled assent and dissent. "Mr. Koussevitzky," he says, "feels this symphony as an intensely dramatic utterance—a thing of violent dynamic contrasts, vehement, highly colored, sharply contrasted; so that one is moved to look at the title page of the score to see if the composer's name does not read 'Franz Peter Ilyeh Schubert.' A whiff from the too heavily scented pages of another symphony in B minor appears to have blown upon certain measures of 'The Unfinished' in this Slavic version.

"Mr. Koussevitzky, indeed, is eager to finish what Schubert left unfinished. Though not in respect of duration; for Mr. Koussevitzky seems at times to take too much to heart the vow of Flaubert: 'May I die like a dog rather than hasten a phrase that isn't ripe.' And for Mr. Koussevitzky this ripening is a deliberate process. But we have in mind rather his tendency to declaim what Schubert confided; to insist where Schubert hinted; to italicize what Schubert intimated. Certain allegro-passages that have a quite simple and subordinate place in the scheme of the first movement, for example, are transformed into portentous adagios. The wistfulness of Schubert, always a little naive, always spontaneous, becomes empurpled, self-conscious. You fancy Schubert uncomfortable in buskins, his face twitching under his tragic mask.

"Sir George Grove found in the Unfinished Symphony 'the history of cruel disappointments and broken hopes'; and who can listen to those wailing E-minor phrases for the violins that are answered in imitation by the violas and bassoons, in the first movement, without hearing in them, the plaint of one who was acquainted with grief? And how truly dramatic this music is! But Mr. Koussevitzky is not content with letting Schubert flow through him. He tints the glass; he hangs crepe on the doorbell; and we hear a Schubert become a little shrill, a little melodramatic.

"No music comes alive until it has passed through the personality of an interpreter. There is no such thing as getting Schubert, or any other composer, 'straight.' It must always be Schubert plus—Schubert plus Koussevitzky, or plus Stokowski, or plus Damrosch; and we are not of those who would insist in this instance that Mr. Koussevitzky has mixed too much vodka and honey with this draught from the Schubertian spring. We must own that we have our suspicions, as confessed above. Yet heaven forbid that we or any other student of Mr. Koussevitzky's methods should oppose the spirit of tolerance, free inquiry, enlightened curiosity. . . . And so, although the Schubert of *The Unfinished* does not mean to us quite what it seems to mean to Mr. Koussevitzky, what of it? The point to remember in favor of his version is that it is consistent with its own laws; and it has true eloquence. And how admirably he played the Andante; how lovingly he dealt with the detail of the beautiful movement, and how sensitively he kept the focus right! That little phrase of three notes for the violas in the twenty-seventh measure, for example, with its essential A, that is so often slurred and nullified, had



Reproduced from an illustration in "My Musical Life," by N. A. Rimsky-Korsakoff. (New York: A. A. Knopf)

N. A. Rimsky-Korsakoff



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"The psychological key to the first movement of the Symphony is surely to be found in the later tragic metamorphoses of the opening phrase. Here we see Schubert, as we so often do elsewhere, hag-ridden, working himself up into a paroxysm of terror and self-pity. Hence it is right to make the first enunciation of the theme, as Koussevitzky does, a mysterious foreboding of this terror, and to put an extra tincture of sweetness into the second subject each time it recurs—that theme that is manifestly Schubert's attempt to dream the terror and the horror away. If you do not agree with the psychological point of view, Koussevitzky's reading will be all wrong. If you do agree, the reading is the most impressive imaginable.

"One cannot dogmatize in these matters. One either starts from the conductor's premises or one does not. To those who, like myself, have always taken this view of a great movement that has been turned by the generality of conductors into a mere piece of musical sugar-candy, the performance was a stupendous piece of work, alike in conception and in the orchestral execution. And in the slow movement the playing was equally beautiful. We may wish, in the abstract, that Schubert could have said what he had to say without so much repetition; but at any rate the repetitions gave us time to drink our fill of the sheer sensuous loveliness of the wood-wind tone."

Finally, Mr. Gilman, in The Herald-Tribune, speaks for those that go the middle way of mingled assent and dissent. "Mr. Koussevitzky," he says, "feels this symphony as an intensely dramatic utterance—a thing of violent dynamic contrasts, vehement, highly colored, sharply contrasted; so that one is moved to look at the title page of the score to see if the composer's name does not read 'Franz Peter Ilyeh Schubert.' A whiff from the too heavily scented pages of another symphony in B minor appears to have blown upon certain measures of 'The Unfinished' in this Slavic version.

"Mr. Koussevitzky, indeed, is eager to finish what Schubert left unfinished. Though not in respect of duration; for Mr. Koussevitzky seems at times to take too much to heart the vow of Flaubert: 'May I die like a dog rather than hasten a phrase that isn't ripe.' And for Mr. Koussevitzky this ripening is a deliberate process. But we have in mind rather his tendency to declaim what Schubert confided; to insist where Schubert hinted; to italicize what Schubert intimated. Certain allegro-passages that have a quite simple and subordinate place in the scheme of the first movement, for example, are transformed into portentous adagios. The wistfulness of Schubert, always a little naive, always spontaneous, becomes empurpled, self-conscious. You fancy Schubert uncomfortable in buskins, his face twitching under his tragic mask.

"Sir George Grove found in the Unfinished Symphony 'the history of cruel disappointments and broken hopes'; and who can listen to those wailing E-minor phrases for the violins that are answered in imitation by the violas and bassoons, in the first movement, without hearing in them, the plaint of one who was acquainted with grief? And how truly dramatic this music is! But Mr. Koussevitzky is not content with letting Schubert flow through him. He tints the glass; he hangs crepe on the doorbell; and we hear a Schubert become a little shrill, a little melodramatic.

"No music comes alive until it has passed through the personality of an interpreter. There is no such thing as getting Schubert, or any other composer, 'straight.' It must always be Schubert plus—Schubert plus Koussevitzky, or plus Stokowski, or plus Damrosch; and we are not of those who would insist in this instance that Mr. Koussevitzky has mixed too much vodka and honey with this draught from the Schubertian spring. We must own that we have our suspicions, as confessed above. Yet heaven forbid that we or any other student of Mr. Koussevitzky's methods should oppose the spirit of tolerance, free inquiry, enlightened curiosity. . . . And so, although the Schubert of The Unfinished does not mean to us quite what it seems to mean to Mr. Koussevitzky, what of it? The point to remember in favor of his version is that it is consistent with its own laws; and it has true eloquence. And how admirably he played the Andante; how lovingly he dealt with the detail of the beautiful movement, and how sensitively he kept the focus right! That little phrase of three notes for the violas in the twenty-seventh measure, for example, with its essential A, that is so often slurred and nullified, had

exactly the right shape and emphasis. There were many other instances of a similar fineness of perception and delicacy of ear."

In the same concert of the Boston Orchestra in New York Mr. Koussevitzky included also his version of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." Again impressions and judgments were divided. Once more, Mr. Henderson was altogether pleased:

The performance was magnificent. Mr. Koussevitzky knew the score and had penetrated to the innermost purposes. The orchestra had been perfectly rehearsed. Result, something that would have staggered Commonwealth Avenue and exploded the St. Botolph Club twenty years ago. But as Themistocles remarked to Antiphalles: "Time, young man, has taught us both a lesson."

And once more Mr. Taylor was wholly dissatisfied:

The performance was not up to the score. Mr. Koussevitzky grasped the Stravinskian nettle with discretion rather than valor, so that the music seemed to lose the scope and terrific propulsive force that other performances have revealed. His orchestra played with consummate virtuosity, but somehow without complete conviction. What, under harsher treatment, had seemed terrible, became at times almost vulgar; and passages the acrid harmonies of which used to claw and bite sounded merely discordant. It was almost as if Mr. Koussevitzky did not quite approve of primitive man.

For his part, Mr. Newman was more occupied with the withering (as he believes) of Stravinsky's music than with the quality of a performance "that for technical finish and understanding of the composer's intentions could probably not be bettered." In turn, Mr. Gilman candidly ventures the comparison between Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Monteux that, of course, was in every listener's mind. "We own," he writes, "to being a bit disappointed in Mr. Koussevitzky's performance of Stravinsky's 'Sacre du Printemps.' It seemed to us that the performances of the superb music which we heard last winter under Mr. Monteux were, in some respects, more thrilling, more dramatic. Mr. Koussevitzky was magnificent throughout the first part of 'The Rite'—especially in the gorgeous polytonal climax of the 'Rondes Printanières,' which for the third time overwhelmed us and took us captive. But in the frenzied sacrificial dance of the Finale, it seemed to us that he allowed the music to sag; the victim was too composed; for, after all, she is dancing herself to death, and we should share her excitement."

the toes like an old-time jester's ho

The young reindeer must be caught by a lasso—no easy job this—in order that each may be marked on the nose with his owner's name; and though the stranger every beast looks exactly alike, a Lapp will point out his own reindeer from the herd with unfailing knowledge. Nor does a Lapp remove his neighbor's mark.

The Lapp is courteous and kind and although he has suffered much at the hands of the tourist, retains his traditional hospitality to the wanderer upon the fjels to a remarkable degree provided that the ordinary courtesies are observed and no offensive curiosity is shown. And within his family circle the Lapp might serve as model of kindness to peoples theoretically far higher in the scale of civilization even his animals come within the range of his affection. Lapp puppies are most engaging and much indulgent specimens of doghood, and the life of a tame reindeer is happiness itself.

## LONG PRISON TERMS ADVOCATED TO CURB ILLICIT DRUG SALE

Special from Monitor Bureau

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17 — Prison terms instead of fines for law-breaking physicians and druggists were advocated here Wednesday by Dr. W. G. Summerville of Memphis, Tenn., in an address before the Southern Medical Association. This, he declared, would get at the root of much of the liquor and drug evil. In a summary, he said:

Strike at the very source of supply and, by international co-operation, limit the growth of the poppy. Eliminate the importation and manufacture of heroin for which there is no need in medicine. Eliminate all illegal channels of supply by proper federal supervision and drastic laws, entailing long terms of imprisonment for bootleggers and violators of the Harrison narcotic law.

The peddlers' trade is dependent upon supply and demand. It has been suggested to limit the supply by restricting the amount of poppy grown. This would require international co-operation, and would strike at the very root of the evil. On the other hand, if



## Eleventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 9, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach, J. S. . . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for String  
Orchestra in G major

Bach, J. S. . . . . Organ Fantasia and Fugue in C minor  
(Arranged for Orchestra by Elgar)  
(First time in Boston)

Respighi . . . . . Concerto Gregoriano for Violin and Orchestra  
(First time in Boston)

Wagner . . . . . "The Ride of the Valkyries" (Act III), "The Valkyrie"

Wagner . . . . . Prelude to "Lohengrin"

Wagner . . . . . Overture to "Rienzi"

SOLOIST

ALBERT SPALDING

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Respighi's concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





ALBERT SPALDING

## 11TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Bach, Respighi and Wagner  
Works Make Up the  
Program

### "RIDE OF VALKYRIES" GOES AT RAPID PACE

Herald — Jan. 10, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. Albert Spalding was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, G major, for string orchestra; Bach-Elgar, organ fantasia and Fugue, C minor (first time in Boston); Respighi, Concerto Gregoriano for violin and orchestra (first time in Boston); Wagner, The Ride of the Valkyries) Prelude to "Lohengrin" and Overture to "Rienzi."

Mr. Koussevitzky is in the habit of arranging interesting programs. Bach's Concerto was at first announced for this concert, then dropped, finally restored. but the announcement of the restoration was after the Program Book had gone to press. Although this old music was finely played, it might better have been omitted on the program of this concert, as Elgar's transcription of the Fantasia and Fugue followed immediately, and there was too much Bach without contrast. As the concerto is in two quick movements, some conductors have inserted as a second movement Bachrich's arrangement of an Andante from one of Bach's Sonatas for violin solo. Mr. Koussevitzky used the score of the Bach Society's edition, whereas in some former performances in Symphony hall the harpsichord played the "continuo" part.

Elgar was not the first to orchestrate music written by Bach for the organ; Vincent Novello arranged the Prelude to the "St. Ann's" fugue as far back as 1812. Transcriptions by Esser and Abert have been played here at Sym-

phony concerts. There is no irreverence in this, Bach himself did not scruple to exercise his ingenuity in transcriptions. The question is simply whether the orchestration is well done and whether the labor was worth while. Perhaps we are old-fogyish, but we prefer Bach's Preludes and Fugues in their naked beauty or grandeur to the doubtful adornment of modern and gaudy dress. Elgar was more successful in his treatment of the Prelude than in the brazen liberties he took with the fugue, for which he wrote with a pomp and circumstances that might inspire a military band to blow their wind and crack their cheeks. It is an old and thoroughly erroneous idea that the organ fugues should be played by organists from beginning to end with the full power of the instrument. We know from musicians who heard Bach that he was very skilful in registration, in blending timbres, in the use of solo stops. Elgar first transcribed the fugue and the first performance fired the British heart so that a repetition was demanded. The Fantasia scored afterwards, did not cause much excitement. It shows her workmanship.

Respighi's concert, first played by Mario Corti at Rome early in 1922, is an interesting work, often beautiful, at times impressive. The opening is charming in its pastoral mood. If here there is the suggestion of shepherds of the Campagna, in the later movements there is the reminder of a Roman basilica, intoning priests, the solemn and magnificent ceremonies of the Holy Church. The concerto is not for the glory of a virtuoso alone. Here is no display-piece to arouse gaping wonder. Respighi has written a symphonic work for violin and orchestra. The orchestral score is as important as are the solo measures. The second movement connected with the first by a cadenza is too long-spun out for its contents, and the attention wanders before the ending. This is a common fault in modern compositions; prolixity, the inability to stop at the dramatic or psychological moment; the composer's evident pleasure in his own musical flow even when it is shallow. Mr. Spalding gave an admirable performance, admirable in every way, technically and aesthetically. He richly deserved the tribute paid him by conductor, orchestra and audience.

The Ride of the Valkyries was taken at such a rapid pace that it might have been entered on the program as "The Galop of the Valkyries." We prefer a little slower tempo, not so slow as to suggest the passing of work horses past the reviewing stand but surely not so fast that one asks whether Wotan's daughters were able to keep seated. Mr. Ernest Newman wrote not long ago: "No one, I confidently assert, has really heard the Ride of the Valkyries who





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Respighi's concert, first played by Lucia Chert at Radio City in 1922, is an interesting work often beautiful, at times impressive. The opening is charming in its pastoral mood. If there is the suggestion of shepherds of the campagna, in the later movements there is the reminder of a Roman landlady, intoning priests, the solemn and magnificent ceremonies of the Holy Church. The concerto is not for the glory of a virtuoso alone. Here is no display-place to arouse gaping wonder. Respighi has written a symphonic work for violin and orchestra. The orchestral score is as important as are the solo measures. The second movement connected with the first by a cadenza is too long-drawn out for its contents, and the attention wanders before the ending. This is a common fault in modern compositions; probably the inability to stop at the dramatic or psychological moment; the composer's evident pleasure in his own musical flow even when it is shallow. Mr. Spalding gave an admirable performance, admirable in every way, technically and aesthetically. He richly deserved the tribute paid him by conductor, orchestra and audience.

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was not heard it on an orchestra of at least 200 hundred players." There was about half that number in the orchestra yesterday. Yet we in turn can confidently assert that our old and esteemed friend Apollo Belvedere heard the music distinctly perched high at the other end of the hall.

The long crescendo in the prelude to "Lohengrin" was carefully and effectively worked. As for the overture to "Rienzi" this blatant, bombastic, vulgar piece should not shoulder its way into a symphony concert. It is for a brass band on Boston Common, Braves Field, any place where one can hear it at a great distance, with plenty of room for a dignified exit at an early moment.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Glinka, overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla"; Glazounov, Symphony No. 8, E flat; Weber-Mahler, entr'acte from "The Three Pintos"; Franck, two movements from "Psyche"; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Liszt, "The Preludes."

## "RIENZI" CLIMAXES SYMPHONY

Spaulding's Masterly  
Playing Also a  
Feature

Post — Jan. 10. 1925  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Above Albert Spaulding's masterly playing of the solo part in Respighi's "Gregorian Concerto" for violin and orchestra, above Elgar's inflated transcription of an organ Fantasia and Fugue of Bach, in its first performance here, above even the perfectly achieved performance of the

Prelude to "Lohengrin," stood Mr. Koussevitzky's dramatic reading of Wagner's Overture to "Rienzi" as the crown and climax of the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon.

### MADE IRRESISTIBLE

Since the days when Dr. Muck made much of it as one of the highest-mettled of his war-horses a Boston audience has heard no such playing of the youthful Wagner's robustious piece. There was no vain attempt on Mr. Koussevitzky's part to mitigate the blatant commonness of the circus-trimmings that bedeck the main body of the Overture: rather in those portions did he lay on and spare not, till the very vigor of the music proved its own justification. And in the truly eloquent introduction the music attained, under Mr. Koussevitzky's hand, a rhetorical breadth and largeness wholly irresistible.

Respighi's Concerto aside, Bach and Wagner divided between them yesterday's programme—and on the whole the older master had hardly the better of it. Faintly suggestive of that immortal message "off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan," was the appearance, the disappearance, and the final reappearance upon this programme of Bach's third Brandenburg Concerto, in G major. And so far as one listener's pleasure in the concert was concerned, this piece, which represents Bach in the seemingly mechanical process of grinding out counterpoint by the yard might well have been "off again" once more.

### Better for Organ Score

Again, Elgar's arrangement of the Fantasia and Fugue seemed none too happy venture, although the music itself is of inherent greatness. But it were better, it would seem, to have left this music in the medium for which it was composed—and to which it is altogether suited—than to transfer it to the modern orchestra, with the tuba snorting out the pedal phrases and a bass drum enforcing the accents.

As has already been intimated, the performance of the "Lohengrin" Prelude was one of uncommon beauty. In flawless progress the music swelled to its mighty climax, and as flawlessly receded to its final breath of tone. So perfectly executed a crescendo and decrescendo are rarely to be heard in this or any other piece. Nor was yesterday's performance merely a dynamic tour de force. It was withal richly expressive, and of surpassing tonal beauty.

### Not a Symphony Piece

Hardly less eloquent in kind, for the matter of that, was Mr. Koussevitzky's version of the "Ride of the Valkyries." Yet once again it must be urged that this music, graphic and stirring though it is in its rightful setting, no more belongs in a symphony concert than does many another effective piece of theatre-music of less exalted authorship.

To come belatedly to the soloist of the afternoon and to his novel Concerto, it should first be said, and forcibly, that it is high time that Mr. Spaulding was hailed as a violinist of the first importance. Indeed, had he first come to us from Russia or from Bohemia it is altogether likely that his name would long ago have been one with which managers might conjure.

### Free From Showiness

A musician of serious aims and of high ideals, Mr. Spaulding has in the main elected to identify himself with unfamiliar music of interest rather than to be party to the ten-millionth performance of a concerto of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Tchaikovsky or Saint-Saens. Thus on the occasion of his last appearance with our Symphony Orchestra he introduced to us the Concerto of Dohnanyi, while yesterday he was responsible for the Boston premiere of that of Respighi.

In this "Gregorian Concerto" there are pages that might easily be spared, pages that have somewhat the effect of a soporific. Yet largely considered, this music commands respect. It is pervadingly lofty in thought and conception, and often it is rarely eloquent in expression. Deliberately religious in its atmosphere, purposely medieval in spirit if not in execution, this Concerto is gratifyingly free from any suggestion of showiness or empty display. Moreover, in the Andante Respighi achieves a cloistered beauty of utterance that is an unusual note in contemporary music, while a spiritual exaltation shines forth in the final Alleluja.

That Mr. Spaulding's playing of a concerto which nowhere truckles to popular favor should have received the acclaim bestowed upon it yesterday, is token not only of the innate worth of the music but also of the mastery, the fine fervor, the musicianly insight, of his performance of it.

### Albert Spaulding Soloist With Boston Symphony

*Monitor* — Jan. 10. 1925  
The eleventh program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Bach—Third Brandenburg Concerto  
Bach—Organ Fantasia and Fugue arranged for orchestra by Elgar  
Respighi—Concerto Gregoriano for violin and orchestra.  
Wagner—Ride of the Valkyries, Prelude to "Lohengrin" and Overture to "Rienzi."

Albert Spaulding was the violinist.

It is to be noted that this program included no composition by a Russian composer. That announced for next week, however, includes two. Elgar's arrangement of Bach's Fantasia and Fugue and Respighi's Concerto were played for the first time in Boston. Of Elgar's work there is little to be said. It is futility itself. As originally conceived for the organ this composition is not wholly without interest, although it is not the great cantor in his most expressive mood, but what useful purpose has been achieved in this arrangement for orchestra, which does not enhance its rather austere beauties and which is on the whole a plodding, honest but hopelessly dull piece of work?

Bach's third Brandenburg Concerto is another matter, as it was played more in the manner of its original conception. It would have gained yesterday had it been treated more kindly by conductor and orchestra. As it was, the performance was often insecure as to attack and general ensemble, and light and shade, grace and charm (for Bach's music cries out for these qualities) were conspicuous by their absence. Let us turn to pleasanter impressions of yesterday's concert.

### Respighi's Concerto

Mr. Spaulding is one of the very few violinists (if in point of fact not the only one) who ventures to play a new concerto at the symphony concerts. A little over two years ago he introduced Dohnanyi's to the Boston public, a work which made a lasting impression both as a composition and in the high quality of Mr. Spaulding's performance of it.



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The quality of Mr. Spalding's playing yesterday was no less fine than on that occasion, but it must be confessed that Respighi's Concerto is far from that of Dohnányi in musical interest. Nevertheless Mr. Spalding deserves the highest praise for having the courage to break with tradition and play it.

The beauties of the work are many. In the first place, its whole general plan and conception are novel. In it the composer would evoke the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. This he most successfully does, not only by the use of the Gregorian scales, but by a purity and severity of style which are uncommon in these cacophonous days. Not that the piece is unduly archaic, in a pedantic way. It is rather a modern impression of a past and almost forgotten time. Charm and color fill its unostentatious measures.

Unfortunately, it has one serious defect. It lacks contrasting episodes. The first and second divisions (played without pause) are in practically the same tempo and mood throughout and are unduly long drawn out. So too in the last movement is there an amount of meaningless repetition.

Mr. Spalding's playing of the work was flawless, technically and musically as well, and redeemed in a great measure the monotony of many parts of the composition.

#### The Wagner Excerpts

The second part of the program was devoted to selections from Wagner's operas, thrice familiar ones. In Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of the "Ride of the Valkyries" there was little new to the ear but much new to the eye. Some time since we read in a Parisian paper that M. Jaques-Dalcroze (the inventor of Eurythmics) offered a course for the benefit of orchestral conductors. Presumably this was designed to teach them "interpretative" gestures and motions. Did Mr. Koussevitzky undergo such a training or are his "interpretative" gestures of his own devising? Certainly they present an interesting study to those who enjoy such exhibitions.

What good purpose they may have served in bringing out the character of Wagner's music is more or less a matter of opinion. Would it not be possible to combine the functions of orchestral conductor and "interpretative" dancer and thus create a new "art."

The Prelude of "Lohengrin" was played with effective fervor. Mr. Mengelberg demanded two pairs of cymbals in his performance of it here in Boston. Mr. Koussevitzky was content with the customary number, yet for all that worked up an admirable climax. The orchestra was at its best in this piece, although its playing in Respighi's concerto was also praiseworthy.

STUART MASON.

## GLORIES OF BACH, WAGNER ASSORTED, ALSO SWEET STUFF

Jan. 10, 1925

### FARE AND SUM OF THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Koussevitzky Surpasses Himself with a Brandenburg Concerto Flooded with Life—Elgar as Transcriber and Transmitter—Respighi Does It Again in a Violin-Piece and Mr. Spalding Transfigures Him — "Lohengrin" and Also "Rienzi"

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**T**HERE is no theory and no practice—it is possible to say in haste—in the making of programs for symphony concerts. Conductors are believed to ponder them lengthily, deeply—to draft, revise, substitute, and erase again. Very likely: since some of them affirm that they follow a logic in the process and, with a little persuasion, will set forth "guiding principles." Yet, since human nature remains obstinately such, as often as not impulse may whip in a piece, and there is no other criticism than the outcome with the music, the orchestra and the audience. Consider, for example, the third of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos which was originally to begin the Symphony Concert of yesterday and which actually did begin it. Mr. Koussevitzky is said to think thrice, and even four times, about his programs. He inclined to this Concerto in G major; reconsidered once and withdrew it; reconsidered twice, and restored it. Be it impulsive or pondered, who, after the performance, thrilling above all the orchestral Bach of recent years in Boston, could have regretted the final decision? None—unless it be the eminent and learned editor of the program-book, unable late in the day to give it space upon his ample pages. Yet

as cold blood will have it, symphony concerts, and the programs thereof, exist for the pleasure of audiences rather than for the convenience of program-books. And, who—to question again—did not receive pleasure from that performance beyond compare?

The Rigels come and go with their little symphonies, and, may be, the listener is amused. The Corellis pass laden with their Concerti Grossi, and most hearers are frankly bored. The sons of the great Johann Sebastian may not avoid an audible unevenness. Yet their father abides most question, and Handel also endures. Pass to them, play their pieces as this Brandenburg Concerto was played yesterday, and almost every caviller is ready to agree with Mr. Koussevitzky that almost every concert should begin with an eighteenth-century music. Yet—there is not a doubt of it—this very Concerto was all in the day's work for Bach. To the best of recollections, no "authority" has ever counted it among his masterpieces, although twice two thousand of us, having heard such a performance as Mr. Koussevitzky's, will be ready to swear that there it ought to be.

For Bach is not Bach until he has been made to sound, and precisely that office the conductor fulfilled for him. The letter will not do the deed, since most of us remember hard experience with studious and faithful "exponents" of the all-father of music. Reverence falls as far short, since it sits prim and dry and docile, daring not. Reverence—it is possible also to suspect—is the last homage that the sturdy and human old cantor could ever have desired. It were best left to "thoughtful people," which is our twentieth-century locution for prigs. What Bach craves is the life that he wrought into his music; the life to be released from it; the life that yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky and the string choir outpoured.

When in this town has Bach ever sounded from an orchestra with such propulsive force and splendor of rhythm? Never in twenty years of recollection; while as rarely has he glowed with the sonorities in which the conductor and the singing strings now clothed him. Here went precision, resonance and above all else an instant plasticity, as certain as it was eager. Mr. Koussevitzky's pace was as a current, secure and supple, steady and deep. It shaped and sped the music. His hand unfolded gradients, tone that thrilled the ear. His accents, his modulations, struck fire to the listening fancy. Out of transitions, sonorities leapt or rhythms strode anew. The smallest figure and the farthest-flung phrase alike kept place and office. The pattern of the music opened, divided, dissolved and re-formed, while molten was every strand.

Not once did Mr. Koussevitzky let slip the line; but inexhaustible, within Bach's

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limits, was the play of his imagination. The vitality of the performance was emotion in itself. A music was recreated upon two thousand ears in the passion that may release and express itself because it is also of the mind, controlled. Bach incandescent; Bach in the superbest of strides; Bach bursting and splendid with sonorities. And all out of a mere concerto for a little group of instruments. What a composer! And much more than incidentally what a conductor and what a choir! Down the winds of imagination and power went the wizened wisps of the literal, the reverent, the thoughtful—with Bach. Here was a music re-flooded with its own pulsing life, in its habit as it lived. Mr. Koussevitzky's way with the classics is to vitalize them. So also, when his hand was hot upon the music paper wrote the composer—even the Bach of "reverence."

Yet Johann Sebastian has kept better company with transcribers than he did with Sir Edward Elgar enlarging to modern orchestra the Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, for organ. Probably Bach were best left to himself with the instruments of his choice. Certainly there was no excuse for Busoni transferring the Chaconne from violin to piano, and not too much for Liszt or Busoni again, lifting likewise from the organ. Yet the organ-pieces have long been accounted fair game for the transcribers to orchestra. Other hands preceded Elgar's. Schönberg's and Mr. Stokowski's have latterly done the deed. Nor with lack of understanding and sympathy, of scholarship or resource, may Sir Edward be reproached. His misfortune is merely Bach behind. Thickly woven into many strands, sonorous of voice, large of progress are the pages of the transcribed Fantasia. Insistently full-voiced and emphatic is the orchestra. Somehow under such handling even Bach coagulates—and the music will not flow. Length of life there is; breadth also, and thickness; but light and shade will not traverse them. Massive and concrete, but hardly plastic does the infinitely supple Bach become. For the first time, the listener suspects him as burgher-like, even stodgy.

More clearly, sounds the transcribed Fugue upon the ear with little background of organ-music. Elgar keeps the subjects sinewy and in stride, feels Bach's propulsive vigors; through the orchestra winds and unwinds the strands; gains the tang of harmonies, timbres, even dissonance. If Bach must don this reverberant mask Sir Edward fashions it understandingly. The wealth, the sweep of utterance sound unlesened. The new speech enlarges the old—enlarges, not deepens. Better Bach by himself and Elgar by himself—and through fourteen years the Boston Orchestra has not hitherto played so much as a page of the Briton's music. New lamps for old. Our Englishmen are Bax, Bliss, Vaughan Williams.



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The excellent Respighi is the Jason among living composers, not exactly finding the golden fleece, but achieving the golden mean. He did it, first, in the tone-poem of the Roman fountains. The stiffest-backed dowager of these matinées relaxed before the piece. The tenderest of maidens—if there are any such—clapped their pretty little hands. The eldest classicist heard the music and found it good. The youngest modernist smiled benignantly upon it. True, Signor Respighi kept an open ear toward Debussy; but he had a fancy of his own and an uncanny faculty in the writing of a music that sounded quite contemporary; yet in all ears sang and pictured. And now in the Gregorian Concerto for Violin, played yesterday by Mr. Spalding, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, Respighi has gone and done it again. (No other phrase quite fits the fact). The eminent and learned "programmist," this time unvexed by changeable conductor, recited the composer's graver purposes. There are Gregorian motifs in the Concerto, especially in the second division of slow song. The composer cultivates the voice of a music mediæval and churchly—by details more evident in the reading than in the hearing of his measures. He dreams his solo-violin back into the middle ages—into the shadows of the cathedral at Chartres or the basilica at Ravenna; finally into stained-glass glows. The solo-violin becomes as celebrant of rites of prayer and praise. The orchestra—devout congregation—salutes and sustains it.

Yes, indeed! Il Signore Respighi is a composer of scholarship and imagination, taking thought, from time to time, of the music of many men. The ear of the flesh was also listening to him on this Friday afternoon; and, as receptive organ, it can be exceeding matter-of-fact. What it actually heard was the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of mellifluous and adroit measures for the violin. The fiddle was singing celestial praises; but it must have blended with them a terrestrial joy in Messire Otterino Respighi. It sang sweetly over gentle, flowing pages; achieved a pleasing, modest cadenza—and the first movement was over-passed. It sang succulently and sinuously, albeit from Gregorian motif. It sang again and at length over gentle, flowing pages—and the second movement was accomplished. For a third time, it sang, no longer gently, but with bursts of energy, less concerned now with prayer and meditation than with praise and purple alleluias. The orchestra and Signor Respighi helped to gather and concentrate the music. The violin soared; the other voices also winged upward—and

the Concerto was ended.

Never was applause more certain and not a little of it was of right for Mr. Spalding. He plays Concertos from living pens, and they do not always regale him too richly. He also played Respighi's violin-part with a mingling of songful sweetness and graver austerity; of reticence without and exaltation within that transfigured the Concerto beyond desert. Mr. Spalding studied in Italy and there gained a fine-strung, lustrous sweetness of tone. Mr. Spalding has become a serious, sensitive, studious, finely touched musician. The Spalding of the younger and the elder day met matured in the Concerto, and to its greater glory. Yes: Il Signore Respighi has gone and done it again—tuning those Gregorian chants to this concord of sweet sounds violin-like. By all means when the music is published, cherubs' heads should deck the cover.

So to the Wagnerian epilogue to a concert by no means brief. It began with "The Valkyrs' Ride"—piece that both gains and loses by transfer from the theater. The eye and the imagination are unvexed by silly simulations of the Warrior-Maids speeding the skies. Yet in the concert-hall the music precipitates the hearer upon them; whereas, in the opera house, the whole course of "Die Walküre" has been keying him. Of course, Mr. Koussevitzky set his orchestra a-clanging; flung out the melody when at last it is set in array; slashed and clashed through the storm-music, driving at the rhythms, hammering at the figures. There is no other way. Wagner has prescribed it. Conductors are but the prescription in different degrees.

Next ensued the Prelude to "Lohengrin," faultlessly sustained in descent and ascent; a marvel of adjustment from group to group of instruments; touched with a quiver of tone, like to the radiance of the Holy Cup; yet curiously subdued, and also quickened, by Mr. Koussevitzky through the moments of earthly tumult as though he was loth to lose and eager to regain the loveliness of tonal texture. . . . Finally, the Overture to "Rienzi" to the last bursting inch—piercing trumpets, full-throated instrumental song; cantilena and clangors; rhythms sharpened; ritards galore; this, that and the other "effect" with pace, transition, climax. To grin and to chortle was the only listening to such tonal melodrama. For a moral certainty, Mr. Koussevitzky has led the massed bands of the Moscow garrison through these "noble numbers."

H. T. P.

At Acme 2 Jan. 9. 1925

ELSEWHERE than to Cambridge Mr. Koussevitzky may advisedly bear the four pieces that he arrayed last evening in Sanders Theater—the Symphony in G major from Haydn's Parisian series; "Clouds" and "Fêtes" from the Nocturnes of Debussy; Strauss's tone-poem of "Till Eulenspiegel." In none does he stretch idiosyncrasy too far and make the composer dance to the tune of the conducting temperament; while upon the positive side, from each music outshines one or another signal ability. Through the Symphony of Haydn, he is past master of the matter and the manner of eighteenth-century pages. Through the Nocturne of Clouds, he fuses beauty of line, color, mood. His version of "Fêtes" is a marvel of luminosity in tones; while from Strauss's Rondo emerges Till characterized and dramatized to the utmost power of symphonic music. With the conductor shines also the orchestra—in lightness, suppleness, fleetness and precision for Haydn; in play of shadings and euphonies over "Clouds," of rhythm and glow through "Fêtes"; in virtuosity become imagination and incarnation with the musical life and death of Eulenspiegel. Last evening, moreover, there were the round body and the wooden walls of Sanders to do the usual offices. That is to say, they sharpened every accent and deepened every savviness of Haydn; seemed as sensitive as the conductor to the tremors and tints of "Clouds"; yet too closely confined the incandescence of "Fêtes" and were nigh to bursting with the tumults of "Till."

Possibly Mr. Koussevitzky languishes ever so little with the returns of Haydn's slow song. The depth, richness, transparency of it are temptation hard to resist. Yet he makes amplest amends in the first leap of the Finale upon the air; in the flying pace with which it flings forward and back, the flick of the rhythm, the dart of phrase into phrase. Since Dr. Muck's day there has been no such matching of conductor, orchestra and composer in a race of virtuosity. Hear, too, the simple accents, straightforward flow, precise rhythm of the Minuet; or the line of the first movement, endlessly sensitive, sustained over every transition or modulation, limpid as crystal—and then say whether this is not Haydn veritably conveyed through both a divining and an enhancing temperament. Consider the radiance and the rhythm of the beginning of "Fêtes"; the suspense, the infidescence, the uncanny tonal body, of the aerial march; the stinging return to more earthly glow and pulse. Set beside these impressions the vaporous tone that suffuses the course of "Clouds"; the light and shadow dappling it; the pace at which the measures steal upon the ear; the rhythm that caresses as it propels; the rare and deep illusion of stillness in sound—and the answering imagination is drenched in the beauty and the poetry of Debussy's

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pages: Debussy young, avid of sensation, infinitely choice in expression. Pass to "Till" and that knave chortles and swaggers from tonal tumult to tonal tumult; wears guise upon guise of impudence through a music become as changeful as his airs and tricks; is tried most melodramatically; squeaks away, with a pat from composer and conductor, into the limbo of likable scamps. The creating genius of Strauss but likewise the transmitting genius of Mr. Koussevitzky. For such a conductor he was, through the length and breadth of this concert at the university.

And not least through the Concerto of Liszt, in which Mr. Borovsky, again assisting the orchestra, played the piano-part. It was the Concerto in E-flat, the battle-horse, the spavined battle-horse, of countless pianists. It dates from 1849, said the omniscient program-book, and near seventy years have they bestrode and spurred it. Yet now it became conductor's steed, and a conductor taking Liszt at his word and to the foot of the letter. At Mr. Koussevitzky's hands the beginning was in posing—Liszt proclaiming amid many trappings a principal melody. The slow division sang sensuously—Liszt stroking his imagination and also the piano. A Scherzo tinkling and crackling gently—Liszt's invitation to the fireworks. Allegro Marziale—and now we go, decidedly rhythming our steps. Finally, all the pin-wheels, rockets and flower-pots that ten fingers, two feet, one grand pianoforte and Franz Liszt, as rhapsodic tonal chemist, can set gyrating and exploding. In fine, the Concerto in E-flat taken for what it is—a romantic rhapsody all hollow within, all glint and gusto without. And Mr. Koussevitzky juggling and glamouring this tinsel as though he were showman born and bred. A feat of imagination quite comparable in kind with his version of the Nocturnes or of "Till." To the best of recollection, the assisting Mr. Borovsky also chimed in.

H. T. P.

## SPALDING PLAYS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Respighi's "Gregorian Concerto" Pleases

9 Feb. — Jan. 10. 1925

Albert Spalding, an American violinist deservedly much admired, was cordially applauded by yesterday's Symphony audience both before and after he played the solo part in Respighi's new "Gregorian Concerto." The rest of the program was by Bach and Wagner. The concerto as well as the player pleased, though as usual Respighi has written more tastefully than originally.



Any addition to the repertoire of violin concertos which are of value as music is welcome. Mr. Spalding, a fine musician, and therefore bored by mere show pieces, has sought diligently and successfully on more than one occasion for new pieces.

Respighi is said to have called the concerto "Gregorian" because "he sought to give the music the purity and sobriety style of the religious music of the Middle Ages." The themes are alleged to be taken from Gregorian chants. Yet one could not help thinking the finale akin to Dvorak's "New World" symphony rather than to such scraps of the music of the Middle Ages as have come one's way.

However that may be, the concerto is ingratiating, never bombastic, never trivial, in another musical world from the Bruch, Saint-Saens and Tchaikovsky with which one is so often afflicted. The performance was a beautiful example of controlled but intense emotion from Mr. Spalding and the orchestra. He is a really great violinist.

Koussevitzky began the program with Bach. In the two allegros of the "Brandenburg Concerto" in G he made the exuberant vitality, the tremendous driving power of the music felt as it should be felt. The first allegro is one of the very greatest pieces of music ever composed, and among the most joyous. Here the strong man exults in his strength. Those who call Bach "dry" should hear both this piece and the organ fantasy in C minor with the accompanying fugue arranged by Sir Edward Elgar for orchestra, which followed on yesterday's program.

Elgar has managed to make the orchestra sound like the organ of one's dreams. One felt that Bach would have approved this arrangement. It uses many instruments which he never heard, but always in the spirit of the music of Bach. It takes a man like Elgar, himself a composer of genius, to arrange Bach. Nobody can now follow the letter of his music very consistently, because our instruments are so far from the ones he knew. And not every learned musician can catch the spirit of Bach.

Koussevitzky devoted the rest of the concert following the intermission to Wagner fragments. "The Ride of the Valkyries," taken too fast, but with much spirit, was vehemently applauded. It is not artistically complete enough in itself to justify concert performance on aesthetic grounds. One wonders how far Koussevitzky believes in occasionally giving his public what he is sure it will like and applaud (as a matter not of art but of policy).

The prelude to "Lohengrin," with a brilliant climax not quite steadily built up, and the overture to "Rienzi" proved once more that Koussevitzky's remarkable nervous intensity, his phenomenal sense of rhythm, and his dramatic, almost melodramatic, imagination fit him for giving compellingly brilliant Wagner performances. In the "Rienzi" overture he put as much frenzy into the theme "Rienzi, dir sei Preis," as though he and his audience had not been disillusioned about that sort of tune, as Wagner himself later in life became, through overfamiliarity with the banalities of Italian opera. P. R.

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The Guarantee-Fund of the Symphony Orchestra Passes \$83,000

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## Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 16, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . Overture to Collin's Tragedy, "Coriolanus," Op. 62

Beethoven . . . Symphony in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," Op. 68

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country:  
Allegro, ma non troppo.
- II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto.
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d'allegro.  
Thunderstorm; tempest: Allegro.
- IV. Shepherd's song; Gladsome and thankful feelings after the  
storm: Allegretto.

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony in A major, No. 7, Op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Presto meno assai.
- IV. Allegro con brio.

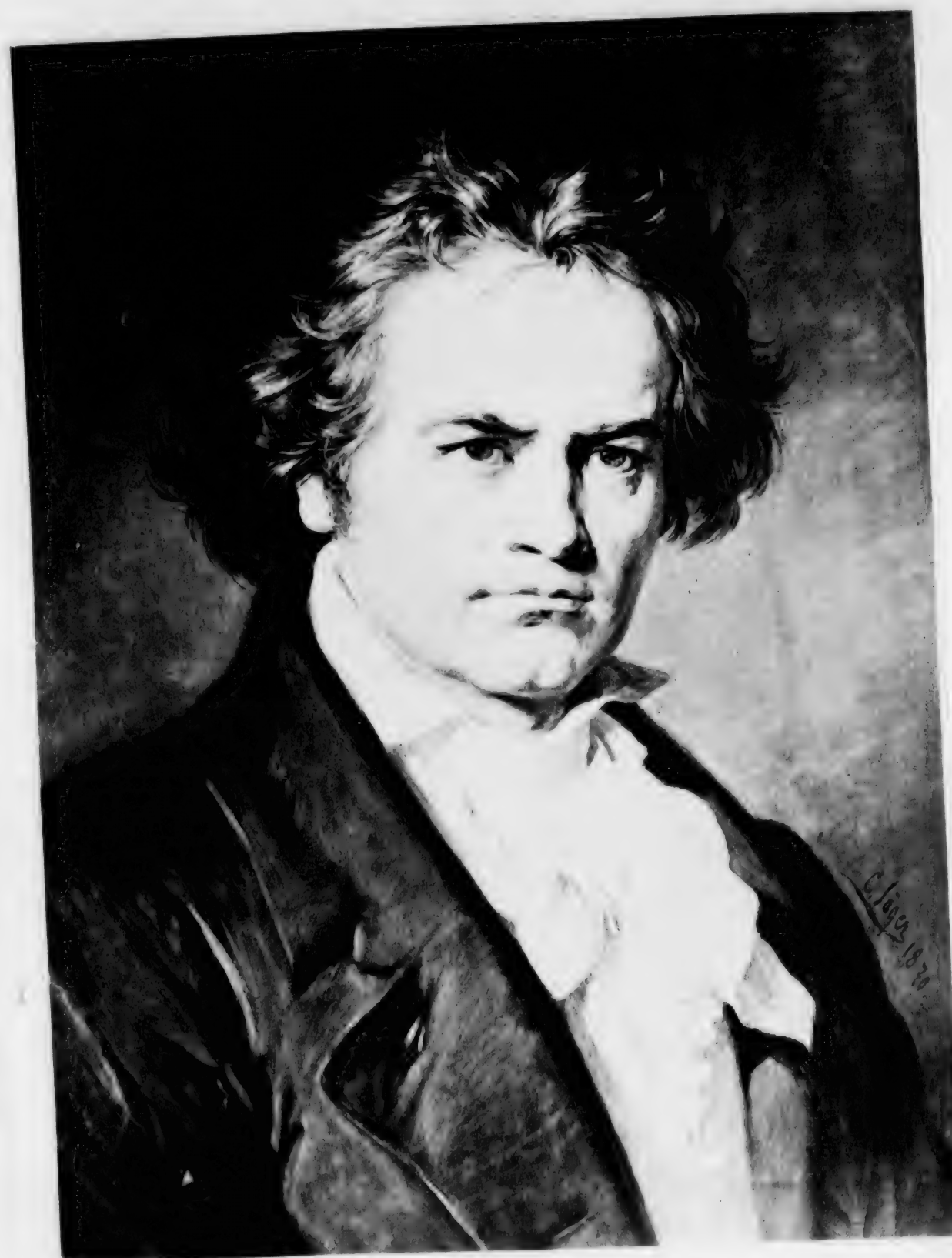
There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the "Pastoral" Symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





## SYMPHONY GIVES 12TH CONCERT

Program of Beethoven's  
Music Presented by  
Leader Koussevitzky

### STRAVINSKY TO BE FEATURE NEXT WEEK

*Herald Jan. 17, 1925*  
By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program consisted of Beethoven's overture to Collin's "Coriolanus," and the "Pastoral" and the Seventh Symphonies.

This program took us back to student days in the Berlin of the early 80's, when Benjamin Bilse at the "Concert Haus," facing the audience, led with stiff and military gestures his justly famous orchestra of "prominent artists," young virtuosi, with older and approved musicians. Honest Bilse, a sound disciplinarian with a catholic taste, but not a poetic, imaginative conductor, would set apart certain nights in the month for the glorification of this or that composer: "Beethoven Abend," "Brahms Abend," "Mozart Abend," "Rabb Abend," and so on through the list of the dead and the living thought worthy of this distinction.

It was not so bad, but chiefly for this reason: one could eat and drink and smoke. Vast quantities of pig in various forms; weiner schnitzel, plain, garnished, or crowned with an egg, not always fresh, for eggs in Berlin, like Hannibal, had crossed the Alps; goose, caviare, all sorts of dishes, cooked or raw. Young couples spooned in the open German fashion while the mothers sat by, knitting. It was a cheerful sight after one was accustomed to the intrepid knife-swallowing, and much good music was heard at a very reasonable price. Those were the days when Tchaikovsky was regarded as a dangerous fellow and contemporaneous French composers were surely immoral.

Consideration of the program and the sound of Beethoven's music took us back to Bilse and the "Concert Haus." A Beethoven afternoon. Not

that for a moment we would liken Mr. Koussevitzky to the German pedestrian conductor. Not that we would liken the audience to the men and women, officers, students, lovers, sitting happy and gorging in clouds of rank tobacco smoke. In Symphony hall there was more or less well-bred composure until the time came to be enthusiastic, and high on the walls gods, goddesses, fauns and nymphs—yea, the glorious Apollo Belvedere himself—looked down approvingly.

Well, Beethoven and Chopin can stand the test of concerts devoted to their works; that is, if the performance by orchestra or pianist be eloquent, as was that of yesterday.

Gone forever, except in Germany, is the idea that only a German conductor can "understand" and "interpret" the works of Beethoven. We have had Nikisch, the Hungarian; the Frenchmen Babaud and Monteux, who gave admirable performances of Beethoven's overtures and symphonies, and now comes Mr. Koussevitzky, who proves to us, if proof were necessary, that the music of "the deaf man of Bonn" is not "old hat," as certain wild-eyed critics and amateurs, who date the birth of music, art and literature 1914, would have us believe.

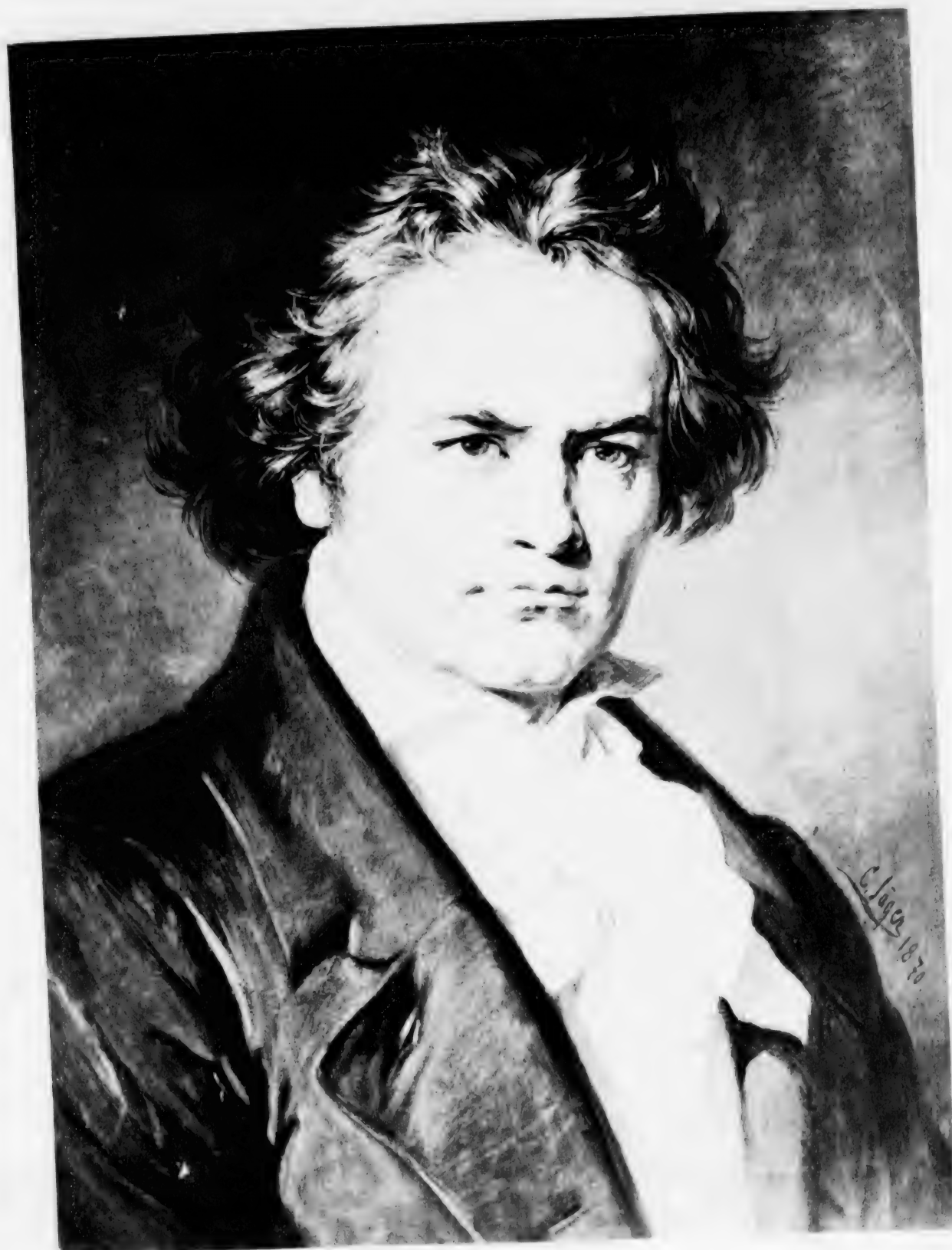
Did any one expect that Mr. Koussevitzky would "Russianize" Beethoven's music? That the strong drink of Beethoven would turn out to be vodka? That the beauty and grandeur of the overture and the symphonies would be comparable to the scenic decorations of Bakst? If this expectation was in the breast of any one, there was bitter disappointment.

There were no eccentric liberties with the text; there was no painful effort to obtain unexpected effects by strange tempi or emphasis of unimportant voices. The interpretation was as sane as it was eloquent; as reverential as it was impressive. For once the "Pastoral" was not a long-winded bore; it was a continuous revelation of simple charm and village rejoicing broken only by the thunderstorm with its mutterings and grumbings, its lightning flashes and its peals of thunder. Not a melodramatic tempest, but a musical as well as a dramatic one.

And once again the glory of the Seventh symphony was revealed, whether one accepted Wagner's theory that it is the apotheosis of the dance, or thinks with Vincent d'Indy that the music was inspired by impressions of Nature, and is, in a way, a second "Pastoral" symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The concert next week will be for the glorification of Igor Stravinsky: Song of the Volga Barge-men for wind orchestra; Suite from "Petrouchka"; Concerto for piano and wind orchestra (Mr. Stravinsky, pianist); Suite from "The Fire-Bird." Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct.





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*Herald*—Jan. 17, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program consisted of Beethoven's overture to Collin's "Coriolanus," and the "Pastoral" and the Seventh Symphonies.

This program took us back to student days in the Berlin of the early 80's, when Benjamin Bilse at the "Concert Haus," facing the audience, led with stiff and military gestures his justly famous orchestra of "prominent artists," young virtuosi, with older and approved musicians. Honest Bilse, a sound disciplinarian with a catholic taste, but not a poetic, imaginative conductor, would set apart certain nights in the month for the glorification of this or that composer: "Beethoven Abend," "Brahms Abend," "Mozart Abend," "Rabbi Abend," and so on through the list of the dead and the living thought worthy of this distinction.

It was not so bad, but chiefly for this reason: one could eat and drink and smoke. Vast quantities of pig in various forms; weiner schnitzel, plain, garnished, or crowned with an egg, not always fresh, for eggs in Berlin, like Hannibal, had crossed the Alps; goose, caviare, all sorts of dishes, cooked or raw. Young couples spooned in the open German fashion while the mothers sat by, knitting. It was a cheerful sight after one was accustomed to the intrepid knife-swallowing, and much good music was heard at a very reasonable price. Those were the days when Tchaikovsky was regarded as a dangerous fellow and contemporaneous French composers were surely immoral.

Consideration of the program and the sound of Beethoven's music took us back to Bilse and the "Concert Haus." A Beethoven afternoon. Not

that for a moment we would liken Mr. Koussevitzky to the German pedestrian conductor. Not that we would liken the audience to the men and women, officers, students, lovers, sitting happy and gorging in clouds of rank tobacco smoke. In Symphony hall there was more or less well-bred composure until the time came to be enthusiastic, and high on the walls gods, goddesses, fauns and nymphs—yes, the glorious Apollo Belvedere himself—looked down approvingly.

Well, Beethoven and Chopin can stand the test of concerts devoted to their works; that is, if the performance by orchestra or pianist be eloquent, as was that of yesterday.

Gone forever, except in Germany, is the idea that only a German conductor can "understand" and "interpret" the works of Beethoven. We have had Nikisch, the Hungarian; the Frenchmen Babaud and Monteux, who gave admirable performances of Beethoven's overtures and symphonies, and now comes Mr. Koussevitzky, who proves to us, if proof were necessary, that the music of "the deaf man of Bonn" is not "old hat," as certain wild-eyed critics and amateurs, who date the birth of music, art and literature 1914, would have us believe.

Did any one expect that Mr. Koussevitzky would "Russianize" Beethoven's music? That the strong drink of Beethoven would turn out to be vodka? That the beauty and grandeur of the overture and the symphonies would be comparable to the scenic decorations of Baku? If this expectation was in the breast of any one, there was bitter disappointment.

There were no eccentric liberties with the text; there was no painful effort to obtain unexpected effects by strange tempi or emphasis of unimportant voices. The interpretation was as sane as it was eloquent; as reverential as it was impressive. For once the "Pastoral" was not a long-winded bore; it was a continuous revelation of simple charm and village rejoicing broken only by the thunderstorm with its mutterings and grumbings, its lightning flashes and its peals of thunder. Not a melodramatic tempest, but a musical as well as a dramatic one.

And once again the glory of the Seventh symphony was revealed, whether one accepted Wagner's theory that it is the apotheosis of the dance, or thinks with Vincent d'Indy that the music was inspired by impressions of Nature, and is, in a way, a second "Pastoral" symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The concert next week will be for the glorification of Igor Stravinsky: Song of the Volga Barge-men for wind orchestra; Suite from "Petrouchka"; Concerto for piano and wind orchestra (Mr. Stravinsky, pianist); Suite from "The Fire-Bird." Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct.



## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

*Herald, Jan. 22, 1925*  
The appearance of Mr. Igor Fedorovitch Stravinsky, composer and pianist, at the Symphony concerts this week has naturally excited curiosity. The program will consist of his Song of the Volga Bargemen, for wind instruments; the Suite from his ballet, "Petrouchka"; his Concerto for piano and wind instruments, and the Suite from his ballet, "The Fire-Bird." He will play the piano, but, according to the latest report, Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

The good people who believe that no music, except that by local composers, written since the death of Johannes Brahms is worth hearing, no doubt shudder at Mr. Stravinsky's terrible approach, yet they will attend the concert if only to shudder, twist in their seats, and after it is all over sputter and shriek in their anger.

They probably expect to see him, all in red, shot up on the platform through a trap door, to the shrill notes of a piccolo which usually accompanies the appearance of the Demon on the stage. Do they suspect Mr. Stravinsky of having horns and hoofs, and a tall coiled within his dress trousers? Do they think the piano stool will burst into flames when he takes his seat under the favoring eyes and baton of Mr. Koussevitzky?

They will be disappointed, for to outward view Mr. Stravinsky is as mortal as are all of us, though his warmest admirers place him already high among the immortals.

The only unfamiliar piece on the program is his piano concerto, which, we understand, will be played for the first time in this country. The "Song of the Volga Bargemen" was performed here at a concert for children given by the Boston Symphony orchestra last November. The tune "Ay Ouhnem," or "El Uchnjem"—there are several ways of spelling the title—has long been familiar here. Eugenie Linev's Russian choir sang it in 1893, and in that year Mr. Loeffler used it in his Sextet performed at a Kniesel concert. The Russian Balalaika orchestra played it with thrilling effect at the Hollis Street Theatre in 1910. The song was played by the orchestra for a scene presented here by the Chauve Souris. Mr. Jacchia's transcription for orchestra has been heard at "Pop" concerts. Mr. Chaliapin sings the song, and there is a version with orchestral accompaniment. The mournful tune is included in Messrs. Davison, Surette and Zan-

zig's "Book of Songs" (Concord series No. 14) just published by E. C. Schirmer Music Company. It has served many composers for a theme, as Glazounov, whose orchestral transcription or Fantasia was characterized by Rimsky-Korsakov as "magnificent."

Mr. Stravinsky's transcription is short and simple. It was played in San Francisco early in 1924; Philadelphia and New York have heard it.

When Mr. Stravinsky, as guest conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra in New York, gave his first concert on Jan. 9, the program stated that the piece was written for an occasion: a gala performance of the Ballet Russe for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross at the Costanzi Theatre in Rome. Mr. Stravinsky has described the music as being a short, simple, sombre prelude; his purpose was that the transcription "should replace the old Russian National Hymn, which cannot be played since the revolution and the abdicating of the Tzar."

He has said that his Concerto is somewhat in the nature of an old passacaglia or toccata. It was performed for the first time at Mr. Koussevitzky's concert in Paris on May 22, 1924. The score is dedicated to Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky.

He does not wish to be known as a "modernist" in music. "It's a ruined word 'modernism,'" he said to a reporter in New York. "The Modernists set out to shock the Bourgeoisie, and they only succeeded in pleasing the Bolsheviks. My music is neither 'futurist' nor 'passe-ist,' only the music of today."

He insists that his ballets are also effective in concert. "Petrouchka," for example, might be compared to a sonata, with its succession of movements, allegro, adagio, scherzo. The music as danced loses in two respects: for the author it is an alien metier, while for the public, it diverts attention from the ear to the easier impressions of the eye. . . . No, I do not write in quarter-tones. I am richer than an African or Papuan. I was born under 'The Well-tempered Clavichord' and I seek my new effects with our familiar 'tempered' scale. I study Bach in his own manuscripts, discovered a century after him, for he was to his contemporaries a man unknown. Can you fancy the 'Matthew Passion' as Bach made it for wind instruments, organ and male chorus! We hear it today with the voices and orchestra of a Wagner, so to speak, all the harmonies softened and made agreeable to the ears of our own musical contemporaries."

When he was asked by a reporter from the N. Y. Times which of his

works he preferred, he answered: "Naturally the one I am at work on at a time. I am not composing now; it requires concentration. But while I am in America I am making entirely new versions of my works for your mechanical reproducing instruments, 44 pieces in all. Not a 'photograph' of my playing, as Paderewski has made of his superb interpretations, but rather a 'lithograph,' a full and permanent record of tone combinations quite beyond my 10 poor fingers to perform; in effect, a new orchestration for the whole piano keyboard."

At the rehearsal he sported a monocle, heavy gold bands on both wrists, "for a watch and other matters." "He was dressed for action in a brown-and-rose sweater which replaced the orange shirt and scarf and black ulster in which he landed from the liner Paris."

An interesting personage, this Igor Fedorovitch Stravinsky.

## SYMPHONY SERVES UP BEETHOVEN

Koussevitzky Makes  
the "Pastoral" Most  
Engrossing

*Post, Jan. 17, 1925*

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A surprising and a disconcerting conductor is Mr. Koussevitzky.

One went to hear the all-Beethoven programme that he had prepared for the Symphony Concert of yesterday already convinced, after repeated hearings of it, that Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony was an inferior work, unworthy its place among the immortal Nine, and likewise convinced that a programme

which surrounded the "Pastoral" with other music by the same composer would of necessity prove as a whole dull indeed.

### ENGROSSING AND EXCITING

And yet, with but an occasional and fleeting impression of monotony in that same "Pastoral" Symphony, the concert of yesterday proved in fact to be the most delightful, most engrossing and, at its close, one of the most exciting concerts that Mr. Koussevitzky has thus far given us.

From Mr. Koussevitzky had come already superb performances of the Fifth Symphony (although some, to be sure, did not so account it), and of the "Eroica." And that the mighty Seventh would emerge newly glorified at his hands seemed a foregone conclusion. But that even so magnetic, so penetrating a conductor as Mr. Koussevitzky could make of the "Pastoral" the poem in tones, the idyl of the joyous country-side heard yesterday in Symphony Hall, was hardly to be anticipated.

### No Detail Overlooked

It must have been clear to every listener that Mr. Koussevitzky missed no slightest point, no faintest shadow of this music's intention. Surely no single thing that Beethoven put into this score was yesterday overlooked or deprived of its due, while throughout the piece instrumental strokes hitherto inconspicuous or altogether unnoticed stood forth as veritable flashes of genius.

Happily did Mr. Koussevitzky take the second movement at a swifter pace than that to which other conductors have accustomed us. For once Beethoven's brook that too often, like Tennyson's, has seemed to go on forever, was in truth a rippling brook and not a sluggish stream. Again, without resort to tasteless or undue exaggeration, the storm-music had a new graphicness, held a new power of suggestion.

### The Bassoon's Three Notes

Deliciously humorous in turn was that recurrent F-C-F that Beethoven would have us believe to be the only notes that the rustic bassoon player could extract from his delapidated instrument. And finally by some necromancy all hint of triteness and banality was deleted from the final movement.

Yes, we must revise our verdict. The "Pastoral" is not such a bad piece after all—if only a conductor of genius is leading it.



For beginning to this "one-man" concert that promised dullness and yielded none, came the noble Overture to "Coriolanus," in a gripping, dramatic performance. But the "high light" of the concert was of course the Seventh Symphony.

#### Finale at Terrific Pace

It would be possible to praise measure by measure Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of this masterpiece. But suffice it to say that throughout its course he intensifies and sublimates the symphony's pervasive rhythmic quality. The persistent dotted-eights-and-sixteenth figure of the first movement preserved its integrity (a feat not always accomplished), with no hint of monotony. The marvellous Allegretto, and after it the Scherzo, assumed fresh import, and at the last the Finale, whipped to a terrific pace, became vertiginous, frenetic, orgiastic. As the orchestra raced to its exultant close the listener's pulse beat fast in sympathy.

With good reason was there tumultuous applause, with Mr. Koussevitzky many times recalled, finally to shake Mr. Burgin's hand in expression of his gratitude to the orchestra that had served him so well.

#### Mid Place in Season

With this glorification of Beethoven Mr. Koussevitzky has reached the half-way mark in the Symphony concerts of the year. Twelve programmes have come and gone; another dozen yet await us. Wide in range these programmes have been, although with an unprecedented emphasis upon unfamiliar music of the 18th century and upon the music of Russia. And despite certain advance rumors to the contrary, Mr. Koussevitzky has proved himself no mere specialist, either with the ultra-moderns or with his pets among the ancients.

By him the classics and the early Romantics—Haydn, Beethoven, Weber and Schubert—have been endowed with new significance. Brahms and Wagner have been illumined; Strauss and Debussy transfigured.

#### Prestige Restored

That some, academically minded, would dissent from Mr. Koussevitzky's readings of the classics was to be expected. But if Mr. Koussevitzky has not always dotted every i and crossed every t, if he has permitted himself certain "liberties" of tempo and dynamics, he has given us singularly vivid and arresting interpretations of nearly every music to which he has set his hand. If he has aroused some opposition, he has won an army of admirers.

And above all, he has given the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, both at home and abroad, a prestige that they had not enjoyed for nearly a decade.

## DAY OF BEETHOVEN, DAY OF CONDUCTOR, DAY OF SURPRISES

### THRICE THE COMPOSER RECEIVES MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

The New Point of View at the Symphony Concerts—The Overture "Coriolanus," the Pastoral and the Seventh So Heard and Applauded—Music Rejuvenated and Revealed—Music Also Considered and Contrived

CONDUCTORS change, and we hearers change with them. With most, the process is too gradual to be heeded; while fewer still are at pains to define to themselves the new point of view, the new source of sensation and pleasure. Yet both stood clear at the Symphony Concert yesterday, when the series rounded the mark into the second half of the season. A year ago, the musically inclined were seeking Symphony Hall on Friday afternoons to hear the numbers that Mr. Monteux happened to have in hand. He had chosen a favorite item from the "standard repertory"; or he was returning to pages long overlooked; or he had set in array pleasing examples of both the ancients and the moderns; or he had pitched upon some piece hitherto unheard in Boston, written by a "new man" according to the faith and practice of the younger generation; or with fresh handiwork an established composer was proving afresh his deserts and vitality. Out of long experience with Mr. Monteux, most hearers could anticipate the quality of the performance; though, now and again, he and the orchestra could and did surprise them. Usually expectation on that score was fulfilled in their ears, and they departed in praise, blame or indifference for the music that they so heard. Upon Mr. Monteux, program-maker, rather than upon Mr. Monteux, conductor, turned the tea-table chatter or the dinner-table debate.

Now, however, these same listeners flock to Symphony Hall on a Friday, or on a Saturday as well, to hear Mr. Koussevitzky, as conductor; incidentally to look upon him; along the way to measure the response of the orchestra to his will and urge. It is the program, not the performance, that passes for granted, unless at mid-week, or even later, alterations have re-shaped it. Few note that for the most

part, Mr. Koussevitzky is still playing his own repertory—that is to say, pieces in which he excels; in which he has gained no little glory; music that turns from facet to facet the crystal of his powers. As complaisant are the majority to his predilection for a piece of ancient music at the outset of many a concert; his frequent inclination to brief, displayful, semi-detached fragments; his abundance with Beethoven and Wagner; his warmth upon Debussy and Ravel, various "romantics," a modernist or two; his neglect, so far of various established or unestablished composers, interesting to hear via England, Italy, where not; his possible indifference toward the sort of music they write or typify.

Enough for most of us on the floor or in the galleries of Symphony Hall that Mr. Koussevitzky has set a program according to his own promptings and brought the music to voice in his own image. The conductor as disclosed in the music—not the music filtering through the conductor—now engages us. Of his attributes as they enhance the fortunate composer, do we now hold debate. Again a "personality" reigns not only over the orchestra, but also the audiences, of Symphony Hall. Like that of Nikisch in the Bostonian nineties, it subdues all things to itself and is content. Unlike that of Dr. Muck "before the war," it does not reach also toward catholicity and comprehension up and down the widest fields of music. Mr. Koussevitzky plays upon Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra in Mr. Koussevitzky's program at Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts—and the signs and wonders thereof engross all within earshot and tongueshot. The vogue, the fame of the Symphony Concerts rise anew; the receipts keep touch and time. American-fashion, there is no more to ask. Let music as such take its chances—and daily give thanks for a Heaven-sent medium and mirror.

So disposed, expectant and speedily pleased sat the audience of yesterday before the conductor's afternoon of Beethoven. It is not necessary to inquire into the inclinations or the compulsions prompting Mr. Koussevitzky to such choice. There the program stood—the Overture, "Coriolanus"; the Pastoral Symphony; the Seventh Symphony. The intending listener could take it or leave it—and every one took it except a few habitués of the second balcony where, for the first time this season, seats stood untenanted. For outset, the Overture did not quite justify the conductor's scheme or keep the pace with the two Symphonies. Seemingly, he would begin with Beethoven dramatic. If so, why not the third "Leonora" Overture since that to "Egmont" had been recently played? For to some hearers this "Coriolanus" is not of the composer's mighty, far-flung, white-hot and, thus far, everlasting music. In such ears, the

tumults contrapuntal and instrumental that fill so many pages are beginning to sound hollow, willed, labored, of another time and manner. Mr. Koussevitzky lavished himself upon them; the orchestra gave him back power for power. Yet Beethoven prevailed not—as he does with "Egmont" or with at least two of the four "Leonoras." Worse still, there are those to whom the gentler, longing, so-called feminine theme of "Coriolanus" sounds more like the voice of a matron of Vienna, not too far past her youth, than of the Tragic Muse austere and buskined. As usual, too, Mr. Koussevitzky refined upon her with languors and soft euphonies. Of him and of Beethoven puissant were the great chords of the beginning and the close; the sombre passion, submission, extinction of the end—music of fatality if ever composer wrote it.

With the Pastoral Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky's heyday began; indeed, touched and held the climax. Not within the longest and the fullest memory had the music been so perceptively, imaginatively and revealingly played. Here it was, after a hundred-odd years in the "standard repertory," still poem of Beethoven's moods, fancies, voice; yet warm upon his singing lips. As animate and poetizing was the instrument upon which composer and conductor sang their song of memoried delights. In the second division in particular, little masters abounded in the woodwinds, and the horns—above all Mr. Laurent, fullest and richest of all the flute-players. As one man in zest, intent and accomplishment were the sixty-odd strings. In unity and reciprocity, in beauties and ardors, sensibilities and euphonies of tone, the band outdid itself. Mr. Koussevitzky did not spare his vigors, but he might merely have touched the orchestra with his finger-tips, so susceptible was it to his and the composer's lightest will. And only the other evening, at the concert of "The Flonzaleys," some of the men were replying at "this endless rehearsal of Beethoven." They had reason now to behold and hear what this inspired industry had wrought.

Veritably, for Beethoven, as well as for the orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky was the leader in the deed. He quickened the second movement—the dreamers beside the brook. He phrased it as a singer, equally blessed with skill and imagination might phrase his song. From the band he drew and blended and balanced its utmost beauty of tone. The outcome was a loveliness without flaw; a simplicity without blemish, a delicious sense of fantasia when toward the close the music stirs with sunlit, woodland sounds. As animating, as rejuvenating, was the conductor's plastic hand upon pace and rhythm in the first movement. Little crescendos blew over the music; a finger-stroke of emphasis upon this accent or that was life-giving; new details disclosed themselves; remembered



charms were deepened; the whole music expanded in tonal and spiritual delight. There were humor and homeliness, as well as freedoms and vivacities, in the Scherzo: the sturdy rusticity, the folk-poetry that Beethoven—the mood upon him—liked to embody and release. So apt and imaginative was Mr. Koussevitzky's proportioning that the little thunder-storm rolled past, formidable to simple ears and hearts. Threaded with brightness waxing was the transition into the Finale; while out of it full-throated sang a whole countryside. Under such artful ardors, such outpourings of tone a-pulse and a-glow, Beethoven's repetitions seemed not only tolerable but imperative. With simplicity and the riches of simplicity, with the delight that out of Beethoven's heart sang into loveliness, Mr. Koussevitzky reclothed the Pastoral Symphony after these many years of crusts and formulas and tonal flannels. Who would have believed it of that clear-voiced music? It was as though Beethoven himself had done the deed.

With the Seventh Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky, orchestra and audience fared well, better, and also less well, since for not a few the illustrious memory of Mr. Toscanini, eloquent beyond compare in this music, still haunts. The Russian matched the Italian in the overwhelming vitality, the careering pace, the careening rhythm, the leap and frenzy and outcry—as of myriad Bacchantes upon the vine-clad, dripping hills—with which he charged and surcharged the finale. A brass farthing for the pure and pious, the droning and dogmatic d'Indy imagining this race of sound and fury a "village festival"; even a village festival "strongly characterized." Has Saint-Vincent of the Schola never dreamed or known a Bacchic rout? It is high time that he re-read Euripides and with reopened ears listened to Beethoven, likewise rending the reverberant air.

Graphic of contrast, imaginative with the swellings of tone, the sharpenings of rhythm, was Mr. Koussevitzky when the two melodies of the Scherzo are in play. Yet now and again the sense of effect, contrived, considered, applied, would stir even in the impressed listener. The pace, the rhythm, the gradation and modulation of the Allegretto arrested and enfolded the ear, though here again the sense of a conscious manipulation would not quite down. Try as the listener might, there was sense of Beethoven, reined to a conductor's paces, even though those paces illuded ear and imagination. Freer, winged, less shut within a listening concert-hall, it was possible to wish the composer.

And in the first movement, beside Mr. Toscanini, Mr. Koussevitzky was plainly "second in Rome." Once he had wrought the slow introduction as calm yet suspenseful prelude, elaborately he prepared the way for the entrance of the themes; while

insistently he opened the music to their subsequent progress. Yet nowhere did he bourgeoning, impregnating, overspreading bourgeoning, impregnating, over spreading and finally possessing the music; while seldom did the rhythm slither and penetrate as with an infectious, mounting joy of beat and motion. And these were Mr. Toscanini's masteries of, by, and for Beethoven. In the Pastoral Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky divined and transfigured; in the Seventh—the Finale aside—he took thought and contrived. The more discernible the means, the less impinging was the outcome.

H. T. P.



OTTO KURT SCHMEISSER,  
Solo Trumpeter, Boston Sym-  
phony Orchestra.

## Koussevitzky and Beethoven

Monitor

By STUART MASON

Jan. 17, 1925

THE program of the twelfth Symphony concert, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, consisted of Beethoven's Overture to Collin's tragedy, "Coriolanus," and the same composer's Sixth and Seventh symphonies.

This was not the program as originally announced. Mr. Koussevitzky is a conductor of surprises. Not only does he change his programs at short notice, but his conducting of them is not lacking in that element also. It is worth noticing that the first and most natural thought in connection with the symphony concerts these days concerns Mr. Koussevitzky. Rightly or not, in spite of ourselves, his personality has become all pervading.

Several times he has played the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert or Weber in a manner which was unmistakably original if not always conformable with preconceived ideas or so-called traditions. He has even played such music in a manner which was to say the least whimsical and capricious.

### A Greater Koussevitzky

Yesterday's program offered him abundant opportunity for the further display of those qualities which have distinguished him in the past. Yet here Mr. Koussevitzky must have surprised those who were looking forward to more of those often strangely distorted versions of familiar pieces. Yesterday a much greater Koussevitzky was revealed to the public, a Koussevitzky with a broader and nobler conception of Beethoven than was to be observed in the playing of either of the Third or the Fifth symphonies at past concerts.

Yet the performance was not ultra conservative and the impress of the conductor's individuality was not lacking. The music was played in the true romantic style. His conception of it was poetic and imaginative but fancy was duly restrained and never overstepped the bounds of good taste. Proportions were well observed and it is doubtful if a more satisfying interpretation of these two

symphonies could be desired by the most fastidious.

Possibly the last movement of the Seventh symphony might have gained in rhythmical incisiveness had it been at a slightly slower pace, but never has it been our good fortune to hear the Sixth played with such a fortunate choice of tempi. This symphony, until yesterday, has always seemed a tiresome work full of needless repetitions, often childish in the character of its themes and in its imitations of the sounds of nature.

Not so yesterday. Mr. Koussevitzky succeeded in bringing out what

must have been the original intentions of the composer. By taking the opening allegro and the scene by the brookside at a faster pace than has been customary with his predecessors he brought out the broad lines on which these movements are constructed as no other conductor has done. By playing the music of the tempest in a more subdued manner he suggested the storm to the imagination rather than attempted to paint it graphically, and by broadening the measures of the final hymn of thanksgiving he lent a dignity to these pages which has heretofore been lacking.

### Symphony Transformed

The symphony as a whole was transformed. It became under his hands once more a vital music, a music which touched the heart, which set the imagination aglow, a music once more vivid and pulsing with life, a music touched with the genius of the great master who penned its measures.

In like manner was the interpretation of the Seventh symphony. Mr. Koussevitzky did not attempt to read into its measures meanings which were foreign to them. It was a conception of this music which was supremely sane and straightforward, a conception which was satisfying, which left the hearer with the impression that this and no other was the manner in which it should be played.

This was playing which restored



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faith in Beethoven's music, which made it possible to once more understand its greatness and beauty, its universal appeal. Oftentimes it had seemed faded and worn. After yesterday's performance we know that it is blessed with eternal youth.

Strange to say, Mr. Koussevitzky was unduly restrained in the dramatic Overture to "Coriolanus." Here those theatrical qualities which have served him in many another piece of similar nature were not in evidence. He is truly a man of surprises, of unusual and unexpected ways with music, yet withal capable of touching the heights.

## BEETHOVEN FILLS SYMPHONY PROGRAM

### Koussevitzky's Homage to the Classics

Globe — Jan. 17, 1925

Next week's Symphony program is to be all-Stravinsky, with the composer present and playing the piano part in his new concerto, but Mr. Koussevitzky doing the conducting. Perhaps this fact explains why Koussevitzky selected yesterday to do homage to the greatest of the classics for orchestra.

He is holding the balance between ancients and moderns even, and trying to satisfy both those to whom the history of music ended with Brahms and those for whom it began with Debussy and has culminated in Stravinsky. Yesterday's program, for the first time in 15 years, contained no music not of the very greatest. Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, his Sixth, and his Seventh symphony filled the afternoon.

Why anyone should dislike either an all-Beethoven or an all-Stravinsky program is not very plain. Beethoven's greatest masterpieces, such as those heard yesterday, are openly denounced only by the youngest and rashest modernists, whatever any candid 20th century listener may think of the music from "The Ruins of Athens" and other mediocre works from his pen. Stravinsky, if not a great composer, is at least one of the foremost now living. Anybody to whom music is not a dead art should be eager to hear his work often enough and fully enough to be able to decide whether or not it is permanently pleasurable.

Yet there are many who repine over having to hear two Beethoven symphonies in an afternoon. Jaded musical palates, such as those of persons whose

profession requires them to hear, to make, or to teach too much music, may require a succession of more or less spicy titbit novelties if any concert program is to interest them. But surely any person normally sensitive to music and not already sated with it must find great masterpieces sustaining and consoling.

Koussevitzky as usual did not conduct according to what passes for the tradition. He was not successful with the introduction and first movement of the Seventh Symphony, which he misconceived as akin to the "Eroica" and Fifth in mood. Elsewhere his interpretations were vivid and deeply moving, though not always according to the directions in the orchestral score about tempi, dynamics, etc.

The introduction to the Seventh Symphony is really majestic: he made it hurried and anxious; the first movement is really a graceful, spirited, flowing poem, not, as he tried to make it, tragic.

In the finale of the Sixth Symphony, on the other hand, Koussevitzky's reading makes the design of the whole movement plain as no other reading has done in years. It is all developed from the little motive in horns and clarinets at the beginning, a fact the beauty of the first lyric episode obscures. If the whole movement is not conceived and performed cumulatively. The audience applauded with what seemed genuine enthusiasm at every break in the program.

It is futile to try to describe in words the genius of Beethoven. At least a dozen themes and passages played at this concert are among the most beautiful things in the world. But it is not by "elegant extracts" that great poetry in tones like this really endures in history, actually goes on moving the hearts of men through many generations. Beethoven is greater than Schubert, not because his melodies are any more beautiful, but because his music has design and proportion; because also it was not written with ease and cannot be heard at all by the careless listener.

At least one listener found yesterday's program the most enthralling of any heard in 15 years of Symphony going. For this the credit goes to Beethoven.

P. R.

## TO THE OTHER AUDIENCE

Trans. — Jan. 17, 1925

For the First Time Mr. Koussevitzky Conducts the Monday Concert—Mr. Richard Burgin as Soloist—Appreciation and an Ovation

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YESTERDAY evening the public of the Monday Symphony series heard for the first time a concert under the baton of Mr. Koussevitzky. This public now fills Symphony Hall to the last seat of the second balcony. For it Mr. Koussevitzky had assembled a program which began with the Symphony in G major which Haydn wrote for Paris; which continued with Beethoven's concerto for violin; which ended with three numbers from the works of Wagner—the introduction and Bacchanale from the Paris version of "Tannhäuser," the so-called funeral music of Siegfried from "The Dusk of the Gods," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Mr. Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, was the soloist. The applause after his number amounted to an ovation, recalling him to the stage repeatedly.

If there is anywhere a piece of music that sets forth more fully than this G major Symphony the spirit of Haydn, such piece would be revelation indeed. For if Haydn was cheerful, bright, full of good humor, so was this Symphony; if he was devout and fervent, so was its slow movement; if he was a son of the soil, the last movement suggested it; if he was somewhat naïve, so was the buzzing first movement; if he had sunshine in his heart, he put much of it into this Symphony. Such qualities Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra felt in this old music, such characterization they gave forth to their audience.

Curiosity is said to be responsible for many things. It has just led us to count the number of times Beethoven's concerto for violin has been played at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Burgin's performance yesterday evening was the twenty-second one since 1884—anyone a little more curious can easily figure in how many (or few) of the intervening years it was not played. Mr. Burgin played it now with lustrous, silken tone, now with high, sustaining nobility, now with decisive, burning rhythm.

To the grace and charm and humor of Haydn, and to the heights of Beethoven, Mr. Koussevitzky next added the passion and the heat of Wagner. The Bacchanale is musical setting for a ballet-scene including Venus and Tannhäuser, the Graces, Amorettes, Bacchantes, Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs and Naiads, not to forget human youths. In Mr. Koussevitzky's hands it is a vortex of energy, seductive-

ness, passion. It makes high demands upon the virtuosity of conductor and orchestra alike. The so-called funeral music from the "Dusk of the Gods" is in reality a summing up, a retrospect of the principal ideas of the four dramas of the "Ring of the Nibelungen." Motives from various situations call to mind the chief course of the plot. The scene is musically most impressive. It is everlasting marvel that so coherent and unified a whole can come from a succession of ten, more or less, independent motives. The orchestra imparted to it grandeur and eloquence. Just as this music epitomizes the whole of the "Ring" so the prelude to the "Mastersingers" announces and prefigures the measures and the moods of that piece. Here is the pomp, the grandiloquence, the ceremoniousness and self-importance of the mastersingers; and again, the swelling music of spring, of youth with its ambitions, its loves, its innocences; and lastly the measures of humor and of drollery, suggesting the comedy and even the horse-play which are by no means absent from this opera. In such moods conductor and men set this prelude before their hearers, amplifying, differentiating, combining them, bringing with them the program to an exultant close.

A. H. M.

### Incidents and Prospects

The Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Koussevitzky conducting, announces two more concerts for young people on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons next, at four o'clock, in Symphony Hall. The program traverses the Minuet and Finale from Haydn's Symphony in G major; the Andante from the Concerto for Horn written by the father of Richard Strauss; three numbers from Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition"—Promenade, Children at Play in the Garden of the Tuilleries, Ballet of Chickens; a fragment of Haydn's Concerto for Violoncello; two numbers from Grieg's music to "Peer Gynt"—Anitra's Dance, In the Hall of the Mountain King. In the solo-pieces Mr. Wendler and Mr. Bedetti of the orchestra will be heard. Most of the seats for both concerts have already been distributed. A few may be had at the box-office.

Next week, the Symphony Orchestra will revisit New York and for the two concerts there Mr. Koussevitzky has already prepared his programs. For the first on Thursday evening, Jan. 29, the numbers are Emanuel Bach's Concerto for Orchestra; Chalkovsky's Fifth Symphony; and, with Mr. Hayes for singer, a fragment of Berlioz's "Flight into Egypt" and Liszt's setting of the hundred and fourth Sonnet of Petrarch. On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 31, conductor and orchestra will be heard in Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor; Ravel's version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition"; Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.



## Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 23, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, at 8.15 o'clock

Stravinsky . . . . Song of the Volga Bargemen, arranged  
for Wind Orchestra

Stravinsky . . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet, "Pétrouchka"  
(Piano, JÉSUS SANROMÁ)

Russian Dance—Pétrouchka—Grand Carnival—Nurses'  
Dance—The Bear and the Peasant playing a hand organ  
—The Merchant and the Gypsies—The Dance of the  
Coachmen and Grooms—The Masqueraders

Stravinsky . Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra (with Double-basses)  
(First time in America)

- I. Lento; Allegro; Lento.
- II. Larghissimo.
- III. Finale: Allegro.

Stravinsky . . Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"),  
A Danced Legend

- I. Introduction; Katscheï's Enchanted Garden and Dance of  
the Fire-Bird.
- II. Supplications of the Fire-Bird.
- III. The Princesses Play with the Golden Apples.
- IV. Dance of the Princesses.
- V. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katscheï.

SOLOIST

IGOR STRAVINSKY

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators.  
It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





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# STRAVINSKY CAPTIVATES AT CONCERT

Composer Appears as  
Soloist With  
Symphony

*Post* Jan. 24, 1925  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The world moves swiftly these days. Only last spring Igor Stravinsky, composer of the fearful and formidable "Rite of Spring" that then set musical Boston by the ears, seemed an almost fabulous being.

Yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, at the Symphony Concert, there was Igor Stravinsky in the flesh, an affable-seeming little man who bowed deeply, rapidly and repeatedly in response to the applause that greeted his entrance, bowed again between the movements of his Concerto, in which he was the solo pianist, and at the end extended both hands to Mr. Koussevitzky with a frank friendliness altogether captivating.

## BELIED BY APPEARANCE

Not from any outward appearance might this be the man from whom has come such devastating music. Yet Igor Stravinsky it was. And who, having seen the composer, can ever

again shudder at his music? The notion is fantastical.

There is in Mr. Stravinsky's aspect and manner, in his extraordinarily rapid, almost mechanical motions, in his slight body and his eyes that seem just to have left off peering in a microscope, more to suggest the entomologist than the musician. That he is all intellect, an enormously developed mental machine, seems the most obvious conclusion. Nor did the wholly circumspect and conventional attire of yesterday—a far cry from the orange of shirt and muffler that has received so much publicity—tend to add color to his presence and personality.

## Looks Like Scientist

To be sure, the sight of Mr. Stravinsky face to face modifies, if it does not wholly belie, these first impressions. But as yesterday's audience saw him upon the stage, surrounded by the orchestra, he was a somewhat exceptional figure as composer.

We have seen here in Boston d'Indy, Rachmaninoff and Richard Strauss—eminent composers all, and men of imposing presence, each one suggesting in his physical self and his demeanor the temper of his music.

And now comes Igor Stravinsky, maker of the musical bombshells of the century—looking like a kind and impersonal scientist. No more does he fit the popular or romantic conception of a great composer than he bears out the picture of the bizarre and wild-eyed anarchist who would bring about a reign of musical terror.

## Contrast and Variety

Appropriately, Mr. Koussevitzky devoted to the music of Stravinsky the whole of yesterday's concert, and so well contrasted were the four pieces which made the programme that there was no hint of the lack of contrast and variety that some may have feared in an all-Stravinsky afternoon.

For wholly innocuous beginning came the composer's masterly arrangement for wind-orchestra of the familiar Song of the Volga Barge-men, a piece that Mr. Koussevitzky did not hesitate to perform at one of the Young People's Concerts. To this pleasant prelude, then succeeded the Suite from the ballet "Petrouchka," enormously clever, colorful, vividly descriptive and audacious music of its composer's 29th year, foreshadowing here and there the far bolder "Rite of Spring." Apart from the action it was designed to accompany, the music of "Petrouchka" necessarily loses a little,



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both in suggestiveness and in significance. Yet it is singularly stimulating to hear and, what is more, it is music of genius.

#### Returned to Bach

But the new Piano Concerto, which yesterday followed "Petrouchka," is a bird of a different feather. Art, so Vincent d'Indy tells us, moves, not in a circle but in a spiral, ever and anon repeating itself in certain phases, but at a higher elevation. In such wise has Stravinsky, the arch-modern, become a classicist; he has returned to Bach, and this Concerto is his confession of faith.

Some, of course, will deny the applicability in this instance of M. d'Indy's metaphor, or at the least they will hold that the spiral has been one of descent. For this Concerto is sure to have its detractors.

#### Grips by Its Vigor

To the sympathetic listener, however, Stravinsky seems here successfully to have blown new notes on an old horn. To a Bachian polyphony, to a Bachian abstractness and, in the second movement, to a Bachian elevation of mood he has added modern harmony and rhythm, even the rhythm of jazz, and in the skilful accompaniment for wind instruments and percussion, modern instrumental resource as well. More-  
over, this music grips, holds and enraptures by reason of its sheer intellectual vigor, its sinewy strength.

As pianist Mr. Stravinsky proved a fluent technician, a master of his own exceedingly intricate rhythms, and one relatively indifferent to tonal color as such. But whether it was for him, for his piece, or for his playing of it, the applause was such as to bring him back to the stage time and again—and then yet again.

#### Of Charm and Fancy

Finally, with commendable tact, since for some listeners the Concerto was bound to prove strong medicine, Mr. Koussevitzky's tact placed at the end of his programme five movements of the Suite drawn from the ballet that, in the order of composition, preceded "Petrouchka," the enchanting "Fire-Bird." Music of rare grace and charm, of romantic fancy, music rightly and imaginatively scored and, in the final Infernal Dance, music of excitement as well, this suite could not fail to please the most timid, the most exacting or the most conservative listener.

## STRAVINSKY AT SYMPHONY HALL

Concert Devoted to Composer, Who Makes First Appearance Here

### MUSIC ASTONISHES AND FASCINATES

*Herald* — Jan. 24, 1925

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The concert was devoted to Mr. Stravinsky, composer and pianist. It was his first appearance in Boston. The works chosen were these: "Song of the Volga," Bar-gemen arranged for Wind Orchestra; Orchestral Suite from the ballet "Petrouchka" (Jesus Sanroma, pianist); Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra (with double basses); Orchestral Suite from "The Fire-Bird."

All of this music had been heard in Boston except The Concerto. The song of the Volga argemen was played at a concert led by Mr. Koussevitzky for young people last November. It is a short and simple arrangement of the famous song that has tempted many composers; a sombre arrangement as befits the mournful theme, which does not admit ornate elaboration or gorgeous coloring. It is a prelude for any solemn occasion. It is said that it was written in the hope that it might take the place of the old Russian National Anthem, thrown overboard at the time of the Revolution. This arrangement is a piece d'occasion: composed for a gala performance by the Ballet Russe in Rome seven years ago in aid of the Italian Red Cross. Simple as the music is, there are "Stravinskyisms" in the instrumentation and in certain harmonic devices.

The ballets "Petrouchka" and "The Fire Bird," with the Suites derived from them are well known to our musical public. The music bears separation from the stage and the miming dancers

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better than the "Sacre du Printemps." It is true that the music of the two has a greater significance, it sets forth more clearly the talent of the composer. When it is heard in the theatre—that is, if it can be fully heard there. In performances of ballet, as in performances of opera, the attention is divided: Now the eye is especially interested; now, the ear. The spectator is conscious of the fact that music is playing when he is fascinated by the action and the grace of the dancers; but he cannot shut his eyes and concentrate his mind on the music alone. In either case, in the theatre or in the concert hall, the composer must suffer to a certain degree. The severer test of the inherent worth of the music is in the concert hall.

The two Suites played yesterday, as if they were absolute music, are to the glory of the composer. The extraordinary vivacity and humor, the instrumental chatter and turmoil, the varied intoxicating and irresistible rhythms, the musical painting now with a broad brush, now with the detail of the Flemish school—all these astonish and delight.

Composers who little by little develop a peculiar style after success achieved in a more conventional manner often affect to count as dross their earlier work. We hope that this is not so in the case of Mr. Stravinsky, for there are many pages in "The Fire Bird" that are singularly poetic and beautiful even when they are ostensibly imitative or decorative. There is richer thematic material, a coloring more glowing and sensuous, though not so ingenuous, audacious, theatrical.

The concerto, dedicated to Mme. Koussevitzky, completed and produced last spring, is another matter. The composer tells us that it is a sort of 17th century passacaglia or toccata—i.e., "the 17th century viewed from the point of view of today." Does he mean by this that we should hear the old music as we think we should have heard it in that century, or that composers of the 17th century, if they were brought to life and allowed to hear modern music, would adapt the old forms and contrapuntal weavings to suit the present taste? Academic questions not calling now for laborious consideration. The question is this: Is the concerto heard yesterday merely an intellectual effort, an attempt to straddle centuries far apart, or is it music that is emotional in the nobler meaning of the word, or a masterpiece of enchanting brilliance. The concerto, after one hearing is not to be fulsomely praised, not to be carelessly dismissed as jejune and futile. There is a curious mixture of styles—the hearer is suddenly transported from the formalism of Bach's time to a modernity of expression which is not of the highest order. In the rhythm there is

at times the suggestion of the negro influences that is now felt across the Atlantic. There is a succession of styles rather than a continuity of individualism. This is the more surprising, for Mr. Stravinsky as a composer is above all an individualist, neither following a school nor belonging to one. It is easy to recognize and admire in the concerto technical facility, as it was easy to recognize by Mr. Stravinsky's performance of the piano part, the grim earnestness with which he pursued his inexorable plan. Purely æsthetic, call it sensuous or call it emotional, enjoyment, was derived almost solely from the melodic section in the middle of the work.

A remarkable man, this Igor Stravinsky; a fascinating, perplexing, at times irritating personage in the world of music: an inventor and master of rhythm and orchestration, and as such a one he influences and will influence others. Whether he will prove to be an apostle of sweetness and light, a torchbearer down the years to come will be for those who come after us to decide.

Yesterday the hall was full of his glory and in this glory Mr. Koussevitzky and the players shared.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. Henry Hadley will conduct the concert of Feb. 6, 7 and Mme. Matzenauer will sing.

## STRAVINSKY FILLS SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Composer Plays Piano in His New Concerto

*Globe* — Jan. 24, 1925

Igor Stravinsky, the Russian composer whose music has been vehemently discussed in musical circles here, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. He played the piano part in his new concerto for piano and wind instruments, which was performed for the first time in America. His setting of the Russian popular tune, known to American audiences as "Song of the Volga Boatmen," and suites from his ballets "Petrouchka" and "The Fire-bird," filled the rest of the program. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The audience applauded with more cordiality than is usual in the case of modernist music. After "Petrouchka," the orchestra stood in acknowledgment. Mr. Stravinsky was recalled many times after the concerto.



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Stravinsky is a little man, obviously shy, nervous at appearing before an audience, completely absorbed in his music while he is playing and unhappy afterward as long as he is compelled to undergo the scrutiny of 2800 spectators. He has not a bit of the poseur about him, nor could he command the attention of an audience by force of personality alone, as do his countrymen Chaliapin and Koussevitzky. Nobody would look twice at Stravinsky in a crowd, yet if anyone did he would discover that the composer has an original and sensitive face unlike anyone's else. But it is not what passes for a strong face, and certainly not a beautiful face.

The new concerto is written for piano, wind instruments and double basses. It is dedicated to Mme Koussevitzky and was first played last Spring at a Koussevitzky concert in Paris. This music is quite unlike the earlier works of Stravinsky. It is strongly influenced by Bach, and there are bits of syncopation that suggest superficially the American jazz, in which the composer has for several years professed great interest. Stravinsky has taken his own wherever he found it, from Bach, whom all musicians praise, and from jazz, which so many musicians scorn.

This concerto has greater emotional power and much greater dignity of style than any other work of Stravinsky heard in Boston. It is absolute music, with no attempt at telling a story or at conveying any specific feeling to the hearer. The style is freely polyphonic, the themes are original and of great beauty; the working out is naturally, yet elaborately contrived. Masterpiece is a rash word to use about contemporary music, yet one could not but feel that this concerto is a masterpiece.

The suite from "The Firebird" has not worn well. It is effectively scored for a very large orchestra, with the excessive use of percussion instruments fashionable in 1910. But the musical ideas are now rather banal, the musical craftsmanship superlative only in the scoring for orchestra, not in the handling of the themes used.

"Petrushka," on the other hand, remains a humorous genre picture in music, akin to Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" in sheer imaginative gusto, though written in another idiom. One would like to know the exact extent to which the themes in this piece are taken, as essayists claim, from Russian popular music. They sound more like Stravinsky than like anything else, just as Beethoven's "Russian Themes" in Rasumovsky quartets and elsewhere sound like Beethoven.

Nobody can now say whether Stravinsky is a great composer. He is too near us and his merits are too hotly disputed. He has certainly written in "Petrushka," in "Rites of Spring," and in this new concerto music that stirs the listener deeply, music original in style and often superb in technique. The slow movement of the concerto touched one's heart yesterday as few contemporary pieces have done. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave, as was expected, a highly effective performance of this program. P. R.

## DAY OF STRAVINSKY, WELL-GRACED GUEST AT SYMPHONY HALL

AFTERNOON OF THE MAN AND HIS  
MUSIC

Trans. — Jan. 24, 1925.  
Modest Composer, Alert and Also Taut-  
Strung—A Program That Might Better  
Have Represented Him—Fragments of  
"The Fire-Bird" and Fragments of  
"Petrushka"—Leap to the Piano-Con-  
certo of 1924, Sinewy, Singular, Aus-  
tere, Imperious

DISTINCTLY, Mr. Igor Stravinsky is not a composer on view. He is visiting the United States for the first time. He is the most illustrious figure in the music-making of our day. Yesterday afternoon he was guest at the Symphony Concert. The orchestra played his music only. He himself shared in the first performance in America of his Concerto for Piano, Wind Orchestra, Drums and Double-Basses. The audience left not a seat empty and bestowed upon him as much applause as it is wont to give to any but resident composers proffering a new piece. Mr. Stravinsky, in person, might have answered the clapping after his arrangement of "The Song of the Volga Boatmen"; the folk-dances from his ballet, "Petrushka"; the numbers joined in suite from his ballet of "The Fire-Bird." He might even have appeared at the end of the concert—in final apotheosis.

As it was, Mr. Stravinsky came upon the stage only when it was time to begin the Concerto; walked quickly to the piano-stool; bowed to the welcoming plaudits as briefly as might be; waited alertly for the conductor to signal his entrance into the ensemble. At the pauses in the piece, he was cursory and business-like in thanks for applause. He turned swiftly on his heel; jerked a low bow as quickly at the audience; was in his place again. The Concerto completed, his first care was to shake Mr. Koussevitzky's hands and wave smiling thanks to a deserving orchestra. As briefly as might be, a bow or two, a hand laid upon his heart, were acknowledgement to the clapping crowd. Though the applause diminished, Mr. Stravinsky returned once and twice; but it swelled

again when he pulled Mr. Koussevitzky to his side. Thereupon the most eminent living composer, save only Richard Strauss, withdrew from the public eye of Boston—to return to it this evening for final welcome and final farewell. Thereafter, we others may only know, with the dear old program-book, that he is "now in the United States."

The advent of Mr. Stravinsky on the platform of Symphony Hall more gratified than impressed many curiosities. He is not tall; he is slight; he moves quickly, tautly, almost spinning upon his heels when he turns; strung tense in every needed muscle when he plays upon the piano; springing forward, even bouncing upward, in his energy with certain measures. The contours of his face, especially in the high cheek-bones, are distinctly Slav, possibly with Tartar admixture generations ago. Under a high forehead with thin dark hair brushed smoothly back, dark eyes shine brightly. His countenance suggests a wiry and alert spirit within. His every movement is that of a man of precision. He bears himself as one accustomed to the world within and without the concert-hall, and he employs an excellent tailor. Yesterday in fact his jacket, trousers and tie, as austere as they were well-cut and worn, belied—and disappointed—many an expectation. Where were the flaming ties, the sparkling rings, the "pullover" like unto Joseph's coat with which anecdote had arrayed Mr. Stravinsky? The rehearsal-room, however, is not the concert-hall. Yet what shall it profit a composer as sign and wonder to an audience, "prepared for anything," if he resemble nothing so much as a Russian well established in business or profession, say in London? Seemingly fate predestined Mr. Stravinsky to be a stumbling-block to man—and woman—kind. Much of his music vexes many an ear. Yesterday, his aspect and bearing disappointed many an eye.

As arranged by Mr. Koussevitzky and others in authority, the concert was hardly representative of that music. It began with an occasional piece, brief, bald, summary, written to oblige Monsieur Diaghilev in 1917. It continued with assorted folk-scenes and dances from "Petrushka," relatively early ballet. Thence it switched to the Piano-Concerto, music less than a year old; only to race back to Mr. Stravinsky's beginnings in the theater with "The Fire-Bird." Obviously a seventh and an eighth performance, within a year, of "The Rite of Spring" was out of the question. For other concerts, Mr. Koussevitzky chose to reserve "The Song of the Nightingale"—Stravinsky in not a few respects at acme—pieces besides, that we Bostonians might well have heard from Mr. Monteux last year. "The Symphonies" in memory of Debussy and the Octet for Wind Choir were banished

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as too controversial. From Mr. Stravinsky's latest period—as the lecturers call it—the audience heard only the Piano-Concerto, since as guest, the composer must somewhere be in visual evidence; preferably not upon the conductor's stand. Besides, as the high-placed obligingly explained, "It was desirable to have everything pleasant," just as when Rotarians meet. Hence no "Symphonies," no Octet, not even a Chinese Nightingale singing out of fairy-book. In sum, an afternoon oftener recalling the past than recording the present of Mr. Stravinsky.

Played in the Suite for large orchestra first assembled by the composer, the music to "The Fire-Bird" still entices and enchants. Already Mr. Stravinsky is master of both the graces and the forces of rhythm. In the magic garden, the captive Princesses wind through their wistful round; toss lightly as leaves astir in the sunshine, the apples of gold and the apples of silver. Nausicaa and her maidens at ball upon Homeric strand make no lovelier picture. Or the train of The Ogre sprawls out of his castle, stamps, prances, cavorts under a spell stronger than his. At opposite poles are the two episodes. Yet in either the illusion of the rhythm is complete; while the substance and the surface of the music do but swell this suggestion.

Equally is Mr. Stravinsky master of a music that in line, modulation and progress shall translate motion into tones. Measures gleam with The Fire-Bird as she flits radiantly about the garden. Measures flutter with her when from the captor Prince she entreats her shining freedom. Again Mr. Stravinsky translates an illusion to the eye into an illusion for the ear; while through both, it penetrates and possesses the imagination. Harmonic and instrumental color flow richly from his palette. The music of the Princesses not only pulses gently. As gently it also glows. The music of the Introduction is as an iridescent curtain, slowly rising upon a magical scene. Colors grotesque, mingled and parted in the flash of a moment, splash The Ogre's troop. Already a Stravinsky achieving beauty, fantasy, illusion; full panoplied to go forward.

From the Suite out of "Petrushka" conductor and composer had wisely excised the pages that would unfold the dramatic narrative unaccompanied by action on the stage. For no such end (were it possible) did Mr. Stravinsky write his music. Rather, through it, the mimed fable and the characterized puppets should all coalesce into one body and a single illusion. Of such pages there remained—as it seemed by way of sample—only those that first disclose Petrushka himself—twitching and teetering, pitty-patting and grimacing, comic, piteous, most human of puppets. With a hint of him at the back of the listener's head, here was music as graphic in sug-



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gestion as it was precise, adroit, inventive with every delineating means.

All else in the Suite as played yesterday, was folk-scene and folk-dance in the tumult of the street-fair. The three puppets danced à la Russe; but still more with the rigid, angular, clicking motion of automata; the trader played upon his accordeon; the bear lumbered in and lumbered out. The nurses, the grooms, the coachmen, the other carnival-folk, danced by group, danced also in ensemble. Therewith entered a Stravinsky not as the Stravinsky of "The Fire-Bird"—a composer capable of a harsh, strident, streaming counterpoint, as when all the dances together whirled; disposed also to hammering, plunging, rough-edged, heavy-footed or curiously twitching rhythms; prone to harmonic and instrumental color acrid, rough-coated, pungent.

From these pages in "Petrushka" of 1911, the transition to the Piano-Concerto of 1924 seemed less abrupt than the span of the years and the new ways of the composer might imply. Indeed, the arrangement of "The Bargemen's Song" might plausibly be stepping-stone along the course. For here is Mr. Stravinsky waiving out of his orchestra the sensuous strings many-timbred. Here also is he writing bare, gaunt, middle-grayish measures that move heavily in square-cut masses of tone. True, the folk-words and the folk-tune of The Bargemen invite such music. They tolled under skies oftenest wintry-gray; they tugged at heavy burdens; slow was their progress; gaunt their thoughts; somber their spirits. Even so, Mr. Stravinsky would hardly have denied his transcription every decorative, every amplifying period, unless he were then inclining to the severities, austerities and rigors of composition in music.

Not that the Concerto for Piano and a stringless orchestra, save only the double-basses, exemplifies these devotions and no other. It is true, however, that the songful choir is once more discarded; that the decorative instruments, like the harps, and over the way the percussion-group, are absent with leave; that the orchestral background now and again moves heavily, darkly, rough-hewn. Moreover, from end to end of the Concerto, Mr. Stravinsky has flouted the siren of color. The band, less than thirty strong, in crescent around the piano, does not enrich and enamel patterns. It shapes, weaves, and, on occasion, reticently tints them. Adroit euphonies, embellishing arabesques, the familiar jewelry of instrumentation go by

the board. The harmonies are the outgrowth, bare and unescapable, of the counterpoint. They set in thin backgrounds; deploy little light and shade; carry scant imagery or suggestion.

For the graces as well as the gewgaws of music seem the last of Mr. Stravinsky's preoccupations in the designing and the accomplishing of this Concerto. He is writing music by mental process to achieve mental satisfactions. Piano and orchestra are weaving and interweaving patterns in tones; mating and unmating them; setting them in various sorts of motion; shifting them to this relative position and that. Yet while the Stravinskian mind is willing, the Stravinskian flesh—or rather the Stravinskian spirit—is sometimes weak. At three-and-forty, even after the "Symphonies" and the "Octet" a composer may not altogether alter his self-expression. Mr. Stravinsky remains in the Concerto a master of incisive rhythms; too prone, indeed, is he to keep them a-hammering. He renews and enlarges his command of counterpoint—of that penetrating counterpoint in which long melodic lines stream harshly along their way, cutting and channelling the music. Color he can forswear; but by no means melody. It repossesses him in the slow movement; pervades the pages: rises into a grave passion, an austere beauty that leave neither mind nor heart (by Mr. Stravinsky's leave) untouched. In degree melody recurs elsewhere, albeit the composer wears a certain self-conscious, not to say guilty air. After all, the most stripped and "mental" of music may not be all fugati, cadenzas and metrical patterns. There are human limits—for composer as well as hearers.

More: not for nothing has Mr. Stravinsky considered, experimented and assimilated in the syncopation and jazz of this our happy day. They have entered his musical system, so to say. They are there to stay, except as by usage he may gradually eliminate them. Consciously or sub-consciously he often makes them his substitute in this music for color the despised. Imagine a Concerto in long stretches of contrapuntal pattern, say of the eighteenth century. Imagine it relieved and diversified at decent intervals by bare and austere melody; once ennobled by grave and lofty song. Imagine it, finally, jazzed as in premonition; jazzed not gayly, but severely; out of the resolute mind rather than the impulse irresistible. Imagine these processes simultaneously or in succession, sinewy, vigorous and rigorous to the end. And the outcome will be very like the Piano-Concerto of Igor Stravinsky. H. T. P.

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## Stravinsky Plays His Concerto for the First Time in America

Monitor

By STUART MASON Jan. 24, 1925.

THE thirteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday in Symphony Hall, Boston, was devoted entirely to the compositions of Igor Stravinsky, who played the piano part of his concerto for piano and wind orchestra, with double basses, performed for the first time in America. The other compositions played were Song of the Volga Bargemen, arranged for wind orchestra; orchestral suite from the ballet "Petrushka" and suite from the "Fire-Bird," a "danced legend."

There was no good reason for including in this program the Song of the Volga Bargemen as arranged by Stravinsky for wind instruments. It is not well scored for the instruments and gives the effect of music played by a badly balanced military band.

Not so the other compositions of the afternoon. We venture to say that no person sincerely interested in the art of music and in its progress could have failed to find much to admire and little that was not of absorbing interest in this remaining portion of the program. Here was music of Stravinsky's earlier years, as well as that of his maturer style. Here then was a chance to observe at first hand the development of one of the first composers of these modern times and to catch a fleeting glance at what the future may bring.

### A Return to Bach

"Petrushka" and the "Fire-Bird," for all their so-called modern orchestral effects, are conceived in the romantic mood, a continuation of the lines laid down by Schumann, Liszt and Berlioz.

The piano concerto is quite evidently a return to the models of classical times and hints that the romantic period has now come to a close and that composers will again write in accordance with the æsthetic rules which governed Bach and his predecessors. That is, it is music which is not designed to tell a story,

nor primarily to move the emotions. It is impersonal music, music which appeals to the intellect alone.

But just as the music of Bach is a summing up of that of the long line of contrapuntists who preceded him, a line which may be traced far back into the Middle Ages, and also foreshadows that of the long line of romantic composers who were to succeed him, so do the earlier works of Stravinsky sum up their music in turn, and so does this concerto foreshadow a new period in the development of music, a period which would seem to be characterized by a return to earlier ideals.

### Form Is Clear

In point of fact it is quite easy to perceive that this concerto is built on the lines of those of Bach. Its form is clear and in it are to be observed many of the processes beloved of the great Leipsic cantor. There is the same cultivation of ornamental pattern weaving, the same touch of detached emotion, noticeably in the slow movement, the same rhythmical vigor, not capricious and irregular, as in Stravinsky's earlier works, but strong and calm, as in the great organ fugues and the B minor Mass. It is music which opens broad horizons, a universal music unconcerned with merely personal impressions, or human passions, a stimulating, quickening and penetrating music.

Doubtless this concerto, as time goes on, will be found wanting in many a detail. Doubtless it may not prove to be the masterpiece it seems at present, for it is so filled with a new life, with a refreshing note which has so long been absent from contemporary music that it is difficult to judge it dispassionately.

But who is able to follow in this path so clearly indicated by Stravinsky, a course which would seem to be inevitable if music is to progress? At this day and date he stands alone.

The performances of "Petrushka" and the "Fire-Bird" were not unqualifiedly successful. Was Mr.



Koussevitzky overawed by the presence of the composer? In any case he gave a reading of these two suites which was unimaginative and at times clumsy. This is music which requires the utmost abandon, music to be nonchalantly tossed off without apparent care or concern. Too often it was played timidly and with diffidence. Not in this manner did Mr. Monteux play these two colorful and graphic suites.

## Koussevitzky Stays

To Be Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra Through Another Year and Maybe Two

IT was said on the best of authority yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, and freely repeated "in high quarters" at the dinner of the Harvard Musical Association last evening, that Mr. Koussevitzky had signed on Friday a contract under which he will continue through another season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—that is until May of 1928. Beyond that time the conductor and the negotiators for the Trustees left the way open for future arrangement and agreement. Even so, it is within the probabilities that Mr. Koussevitzky will spend a third year in Boston before he finally returns to Europe. Enough for the while, that he will remain in his present post through another season and so assure to the Symphony Concerts, in Boston, New York and other cities, a conductor of high rank, a vivid personality, a leader who can win and hold both old and new audiences. Especially in the number of concerts that make the schedule for a given season, he has found the new work taxing and over-taxing. To some degree that pressure may in time be lessened.

## The Impending Demon

At last an intelligent reporter has looked upon Mr. Stravinsky in New York, listened to him and set down impressions in Mr. Munsey's Sun, to wit:

He is small in stature, with dark, sensitive eyes. He was garbed in opera pumps, gray trousers, black cravat, pink "pullover" and monocle. He leaned against a piano in his hotel-room and exclaimed nonchalantly, "Je deteste la musique moderne." After this staggering statement Mr. Stravinsky proceeded to clarify his saying. He is a small man who stoops a bit and appeared in the above delightfully

variegated and informal dress. He is interested in American jazz and its rhythmic possibilities. He talks easily. His eyes light up and his ideas flow fluently and logically, clothed in French and German with an exact and sure command of language. He would make a good business man. He also reveals a hard yet sensitive mind, scientific in method and sure of its ground. He has humor, irony, breadth of view, a modest yet firm belief in his own work. He possesses certainty of conviction and underlying the rapid and rapier like play of his mind there is a deep earnestness in all his conversation.

"I am no futurist," said Mr. Stravinsky. "I am not a modernist. 'Modernist' is always a compromised word. I detest modernist music; by that I mean the so-called musical products of those gentlemen who seek to puzzle, mystify and excite the dear people when they themselves have no command of musical materials and nothing to say anyhow. I am simply of today." *Trans. Jan. 8, 1925.*

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It is the privilege of this chronicle, thanks to an obliging correspondent in New York, to reprint the following paragraph from The Piccadilly News published for the patrons of the Piccadilly Picture-House:

Fredric Fradkin, one of the most widely known exponents of the violin, has accepted the appointment to the directorship of music at the Piccadilly Theater, where he will conduct the orchestra and assume full charge of the musical programs presented. Mr. Fradkin's advent in this capacity is of significant import both to patrons of the theater as well as to the many admirers he has gained by virtue of his artistry, particularly as Concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In bringing Mr. Fradkin to the Piccadilly, Lee A. Ochs, Managing Director, feels that both the element of proper musical accompaniment to the feature-pictures as well as solos of excellency will be made possible. Fredric Fradkin is a native of New York State and began his violin studies at the age of five. His aptitude for this instrument was reflected four years later when he appeared as soloist with the American Symphony Orchestra. When his twelfth birthday was reached, Rémy, the great French master, accepted him as a pupil and subsequently his studies were continued under the guidance of Lefort at the National Conservatory. The early recognition of his mastery came when he was awarded the First Unanimous Prize of the Conservatory—the only American ever to be accorded this honor. While serving as Concert-master of the Bordeaux Opera Company Orchestra at Royau, France, his proficiency attracted the attention of Eugène Ysaye, who contributed his own knowledge to the young violinist's advancement. Fredric Fradkin's engagements abroad embrace the Concertmastership of such organizations as the Wiener Concertverein at Vienna; the Russian Symphony Orchestra and the Diaghilev Ballet Russe. But it is as Concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that he became best known to the music-lovers of America, who have accepted him as an artist of the first rank.

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# To Boston Now Comes Igor Stravinsky, Guest of the Symphony Orchestra

EVENING TRANSCRIPT, JANUARY 22, 1925  
The Mistrusted Composer as Scornful Ears Hear  
His Music --- Backward to "The  
Fire-Bird"

**O**LD legends, old catchwords die hard. It is apparently still the custom in some quarters [writes Ernest Newman in The New York Evening Post] to speak of Stravinsky as if this were 1914 instead of 1925; as if his music were as new to us now as it was then; as if it carried the same significance now that it seemed to carry then. It is evidently forgotten that during the last ten years we have been able to know Stravinsky as well as we know Brahms or Strauss. He is no longer a new composer; and it really will not do to go on talking about him for ever as if he were so far ahead of us that we should have to pant our lungs out to catch up with him. The plain truth is that he is no longer in front of us, but, in a great many respects, much behind us.

At the age of forty-two and a half, Stravinsky has to his credit—what? Some youthful music of no great importance. Two ballets of genius, "The Fire-Bird" (1910) and "Petrushka" (1911). An uneven but often remarkable opera, "The Nightingale" (1914), that forms the basis of the orchestral piece of the same name. A work still more remarkable at its best, but also still more uneven, "The Rite of

Spring" (1912). Since 1914, mostly a succession of failures and half successes: "Mavra," "The Story of the Soldier," and a number of small instrumental pieces and songs with an occasional charming little thing like "Renard" and an interesting experiment like "Noces," that, however, is too purely Russian to capture the musical world as a whole. . . .

Stravinsky is a highly individual artist—but so individual that the best of what he has done cannot be passed on to others, or made a fertile principle in music in general. His one supreme gift is his orchestral color. But this is so intimately, inseparably, linked with his subjects that nothing but disaster can result when another composer tries to repeat the same effects in connection with a different subject. So far is he from having revolutionized music that the best music in every country is now turning its back on him. He is even turning his own back on that past of his that is supposed to have earned him the title of arch-revolutionary.

Stravinsky's musical gift is a rather small one; but it is unmistakably his own. His faculty for decoration is inexhaustible,



and of a fascinating sureness. But his powers of genuinely musical invention are small. Strip his "Fireworks" and his "Scherzo Fantastique"—both early pieces—of their color, and what remains of them? Apply the same process to "The Song of the Nightingale" among his later numbers, and what remains of that? Here and there is a touch of searching pathos, of ravishing bizarrerie, of genuine beauty; but at least seventy-five per cent of the music is the thinnest commonplace. The practicing musician can listen to these works again and again; for the handling of the orchestra in them is worth perennial study. But he becomes more and more critical of the musical substance of them; while the general public, that is not interested in technical subtleties, never takes the works to its heart.

Who can doubt that to posterity—supposing his career to end now—he will simply be the composer of two charming little ballets, "The Fire-Bird" and "Petrushka," plus some couple of dozen great pages in "The Rite of Spring?" The workmanship of the ballets is exquisite, as his orchestral workmanship is in general; but as regards essential musical substance they are among the simplest, most transparent things of our time. Already they have become to this decade what the "Nutcracker" and "Peer Gynt" were to the last—little things of perfect finish and pure delight. Upon a larger scale, Stravinsky is simply incapable of thinking consecutively for more than a few pages at a time; and the musical listener grows weary of his fragmentariness, his repetitions, his helplessness. He is a very interesting phenomenon; but I fancy that posterity will hold up its hands in amazement at the excitement he created in his own day. He is no Titan, no revolutionary; he is just a Little Master who has produced a few incomparable miniatures and a pile of rubbish.

#### "The Fire-Bird"

"L' Oiseau de Feu: Conte Dansé en deux tableaux de M. Michel Fokine, Musique de M. Igor Stravinsky" was represented for the first time on any stage at the Opéra in Paris on June 25, 1910 by the ballet of Diaghylev, and from that event dates Stravinsky's immense vogue. Five and a

of twenty-two women's doubles reduced to eight pairs as a morning's competition at the Covered Courts at Chestnut today's list of vanquished teams which had been seeded, as L. Bremer and Mrs. K. H. Gibb the second round to Mrs. S. T. and Miss Hilda Williams. Anne seeded pairs, Miss Anna H. Mrs. R. G. Wadsworth, found not but finally overcame Mrs. Ernst and Miss P. T. Campbell.ivals in the final match of the cement of like nature. re of the forenoon was the play George W. Wightman, winner of twenty national championships by Mrs. A. L. Lincoln, Jr., the Cornian had to resort to he to emerge victoriously in two h of which were scored at 6-5 the scheme of limiting play to riods was followed, and the raw did not produce quite such s as in the previous event. Its:

#### FIRST ROUND

en Ginn and Mrs. A. L. Robinson defeated Miss Dolly Thompson and Saltonstall 7-3.  
W. Wightman and Mrs. A. L. defeated Mrs. P. R. Morss and ton 6-5.  
Crawford and Miss Hilda Williams defeated Miss Elizabeth Bright and Mrs. Jr. 7-4.

#### SECOND ROUND

Corbiere and Mrs. Herbert Yerxa Robert Walcott and Mrs. E. M. 2.  
Shedden and Mrs. F. A. Reece P. W. Sprague and Mrs. Gilbert

Crawford and Miss Hilda Williams Mrs. J. L. Bremer and Mrs. K.

Ginn and Mrs. A. L. Robinson, d Mrs. H. R. Hardwick and Palfrey, 9-2.

Wightman and Mrs. A. L. defeated Mrs. John B. Pierce rrin G. Wood, 6-5.

Mumford and Mrs. Gelston T. ed Miss Rosamond Newton and Sanborn, 7-2.

Fuller and Mrs. R. G. Wadsworth Mrs. Frederick Ernst and Campbell, 6-4.

wold and Miss Dorothy Blodgett S. M. Felton, 3d, and Mrs. on, 8-2.

#### DAY'S PROGRAM

Crawford and Miss Williams on and Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. and Mrs. Lincoln vs. Miss Mum- s. G. T. King.

Fuller and Mrs. Wadsworth wold and Miss Blodgett.

Corbiere and Mrs. Yerxa vs. n and Mrs. Reece. Winners matches.

#### R 18-HOLE COURSE

b to Purchase New Prop- on That Low-Handicap

## The Militant Composer as Sympathetic Ears Hear His Music---Forward to The Concerto

" means Debussy, and "Strauss" Strauss, and "Wagner," Wagner, Beethoven. The case of [writes Lawrence Gilman in New York Herald-Tribune] may in- figuratively indicated, with exact by Hood's familiar poem about the Indus and the elephant. One, feeling elephant's leg, declared that on had encountered a tree; another, feeling the elephant's nose, swore was a snake; another, feeling the t's tail, insisted that it was a

insky, it almost seems, had deter- to try everything once. He has romanticist and expressionist; sub- lyrical and objective dynamist. He with the hare of the programists ted with the hounds of the abso- He began as a romantic and ed neoclassicist. He is no longer ky contra mundum (for today the as become the golden apple of this tonal firebird), but he is Stra- contra Igor. But the thing that ue and impressiveness to Stra- protean performances as a com- the inescapable fact that in each gnificant incarnations he has dis- authentic genius. Every one of his ases has produced a masterpiece. as discarded one shape and donned he has left behind him as token perfect and delightful of its kind. its stylistic and periodic premises, ld be a completer triumph of con- and facture than "The Fire-Bird"? ic, fifteen years old, is as freshly as fascinating, as brilliant as it when we first heard it. The which is not only in another im- world but almost in another di- overcomes us anew each time that it afresh.

hat a world of varied beauty and on it is that Stravinsky's music the imagination—what a world of light and life! We know that is not for Mr. Stravinsky, in his

mind, the prime thing in vement with the as a lyric open- orchestra, which his most characteristic fortissimo, with in the "Sacre" (mayno, accentuating us for saying so!) and quality of Stra- tion in that loveliest, most vnd instruments, his pages; the epilogue to usually effective. The Nightingale," with its tens, and a dia- trumpet singing to us out plaintive episode g heart of the philosophi- theme, also lyric, as he meditates upon "the and embroidered beauty and the transiency orchestral ont- ing of the move- ent form—not re- her representing cadenza." This ch brings back ement in various "Petrushka" is Stravinsky seems ut to embark on ps interrupt the lly three chords e plaintive mood. rd again, and a eads to a sudden

#### Piano-Concerto

as poignant combinations ally of wind instruments, send conservative music to the nearest Beethoven y's Concerto for piano, wood-winds, brass and ertain classical flavor— continuous fugue, some- y the piano alone, some- e plaintive mood. eadulated Bach. There eads to a sudden ossische Zeitung, the Philharmonic weeks ago, has that casts loving is, a three-move- rmance of which minutes. The or- o only the wood- asses, a plan that ed and need not a desire for the aliar. The com- at art is unmis- ems sure; here er merely "the as Busoni regular the sounds is the tone-poet down to the heart



and of a fascinating half years later, in the winter of 1916, its powers of genuine was repeated by the Diaghilev dancers in small. Strip h New York, Boston and Chicago amid general excitement and protracted discourse. "Scherzo Fantastical of their color, an The "argument" may be set down:

Apply the same Into the fearful domain of Kastchel the Ogre there wandered one night, after a long day's hunting, the young Prince Ivan Tsarevitch. In the shadows of an orchard he discerned a marvelous golden bird, with plumage that shone through the darkness as if its wings had been dipped in flame. The wondrous creature was sybaritically engaged in plucking golden apples from a silver tree when Ivan gleefully laid hold of her; but, melted by her entreaties, he soon released her, and she flew away, leaving with him, in gratitude, one of her shining plumes.

Who can doubt As the night lifted, Ivan saw that he was in the park of an ancient castle, and as he looked, there issued from it twelve lovely maidens, and then a thirteenth, who, despite her sinister number, seemed to Ivan infinitely desirable. Hiding himself, he watched the damsels, who he knew at once to be princesses because of the easy grace with which, as to the manner born, they played with the golden apples and danced among the silver trees. When he could no longer restrain himself, he went among them; and then, because he was young and comely, they made him a present and besought him to depart in haste, warning him that he was in the enchanted realm of the maleficent Kastchel, whose prisoners they were, and whose playful habit it was to turn to stone whatever venturesome travellers he could decoy. But Ivan, with his eyes on the beautiful thirteenth princess, was undismayed, and would not go. So they left him.

Then the Prince, made bold by love, flung open the gates of the castle, when out swarmed a grotesque and motley throng of slaves and buffoons, soldiers and freaks, the Kikimoras and the Bolibochki and the two-headed monsters—subjects and satellites of the Ogre—and finally the terrible Kastchel himself, who sought to work his petrifying spell upon Ivan. But the Fire-Bird's golden feather, which Ivan still carried, proved to be a magic talisman, against which the wicked power of the Ogre could not prevail.

## Granted Privileges

chief approximately two to one, of 125 members in attendance, of Club last night decided to Sanders estate in West Pea-head on the plans for an 18- An idea of the whole project, was presented in these lay. The sum of \$300,000, in is involved.

ing sidelight on the annual that Fred W. Broadhead, front-rank of local amateurs ade the motion that golfers better in the Massachusetts be granted the privileges of course, which is along the ed in these columns some fr. Broadhead thought that ading golfers deserved some

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## The Militant Composer as Sympathetic Ears Hear His Music --- Forward to The Concerto

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Who can doubt As the night lifted in the park of an he looked, there lovely maidens, and despite her sinister infinitely desirable watched the damsel once to be princess grace with which, they played with danced among the could no longer re among them; and young and comely, ent and besought warning him that realm of the male prisoners they were habit it was to venturesome travel But Ivan, with his thirteenth princess would not go. So Then the Prince, open the gates of swarmed a grotesque slaves and buffoons, Kikimoras and the

"The headed monsters—the Ogre—and finally tableaux de M. M. himself, who sought M. Igor Stravinsky spell upon Ivan. E the first time on en feather, which I in Paris on June to be a magic talisman of Diaghilev, and wicked power of Stravinsky's imm prevail.

And then the Fire-Bird herself appeared. First she caused the Ogre and his crew to begin a frenzied dance, which grew ever wilder and wilder. When they had fallen to the ground exhausted, the Fire-Bird disclosed to Ivan the secret of Kastchel's immortality: In a certain casket the Ogre preserved an egg. If the egg were broken, Kastchel would die. It did not take Ivan long to find the egg and dash it to the ground, whereupon Kastchel expired, and the castle vanished, and the captive knights who had been turned to stone came to life and joined in the general merry-making, while Ivan and the Tsarevna, the most beautiful of the princesses, gazed expectantly into each other's eyes.

HERE is a curious psychological quirk involved in the way we compute the age of famous men. In our minds time does not pass gradually for them, as for ordinary individuals, but in leaps and bounds. Call an artist "promising," for instance, and he is still regarded as "promising" for years after he has kept or broken that promise. Then he dies and overnight becomes a classic. Or let a man become suddenly famous, and in a year or two we can no longer remember the time when he was not famous.

Stravinsky has had the latter fate befall him. When Diaghilev's Ballet produced "Petrushka" we all became excited over this young Russian; and young he was; for "Petrushka" was written when he was twenty-nine. Other pieces increased his fame, but he was still the "young" Russian. Then we heard "Le Sacre" and began to regard him as a pioneer. Articles began to appear in the musical journals regarding his late, later and latest periods, until Stravinsky seemed a venerable patriarch who had founded, developed and destroyed modern music. Yet his presence, like the books, remind us that in this January of 1925, he is only in his forty-third year.

To the eye, yes; but to the ear, as an entity coherent and recognizable, Stravinsky does not yet exist. There is a collocation of music-makers which goes under the trade-name of "Stravinsky"; and, for convenience, one uses that name as a sign and signal. But it relates to no consistent musical personality, in the sense that

## The Militant Composer as Sympathetic Ears Hear His Music --- Forward to The Concerto

"Debussy" means Debussy, and "Strauss" means Strauss, and "Wagner," Wagner, and "Beethoven," Beethoven. The case of Stravinsky [writes Lawrence Gilman in The New York Herald-Tribune] may indeed be figuratively indicated, with exact justice, by Hood's familiar poem about the blind Hindus and the elephant. One, feeling the elephant's leg, declared that the delegation had encountered a tree; another, feeling the elephant's nose, swore that it was a snake; another, feeling the elephant's tail, insisted that it was a rope. . . .

Stravinsky, it almost seems, had determined to try everything once. He has been romanticist and expressionist; subjective lyrical and objective dynamist. He has run with the hare of the programists and hunted with the hounds of the absolutists. He began as a romantic and has turned neoclassicist. He is no longer Stravinsky contra mundum (for today the world has become the golden apple of this dazzling tonal firebird), but he is Stravinsky contra Igor. But the thing that gives value and impressiveness to Stravinsky's protean performances as a composer is the inescapable fact that in each of his significant incarnations he has displayed authentic genius. Every one of his chief phases has produced a masterpiece. As he has discarded one shape and donned another, he has left behind him as token a work perfect and delightful of its kind. Granting its stylistic and periodic premises, what could be a completer triumph of conception and facture than "The Fire-Bird"? This music, fifteen years old, is as freshly lovely, as fascinating, as brilliant as it seemed when we first heard it. The "Sacre," which is not only in another imaginative world but almost in another dimension, overcomes us anew each time that we hear it afresh.

And what a world of varied beauty and fascination it is that Stravinsky's music opens to the imagination—what a world of color and light and life! We know that beauty is not for Mr. Stravinsky, in his

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Willie Penn, Jr., of Newark

## The Militant Composer as Sympathetic Ears Hear His Music---Forward to The Concerto

present state of mind, the prime thing in music; but perhaps he will forgive those recalcitrant ones among his admirers who outrageously persist in finding it, now and again, in even his most characteristic works—certainly in the "Sacre" (mayno, accentuating heaven preserve us for saying so!) and "The Song of The Nightingale," with its distant, musing trumpet singing to us out of the communing heart of the philosophical Fisherman as he meditates upon the deathlessness of beauty and the transiency of death."

### The Piano-Concerto

Despite various poignant combinations of sound, especially of wind instruments, which might send conservative music lovers scurrying to the nearest Beethoven Cycle, Stravinsky's Concerto for piano, double-basses, wood-winds, brass and drums has a certain classical flavor—with an almost continuous fugue, sometimes pursued by the piano alone, sometimes divided between soloist and orchestra, suggesting a much acidulated Bach. There are lyric passages of marked beauty, especially in the slow movement, and lively episodes which might be fragments from "Petrushka." The opening passage is marked by what might be called a soured melodiousness, a plaintive, penetrating combination of wind instruments. The main body of the movement starts at a lively pace, with the main theme, stated by both piano and orchestra, giving strong hints of "Petrushka." The piano has a long fugal cadenza, the orchestra joining in later on, with the suggestions of "Petrushka" again pronounced. The fugue continues, alternating between solo and tutti passages, until interrupted by another piercing outburst of the wind. The fugue is resumed, and seems once or twice on the point of becoming Jazz; sometimes on the point of becoming Bach, with the piano dominating, until the full body of



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vement with the as a lyric open- orchestra, which fortissimo, with heavy chords by the piano, accentuating the characteristic acidulous quality of Stravinsky's combinations of wind instruments, which in this instance is unusually effective. The mood softens and lightens, and a dialogue ends in a gravely plaintive episode for the piano. The second theme, also lyric, is played by the orchestra and embroidered by the piano, and another orchestral outburst brings back the opening of the movement in a somewhat different form—not repeated literally, "but rather representing the continuation of the cadenza." This passes into the finale, which brings back the fugue of the first movement in various forms and combinations. "Petrushka" is recalled again, and again Stravinsky seems at one or two points, about to embark on a jazz dance. Abrupt stops interrupt the rapid movement, and finally three chords for the piano bring back the plaintive mood. The three chords are heard again, and a broad orchestral passage leads to a sudden close.

Stravinsky, said the Vossische Zeitung, when he was guest of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin, six weeks ago, has written a piano-concerto that casts loving glances at the great forms, a three-movement concerto, the performance of which occupies about eighteen minutes. The orchestral part is allotted to only the woodwinds, brass and double-basses, a plan that can be artistically justified and need not be ascribed out of hand to a desire for the sensational and the peculiar. The composer's recourse to ancient art is unmistakable. One thing seems sure; here Stravinsky is no longer merely "the Russian sound-acrobat," as Busoni calls him, but, however singular the sounds are that he produces, he is the tone-poet intent upon getting deep down to the heart of things.



## Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 6, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7, at 8.15 o'clock

HENRY HADLEY, GUEST CONDUCTOR

Hadley . . . . . Symphony No. 4 in D minor, "North, East, South  
and West"  
(First time in Boston)

- I. North — Lento grave; Allegro energico.
- II. East — Andante dolorosamente; Allegro non troppo.
- III. South — Allegretto giocoso.
- IV. West — Allegro brillante.

Beethoven . . . . . Scene and Aria, "Ah! Perfido"

Strauss . . . . . "Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20  
(after Lenau)

Mozart . . . . . Aria of Sextus, "Parto, Parto," from  
"La Clemenza di Tito"

Smetana . . . . . Overture to "The Sold Bride"

SOLOIST

MARGARET MATZENAUER

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the aria of Beethoven

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators.  
It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Margaret Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Henry



Hadley

# SYMPHONY GIVES 14TH CONCERT

Henry Hadley of New York  
Philharmonic Conducts  
by Invitation

## PUTS ON OWN WORK NEVER HEARD HERE

Herald Feb. 7, 1925

By PHILIP HALE

Henry Hadley, associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, conducted, as a guest, yesterday afternoon the 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The program was as follows: Hadley, Symphony, No. 4, D minor, "North, East, South and West" (first time in Boston); Beethoven "Ah, perfido!" (Mme. Matzenauer); Strauss, "Don Juan"; Mozart, "Parto" from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Mme. Matzenauer); Smetana, Overture to "The Sold Bride."

Mr. Koussevitzky, we hear, urged Mr. Hadley to conduct one of his own works, surely a courteous act on Mr. Koussevitzky's part. Seven of Mr. Hadley's compositions, including two symphonies, had been played at these concerts during the last 19 years. He chose for performance yesterday the symphony that he composed for the festival of the Litchfield County (Ct.) Union in 1911. One might easily infer from the title of the work what Mr. Hadley has taken pains to say in his notes contributed to the program book; that the music suggests "the frozen North, the Far East, Southern negro ragtime rhythms, and the spirit of the West of our Pacific coast." He was anxious that no one, hearing the second movement, should think of New England as the "East" and try to find in the music the Puritan spirit, possibly a Salem witchcraft episode, colonial psalmody, or the suggestion of east wind, codfish and twanging speech. No, Mr. Hadley's "East" should be the Orient of waving palms, camels, dancing girls,

languorous, voluptuous strains of music in strange modes, not to mention dates, narghles, afrites and genell.

As a composer Mr. Hadley has facility, fluency, a knowledge of instrumental resources. In a word he has orchestral technic in considerable measure. He can write suave or impetuous themes and develop them with assurance and with euphonious or tempestuous results. What one misses in this symphony as in other works of his are motives with a decided profile, pregnant thematic material revealing individuality, and individuality in the treatment of the material. This does not mean that he is not capable of often writing agreeable music or music that quickens the pulse—for the moment. Yesterday the audience enjoyed with good reason certain pages of the second movement, pages of an exotic nature, the rhythmic gaiety of the scherzo and the pages in the finale that were especially characteristic of North American Indian music as we have been taught to recognize it by ethnologists who have devoted themselves laboriously to this branch of their industry.

As a conductor Mr. Hadley has authoritative control of the orchestra. He knows what he wishes as an interpreter and succeeds in obtaining it. He insists on rhythmic values; on the singing of lyric measures. He is spirited, enthusiastic. What he wished yesterday and what he did not wish to obtain from the players might be subjects for academic discussion. In "Don Juan" he seemed more insistent on showing the hero's strenuous, robust nature than caring for delicate nuances or fine poetic expression, except in the section with the love song for the oboe, which was beautifully played by Mr. Longy.

The orchestra was heartily responsive to Mr. Hadley's wishes. He was recalled by the applauding audience several times.

Mme. Matzenauer sang the dramatic recitative, "Ah, perfido," and the lyric measures of the two arias with incomparable beauty of tone, surpassing vocal skill and deep and contagious emotion. Nor in the florid measures at the end of Mozart's aria was she found wanting. The greater part of "Ah, perfido" is uninspired and boring. We have read that Beethoven himself did not care greatly for this score with aria and thought it unsuitable for the concert hall. Mr. Hadley's orchestral accompaniment was sympathetic and supporting.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week—Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct—is as follows: Ravaud, "Nocturnal Procession"; Roussel, "For a Spring Festival"; Dukas, "The Peri"—Dance Poem; and d'Indy's Symphony No. 2, B flat major.





Margaret Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera Company.



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As a conductor Mr. Hadley has authoritative control of the orchestra. He knows what he wishes as an interpreter and succeeds in obtaining it. He insists on rhythmic values; on the singing of lyric measures. He is spirited, enthusiastic. What he wished yesterday and what he did not wish to obtain from the players might be subjects for academic discussion. In "Don Juan" he seemed more insistent on showing the hero's strenuous, robust nature than caring for delicate nuances or fine poetic expression, except in the section with the love song for the oboe, which was beautifully played by Mr. Longy.

The orchestra was heartily responsive to Mr. Hadley's wishes. He was recalled by the applauding audience several times.

Mme. Matzenauer sang the dramatic recitative, "Ah, perfido," and the lyric measures of the two arias with incomparable beauty of tone, surpassing vocal skill and deep and contagious emotion. Nor in the florid measures at the end of Mozart's aria was she found wanting. The greater part of "Ah, perfido" is uninspired and boring. We have read that Beethoven himself did not care greatly for this score with aria and thought it unsuitable for the concert hall. Mr. Hadley's orchestral accompaniment was sympathetic and supporting.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week—Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct—is as follows: Ravaud, "Nocturnal Procession"; Roussel, "For a Spring Festival"; Dukas, "The Peri"—Dance Poem; and d'Indy's Symphony No. 2, B flat major.



# TRIPLE MR. HADLEY: GUEST - CONDUCTOR AND COMPOSER TOO

Trans. — Feb. 7, 1925  
HIS FULL DAY AT THE SYMPHONY  
CONCERT

Music from His Pen Once More in Familiar Quality — Ready Abilities as Leader—Strauss and Smetana for Supplements—Mme. Matzenauer Assists

IT is a paradoxical position in which a guest-conductor at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra finds himself. It may easily befall that good work will fail to bring him praise or that poor work will fail to bring him blame. Does he conduct with skill? He must still stand comparison with Mr. Koussevitzky, which few can do with success. Verdict negative. Does he conduct without skill? It is still the Boston Symphony Orchestra he is conducting; its colors remain undimmed. Verdict positive. In some, such position Mr. Henry Hadley finds himself as guest conductor of the fourteenth program of the series of 1924-25.

Upon unimpeachable authority, it was at the request of Mr. Koussevitzky himself, that Mr. Hadley placed upon the program one of his own compositions, choosing his fourth symphony, the movements of which are entitled respectively North, East (Orient), South, West. The symphony was written while Mr. Hadley was conductor of the then Seattle Symphony Orchestra. Its first movement is intended to convey the idea of North, anywhere, Polar regions in general, not what we in this country have come to call "the North." So also Mr. Hadley has in mind the Orient when he writes "the East," not our own Atlantic seaboard. With the South and the West Mr. Hadley comes back to our native country, identifying the South with rag-time (in 1911 still associated with our Southern negroes) and the West by means of his own impressions in his new Western home. Precisely this last movement, coming most directly from Mr. Hadley's own experience, is most successful in characterizing the idea expressed by its title. There is the suggestion of the country not as yet quite

tamed, the incidental Indian theme for English horn. But much more significantly, there is the big, buoyant, excited main theme. It captures the spirit of the West, where cities grow up over night, where streets are broad, where college boys, not to be outdone by their Eastern brothers, sit around a table to formulate what they are pleased to call their "traditions." We reach rag-time in the third movement through its association with the South via the negro. Note how much of our present jazz is contained in these tunes. Strip present jazz tunes of their orchestration, of certain rhythmically contrapuntal devices in the accompaniment, and the bed-rock of rag-time is at once apparent. More, such rag-time already contains practically everything in our jazz that can be used thematically in serious composition. Already in 1911 Mr. Hadley thought this movement "typically American suggesting restless energy." The movement is a clever exposition of such rag-time figures. It is a development of these themes that gives the flavor to this Scherzo; not anything that entered into it from any possible experience of Mr. Hadley. Where the West was suggested subjectively by portraying its essential spirit, the South is suggested objectively, by taking from its citizens phrases to be developed.

Mr. Hadley's conception of the East and the North is again one that does not come from out of his experience. Hence they are again objective. But here Mr. Hadley cannot build his movements around themes practically taken from the natives of his East and North. In effect then, these movements are not as closely representative of East and North as are the first two movements of their own titles. For Mr. Hadley is much better at working out themes and raising tonal design than at suggesting subtle play of varied emotion or at musical delineation. It is difficult to see anything Oriental in the "sad oboe melody" of his second movement; the only suggestion of the Orient that this movement bears—and that a mild one—is in its lively dance section. So in the first movement, the sombre introduction does suggest snow, ice, barren waste; but the body of the movement, despite a certain ruggedness, is warm. It seems almost that the symphony as absolute music, without titles, would more surely hit its mark than with its present program. Mr. Hadley himself in the notes he has furnished for the program book, shows that he is more concerned with the symphony as a structure than as program music.

Mr. Hadley's forte as a composer, by the evidence of this piece, lies in his melodiousness; in his ability to invent telling themes; in his skill in developing his material with logic; in his varied and well-planned orchestration. His musical craftsmanship places him in an enviable position among American composers. Witness the number of major prizes he has received at the hands of expert committees. His besetting

sin is his lack of originality, in the fullest sense of that term. Not that his music sounds like that of any other composer. But in 1911, indeed in 1924, he is writing as he was taught in 1894, as if Musorgsky and Debussy, to say nothing of other potent influences, had never existed. He is writing in the material common to all musicians as far back as the last quarter of the previous century. It can be argued that it is a credit to Mr. Hadley to have resisted "Debussyism" and all the other recent "isms." True. It would be more to his credit to invent a style that is personal, that is entirely his own, rather than to use the common property of half a century. Every genius has sought such individual form of self-expression. The work of such as have not done this has quickly perished. Merit in resisting the "isms" of the day comes from outdistancing the common herd of contemporaries, not in lagging behind them. What a pity that Mr. Hadley's equipment as a composer is not being put to such use.

Mr. Hadley led the orchestra through his symphony and through the other appointed pieces of the afternoon with ability with surety, with considerable sense of inevitability. Not over-much need comparisons be pressed. In the opening chords of his own music he drew from the men full sense of Polar barrenness. Once launched upon the body of the movement he secured full ruggedness from the horns, in the main theme, with flowing lyric song from his violins. He isolated and made clear the characteristic three-note figure that persists throughout so many measures. The tempestuous development he could have intensified. At the end, with solemn chords he again evoked bleak dreariness and waste. In the second movement the oboe melody of plaintive spirit came forth with all the artistry that Mr. Longy bestows upon such periods. Proper background Mr. Hadley, conductor and composer, provided. In proper balance, with perfect illusion did the horns answer, while Mr. Burgin furnished complement for the oboe solo. Dance music brightened, gave mild suggestion of the Oriental, grew in intensity. That achieved wildness is open to some question. In the rag-time movement gayety predominated. Mr. Hadley pointed rhythms, set in motion lively flow of sounds, characterized them. His last movement gave forth the pomp and boasting, the bustle and pretension which he learned to know in the West. In spite of the program note to the contrary, the Indian theme for English horn, bassoons and Indian drum, arrested attention more than the structurally important love theme. Mr. Hadley built up broad, deep, climax at the end. Loud applause followed. Mr. Hadley reappeared several times in acknowledgment, including

one especial bow to the right balcony, where, according to report, sat Mr. Koussevitzky.

Mme. Matzenauer, as assisting artist, sang Beethoven's Scene and Air, "Ah! Perfido," and later the air of Sextus, "Parto, Parto" from Mozart's opera "La Clemenza di Tito." She sang these formal pieces with the glow and warmth of her deep rich voice. Every changing mood of the composer she followed, be that composer the Beethoven of tragedy, of Olympian heights, or be it the polished Mozart, always characterizing, always elegant. With subtle gradations of tone she followed Beethoven accusing, storming, seeking retribution from the gods; more calmly forgiving, seeking punishment of gods upon self; making final attempt to avoid separation from the beloved before ending with an impassioned plea for mercy. With Mozart she traversed sombre beginnings, rose in rhythmic intensity, compassed florid ends. It was objective music. Mme. Matzenauer understood the manner of it. The breadths and the spacing, the serenities and the vivacities were at her command. Not to be ignored in this number were Mr. Sand's exquisitely molded roudades upon the accompanying clarinet.

The last time that the orchestra played Strauss's "Don Juan" it was also under a guest-conductor, Mr. Schnéevoigt, who heightened every phrase as if it were a miniature complete in itself, sweetening and thickening the love-passages withal. Mr. Hadley gave a more straight-forward reading. His version proceeds along broad lines, is not inclined to be expository or to linger too much over details. Of the women, who commentators tell us are to be found in the score, "Anna" was most tellingly introduced. Mr. Hadley chose to emphasize the two themes of Don Juan rather than the "Zerlinchen" or the "Countess" motifs. By such choice, his version of the score is of Don Juan, the hero, rather than of Don Juan, the lover; of the duel and the final death, rather than of the passions and disillusion. The breadth and the force of the music rather than the sensuous glow and progress stir him. There was little rhetorical preparation of themes. The cumulative effect of progressively increasing rhythms, Mr. Hadley does not fully appreciate. Hence his climaxes, with the same tonal forces at his command, do not seem as big as Mr. Koussevitzky's. For climax is as much a matter of rhythm as of volume of tone. . . . Altogether charming, telling and effective in every way was the closing overture, "The Bartered Bride" of Smetana. A straightforward reading is here highly desirable. Mr. Hadley provided it. A perfectly trained orchestra responded, gave forth the music with precision, clarity, verve.

A. H. M.



# SYMPHONY BY HADLEY PERFORMED

Composer Conducts---  
Mme. Matzenauer  
Soloist.

Post Feb. 7. 1925  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra, not from the conductor's stand, but from a seat in the first balcony of Symphony Hall, while the actual directing of the band fell to Henry Hadley, who, at Mr. Koussevitzky's invitation, conducted his own Fourth Symphony, and the remainder of the programme besides.

## SKILLFULLY INSTRUMENTED

Heard here for the first time, Mr. Hadley's Symphony, which bears the title "North, East, South and West," disclosed a mastery of construction and the facile and skilful handling of the instruments that characterize all of this composer's orchestral pieces. In Mr. Hadley's own words, as quoted in the programme book: "This Symphony is a musical portrayal of moods suggesting, first, the frozen North; second, the Far East; third, our own Southern, darky ragtime rhythms; and fourth, the spirit of the West of our Pacific Coast."

Of the four movements the breezy and blustering Finale seemed at one hearing the most worth while. Mr. Hadley's Orient is strangely lacking in exotic feeling, and the Scherzo, though diverting to hear, seemed little more than a pleasant trifle inflated to symphonic proportions.

## Cordially Received

Mr. Hadley conducted his music with familiar energy and animation. At the end he was enthusiastically applauded and recalled repeatedly, until finally he brought the men of the orchestra to their feet to share the plaudits.

For other orchestral numbers Mr. Hadley's programme offered Strauss' "Don Juan," which yesterday was conducted and played with more vigor than imagination, and Smetana's sparkling, chattering Overture to "The Bartered Bride," which received a brilliant if at times over-bolsterous performance.

## Her Choice Not Happy

Soloists have been the exception, not the rule, at the Symphony Concerts this season, but that of yesterday brought Mme. Matzenauer who, in her best vocal estate, pleased the audience through her performance of Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido" and the air, "Parto, Parto," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito."

Although her singing was marked by conspicuous artistry and by exceeding beauty of tone, Mme. Matzenauer's choice of pieces seemed not altogether happy. Like Homer, Beethoven occasionally nodded, and this "Ah! Perfido" is clearly music perpetuated less by its intrinsic worth than by the name and fame of its composer. Even Mme. Matzenauer could not redeem its essential emptiness.

And charming though it is, the air of Mozart was too nearly in the same style and vein. Surely a piece of later origin would have made more effective contrast.

## HADLEY CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Margarete Matzenauer Is  
Heard as Soloist

Globe Feb. 7. 1925

Henry Hadley, associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted yesterday's Symphony concert as "Guest Conductor." The chief item on the program was Mr. Hadley's Fourth Symphony, "North, East, South, West." Margarete Matzenauer, of the Metropolitan Opera, sang airs by Mozart and Beethoven, as soloist. Strauss' "Don Juan" and Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride" were the other numbers on Mr. Hadley's program. Mr. Koussevitzky, from a seat in the first balcony, was an interested auditor.

This is the first time that an American has conducted a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, though many American composers have led performances of their own works at these concerts. Mr. Hadley was born in Somerville 54 years ago. He studied music in Boston and in Europe. His home for some years has been in New York.

Mr. Hadley's Fourth Symphony was first performed in 1911 at Norfolk, Conn. It had not been given in Boston until yesterday, although various others of his numerous compositions for orchestra have been heard from time to time at these concerts. According to program notes furnished by the composer himself the first movement is intended to suggest the frozen North, the second the Far East, the third, our own Southern Darky ragtime rhythms, the fourth, the spirit of our Pacific Coast.

The composer and conductor was cordially applauded by orchestra and audience at the conclusion of the performance of the symphony.

A man who writes a symphony must either succeed in creating a work of genius or fail hopelessly. It is like writing an epic poem or a five-act tragedy in blank verse. Many have attempted to create works in these noble forms. Very few have succeeded, and among them are no Americans.

The only American symphony is still the one composed by a Czech, Dvorak's "From the New World." It goes without saying that Mr. Hadley is a competent and experienced musician. He was at his best as conductor in his own work.

Mme. Matzenauer sang with restraint and purity of style. Neither of her airs, "Parto, parto" from Mozart's "Titus" and Beethoven's scene and air "Ah! Perfido," is among the supreme masterpieces. She was applauded cordially, but less cordially than on the occasions in the past when she has sung Wagner numbers at these concerts.

Mr. Hadley was not successful in bringing out the romantic vehemence and tenderness of Strauss' "Don Juan." Nor did he achieve the requisite clarity in the impetuosity of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct an all-French program next week, with d'Indy's second symphony and numbers by Ravel, Dukas and Roussel. P. R.

URSDAY, FEBRUARY 5. 1

## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

We are told that Mme. Leginska, whose name has been recently mentioned in the newspapers at least several times, pronounces it with the "g" not soft as in "gin," but hard as in "gout."

Henry Hadley will conduct the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. He has conducted his own

compositions: "The Culpit Fay" and "Lucifer" at these concerts in Boston, but he will now have the whole concert to himself. His program will comprise his Symphony No. 4, "North, East, South and West"—the title might be "Boxing the Compass"—Strauss's "Don Juan" and Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride." Mme. Matzenauer will lift up her voice in Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido" and the air, "Parto," from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito."

Mr. Hadley wrote his symphony for the Litchfield (Ct.) County Choral Union and the first performance was in the Music Shed on the grounds of Carl Stoeckel's residence at Norfolk, Ct., on June 6, 1911. Mr. Hadley conducted. He wishes it to be understood that "East" does not here refer to New England scenery, climate or character—but to the far east, the Orient. The symphony will be the seventh work of Mr. Hadley's to be performed at these concerts since 1905. The second symphony, "The Four Seasons," was performed in 1905; the third, without a title, in 1908. Mr. Hadley will also conduct the symphony concert in Cambridge.

And so Mr. Koussevitzky will have a rest for a week. This brings up the question of an associate conductor. It is unquestionably a strain on a man to prepare and conduct the number of concerts now demanded for Boston and the towns outside. Maj. Higginson thought it advisable to give Ernst Schmidt, a violinist in the orchestra, to Dr. Muck as an associate, and so in the season of 1917-18 Mr. Schmidt conducted six pairs of concerts in a perfunctory and dull manner. Mr. Koussevitzky conducts at high pressure. How long will he be able to do his work so brilliantly?

No one wishes to see him suffer physically from his musical intensity. No one would welcome a "sound and safe" associate conductor who would be only a beater of long approved, orthodox templ. As for the towns outside, the people naturally expect to see Mr. Koussevitzky at the head of the orchestra. They want the whole show. For in these days, the conductor comes first—the orchestra is second—and the poor devil of a composer is a bad third. Sometimes a Stravinsky comes along, and there is curiosity to see him, but as a rule there is less interest in a new work than in what a conductor may contrive to do with, or to, an old one.

Audiences naturally want the best. They do not welcome a substitute for the original leading woman in a play. They go to our Symphony concerts to see Mr. Koussevitzky, to feel his magnetic influence. And audiences are unwilling to spare a man's strength though by pleasing them he wears himself out.



## Four Corners of the Heavens

Trans. Feb. 6, 1915  
Last November Mr. Henry Hadley, associate conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York, visited Boston and led the People's Orchestra through his own high-spirited first symphony. Last evening at Sanders Theater, Cambridge, he conducted Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra in the first of its three concerts for the week. This time, as well, as much interest was expressed in his own contribution to the program as in his orchestral leadership. That contribution was the last of his four symphonies in D minor: "North, East, South and West." It was written for the Norfolk, Connecticut, Festival and first performed in that town in 1911, about fourteen years after the initial performance of "Youth and Life." The fourth symphony is interesting. There is much to be said in its favor. It stood second on the program (after Smetana's "Bartered Bride") and enjoyed thus the position of especial favor, where instruments are warmed, whetted and underweigh. Seriously, and with a certain rude intensity, as Mr. Hadley looks at all his conducting, he interpreted his pages in the spirit of scholarship and produced very clear, precise and mildly inspired music.

For Mr. Hadley's Fourth Symphony is not colossal nor even monumental. It is melodic, firm, enjoyable. In comparison with Strauss and Wagner, who followed on its American heels, it is utterly transparent, structurally a skeleton, perfectly articulate. Not exactly program music, it tends to be, let us say, representational. No given idea is purely incidental. The effect of a movement is always strictly cumulative. The first movement, for example, "North." Here the opening chords with full brass announce something like waste, desolation, fields of snow. The two themes that follow, delightfully set and punctuated by a wary little three-note figure for basses and (later) woodwind, spell appreciable polar calm; following that, a tempest and, in Mr. Hadley's words, "the usual recapitulation." The second movement, "East," shelters rather obvious orientalisms in a calyx of rhythm. It is chiefly memorable for the melancholy ingredient supplied by Mr. Longy's oboe, and Mr. Laurent's delicate flute passage over muted horns and strings. The alleged "restless energy" of the third and "South" movement springs from a conclave of assorted rhythms. The themes engaged here are reminiscent of good musical comedy matter. It was written too early to enjoy the piquancy of representative jazz. Even so, some Gershwin might lace it up in modern style for Mr. Lopez or Mr. Whiteman. It is ideally germane and indigenous.

But he did not ever quite reach the peaks and valleys of his own score, particularly here. He is not the conductor of heroics. He doesn't own the temperament. That was plain in the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde." On the other hand, with Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," he was highly successful and gave an engrossing interpretation of its fires and languors and its some time mephitic atmosphere. He was well received.

D. McC.

## FOR A THIRD TIME MR. KOUSSEVITZKY REVISITS NEW YORK

Trans. — Feb. 4, 1925  
TWO CONCERTS IN UNFAVORING  
CIRCUMSTANCE

An Interfering Opera—Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony for the Eighth Time Within a Month—Mr. Hayes as Assisting Artist in a Novel Number—Comment as It Heard and Heeded

THERE is less than usual to record about the visit of the Boston Orchestra to New York last week. In the first place, the major reviewers naturally put by its concert on Saturday afternoon for the revival (after eight years) of "Götterdämmerung" at the Metropolitan Opera House. To the ears of their "second men" and to brief and cautious paragraphs, they left Mr. Koussevitzky busy with the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven; Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor. Ravel's version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at An Exhibition." As usual, the minor reviewers confined themselves to generalities. The conductor's "reading" of the Seventh Symphony was less "personal," "temperamental" and "Russian" than man had anticipated. Ravel's orchestral garb for Musorgsky might plausibly have been original dress, "so perfect was the fit." And so onward with little for interest or enlightenment.

In the second place, Mr. Koussevitzky ended the concert of Thursday evening with Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony—music long since odious to the reviewers by excess of repetition. Seven times within the month of January had it been played in New York before the Bostonian conductor undertook it. One or two of the newspaper-men declined point-blank to listen again. More sampled the new version briefly; but wrote with the weariness of satiety. Mr. Newman, however, held firm to the end and found something worth the saying, in The Evening Post, about Mr. Koussevitzky's ways and works with the piece:

Koussevitzky showed us Chaikovsky as he really was. He let him work himself into any paroxysm of terror he liked, and, when his nerve broke and he began to weep, let him weep and pity himself to his heart's content. Was it right or wrong to do so? The answer depends on what view you take of the conductor's functions. If you claim that your own conception of the music is the only possible right one, you will naively declare the other to be wrong. But if you take the view that in music like this—a human document, to use a term that has rather dropped out of fashion, a long chapter of highly emotional self-confession—the conductor is an actor as truly as the player of Hamlet or Oedipus is, you must allow an actor of genius to play the part as he feels it.

It is futile to turn round on him and say that you do not like such a character as he portrays. You do not make it a complaint against the actor who shows Iago as a monster of iniquity that you could not live with such a character as Iago. It is equally irrelevant, aesthetically, to say that you have no sympathy with a character so neurotic as the Chaikovsky whom Koussevitzky shows us in the first two movements of the symphony. If Cézanne paints a crushed tomato in all the rich tints of putrefaction, it is no valid criticism of the painting to say that you don't like tomatoes, anyhow, and least of all when they are rotten. And it is no criticism of such a character as Koussevitzky draws in the early part of the symphony to say that you despise a man so lacking in self-control. Granting the postulate that such a character is conceivable; and that it is in just such music as this that just such a character as that would express itself, the conductor is justified in heightening the lights and deepening the shadows of a soul the very essence of which was the perpetual oscillation between self-terror and self-pity.

It is futile, again, to lay it down dogmatically that the pace of the Finale was "too fast." It would have been too fast for any other reading; but it was not a shade too fast for this. The final Allegro, indeed, not only was justified by but itself justified, all that had gone before. When once the dark obsession that had tortured the man's mind in the earlier

movements had been roned away, it was natural that he should find relief in a dance as mad as this. There was thus nothing capricious or ill-governed in the reading; everything was under the most masterly control. One might or might not agree with it or like it; but it will be some time before anyone who heard it will forget it.

Nor did the conductor have this concert of Thursday wholly to himself. Mr. Roland Hayes, the tenor, was assisting artist. "For the first time," according to The Sun, "a negro appeared in New York as soloist with a great orchestra in a regular series of concerts." Mr. Hayes sang Liszt's music (arranged for orchestra by Busoni) to Petrarch's One Hundred and Fourth Sonnet and "The Repose of The Holy Family" out of Berlioz's "Flight Into Egypt." As it proved, these less familiar pieces interested the reviewers much more than did Mr. Koussevitzky's exercises with Chaikovsky. Said Mr. Gilman in The Herald-Tribune, for example:

Evidently the Boston Symphony Orchestra is on easy street these days, now that Mr. Koussevitzky has demonstrated that he is what the managerial world so happily calls "a box-office riot." We are moved to this cheering conclusion by the fact that the orchestra brought eight women-singers all the way from Boston (regardless of the fortune it costs to travel between the capital of Massachusetts and the capital of the world), only that they might sing ten measures behind the scenes at the close of a number on last evening's program. And those ten measures, in which a chorus of four sopranos and four altos merely sing "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" as an epilogue to the tenor air of the Narrator in "The Repose of the Holy Family" from Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ," are optional. Berlioz says in his score that in the absence of a chorus the tenor may sing the ten bars of the first soprano.

But the lordly Bostonians stooped to no such expedient. They magnificently choose to perform the piece as Berlioz obviously preferred that it should be done. And so, much to the surprise of the audience, who were unwarned by the program, Berlioz's "eight voices of unseen angels" floated out from behind the scenes after Mr. Hayes had finished his solo, and ended the excerpt as Berlioz had so poetically conceived it—on an ethereal cord of A major for the distant choir. The effect was enchanting. The Narrator had just sung of the angels who were keeping vigil over the Holy Family as they rested, and their "Hallelujah!" was an exquisite epilogue to the tale.

The excerpt from Berlioz's tripartite oratorio is seldom heard in New York. It is, in the main, delectable music—a little insipid in places, as in the instrumental introduction, where the simplicity of the style is a bit too obviously sought. But there are delicious passages in it—music of a sweet, cool, dreaming loveliness, tenderly primitive, which must astonish those who know Berlioz only as the untamed Romanticist of the "Fantastic Symphony" and "Harold in Italy."



At the same concert of Thursday evening the New Yorkers also heard Debussy's Saraband and Dance shifted from piano to orchestra by Monsieur Ravel—announced and withdrawn by the conductor in Boston last autumn. They are familiar virtuoso-pieces in New York and nobody but Mr. Newman—from London—thought twice about them. He paused to say that these arrangements "take from our understanding of Debussy, but add considerably to our knowledge of Ravel. . . . One of the unfathomable mysteries of modern music is how each composer, using the same instruments as all the others, writes himself so completely upon his scoring that, as Sir Henry Wood has pointed out in an article in Dent's new Dictionary of Music, we can recognize any modern composer, independently of what he is saying, by the mere color-texture of his music. It is perhaps because the scoring of these two dances is so thoroughly Ravel that we feel them to be, in their orchestral form, not quite Debussy. But the scoring is in each case a model of taste and understanding, and the dances give unlimited opportunities for exquisite solo playing—opportunities fully improved last night."

This final saying may prepare the way for three sentences of epilogue from Mr. Henderson in The Sun, viz.: "Under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky the orchestra appears to be slowly moving toward a better estate. The old Boston strings of the days of Gerlicke and Nikisch were famous, and probably we shall not soon hear their like again, but the string tone last evening in the concerto was something to make the heart glad. It was opulent in sonority, and there was a fine muscularity in the bowing."

#### ALFRED HOLY, HARPIST

As Eastern Agents for the celebrated Lyon & Healy harps, the Oliver Ditson Company devotes probably more attention to compositions for this picturesque instrument than is the wont of other composers; and they issue an up-to-date and useful catalog of music, both classic and modern, for the harp and for harp with associated instruments. Prominent among modern composers whose works are included is Alfred Holy, for many years the noted soloists with the superb Boston Symphony Orchestra in whose ranks are found so many celebrated virtuosos. Mr. Holy has not only a lengthy list of compositions for harp solo, but a *Festival March* for two harps, an *Invocation* for harp and piano (also published for Violin, Piano and Organ), and a *Gondola Song* for Violin, 'Cello and Harp. These are all published by Ditson, and we desire to call the attention of chamber organizations to their merits and charm.

*The Ditson Novelty List*

## Mr. Longy to Retire

In May the Master-Oboist Leaves the Symphony Orchestra

AT the end of the current musical year, one of the noted virtuosos of the Symphony Orchestra will quit the band—Mr. Georges Longy, first oboe. He will retire at his own request, and Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor not a little regrets the decision. Not only will Mr. Longy leave the orchestra. He will also depart from Boston, returning for the remainder of his days to France whence he came. He is passing middle age. His work as oboist taxes him. The direction of a music school leaves him little leisure. He is disposed to sit in the sun and be idle.

The public of the Symphony Concerts, which has listened to Mr. Longy for a quarter of a century and weekly recognized both his presence and his voice, will keep him in remembrance and companion him with good wishes. In Europe and in America no oboist of his time has surpassed him in quality and finesse of tone; while few have equalled him in evenness and felicity of performance. These many years, Léon Pourteau has lain dead; but his memory abides, still setting the standard for the first clarinet of the orchestra. In turn, Mr. Longy bids fair to become its tradition for the first oboe.

H. T. P.



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At the same concert of Thursday evening the New Yorkers also heard Debussy's *Saraband* and *Dance* shifted from piano to orchestra by Monsieur Ravel—announced and withdrawn by the conductor in Boston last autumn. They are familiar virtuoso-pieces in New York and nobody but Mr. Newman—from London—thought twice about them. He paused to say that these arrangements "take from our understanding of Debussy, but add considerably to our knowledge of Ravel. . . . One of the unfathomable mysteries of modern music is how each composer, using the same instruments as all the others, writes himself so completely upon his scoring that, as Sir Henry Wood has pointed out in an article in Dent's new Dictionary of Music, we can recognize any modern composer, independently of what he is saying, by the mere color-texture of his music. It is perhaps because the scoring of these two dances is so thoroughly Ravel that we feel them to be, in their orchestral form, not quite Debussy. But the scoring is in each case a model of taste and understanding, and the dances give unlimited opportunities for exquisite solo playing—opportunities fully improved last night."

This final saying may prepare the way for three sentences of epilogue from M. Henderson in *The Sun*, viz.: "Under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky the orchestra appears to be slowly moving toward a better estate. The old Boston strings of the days of Gerike and Nikisch were famous, and probably we shall not soon hear their like again, but the string tone last evening in the concerto was something to make the heart glad. It was opulent in sonority, and there was a fine muscularity in the bowing."

#### ALFRED HOLY, HARPIST

As Eastern Agents for the celebrated Lyon & Healy harps, the Oliver Ditson Company devotes probably more attention to compositions for this picturesque instrument than is the wont of other composers; and they issue an up-to-date and useful catalog of music, both classic and modern, for the harp and for harp with associated instruments. Prominent among modern composers whose works are included is Alfred Holy, for many years the noted soloists with the superb Boston Symphony Orchestra in whose ranks are found so many celebrated virtuosi. Mr. Holy has not only a lengthy list of compositions for harp solo, but a *Festival March* for two harps, an *Invocation* for harp and piano (also published for Violin, Piano and Organ), and a *Gondola Song* for Violin, Cello and Harp. These are all published by Ditson, and we desire to call the attention of chamber organizations to their merits and charm.

*The Ditson Novelty List*

#### Mr. Longy to Retire

In May the Master-Oboist Leaves the Symphony Orchestra

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AT the end of the current musical year, one of the noted virtuosos of the Symphony Orchestra will quit the band—Mr. Georges Longy, first oboe. He will retire at his own request, and Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor not a little regrets the decision. Not only will Mr. Longy leave the orchestra. He will also depart from Boston, returning for the remainder of his days to France whence he came. He is passing middle age. His work as oboist taxes him. The direction of a music school leaves him little leisure. He is disposed to sit in the sun and be idle.

The public of the Symphony Concerts, which has listened to Mr. Longy for a quarter of a century and weekly recognized both his presence and his voice, will keep him in remembrance and companion him with good wishes. In Europe and in America no oboist of his time has surpassed him in quality and finesse of tone; while few have equalled him in evenness and felicity of performance. These many years, Léon Pourteau has lain dead; but his memory abides, still setting the standard for the first clarinet of the orchestra. In turn, Mr. Longy bids fair to become its tradition for the first oboe.

H. T. P.



## Fifteenth Programme

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH COMPOSERS

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, at 8.15 o'clock

Rabaud . . . . . "La Procession Nocturne," Symphonic  
Poem, Op. 6 (after Lenau)

D'Indy . . . . . Symphony in B-flat major, No. 2, Op. 57  
I. Extrêmement lent; Très vif.  
II. Modérément lent.  
III. Modéré; Très animé.  
IV. Introduction, Fugue, et Finale.

Roussel . . . . . "Pour une Fête de Printemps," Op. 23  
(First time in Boston)

Dukas . . . . . "La Péri," Poème Dansé

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators.  
It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# SYMPHONY IN 15TH CONCERT

Program Devoted to Con-  
temporaneous French  
Composers

## WORK BY RABAUD PROVES FEATURE

*Herald* Feb. 14, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 15th Symphony concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, was devoted to contemporaneous French composers. It comprised Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession," d'Indy's Symphony, B flat major, No. 2; Roussel's "For a Spring Festival"; Dukas's "The Peri: Dance Poem."

Although d'Indy's Symphony is one of the greatest of modern works; although Roussel's symphonic poem, fantasia, what-you-call-it, was performed for the first time in Boston, the feature of the concert, as far as interpretation and performance were concerned, was Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession," inspired by the poem of Lenau, an episode in his "Faust" that also led Liszt to compose illustrative music.

Rabaud's symphonic poem had been played twice at the Symphony concerts; conducted by Mr. Rabaud, later by Mr. Monteux. It had been performed in Boston before Mr. Rabaud was persuaded to put it on a program: by the Orchestral Club led by Mr. Longy in 1903; by the N. E. Conservatory Orchestra, led by Mr. Chadwick in 1909.

(The reprinted article in the program-book stated that the excellent Rabaud was now living in Boston, although he has not visited this city since his departure as conductor in the spring of 1919. This carelessness in proof-reading led some persons yesterday to wonder why he did not stand up in the hall or rush impetuously to the platform in order to acknowledge the long-protracted applause.)

As we have said, the performance of this music yesterday was remarkable in every way, technically and poetically; one of Mr. Koussevitzky's most noteworthy achievements. The music itself deserved the care the conductor and

the players bestowed upon it. It is true that in the music preceding the section portraying the solemn procession the influence of Wagner is shown, for there are suggestions of moods in "Parsifal" and the hearer is reminded of Amfortas and his sufferings, but this is not disturbing, nor does it detract from the fine and imaginative quality of the work. It might be interesting to hear Liszt's treatment of the same subject.

From the performance of d'Indy's Symphony one might reasonably infer that the music did not appeal strongly to Mr. Koussevitzky's nature, for the interpretation was disappointing, especially in regard to the treatment of the musical structure, which did not stand out boldly, was not well defined. One might also say that the inherent nobility of this symphony was not revealed. D'Indy is anything but a melodramatic composer; he is neither spectacular nor a seeker after external decoration. The pure and lofty soul of Vincent d'Indy was not in this performance.

One hardly knows what to say of the highly respectable Roussel's "Spring Festival." He is undoubtedly a man of high ideals and faithful to them, but we have yet to hear music by him that warms the cockles of the heart or leads one to forget the carking cares of this too daily life. His admirers have found much to praise in this "Spring Festival"; one speaks of the joy being tempered by dreamy melancholy (yes, the word is "dreamy," not "dreary"); and then, speaks of the work as an "Idyl"; while a third is reminded of Oriental festivals. Thus do learned doctors disagree even in praise. Mr. Henderson of New York is sure that the festival was in Paris; that Pan was leaping about sporting a plug-hat with dryads masquerading as midinettes. From our recollection of the Neuilly festival, with its merry-go-rounds and horns, and shouting, we should say that M. Roussel's spring had come up, not slowly as in Coleridge's "Christabel," but with a rush and a bang up the Avenue du Roule. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the festival with gusto. The concert ended with a rather boisterous performance of "The Peri."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be an unusual one with the organ a prominent instrument. Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Handel, Concerto, D minor for organ and strings; Lili Boulanger, "For the Funeral of a Soldier"; Copland, Symphony for organ and orchestra; Liszt, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph." Nadia Boulanger will be the organist.



# ALL FRENCH PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Roussel's "Spring Festival" Heard for First Time Here

Part — Feb. 14, 1925

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For a time Mr. Koussevitzky has been in thrall to the unified programme. First it was a concert all of Beethoven; then an all-Stravinsky programme, and yesterday afternoon came a Symphony concert made up, not of the music of one composer, to be sure, but of the compositions of four living Frenchmen: Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne," the Second Symphony of d'Indy; Dukas's "La Peri" and Roussel's "For a Spring Festival."

## NEW TO BOSTON

Of these pieces only the last named was new to Boston, and it missed performance here last season by the narrowest margin. Announced by Mr. Monteux for a pair of concerts, this music was duly put in rehearsal; but it was subsequently abandoned.

But if, as was to be presumed, Mr. Monteux did not find the piece to his liking, Mr. Koussevitzky by his own admission holds it in high regard, and heard from him and the orchestra yesterday it seemed a composition of definite and unusual merit. Indeed, com-

ing after the occasional lingering Wagnerisms and Franckisms of d'Indy's Symphony, great as that Symphony is, Roussel's forthright, slightly acid music seemed peculiarly refreshing and invigorating.

## Original and Frank

Seemingly as composer Roussel calls no man master. His music may be frankly, outspokenly melodious or cryptically dissonant, but in either case it is his alone, and it has at times, as in the piece heard yesterday, a healthy assurance that is yet without the gaucheries and the fooleries of Milhaud and his brethren of the Group of Six.

Once more to exhume the past, it may be said that Dukas' "La Peri" when played here for the first time at the initial concert of last season made by no means the impression that yesterday it made when Mr. Koussevitzky had set his vivifying hand to it. Before, the music for this danced poem had seemed little more than the draping of a gorgeous orchestral dress upon a body itself of meagre substance. Yet yesterday "La Peri" made stirring climax to a concert that throughout was of more than common interest.

Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne," already familiar here, was yesterday done marked service by Mr. Koussevitzky, as was, in its turn, the monumental Symphony of d'Indy. This music of the orchestra's one-time conductor owes much to the operas of Wagner, and for the matter of that one hears the "Tannhauser" Bacchanale in the final orgies of "La Peri." Both "Parsifal," and "Tristan" and finally "Tannhauser" provide grist for M. Rabaud's milling. But despite, or perhaps even because of these borrowings, the music pleases not a little as it goes its solemn way. Beginning pictorially it ends movingly, and Mr. Koussevitzky preserved unbroken its characteristic atmosphere. In its modest way this excellently designed, beautifully orchestrated music wove yesterday its own spell.

Over Mr. Koussevitzky's version of d'Indy's Symphony there may be disagreement. Beyond a doubt his freedom in the matter of tempo tended now and then to make the music seem more episodic, less closely knit, than it has seemed in other, more straightforward performances. Nevertheless thereby were numerous details thrown into sharper relief, attained to a new eloquence and beauty, while the final climax had a majesty truly apocalyptic. As for St. John on Patmos, the trumpets sounded and the heavens were opened. Thus was the supposedly austere d'Indy become unfettered, heroic, altogether inspired.

# MR. KOUSSEVITZKY GATHERS TOGETHER MUSIC FROM FRANCE

RABAUD AND ROUSSEL, DUKAS AND  
D'INDY

After Three Weeks, the Conductor Rejoins His Audience—Impeccable Tone-Picture; Sumptuous Tone-Poem; Piece That Baffles; Masterful, Mental and "Convincing" Symphony—The Mettle of Performance

Trans. — Feb. 14, 1925  
THE signs were no bigger than a man's hand; but they may have been signs none the less. Yesterday, after an interval of three weeks, Mr. Koussevitzky was again conductor at the Symphony Concert. Roving upward, the eye spied empty seats here and there in the upper balcony, where the non-subscribing public, for a price and the waiting, may perch; while a few vacant chairs were also discoverable in the areas consecrated to the subscribing faithful. Attentive to the applause, some ears found it spasmodic and occasionally labored for the first times since Mr. Koussevitzky went to and fro upon the platform of Symphony Hall. Certainly, at no previous concert of the current year, have departures so filled the later intervals. The obvious explanation was, of course, the program. It consumed two hours, and a few minutes more, which is longish on a Friday afternoon. It contained Mr. d'Indy's Symphony in B-flat, admittedly not the easiest of listening; while all else upon it was music of living, but elderly, Parisian composers—Mr. Rabaud of "La Procession Nocturne"; Mr. Roussel of "Pour une Fête de Printemps"; Mr. Dukas of "La Peri; Poème Dansé." Too much, said the by-standing wiseacres, and too much of one kind.

Even so, at the back of two or three heads lingered the impression that a spell had been broken and not quite reconstituted. Through fourteen pairs of concerts, interrupted only by occasional and expected weeks of journeying, Mr. Koussevitzky, at his post, had held this audience of Friday afternoon in the hollow of his hand. Then came not only the week in which there was no concert, but also the week in which orchestra and audience, by the inscrutable wisdom of the trustees, were delivered to Mr. Henry Hadley. No doubt, Mr.

Koussevitzky needed his seven days of repose after seven days of successive concerts. Yet from Saturday, Jan. 24 until Friday, Feb. 13, he did not tread in public the familiar stage, working his will upon an expectant audience. Every old hand of the theater will be quick to say that such an interval was enough to loosen any conceivable spell laid by a mortal conductor. As likely as not the weeks to come will tighten and restore it. Yet there were—on Friday the Thirteenth—these signs of relaxation.

The program was too long, in part because the official counter of hours and minutes did not always reckon upon Mr. Koussevitzky's passion for the slow movement slow. Mr. d'Indy's Symphony is exacting; yet the other three pieces, each in its kind, were by no means tedious. Since Mr. Rabaud, as conductor no less than composer, first unfolded his tone-poem at the Symphony Concerts, nobody has had a mind to quarrel with it. A neater, smoother, better rounded specimen of its sort does not exist. As a museum-piece, it is almost certain to be preserved. Read a translation in the program-book of Lenau's suggesting poem, and the course of the music is simplicity and transparency themselves. The murk, the stillness, the stir of the forest; the solitary and brooding Faust; the light, the song, the march, now near, now far, of the pious procession; the surge of Faust's answering emotion—all are written large and clear in Mr. Rabaud's measures. Every note that he sets upon his staves does exactly and economically its appointed office. More appropriate pages it is impossible to conceive, though imagination, invention and individuality hardly haunt them. Sound and scholarly, of a sweet nature and a pleasing voice is Mr. Rabaud. What more is there to ask of the younger days and the earlier work of a Director of the Conservatory—unless by some off-chance he happens to be a Gabriel Fauré? To play the music, moreover, obviously gave pleasure to Mr. Koussevitzky. He could languish through the slow introduction; not too fast need go the holy canticle and then—the tonal surge of Faust's emotion. Besides, was there not occasion for at least two of the conductor's unsurpassable diminuendi into silence?

Nor is the "Poème Dansé" of Mr. Paul Abraham Dukas a task and a weariness upon the ear, though doubtless it would more signify were the Prince and the Peri, the Flower of Immortality, and other trappings of old and ornate legend outspread as in the theater. Hardly upon the discreet platform of Symphony Hall does the music as tone-poem evoke golden mountains or crimson valleys; the face "more delicious than the face of Gurda-Ferrid" or the upraised and heaven-borne "flower of flame." Neither in Paris nor elsewhere has "The Peri" flourished on the stage of the dance.



Mr. Diaghilev was not hospitable to her; the Opéra-Comique soon shut her in a dark closet; Mme. Pavlova tried, succeeded—and persisted not. Yet to the sensuous Persian fable (as Mr. Dukas seems to conceive it) he has set an exceedingly sumptuous music. It is as thick of texture, as luxurious of harmony, as sinuous of progress, as though Messieurs Debussy and Ravel along with a whole French tradition were non-existent. It is of Mr. Dukas surrendered to his Semitic blood, cultivating the oriental flavors of Goldmark, not unaware of the Wagner who could be super-sensuous.

A lush imagination invents, animates and achieves the music. It is soft and pulpy like an Eastern fruit. Hot and artificial, as of the forcing house, is the richness of color. Though the legend evoke the ends of the earth, noonday and sunset, images of the forest and of the mountain-top, the measures sound out of the thick walls, the moist and shadowy twilights of an Oriental palace. Studiously, "effectively," Mr. Dukas fashioned his "Poème Dansé" on his writing table for the theater. Possibly it cloyed there. Certainly it is over-luscious in the concert-hall—especially when Mr. Koussevitzky, being Russian and therefore quasi-Oriental, adds his own unguents and perfumes. Hearing him in "The Peri," it is easy to wish to hear him in Goldmark's "Sakountala."

It is within supposition—and maybe belief—that Mr. Albert Roussel, having written a piece of music for the sake of the music, cast his eye out of his study-window and saw the spring in the sky; that at the same moment his ear caught the echoes of a fête over the way at a neighbor's. Thereupon, being hard put for a title, he wrote "Pour une Fête de Printemps" at the top of his score and let it go at that. At the least this conjecture seems as plausible as the speculations arrayed in the program-book around these relatively innocent pages. They recall Mr. Roussel's memories of festivals in the Far East. They smack of the Place Pigalle and other haunts hard by the sacred Butte. They may be an idyl; they could be an interrupted Scherzo; possibly they are a Sinfonietta not a little compressed. Possibly also they are neither more nor less than a piece of music in which Mr. Roussel set ideas that germinated within him; developed them according to the imagination, the invention and the mood they stirred, and therewith rested content. The motifs and the reiterated figures hardly engross the ear; but Mr. Roussel leads them into measures that move with rhythmic animation through shadowy harmonies or vigorous progressions; that utilize skillfully assembled or parted or individualized instrumental voices. There is mood as well, from a quickening animation to a gentle, introspective musing; while throughout, the music swims in an atmosphere of its own—

as though soft, grey spring veils overhung it with a little of mist and a little of mystery. With an occasional monotony, yet with a semi-occasional poetry of tones, it all sounds. Even Mr. Koussevitzky's sensitive ear and hand do not quite clarify his friend's music.

Upon Mr. d'Indy's Second Symphony—become the classic French Symphony of these latter days—the conductor spared not one of his revealing and enhancing powers. The High Priest of the Schola Cantorum is nothing if not architectural—and upon ear and mind Mr. Koussevitzky up-reared the tonal edifice, lofty, firm-set and austere. More: he gave it an audible spaciousness and freedom of ascent, as though Franckian faiths and formulas, in-bred in Mr. d'Indy, might not crib or halt it. At every turn he sharpened the rhythms until the music gained a new impetus, vitality, cumulation. Not a detail escaped him or seemed in the passing instant misconstrued, misplaced or over-emphasized. Often they were as edge and pungency upon the music; or else fell like high light upon it and upon the composer's imagination. Nowhere did Mr. Koussevitzky miss, nor anywhere would he soften, the hard, keen glint of contours and harmonies. The spare progressions, the stark sonorities sounded with Mr. d'Indy's taut-strung voice. Above all, the conductor caught and heightened the essential life of the music wherein the two principal motifs—and the motifs that they generate—go to and fro in advance and recession, in conflict not to be stayed or stilled. Vitalize Mr. Koussevitzky will and must. Least of all shall the "cerebral" d'Indy escape him. For once and throughout, there was no quarrelling with the ways and means.

So played, the limitations of the Symphony in B-flat are the limitations of the composer's mind and spirit. Sensuous he cannot be, and in spite of his intensity of creation, the years do not lessen the pages dry and the pages labored. To be simple or to give the illusion of simplicity was as strange to the d'Indy of these middle years of fertility and prime. In intricate conflict he must set his motifs. Complex must be the progress of his music. Afresh and afresh he must marshal and assort the contributing elements. Yet passion he knows, though it be passion of the mind and the spirit. Not without such impulse may music rise, take shape and command the listening imagination as does the first movement of the Symphony outspread. The exaltation of the slow division is as unmistakable and penetrating as the austerity. A third movement harks back to the grave song of the viola; of a sudden wills itself into new and stirring energies. From a fugue, characteristically expands and mounts the reverberant proclamation of the close.

It is quite true that Mr. d'Indy brings this music to pass by mental process.

Strange to him are either the mighty outbursts or the mighty ease of Beethoven. Far from him, searching mind and heart, is the fullness of Brahms. He can no more sing with a Schubert than glow with a Wagner incandescent. He lacks Franck's communicating and enfolding humanity. By a power of mind he commands; by the passion with which he puts that power in play he conquers. A meaningless, a misleading, word to apply to work in the arts is "convincing." In the theater, the concert-hall, the picture-gallery, on the printed page, they can have no such purpose, gain no such end. Mr. d'Indy's Symphony in B-flat is the exception. Here at last, and for once, is music that convinces. No other way could he write it.

H. T. F.

Monitor Feb. 14, 1925.

By STUART MASON

THE fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Rabaud....."La Procession Nocturne"  
D'Indy...Symphony in B flat major No. 2  
Roussel..."Pour une Fête de Printemps"  
Dukas....."La Péri"

This was a program devoted to the music of contemporary French composers, albeit composers who have not to any great extent been influenced by the peculiar æsthetic ideals of the younger and more "advanced" generation. But this latter group (Milhaud and Company) would possibly dislike the label of contemporary.

The composers whose music was played yesterday have (with the possible exception of Roussel) gained their place in the musical world. Their style, their tendencies, the general relationship which they bear to the art of music and its particular development in France have for long been known and in general understood. In other words, their music is no longer, if it ever was, problematical. It is a logical and sane development of resources and technical processes which have been the common property of composers for many years. They have never attempted to introduce new elements into the art of music, and, although they cannot be classed as innovators, their compositions are none the less interesting and beautiful.

#### "La Procession Nocturne"

Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne" recalled the pleasant months of its composer's stay here as con-

ductor of the orchestra, and although it has pleased some to consider that period one of little profit, others who are perhaps more concerned with the music of the symphony concerts and its proper rendition than with the personality of a conductor will remember them as one of the outstanding features in the more immediate past of the orchestra.

But apart from these perhaps sentimental associations, "La Procession Nocturne" is a composition which excites interest on its own account. Its apt illustration of the episode from Lenau's "Faust" arrests the attention. It enhances the poetry and brings out its meaning as illustrative music of this sort often fails to do. Its delicate orchestration shows the master hand in every measure, the touch of a sensitive musical nature on every page.

D'Indy's Symphony is music of another character, no less masterly in its way. Less Gallic in its flavor, touching a deeper note, it is nevertheless a work which could have been conceived and executed only by a Frenchman. More austere than the music of Rabaud or Dukas, perhaps more intellectual than emotional, in its main characteristics it represents a side of the French musical nature not ordinarily attributed to it.

#### Roussel's Composition

Roussel's "Pour une Fête de Printemps" was played for the first time in Boston. His Symphony has also been played here recently. In comparison with this later work it is more easily understandable, it is clearer in form and content. Its composer is a colorist, not particularly as an orchestral writer, but more often as a harmonist. His development of his themes is of little account in the ordinary sense. Rather does he seek his effects in the juxtaposition and arrangement of his harmonic material. Often he is happily successful in this but more often his restless changes of harmony grow tiresome and create the impression that he is vaguely wandering in a maze of beautiful sounds which he seems unable to weld together into a logically developed series.

In his wanderings and gropings, however, he often hits upon exquisite combinations and when this vagueness is not too long continued, as in this present piece, the general effect is more often than not pleasing if



not wholly satisfactory from the point of view of order and symmetry. The playing of the orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of the music of the afternoon were almost entirely above criticism. There were some exaggerations of tempo which were not wholly successful, notably in Rabaud's symphonic poem, which lost immeasurably because of too slow a pace, but the playing of the Symphony more than made up for this slight defect. Mr. Koussevitzky has an evident sympathy for and clear understanding of music of this kind, and was content for the time being to lay aside those mannerisms of interpretation with which he occasionally seeks to adorn more familiar music, not always to its betterment.

## FRENCH PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Music by d'Indy, Roussel, Rabaud and Dukas Heard

Feb. 14, 1925  
Mr Koussevitzky again made a unified program for yesterday's Symphony concert, this time by turning to the work of living French composers. Roussel's "For a Spring Holiday," announced and withdrawn last season by Mr Monteux, was finally played for the first time in Boston. D'Indy's Second Symphony, Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession" and Dukas' "The Peri" had all been heard here before yesterday.

The audience did not seem greatly pleased with the concert. Applause was lukewarm, and, more significant, there were a few vacant seats in the second balcony, showing that less than the usual number had waited in line to hear the orchestra. Perhaps 10 times in the past 15 years have vacant seats been observable in the second balcony at the Friday concerts.

None of the greatest names in French music was represented on this program. Berlioz, Franck and Debussy cannot be

numbered with the living, though their music is more alive than that of Dukas or Roussel. Honegger, the most vital, and Ravel, the cleverest of living French composers, were not represented.

This concert was an illuminating illustration of the extent to which contemporary French music is not French so much as cosmopolitan. The elders on the program, d'Indy and Rabaud, are of the generation that has never been able to escape the pervasive influence of Wagner, whose stamp is on many pages of M. d'Indy's laboriously eloquent symphony. M. Rabaud's exquisitely subtle taste and refined musical imagination had enabled him to erase almost completely from his work the imprint of Wagner. But his own creative power is not wholly adequate to fill the gap. Although he uses Wagner's harmonics he does not reiterate Wagner's ideas, but his own are less vivid than Wagner at second hand from M. d'Indy.

Dukas and Roussel, as the contrast between their early and their recent work proves, are men bound to keep "in the movement," to be contemporary. Roussel once wrote Debussy diluted with a good deal of rose water, as in his "Rosy City." Having since observed the vogue of the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre" Roussel in "For a Spring Holiday" has abjured his preceding musical faith, changed styles completely and produced muddled and enfeebled Stravinsky.

With Dukas it is not Stravinsky, but the Russians, whose music was popularized in Western Europe by the Diaghilev ballet that has won away his allegiance from the manner of his one really successful work, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." The pseudo-Oriental color of Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherezade," much diluted, tinges "The Peri."

There is in d'Indy's Second Symphony a logic essentially French in the choice and working out of themes. The work springs from two "germinating motives," to use the composer's term for his musical material, and nearly every measure in it is derived from one or the other of these motives. But the motives germinate because d'Indy will have it so, and not as Beethoven's do, because they and he could not help it.

In all this music Mr Koussevitzky strove to convey emotion, to be dramatic. But French good taste is not by nature emotional nor dramatic. One doesn't look for ecstasies from Louis XV furniture, or from the architecture of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, exemplified to Americans by our World's Fair Buildings. A Russian is not the best man to make the very real but very limited qualities of this second-class French music felt. P. R.

## Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 20, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart . . . . . Eine Kleine Nachtmusik (K. No. 525)  
I. Allegro.  
II. Romanza: Andante.  
III. Menuetto: Allegretto.  
IV. Rondo: Allegro.

Handel . . . . . Concerto for Organ and String Orchestra in D minor  
I. Adagio; Allegro  
II. Adagio  
III. Finale

Copland . . . . . Symphony for Organ and Orchestra (First time in Boston)  
I. Prelude: Andante.  
II. Scherzo: Molto allegro.  
III. Finale: Lento; Allegro moderato.

Lili Boulanger . . . . . Pour les Funerailles d'un Soldat (First time in Boston)

Liszt . . . . . "Tasso; Lamento e Trionfo," Symphonic Poem No. 2

SOLOIST  
NADIA BOULANGER

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



not wholly satisfactory from the point of view of order and symmetry.

The playing of the orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of the music of the afternoon were almost entirely above criticism. There were some exaggerations of tempo which were not wholly successful, notably in Rabaud's symphonic poem, which lost immeasurably because of too slow a pace, but the playing of the Symphony more than made up for this slight defect. Mr. Koussevitzky has an evident sympathy for and clear understanding of music of this kind, and was content for the time being to lay aside those mannerisms of interpretation with which he occasionally seeks to adorn more familiar music, not always to its betterment.

## FRENCH PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Music by d'Indy, Roussel, Rabaud and Dukas Heard

*George Feb. 14, 1925*  
Mr Koussevitzky again made a unified program for yesterday's Symphony concert, this time by turning to the work of living French composers. Roussel's "For a Spring Holiday," announced and withdrawn last season by Mr Monteux, was finally played for the first time in Boston. D'Indy's Second Symphony, Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession" and Dukas' "The Peri" had all been heard here before yesterday.

The audience did not seem greatly pleased with the concert. Applause was lukewarm, and, more significant, there were a few vacant seats in the second balcony, showing that less than the usual number had waited in line to hear the orchestra. Perhaps 10 times in the past 15 years have vacant seats been observable in the second balcony at the Friday concerts.

None of the greatest names in French music was represented on this program. Berlioz, Franck and Debussy cannot be

numbered with the living, though their music is more alive than that of Dukas or Roussel. Honegger, the most vital, and Ravel, the cleverest of living French composers, were not represented.

This concert was an illuminating illustration of the extent to which contemporary French music is not French so much as cosmopolitan. The elders on the program, d'Indy and Rabaud, are of the generation that has never been able to escape the pervasive influence of Wagner, whose stamp is on many pages of M. d'Indy's laboriously eloquent symphony. M. Rabaud's exquisitely subtle taste and refined musical imagination had enabled him to erase almost completely from his work the imprint of Wagner. But his own creative power is not wholly adequate to fill the gap. Although he uses Wagner's harmonics he does not reiterate Wagner's ideas, but his own are less vivid than Wagner at second hand from M. d'Indy.

Dukas and Roussel, as the contrast between their early and their recent work proves, are men bound to keep "in the movement," to be contemporary. Roussel once wrote Debussy diluted with a good deal of rose water, as in his "Rosy City." Having since observed the vogue of the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre" Roussel in "For a Spring Holiday" has abjured his preceding musical faith, changed styles completely and produced muddled and enfeebled Stravinsky.

With Dukas it is not Stravinsky, but the Russians, whose music was popularized in Western Europe by the Diaghilev ballet that has won away his allegiance from the manner of his one really successful work, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." The pseudo-Oriental color of Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherezade," much diluted, tinges "The Peri."

There is in d'Indy's Second Symphony a logic essentially French in the choice and working out of themes. The work springs from two "germinating motives," to use the composer's term for his musical material, and nearly every measure in it is derived from one or the other of these motives. But the motives germinate because d'Indy will have it so, and not as Beethoven's do, because they and he could not help it.

In all this music Mr Koussevitzky strove to convey emotion, to be dramatic. But French good taste is not by nature emotional nor dramatic. One doesn't look for ecstasies from Louis XV furniture, or from the architecture of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, exemplified to Americans by our World's Fair Buildings. A Russian is not the best man to make the very real but very limited qualities of this second-class French music felt.

P. R.

## Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 20, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart . . . . . Eine Kleine Nachtmusik (K. No. 525)  
I. Allegro.  
II. Romanza: Andante.  
III. Menuetto: Allegretto.  
IV. Rondo: Allegro.

Handel . . . . . Concerto for Organ and String Orchestra in D minor  
I. Adagio; Allegro  
II. Adagio  
III. Finale

Copland . . . . . Symphony for Organ and Orchestra (First time in Boston)  
I. Prelude: Andante.  
II. Scherzo: Molto allegro.  
III. Finale: Lento; Allegro moderato.

Lili Boulanger . . . . . Pour les Funerailles d'un Soldat (First time in Boston)

Liszt . . . . . "Tasso; Lamento e Trionfo," Symphonic Poem No. 2

SOLOIST  
NADIA BOULANGER

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

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## 16TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Copland and Lili Boulanger  
Works Heard First  
Time in Boston

NADIA BOULANGER  
IS THE ORGANIST

*Herald* Feb. 21, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"; Handel, concert, D minor, for organ and strings; Copland, symphony for organ and orchestra (first time in Boston); Lili Boulanger, "For the Funeral of a Soldier" (first time in Boston); Liszt, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph." Nadia Boulanger, the organist, made her first appearance in Boston.

Mr. Koussevitzky has a genius for interpreting music of the 18th century. He is not obsequious in the presence of Dame Tradition, a lady of a doubtful reputation, though some bow down to her as the heathen to gods of wood and stone. He does not seek to modernize this old music by swelling it out of all proportion. He sings the melodies of Mozart, beautiful in their lines; the lively pages are not mere bustle and confusion; they have grace, elegance, aristocratic distinction, however swift the pace. Instrumental music in Mozart's time was not expected by the Viennese or any other public to be intensely passionate. Mr. Koussevitzky knows this; he knows how foolish it would be to pour new, heady, and heating wine into old musical bottles; he serves the wine of Mozart that is today fresh, sparkling and of exquisite bouquet. Hearing this little Serenade, which to Mozart was no doubt of slight importance, interpreted and played as it was yesterday, one realizes why composers of all nations and of all schools, including even the wild-eyed ultra-moderns, unite in homage to Mozart, as the greatest of composers.

Mr. Copland, born in Brooklyn, now living in New York, having studied in this country, went to Paris in 1921, where he continued to study, returning to this country last summer. His teacher in Paris was Miss Nadia Boulanger, who yesterday played the organ part of the symphony dedicated to her.

A good many were yesterday shocked by this symphony; perhaps affronted, regarding it as a personal insult to subscribers eager to hear music that they knew and liked. Yes, there are some, and they are voluble, who resent the putting of unfamiliar works on Symphony programs. They have no curiosity about what is going on in the musical world. They have ears, but they do not hear, and they are unwilling to hear, unless the new composition is by a local composer with whom they have at least a bowing acquaintance.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked for courageously introducing new works even when they are of a strange design, even if they are apparently ugly at first hearing, provided always that the composers have really something to say, however raucous or hysterical their speech; but these composers must not stammer; they must not be detected in the act of experimenting.

Mr. Copland is now 24 years old. His symphony, written in 1924, was produced in New York last month. The music is definitely planned and gives proof of the composer's talent. It is an honest work, this symphony, though some may with equal honesty think this talent is here misguided. They may cry out against pages that are noise, not sound; of acid harmonies that have not the saving grace of exciting surprise, that leave the hearer indifferent or bored. But the Prelude, in the nature of a reverie, has decided character; it establishes and maintains a mood. Here the composer is simplest and most effective. His stormy outbursts later are too often futile orchestral ragings with occasional measures that are grotesque in their puffing and snorting. The rhythmic freedom with its constant changes is noteworthy as showing the influence of Stravinsky, an influence observable in other ways.

It is not an atrocious crime for a composer to be young; but youth is yeast in its strivings, and it has its idols. The Stravinsky idol towers in the musical cathedral, and many are the young worshippers. Its brightness is excellent and the form thereof terrible, as in the image seen by the dreaming Nebuchadnezzar. Its head may be of gold; its breast and arms of silver; but its feet are part of clay.

In Mr. Copland's Symphony there is much brass, there is clay; but there is also something of fine silver, if not a little gold.

The performance of this difficult work was brilliant.



Lili Boulanger, the younger sister of Miss Nadia, died in her 25th year, having won the greatest musical prize in France, the prix de Roma, and a high reputation for composition achieved in the face of constant ill-health. "For the Funeral of a Soldier," written before she was 20 years old, was performed at the Paris Conservatory by the conservatory class led by d'Indy early in 1913; it was performed at a Colonne-Lamoureux concert in 1915. It is a majestic lamentation, epic in its grief, with the sonorous chanting of the "Dies Irae," a dirge for the last rites paid a mighty conqueror.

Miss Nadia Boulanger, an organist of established reputation in Paris, played solo and ensemble pages with technical skill and as an accomplished musician.

The concert ended by a superb performance of Liszt's "Tasso," one of his most eloquent symphonic poems, one that still proudly and defiantly bears its 70 years and more.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is all-Russian: Glinka, Overture to "Russlan and Ljudmilla"; Glazounov, Symphony, E-flat, No. 3 (first time in Boston); Liadov, "Kikimora," "The Enchanted Lake" and "Baba-Yagu"; Tchaikovsky, "Romeo and Juliet."

## BARBARIC MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Copland's Work Brutal—Woman Organist Soloist

Post — Feb. 21, 1925

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Without recourse to fine and invidious distinctions, it may be said at the outset that the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon offered great music, debatable music and just "music."

To mention the pieces in the order of the programme, there was first Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," after that a Concerto for organ and orchestra by Handel, then a Symphony for organ and orchestra by Aaron Copland, in both of which Nadia Boulanger, renowned French organist, presided at the churchly instrument.

### FULL OF NOVEL INTEREST

An intermission, chiefly given over to discussion of Mr. Copland's disturbing composition, followed, and the balance of the programme consisted of Lili Boulanger's "Pour les Funerailles d'un Soldat" and finally, as Mr. Koussevitzky's first venture here with the music of Liszt, that composer's magniloquent tone-poem, "Tasso."

A concert abounding in novel interest and not without picturesque incident was this, though from a purely musical standpoint others have proved more rewarding. As the sister of the precocious and promising Lili Boulanger, stricken down in the 25th year of a life shadowed by persistent illness, and withal a singularly accomplished musician in her own right, Nadia Boulanger is a welcome guest at the Symphony Concerts.

### A Skilled Organist

Individuality shines not in performance on the organ as it does, say, in the playing of the piano or the violin, but it was easy to recognize in Miss Boulanger's performance both the workings of a forceful personality and the skill of the virtuoso.

Rightfully Lili Boulanger's piece should have had, in place of the organ, a baritone solo and a chorus, and inevitably the absence of these voice-parts robbed the music of some of its potential effectiveness. Extravagantly proclaimed by one incautious commentator the greatest threnody in music since the Funeral March in Beethoven's "Eroica," this "Pour les Funerailles d'un Soldat," although a remarkable achievement for a composer of 17, seemed yesterday not only undeserving of such high praise but in point of fact relatively characterless. To be sure there is an elegiac mood well sustained, and the entrance of the "Dies Irae" is of sinister effect, but there is throughout an absence of notable thematic invention.

### Copland's Symphony

Moreover, it is this same dearth of salient musical ideas that is the first complaint to be urged against Mr. Copland's Symphony, though many

would sooner protest the brutal dissonances of the Finale which led Walter Damrosch to remark, on the occasion of the piece's first performance by the Symphony Society of New York, that the man who could write such music at 24 might some day be capable of murder.

Ugly, as such things are measured nowadays, some of Mr. Copland's Symphony assuredly is, but at least there lies in this harsh final movement a suggestion of force and of power, if also a suggestion that Mr. Copland in writing, has looked not only in his heart, but also in the score of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." Again there are striking measures, also dynamically brutal, in the Scherzo, but here is also much that seems trifling, while the first movement conveys too often the impression of futility.

### Brought to the Platform

It is only fair to add, however, that both Miss Boulanger and Mr. Koussevitzky profess to find in Mr. Copland's music the promise of true greatness. Both gave their best in yesterday's performance—and this music is of great technical difficulty, while at the end the applause, in which tentative hisses were mingled, brought Mr. Copland from his seat to the edge of the platform, where both conductor and soloist shook him warmly by the hand. The applause continuing, Miss Boulanger and Mr. Koussevitzky returned many times, and finally the latter brought the deserving and hard-working orchestra to its feet. Thus, despite individual disapprobation, Mr. Copland may justly feel that his Symphony triumphed.

### Mozart's "Night Music"

For the rest a few words may suffice. If not one of Mozart's most important compositions, this little "Night Music" is altogether delightful, and it was played yesterday with unsurpassable finish, with bewitching grace. Its just due was also accorded the noble music of Handel.

And in "Tasso," Mr. Koussevitzky was once more the virtuoso conductor, bringing life and significance to measures too often hastily dismissed as out-moded and bombastic. Not all of "Tasso" will respond even to Mr. Koussevitzky's enkindling fires, but much of this music sounded yesterday with an eloquence, a sweep, a passion and a breadth that it had not known here in many years.

## NADIA BOULANGER AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

by Copland — Feb. 21, 1925  
Copland's Organ Symphony  
Clapped and Hissed

Yesterday, for the third time in recent seasons, a new modernist piece was hissed by a few convinced conservatives and violently applauded by a greater number of musical radicals, while the majority of the Symphony audience sat in more or less pained silence. The bone of contention this time was a symphony for organ and orchestra by Aaron Copland, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1900.

The organ part was played by Nadia Boulanger, under whom Mr. Copland studied theory and composition in Paris. Mlle. Boulanger has a great reputation as teacher of theory and composition, and was a prize winner in organ playing at the Paris Conservatoire. In a Handel concerto, and her sister Lili's "For a Soldier's Funeral," as well as in her pupil's symphony she proved herself an admirable organist and a superb musician.

Mr. Copland's symphony, in which the organ is used as part of the orchestra rather than as a solo instrument, is original and powerful music. If he were only a Russian or a Frenchman, one would be more certain that the American musical public will recognize his great gift, which may turn out to be real genius, and is certainly talent of a rare and high order.

There is nothing peculiar to any national school of composition about his music. One can, of course, see that he has heard and learned from the work of other living composers. But this symphony is no mere imitative music. Its composer has ideas and has been taught how to express them.

Like the youthful Wagner and the elderly Liszt, Mr. Copland enjoys making a big noise. He has the gusto, the insensitiveness to nuances, the lack of all the delicacies of such characteristically American creative artists as Whitman and H. L. Mencken. But his music is not mere barbaric yawn. It has substance and a design. It is too crudely orchestrated and too logically constructed. Mr. Koussevitzky, notably seconded by Mlle. Boulanger, gave an eloquent interpretation of this significant modern work.

The other new piece, "For a Soldier's Funeral," by Mlle. Boulanger's younger sister Lili, whose death was a great loss to French music, is pathetically



and simply eloquent. According to the program books yesterday there is a baritone solo in the original version of this piece. It was not sung at this concert.

Handel's D minor organ concerto, in the arrangement published by Gull-mant, with an air for organ solo from a concerto grosso, proved Mlle Boulanger a musician of unusual ability and a notable organist. The exquisite taste of her interpretations set them above any mere virtuoso performance. Hers is that highest form of art which conceals art.

Mr Koussevitzky gave a lively, clean cut, but never elegant, never nuanced reading of Mozart's "Kleine Nacht Musik." He piles on stresses remorselessly in the allegro movements, though the music is delicate in texture. In the slow movement he made the exquisite beauty of the themes felt.

Liszt's bombastic and empty "Tasso," in a performance noisier but less thrilling than most of those Koussevitzky has given here, brought the concert to a close. Mr Koussevitzky's superb reading of Copland's symphony, his impressive Handel and his no less impressive interpretation of Lili Boulanger's music made ample amends for any deficiencies elsewhere in his part of the performance.

Mr Copland, who was present, must have been pleased with the presentation of his work, a performance of a quality too seldom vouchsafed American compositions. P. R.

## FOR ONCE FLAVOR OF PERSONALITY SPICES THE FRIDAY CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 21, 1925  
NADIA BOULANGER, HER SISTER,  
AND HER PUPIL

Mr. Copland's Symphony, According to the Logic and Brilliance of the Modernist Mode—"The Funeral of a Soldier" in Simple Eloquence—Mr. Koussevitzky All-Pervading

**M**UCH of the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon was given over to the distinguished visitor, Mademoiselle Nadia Boulanger, organist, composer, teacher, critic from Paris. Mademoiselle Boulanger, with the orchestra, played Handel's Concerto in D minor for Organ and String Orchestra; a new Symphony for Organ and Orchestra by her pupil, Mr. Aaron Copland of New York, young composer just beginning to be heard; and, also for the first time in Boston, "For the Funeral of a Soldier," by her

younger sister, Lili Boulanger, who died an untimely death in 1918. As if by way of introduction, that diminutive symphony, first introduced here by Mr. Montaux, Mozart's so-called "Serenade," "Elne Kleine Nachtmusik," preceded Handel's concerto. For final piece there was Liszt's second symphonic poem "Tasso; Lament and Triumph." The program lasted what is coming to be the accustomed two hours.

Center of interest among the works presented was found in Mr. Copland's Symphony. The score calls for all the instruments of the large present-day symphony orchestra, with full percussion section, including kettledrums, bass drum, cymbals, snare drum, tambourine, wood block, xylophone. The work, the composer tells us, was begun last May in Paris, was completed in November in New York. It is a thoroughly modern work of that particular species of modernity first introduced by Igor Stravinsky in his "Sacre du Printemps." Treatment of material, to be sure, varies widely from such as Stravinsky would have given. Vocabulary, general style, however, is that of "Sacre," with some suggestions, in the first two movements, of the "Fire-bird." Formally in the planning of his material, in the ascending climactic order of his movements, in the shrewd disposition of formalistic schemes ranging from Bach to Franck, Mr. Copland showed great cleverness and originality. For, like the most recent Stravinsky, the symphony shows no hint of program, it is absolute music of the most frank and uncompromising kind. A prelude begins it. After the manner of Bach in his preludes "there is but one theme, announced by the organ, which occurs several times after slight episodic digressions." But this prelude also announces, quite unassumingly, a short motive or "motto" as the composer calls it, which is to recur in some form or other throughout the three movements of the work—favorite device of Franck and d'Indy. It is in this movement, which is a modern counterpart of the formal contrapuntal schemes of Bach, that the practiced listener is led somehow to think of "L'Oiseau de Feu." It is a piece of work exceeding well done.

But the scheme grows larger, interest increases. The "simple" prelude leads to a more complex scherzo. There are two themes, there is a trio section. But a two-note accompaniment figure underlying all else establishes the rhythmic and emotional character of the movement. At times there is definite feeling in these rhythms of the swing of jazz—which by the way we have repeatedly been told in most categorical manner, could not possibly germinate in anything else but the rhythmic simplicities and ineptitudes of the dance music in which it originated, which really says nothing more than that such critics think that jazz cannot go beyond what their own limited imaginations can at

present see in it. Witness some of the rhythms of this scherzo in reply. Dissonances sharpen; complexities, of thematic treatment as of rhythm, increase. Sense of riot, of fury pervades it. We begin to look to "Le Sacre" for sources of material. But the appoggiatura-like use of the two-note figure seems an original device of the composer. When taken in the brass instruments, however, this device seems out of keeping with the character of the instruments, is not, cannot be done well, does not give the effect one mentally expects it to give.

The last movement is in sonata-form. The composer has obligingly met all the criticisms that history has ever made on sonata-form. As the most important movement of the symphony, he has put it last, at the point of climax, instead of placing in this position of honor something of slighter and more ephemeral structure and significance. With Mr. Copland it comes as final culmination of the increase in importance already seen in the first two movements. More, the symphony is not so long that one is too tired at the last to get the significance of so important a movement at the end.

The form itself exposes the material, the first theme based on the three-note motto, the second sung above a reiterated bass form from the motto (see Beethoven's Fifth Symphony). The themes are well developed in the exposition, there is as a result but a short working-out section, recapitulation really recapitulates and sums up rather than fully and tiresomely restates. The vocabulary and the devices of the Stravinsky of "The Rite of Spring" abound. There are the sharp, pointed, stinging, searing dissonances; there are the insistent rhythms; there is the violent percussion; there is every known device for stimulating and over-stimulating already high strung nerves. But unlike the movements of Stravinsky, there seemed occasional moments in this movement when dissonances and rhythmic furies failed so to stimulate, when we were on the verge of dullness. Did Mr. Copland's invention (with Stravinskian language) run dry in such moments?

Unquestionably Mr. Copland has written a masterpiece of logical formal construction, of adroit juxtaposition and successive evolution of moods in this symphony. There remains the question of whether it was worth the doing in the terms and with the language that he uses. For in this he knows but one master, Stravinsky. It may be argued that originality consists not in the invention of new material, but in the new handling of old material; the classic instance of Beethoven, Liszt, Franck using the identical three-note motive without their originality being in the least questioned. "There's nothing new under the sun"; originality consists in newness of combination. True and accepted beyond peradventure of doubt. Newness of com-

bination of old forms we have granted Mr. Copland. And still the question of originality persists. Circumstances alter cases. The kind of vocabulary Mr. Copland is using is a determining factor. It can probably be set down as a canon of the newer styles that as an idiom or vocabulary of effects increases in individuality, the number of works that can possibly be written in that idiom enormously decreases. In all probability some such principle is the foundation of Stravinsky's own incessant change of styles. Stravinsky's "renunciation" of all his works but the last one may well be taken with a grain of salt. But beneath all this there is surely the shrewd recognition of the principle that it would be unwise or even unsafe even for Stravinsky himself to attempt a second work, say in the idiom of "Le Sacre." Surely its language is so individualistic that the number of works that can be written in that language is just one. And this squares with the practice of Stravinsky himself. A new piece, of these proportions, in the most modern style, demands nothing short of a new idiom. Mr. Copland was present to make his bow to the audience, to receive at the platform congratulations from Mr. Koussevitzky and Mademoiselle Boulanger.

But there was a second new work on this program, Mademoiselle Lili Boulanger's "Pour les funérailles d'un soldat." It was unfortunate for any new work to make claim, even with intervening intermission, on the attention after the nerve-racking symphony. Mademoiselle Boulanger was less than eighteen years old when she wrote it. It is effective, eloquent piece, in the pre-Stravinskian modern idiom. Always somber, melancholy, with use of the "D'es Iraq" not in the blatant form in which so many composers find it necessary to introduce it, the piece with its tasteful orchestration is a becoming last tribute to some one of the victims of the war, either as individual or as type.

Miss Nadia Boulanger is an organist of distinction and more. By all the evidence of yesterday afternoon she is musician of rare attainment. It is redundant here to speak of excellence of technique, of polish of style. The organ is the hardest instrument in the world to play musically, just as it is one of the easiest of the major instruments to subject to boring routine treatment. To make it as one with the orchestra; to make it rise above orchestra when occasion demands, without crassly dominating everything; to keep it from sounding weak and insufficient and colorless in comparison with the orchestra, these are the achievements of matchless musicianship. For too often is the attempt made to contrast the imitative colors of the organ with the respective orchestral instruments, a procedure generally doomed to unfavorable comparison for the orchestra. But the organ has its own peculiar colors and sonorities not found in the orchestra, which moreover combine



admirably with the orchestra. Such use Miss Boulanger made of her instrument, in the solo passages and the ensemble of Handel's concerto, of Copland's symphony, of her sister's piece for the funeral of a soldier. Incidentally, it is much to the credit of these two modern composers to write a score in which the organ finds its place so fully and thoroughly as an integral and essential part of the orchestral scheme.

The purely orchestral numbers formed a sort of frame into which the numbers with organ were placed. Mozart's Serenade is by no means one of his greatest works. Yet it is a charming piece, full of that composer's elegance, polish, sunshine, refined geniality. Through the two complementing themes of the Allegro, with their slight development; the singing Romanza with its alternating themes; the stately minuet with its fluid "sotto voce" trio; the final Rondo in the form that Mozart and Beethoven were both so frequently to use. Mr Koussevitzky led the orchestra with a simple directness, with a feeling at once of surety and precision and of suppleness and exquisite grace, that can only be characterized as ideal, warm, present-day, living voice of the classics.

Liszt's symphonic poems of the trials and the triumph of the poet Tasso formed at once a suitable piece to follow Mlle. Boulanger's funeral music, and a stirring close for the program. It has long been hailed as one of the very best of Liszt's symphonic poems. Mr. Koussevitzky pointed the griefs, heightened the triumphs of the poet, kindled the flames of the final stirring apotheosis. It was a superb performance in every way. A. H. M.

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25			
28			29
33			
		36	37
	40		

#### Aboard the Ark

The following solved Monday's correctly:

Albert Ammann, Elinor Andrews, call, Mabelle R. Bratton, Mrs. R. street, William E. Chamberlain, Mr. R. J. Cram, F. Darling, Cora F. Dodge, Lin E. Dolbler, Philip French, M. P. Foss, Marion K. Fickett, Allen B. F. C. Gage, W. T. Hall, Charles N. H. W. Howe, George W. Jones, H. P. K. J. H. Kidder, Richard S. Lehrburger, Longwell, Eleanor Mellen, Fred F. Frank A. Russell, H. O. Sprague, H. cer, A. Tuckerman, Helen M. Wheeler, C. Webster.

class elections at Kendall Hall 1 ning. Gretchen Andres and Evelyn both of Newton, were elected to t of president and secretary of th class respectively. Miss Andres i in school life, having served on th tainme tncommittee of the Girls and as chairman of the committee Valentine dance. Miss Feakes i tary of the Girls' Reserve. Anne of Gloucester, captain of the Pur and president of the junior class h was elected treasurer. Barbara An lin of Cranford, N. J., was elec president. The elections in the othe were as follows:

Post graduate president, Elizabeth Springfield; vice president, Virginia Rochester, N. Y.; secretary, Florence Monroe, N. Y.; treasurer, Ruth Holt field, and faculty adviser, Helen, Midd

## ORGANIST COMES FROM DISTINGUISHED MUSICAL FAMILY

*Herald Feb. 15, 1928*  
Nadia Boulanger, who will appear

as organist at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, belongs to a very musical family. Her grandfather and father were instructors in the Paris conservatory and her sister, Lili, the younger of the two, won a high reputation as a composer before she died. Miss Nadia won many honors as a student in the conservatory, chief among them a first prize in harmony, a first prize in piano accompaniment, organ, counterpoint, fugue, and in 1908 the second "Grand Prix de Rome." She was graduated when she was 16 years old.

For the last 14 years she has been the assistant of Daller, professor of harmony at the Paris conservatory, and his assistant as organist at the Madeleine. She is professor of harmony at the American conservatory, Fontainebleau; professor of organ, harmony, counterpoint and fugue at the Paris Normal Music school, critic of the Monde Musical. She is associated with several musical societies.

She is favorably known also as a composer. She and the late Raoul Pugno, who is remembered in Boston by his brilliant piano playing, wrote an opera, "The Dead City," for which d'Annunzio made a special version of the play in which Duse gave a memorable performance.

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The life of Lili Boulanger, who, born in 1893, died in 1918, was triumphant and tragic. Constant ill-health prevented her from having regular musical instruction until she was 16 years, although she was musically precocious. Nadia formed her taste and disciplined her. Then Lili studied with Georges Caussade; later with Paul Vidal, and in 1913, she did what no woman had ever done from the time the Paris Conservatory was founded. She was awarded the first "Grand Prix de Rome." There was a long standing prejudice against the admission of women to the Villa Medici at Rome, but jury and audience were unanimous in awarding the prize to Lili before her competing cantata, "Faust and Helen," had been one-third performed.

She went to Rome and there worked diligently for a year in spite of her wretched health. The war obliged her to return to Paris. In 1915-16, sick as she was, she was busy as a member of a Franco-American committee in aid of French musicians. She was once again in Rome, but only for a little time. Her courage was indomitable. Even on her sick bed she busied herself by sketching musical ideas. The list of her compositions includes works for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, the 129th psalm, a "Hindu Prayer," a "Pie Jesu," songs, etc. She had nearly completed a lyric drama, Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine."

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P. H.



admirably with the orchestra. Such use Miss Boulanger made of her instrument, in the solo passages and the ensemble of Handel's concerto, of Copland's symphony, of her sister's piece for the funeral of a

soldier. credit of write a place so and esser

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Liszt's and the at once Boulange close for hailed a symphon ed the the poet stirring formance



[From a Drawing in The New York

**Nadia Boulanger**

Parisian Organist and Teacher, Representative of the French Ministry of Fine Arts, To Be Heard at the Symphony Concert Tomorrow

FADED TEXT

## ORGANIST COMES FROM DISTINGUISHED MUSICAL FAMILY

*Herald Feb. 15, 1925*  
Nadia Boulanger, who will appear as organist at the concerts of the Bos-

ton Symphony Orchestra this week, belongs to a very musical family. Her grandfather and father were instructors in the Paris conservatory and her sister, Lili, the younger of the two, won a high reputation as a composer before she died. Miss Nadia won many honors as a student in the conservatory, chief among them a first prize in harmony, a first prize in piano accompaniment, organ, counterpoint, fugue, and in 1908 the second "Grand Prix de Rome." She was graduated when she was 16 years old.

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P. H.



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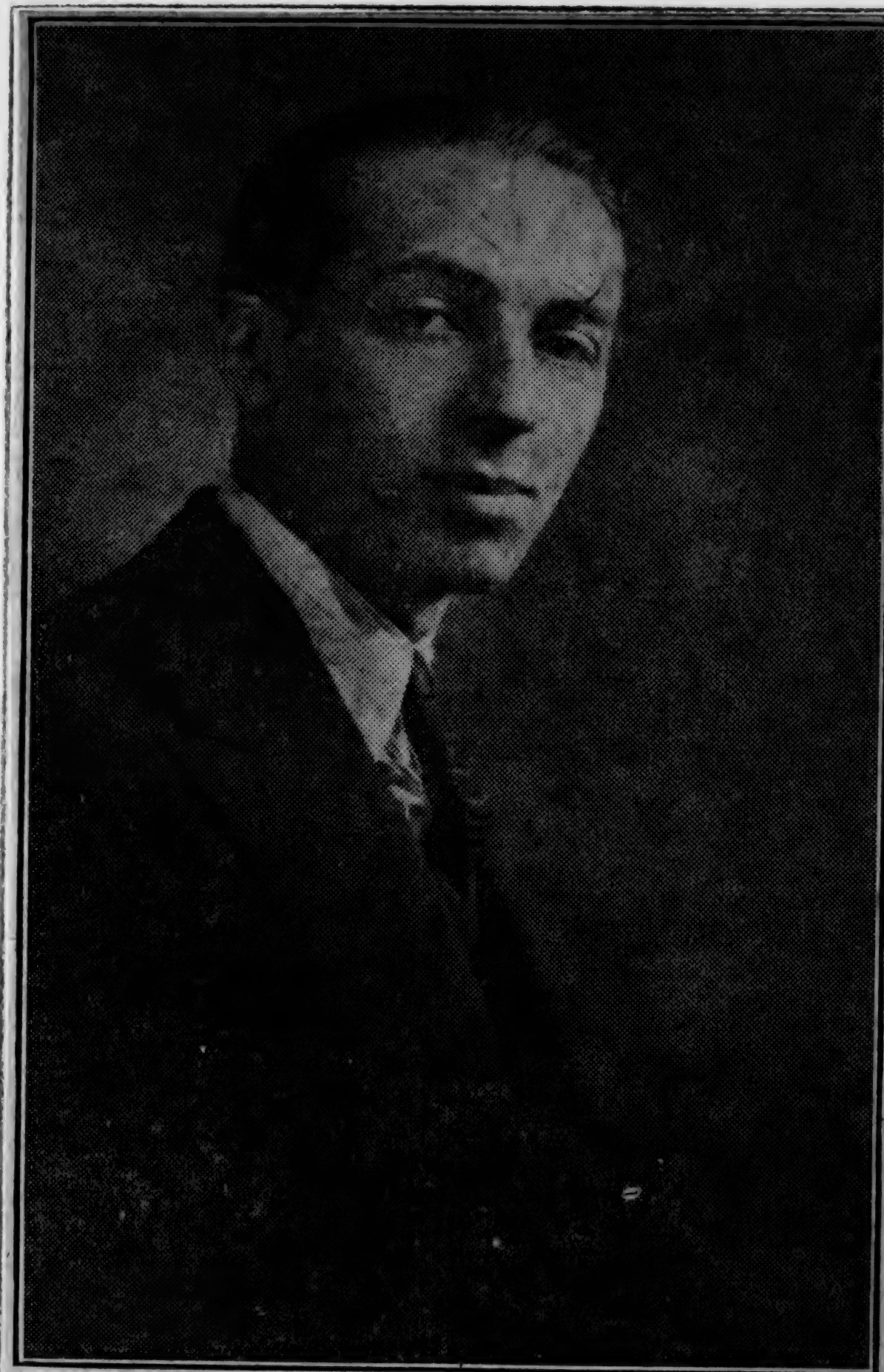
The list of her compositions is of considerable length. Chief among them is the opera "The Dead City," written in collaboration with the late Raoul Pugno, a tragedy in four acts by d'Annunzio, who wrote for them a version of his celebrated play in which Duse shone.

Three pieces for violin and pianoforte (Miss Collingbourne and Miss Siedhoff) "Cantique de Sœur Beatrice" (Jean MacLellan), a string quartet, and a pianoforte piece (Mme. Lassange-Mercier) were performed in Steinert Hall on March 19, 1917, at the Third Concert Gaulois for French Musicians.

(Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1900; now living in New York)

Mr. Copland has studied music since his thirteenth year. His teachers in this country were Victor Wittgenstein and Clarence Adler (pianoforte); Rubin Goldmark (harmony and composition). He went to Paris in 1921 and studied composition and the pianoforte with Nadia Boulanger. In the Summer of 1924, he returned to New York.

This symphony, dedicated to Miss Boulanger, was played for the first time on January 11, 1925, at a concert of the Symphony Society New York, Walter Damrosch conductor; Mlle. Boulanger, organist. The programme included an Air, and a Gavotte in E by Bach; Handel's Concerto, D minor, for organ and strings; Lili Boulanger's "Pour les Funeraillles d'un Soldat"; Procession of the Knights of the Grail from "Parsifal"; and Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso."\* This was Mlle. Boulanger's first appearance in the United States.



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American Composer of the Youngest Generation Whose Symphony  
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# Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 27, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, at 8.15 o'clock

Glinka . . . . . Overture to "Russlan and Lioudmilla"

Glazounov . . . . . Symphony No. 8 in E-flat, Op. 83  
(First time in Boston)

- I. Allegro Moderato.
- II. Mesto.
- III. Allegro.
- IV. Finale: Moderato.

Liadov . . . . . Three Pieces for Orchestra

- I. "Kikimora," A Folk Tale, Op. 63.
- II. "The Enchanted Lake," A Folk Tale, Op. 62.
- III. "Baba-Yaga"—Tone Picture, after a Russian Folk Tale, Op. 56.

Tchaikovsky . . . . . Overture — Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet,"  
(after Shakespeare)

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators. It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# GLAZOUNOV'S SYMPHONY NO. 8

First Playing Here of Russian's Composition  
of 1906

## "ROMEO AND JULIET" DELIGHTFULLY GIVEN

*Herald* — Feb. 28, 1925.

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Glinka, Overture to "Russian and Ljudmilla"; Glazounov, Symphony No. 8, E flat; Liadov, "Kikomora," "The Enchanted Lake" and "Baba-Yaga"; Tchaikovsky, Overture Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet."

In his earlier years Glazounov dreamed of imaginative fantastical music. His suites and tone-poems told of carnivals, funerals, the gorgeous, voluptuous Orient; the forest with wood-sprites, water nymphs, will-of-the-wisps; the ocean, the Kremlin of Moscow with its holy and dramatic associations. He saw Stenka Rasin, the terror of the Volga, his captive Persian princess, who was sacrificed to the great river unlike any river in the world. The ballet tempted him and for a time he found in it the fullest and freest form of musical expression; not the ballet as it was known to us before the arrival of Diaghilev and his company; not the old ballet, too often stilted, dull, or the "labored intrepidity of indecorum," but the ballet of Russia when Petrograd-Leningrad rejoiced in the name of St. Petersburg.

Little by little, the Russian blood in his musical veins became thin and pale. There was a transfusion of German blood. He grew more and more academic, freeing himself from the influence of Schumann who for a time was dear to him and delivering himself into the bondage of Johannes Brahms. Legend and fairy tales, historical events

and Nature's handiwork no longer inspired composition. He determined that music should be created not by outside suggestion, but as the German evolved a camel from his inner consciousness. And so an admirer wrote of him that gradually nearing "his promised land, wherein music is absolutely self-sufficient," he reached his destination with his eighth symphony.

This symphony was played in Boston yesterday for the first time. Written in 1906, it was performed in New York the next year, and it has been heard in Chicago. There can be no dispute over its solid structure, the scholarly workmanship, the technical skill displayed. The thematic development is more significant than the thematic material, except in the chorale-like beginning of the Finale.

There are examples of ingenious orchestration in the Scherzo. There is a more effective employment of contrasts than in the other movements. The second is not without a stately, one might say epic, grandeur in its melancholy mood. One finds, however, in the whole work few pages that make a strong emotional appeal; few pages of haunting beauty; few pages that take one outside the concert hall, outside of one's self. The prevailing impression while the music is playing is similar to that made by the tragedian's performance of Hamlet when Pip replied to his question, "What did you think of it?" Pip answered, prompted by his friend: "It was massive and concrete."

Glinka's overture is pleasant music in a Berliozian manner somewhat Italianized, good music for putting an audience in a cheerful mood at the beginning of a concert. The three pieces by Liadov, ingeniously scored, were delightfully played, for Mr. Koussevitzky has as fine an appreciation of the delicately fanciful and of the whimsically humorous as he is master of music that is deeply emotional, stormily imposing, or fiery in its passion. That there was no irresistible appeal to the soul in Glazounov's symphony was not the fault of Mr. Koussevitzky, not the fault of the players.

The performance of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" was one long to be remembered. When Nikisch brought out this Fantasia in the old Music Hall, the effect produced was overwhelming. That was 35 years ago this month. No succeeding performance equalled it until that of yesterday. Some had been led to think in the mean time that Tchaikovsky's music had grossly deceived them years ago; or that in their green and salad days of concert-going they had lacked judgment. Mr. Koussevitzky surely convinced any doubting Thomas that the first opinion was well founded.



For Shakespeare's tragedy was eloquently sounded forth in music. Some have said, and with a certain authority, that the opening section pictures Friar Laurence's cell; others that it symbolizes "the burden of fate." It is enough so say that these measures strike the tragic note, the solemn warning of that which is to come, as the ending is the epitaph on the tomb of the lovers. In the pages depicting the strife of the two families, the feud that worked the woe, there was the furious encounter in the street, the clash of steel. And the great love theme, with the sobbing syncopation for the horns, as sung by this interpreter, was it not the very hymn of triumphant love?

"Love, that is all the earth to lovers—  
love that mocks time and space,  
Love, that is day and night—love, that  
is sun and moon and stars,  
Love that is crimson, sumptuous, sick  
with perfume."

The program was Russian, yet Tchaikovsky, the musician, was reproached by the "Five" for being a cosmopolite. This being interpreted today means that in "Romeo and Juliet" he wrote for the musical world, not as a "Nationalist."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be as follows: Weber-Mahler, Intermezzo from "The Three Pintos"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Wagner, Prelude to act III of "The Mastersingers"; Strauss, Salome's Dance.

## RUSSIAN MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Glinka, Glazunov, Liadov  
and Tchaikovsky Played

Feb. 28, 1925

Mr. Koussevitzky arranged a Russian program for yesterday's Symphony concert, and next week there is to be a German program. We have already had a French program. Presumably the other music-making Nations, our own included, are to have their respective programs later in the series. The chosen Russians were Glinka, Glazunov, Liadov, and Tchaikovsky. Glazunov's Eighth Symphony, composed in 1906, and played in New York in 1907, was the only number new to Boston.

Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture and fantasy, an early but

highly characteristic specimen of that composer's alloyed talent, was given a superbly eloquent reading yesterday. The bombast and the false pathos of much of this music were almost transmuted by Koussevitzky into the surging passion and yearning tenderness of Shakespeare's tragedy. Tchaikovsky had a gift of melody, a notable mastery of the noise-making resources of the orchestra, and a strong but not subtle rhythmic sense. He wrote much genuinely admirable light music, unpretentiously pleasing. But in such pieces as this fantasy he strove to attain a dramatic force and a dignity of style beyond his reach.

Glinka's overture to his fairy opera "Russian and Ludmilla" first performed in 1842, proved that the admiration professed by later Russians for the first notable Russian composer was in many ways deserved. The piece is spirited, gay, yet with a hint of wonder and of the primitive. Glinka's opera deals like Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" with Pagan Russia. It is not wholly fanciful to detect a faint likeness in mood between music which uses the idiom of the 1830's and music of the 20th century like "La Sacre." Glinka's music has one advantage over Stravinsky's. Its eloquence is never forced, never self-conscious, always spontaneous.

Glazunov's music has been heard here at intervals for many years. None of it has seemed to be first rate, to be the authentic and spontaneous utterance of an original creative artist. This Eighth Symphony is correctly enough worked out after the approved formulae taught in courses on musical composition. No theme in it is obviously derived from other music. There are even passages with real power to move the listener. But the general impression left by the symphony was of labored dullness.

Glazunov is one of those writers whose style is profoundly but never permanently influenced by the masterpiece he has last been studying. He is not a plagiarist, not even unconsciously. Yet, to cite a striking instance, the last movement of this Eighth Symphony could not have been written if Wagner had not given the world the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The tone of Glazunov's music is the same as Wagner's. Its texture and its imaginative power by comparison insignificant.

Liadov's three pieces for orchestra, "Kikimora," "Baba Yaga" and "Enchanted Lake," played here under Montaux, again seemed more or less pretty trifles, lacking intensity of feeling and only ordinarily well written. One wondered why Koussevitzky put no music by Scriabin, Stravinsky, or Rimsky Korsakov on this program. Surely their work has higher qualities than that played.

Next week's program, as announced, will include an intermezzo from Weber's "Die Drei Pintos" arranged by Mahler; Brahms' Third Symphony, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" and the "Dance of the Seven Veils" from Richard Strauss "Salome."

# RUSSIAN DAY WITH SYMPHONY

Glazunov's Eighth Is  
Heard for First  
Time Here

Post Feb. 28, 1925

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In a sense the chief item on the all-Russian programme given by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall yesterday, was the Eighth Symphony of Glazunov, a piece of large dimensions and of intricate and elaborate content, played for the first time in Boston.

But the greatest, indeed the only truly "great" music of the afternoon, was the final number on this Slavic programme, Tchaikovsky's Overture-Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet." Beside it in retrospect all else receded into the background.

## IN GERMAN MOULD

Born in 1865 Glazunov completed this eighth of his symphonies in 1906, then abandoned symphonic composition, so the story goes, in superstitious fear lest, like Beethoven and Bruckner before him, he might write nine symphonies and no more. A pretty story, and mayhap a true one, but it is as

likely that other considerations have kept Glazunov from attaining the mark set by two of his predecessors. Working gradually toward the goal of absolute music, existing of and for itself alone, Glazunov, at the outset a Russian Romanticist, became in this eighth symphony something not far removed from a German classicist. And further along that path he might hardly travel in symphonic composition.

There is in this symphony no faintest hint of programme and, outside the brooding slow movement, little suggestion that Slavic blood flows in the composer's veins. In the early years of the 20th century Mahler, Strauss and other post-Wagnerians, Teutonic by birth or affiliation, were writing symphonies and symphonic poems to which the German word "kolossal" was altogether applicable. And Glazunov, clearly enamoured of their methods, in this symphony proves himself a rival of no mean importance. Beside that of Mahler's and of the later Strauss his orchestra is comparatively modest in size. Three trumpets, a quartet of horns and woodwinds in threes suffice him. But in complexity of texture and in breadth of design he lags not behind his confreres.

## Its Scherzo Breath-Taking

Marvels of contrapuntal ingenuity are to be found in this symphony. Structurally it is a notable achievement. As sheer music it repays the closest study. Nor is it necessary that which the Germans denote as "eye-music." It "sounds," if at times too thickly and with over-insistence in the brass choir. There is sweep and ardor in the broad chief theme of the first Allegro, and this movement and the scintillating, breath-taking Scherzo, a piece of virtuoso-writing, carry the hearer along. Again, there is in the second movement a grave eloquence, and the Finale, though more labored, more obviously contrived than the rest, is not without power.

That Mr. Koussevitzky and other Russians should hold this symphony in high esteem is not surprising. Technically it is a monument to Russian music. It is dignified, serious, often stirring and impressive. But it lacks the final hall-mark of true genius and, save in the Scherzo, which Glazunov alone among modern composers might have written, it is devoid of striking individuality.



# MR. KOUSSEVITZKY MARSHALS ANEW HIS MUSCOVITES

RUSSIAN COMPOSERS IN VARIED  
ARRAY

*Trans. Feb. 28. 1925*

Programs and Pleasures — Glinka and  
Lyadov for Entertainment — Glazunov  
Ponderous, Monotonous and Empty—  
Chaikovsky and the One and Only Music  
to "Romeo and Juliet"

TO his heart's content Mr. Koussevitzky may "unify" his programs—"all-French," "all-Russian," "all-German," as inclination prompts him. The public of the Symphony Concerts is little likely to quarrel with him over the principle or the process. Most of it is contentedly unaware of either, asking only that the chosen pieces shall fill agreeably the two hours allotted, on a Friday or a Saturday, to Symphony Hall. By itself, in itself, for itself, each item comes and goes. If it pleases, so much the better for all concerned. If it fails to please, so runs the world away. A fortnight ago, exceeding few listeners thought the better or the worse of Monsieur d'Indy's Second Symphony, because other French music, of Messieurs Dukas, Roussel and Rabaud, happened to companion it. Lyadov's folk-pieces would have been amusing trifles yesterday afternoon, whatever preceded or followed them. The introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" will not be more or less itself when, next week, it has place on an "all-German" program.

So long as the music of the day gives the audience pleasure and diversified pleasure, it cares not a whit for the aggregate nationality or the cross-relations of the composers. The reproach to Dr. Muck's "unified" programs was the dullness and the monotony occasionally haunting them. Thus far, Mr. Koussevitzky's have escaped both pitfalls. If it pleases him to assort composers by race or generation, so be it. Even the most reflective of hearers are not likely to generalize about French music of the day before yesterday, when he drives in one leash d'Indy, Dukas and Rabaud; or to deduce the Russian soul from a collocation of

Glinka and Glazunov; or to become tonically ruminant over the tie that may—or may not—bind the Mendelssohn to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the Strauss of "Salome." Conductors, like the rest of us, are entitled to their pastime. If it happens to be a "unified" program, have not we others our cross-word puzzles?

Besides, two of Mr. Koussevitzky's assembled Russians proved as amusing yesterday as ear could wish. True, the summary in the program-book of Glinka's opera, "Russlan and Ludmilla" failed to woo the imagination. Yet the Overture unmistakably tickled the ear. The music was fresh-voiced and festal. It ran brightly and spiritedly. Rhythm sped it; melody warmed it; unforced contrasts spiced it. Technically, Glinka was doing a good, if simple, job, choosing his ways and means aptly, making the most of them, writing with his eye on the object, still coming eagerly and happily to this business of music-making. If he had not much to say, he was concise and direct in the saying—a state of innocence more desirable than laborious and beclouded "thematic development." Effortless sounded his music. As spontaneous and light-footed was the performance.

In turn Lyadov pleased with his miniature tone-poems out of a background of folk-tale. Plainly he inclined to whistling witches. Baba-Yaga whistles in the clarinets, and straightway rides the air in her mortar, with pestle and broom for aids to journeying. More essentially, Lyadov makes of her ride an ingenious, fanciful, sufficiently uncanny piece of music. Again concision and directness are not the least of its virtues; again rhythm and color are agreeable cloaks to occasional repetition. Kikimora also whistled, when Lyadov had evoked her out of the shadows. Not too readily did she yield to his tonal spells; but once resuscitated, she was a busy, bustling witch. In the Russian way, rhythm kept the music astir, while play of color gladdened it. Only a pedant would inquire too closely into the substance within.

Between the two witches, Lyadov fell to amiable musing. "The Enchanted Lake" he named the piece. It was suave; it was melancholy; it was gently sketched and colored. As a hundred poets write such verse, so the Russian wrote his dreamful music and set into it the dim pleasures of memory. Apt, even artful, were his means; yet the whole impression was one of an innocent simplicity, of a child-like willingness to charm. With Lyadov, Mr. Koussevitzky's fancy is as sensitive as his hand. The light line, the tint and the demi-tint, are his way with these miniatures. He does not stretch or over-fill the canvas.

Much more weighty and far more debatable matter was the Symphony of Glazunov, eighth from his pen, written as long ago as 1906, heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, not a little applauded. Presumably the conductors think well of Glazunov. German, French or Russian, they have given him room and to spare at the Symphony Concerts. At each return, the scholars have also sung his praises, adding the young idea in composition read, mark and inwardly digest these instructive pages. Lay listeners not a few applauded him gladly. As likely as not, his persistent sonorities stir them. Yesterday they were not content until they had saluted the standing orchestra. Others may only wish for these engrossed minds, pleased ears and commending tongues. Listen their hardest, they could not find a fresh, individual, fertile idea in the lengths and breadths of this Eighth Symphony. There were motifs that ear and mind labored to hold and to follow. Sedulously Glazunov made manifold play with them; yet the process seemed a sterile proficiency in the workmanship of music. No flight of imagination, no ardor and depth of reflection, no passion of creation, no flash of invention brought this music to pass. In his duty sat Glazunov; willed a symphony; took thought; manipulated ways and means; gradually and methodically made it.

Worse still, monotony haunted the method. Persistently slow-paced was the music—sluggish length upon sluggish length. Thick and opaque was the harmonic and instrumental texture. In masses would Glazunov keep his orchestral voices moving; of the sonorities of the brass choir he never wearied. His matter was barren; but the more insistently he urged it. His sayings were empty; but the louder did they clamor. There were pages little short of platitude and bombast; pages of reiteration and manipulation, on which the music virtually stood still; pages that noted Mahler or Strauss among the best models of the symphonic hour; rare pages in which some fortunate turn, some gleam of individual imagination, a hint of compelling mood, animated the measure. So the first movement hushed to end, or the Scherzo clanged to climax. All else was the manufacture of music by an old hand—not too far from the German border. In forty minutes, few composers have written so much and said so little. Not a few wondered at Mr. Koussevitzky's obvious zeal and endless pains for such a music. Lay listeners not a few applauded. Yet by much report he extols it. Clearly, there are ears and ears for Glazunov.

Glinka, Glazunov, Lyadov—yet it was the familiar Chaikovsky that most saved the day and his familiar music to "Romeo and Juliet" that most enriched it—music, besides upon which the conductor could lavish, his ardors and the orchestra pour out its answering passion of song or stress. Above other composers, Chaikovsky found the melody for the lovers; sustained it unabated; imprinted it upon whomsoever hears. It rises out of the music of strife and thrusts away the tumult. It returns heightened and deepened. It sings requiem for the lovers dead. Mystery attends it; passion throbs in it; sensuous beauty clothes it; illusion upspring from it. With reason, under the test of fifty years, it may pass among the rare and complete exercises of the imagination in music fulfilled.

Much else in the overture-fantasia (as Chaikovsky chose to call his tone-poem) fittingly companions it. In a different fashion nowadays would the music of strife be written; but as it is, it maintains this contrast, carries forward the tonal narrative. Seldom has Chaikovsky better devised, conducted and cumulated a design. Fate, though it be called Friar Laurence, haunts the beginning. Out of tonal suspense bursts the music of the unquenchable strife. Twice the melody of the lovers conquers it. Even fate bends to the voice of such passion in such beauty sung. Crushed at last, in lament it yet pierces. For once Chaikovsky prevails unquestioned—and in an objective music. Berlioz wrote his symphony; Gounod and twenty other composers made their operas. Yet here is the one and only music to the lovers and their poetry tuned. The more the pity that Mr. Koussevitzky must now and then drop a tear as he sang.

H. T. P.



# Boston Symphony in Russian Program

*Monitor* Feb. 28, 1925.  
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Glinka—Overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla."  
Glazounoff—Symphony No. 8 in E flat, op. 83.  
Ljadoff—Three pieces for orchestra: "Kikimora," "The Enchanted Lake," "Baba-Yaga."  
Tschaikowsky—Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet."

Glazounoff's long winded symphony was played for the first time in Boston. It is one of those works which command a certain amount of respect if only for their conscientious workmanship. The composition of such a symphony requires patience in a high degree, but the same virtue is demanded of the hearer. Certainly Mr. Copland's symphony, played here last week, is full of defects, but many of them are excusable on the ground of inexperience. Glazounoff seems, however, not to have grown wiser with the years, and utters platitudes with portentous gravity. His music is sonorous, there are effective bits of scoring, there is here and there a passage of felicitous harmonization, but the thematic material as a whole is characterless and its development according to time-honored German traditions and formulas is tiresome.

## Ljadoff's Three Pieces

Ljadoff's three pieces for orchestra are another matter. They are cast in smaller mold and although the musical ideas on which they are based are slight, the composer, because of their small dimensions, is never at a loss for material which is both interesting and diverting. The orchestration, while no longer as novel as when it was conceived, is clever and well suited to the program which it is supposed to illustrate. To be sure, these three short sketches, for they

are hardly more, are not to be taken too seriously, but they are constructed with such skill, there is such a wealth of imagination displayed in them, they succeed so perfectly in being just what the composer intended them to be, that they are veritable little masterpieces in their way. Such picturesque music is eminently suited to Mr. Koussevitzky's style as a conductor. Here his almost Oriental wealth of imagination and his sympathetic understanding of the fanciful and grotesque find ample opportunity for expression. They were given an unusually fine performance.

Glinka and Tschaikowsky opened and closed the program. Glinka's overture is agreeable. It is an excellent piece for an opening one. It puts every one in good humor with its lively rhythms and songful theme for the violoncellos.

## "Romeo and Juliet"

And Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" is an equally good closing piece. It is brilliant and melodious, it stirs the emotions comfortably but not too much; and after all, melodramatic and somewhat overripe, though some of its melodies and harmonies may be, it is music which was felt by its composer and written in all sincerity. The same cannot always be said of many a more recent work, designed to bolster up some preconceived theory. New ideas in music are necessary and thrice welcome. None the less are the old and well tried ones acceptable on occasion.

The orchestra played yesterday with a finish and refinement which recalled former days. There was a precision of attack and a general ensemble which have not always been in evidence during the last few weeks. The strings in particular played with unusual beauty of tone, above all in the softer passages. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with unusual restraint, yet with that poetic and imaginative understanding of which he has given such ample evidence in the past. S. M.

FORTY-FOURTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR & TWENTY-FIVE

# Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 6, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 7, at 8.15 o'clock

Weber-Mahler . . . Intermezzo from "The Three Pintos"

Brahms . . . Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90  
I. Allegro con brio.  
II. Andante.  
III. Poco allegretto.  
IV. Allegro.

Mendelssohn . . . Scherzo from the Incidental Music to  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Wagner . . . Prelude to Act III, "The Mastersingers  
of Nuremberg"

Strauss . . . Salome's Dance from the Music Drama  
"Salome"

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators. It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



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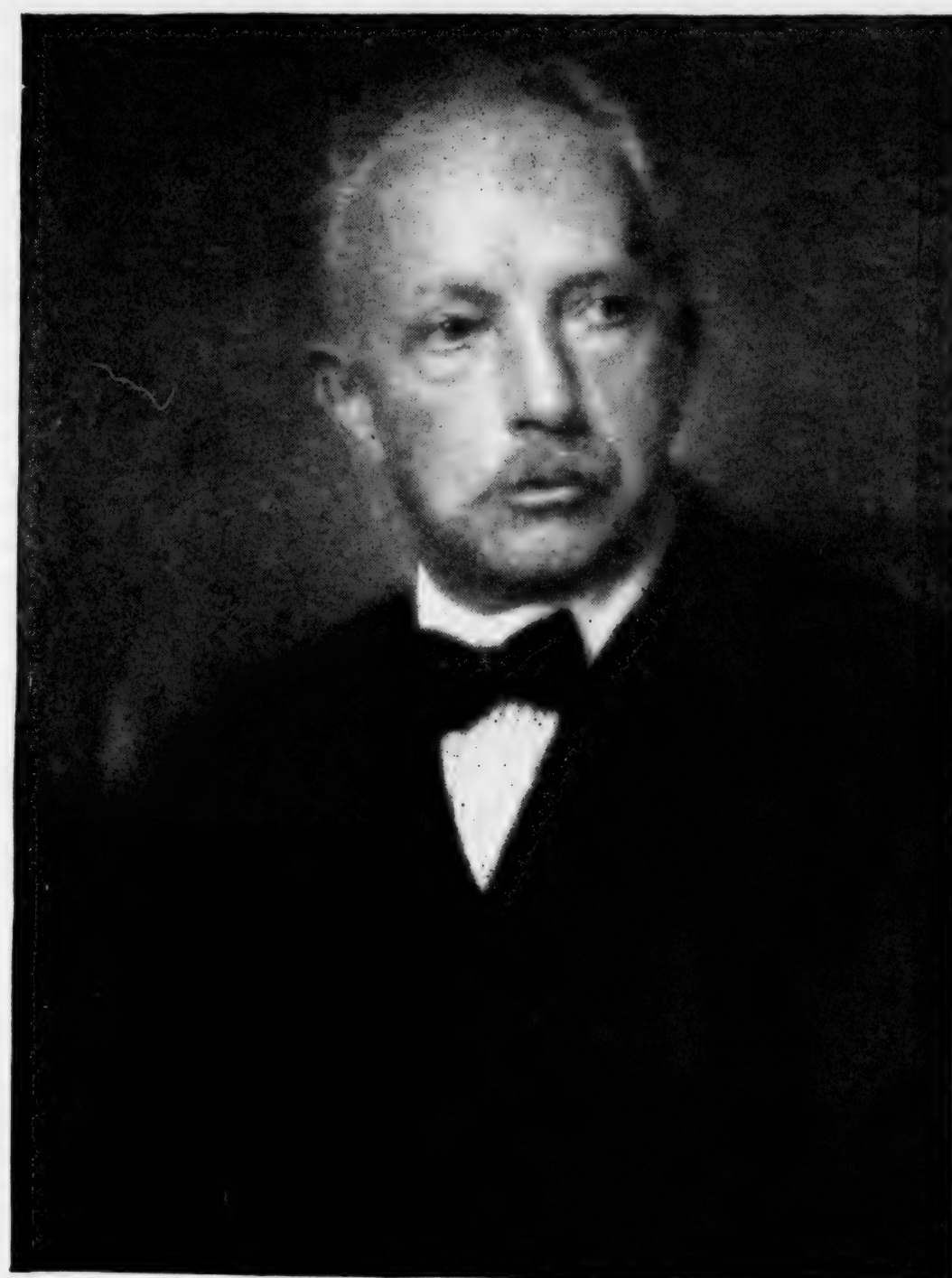
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RICHARD  
STRAUSS

## 18TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Remarkable Interpretation  
of Symphony by Brahms  
Is Given

PROGRAM WILL BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Weber-Mahler, Intermezzo from "The Three Pintos"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Wagner, Prelude to Act III, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Strauss, Salome's Dance from "Salome."

Weber, dying in 1826, left his opera, "The Three Pintos," unfinished. He had stopped working on it some years before, apparently having lost interest, but two years before his death he spoke of completing the score. At the wish of his grandson, who wrote a new libretto based on the old one, Gustav Mahler utilized and revised Weber's sketches and without doubt wrote original music for the opera, which was produced at Leipzig in 1888.

The Intermezzo was written by Mahler. Weber left no sketch that even suggested it. In the latter part of the Intermezzo Mahler wrote measures in the manner of Weber's bravura flourishes, but the prevailing harmonic and melodic schemes and the instrumentation are not in Weber's vein. The music is light and pretty, well suited to a comic opera; to put an audience in good humor at the beginning of a concert. (Glinka's overture last week served the same purpose.) It was played in a graceful and sparkling manner, with effective finesse.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a remarkable interpretation of the symphony by Brahms. Some might argue against it by reason of certain "liberties" taken, but if Brahms had not intended his

music to be so imposing, so poetic with its "respectable melancholy" in the third movement, so charged with wealth of interesting details, he should have so intended. We have heard many performances of this symphony. We were present in Berlin when Brahms conducted, and the performance was the dulllest of them all. He simply beat time, but his facial expression was beatific.

It was a pleasure yesterday to hear the opening, fiery measures thundered forth. For in this symphony Brahms storms and rages as well as sings. The purely lyric passages were treated lovingly, and the transitions from force to tenderness were shrewly managed. Mr. Koussevitzky believes in giving the players freedom of expression in romantically lyrical measures; liberties in tempo, breathing (as if they were singing), punctuation of phrases. His scheme of contrasts, of preparing changes of mood, of building climaxes is carefully thought out, but in performance there is the effect of spontaneity. And so in the interplay of wood-wind instruments, where in this symphony there is too often hurried and jumbled complexity, there was for once delightful clarity. Brahms has been accused, and in many instances justly, of over-elaboration in the development of his thematic material; of treading water, as it were, until he could swim boldly to the next thematic recurrence. Yesterday his technical padding was made interesting; it had color and life. In a word, the interpretation of the whole symphony was emotional. If it did not follow in all respects the Brahmsian "tradition," so much the worse for the tradition. It may be questioned whether Brahms himself had any fixed ideas, any Draconian laws as to the performance of any one of his works. Traditions are born after the composer is dead so he cannot protest against them. It should also be remembered that the disciples of a master seldom agree as to his precise words even when he is alive. Take, for example, Wagnerian "traditions" concerning the tempi of pages in "The Ring," "Tristan," "Lohengrin." Were Richter, Levy and Mottl ever in agreement? Mr. Koussevitzky interpreted Brahms's symphony as it appealed to him. The great audience rejoiced in his interpretation.

We cannot applaud the incredibly slow pace at which the prelude to the third act of "The Mastersingers" was taken. The performance dragged. No body of singers could have sung with any effect the choral greeting to Hans Sachs. It is barely possible that Mr. Koussevitzky took this extraordinarily slow tempo to emphasize the brilliance and dash of the opening measures of Salome's dance, which followed, but if Strauss gained thereby, Wagner suffered.

There was a dazzlingly virtuosic performance of the Scherzo by Mendels-



sohn, who is now treated with almost reverential respect by some of the French ultra-moderns. Mr. Laurent, the excellent flutist, distinguished himself so greatly that he was obliged to rise twice from his seat in acknowledgment of applause.

The curious thing about Salome's dance as conceived by Strauss, is that the music is never sensuous, never voluptuous, never sensual. It is glittering and exotic enough, possibly oriental in its languorous first theme, but there is no irresistible quickening of the senses. This music, not thematically conspicuous, but ingeniously orchestrated as a tour de force, as far as seductiveness is concerned, might accompany Salome as represented in old windows of stained glass and in ancient illuminated manuscript, walking on her hands, clad decorously and without thought of the seven veils to be thrown off to excite the neurotic Herod and thus cost John his head. The magnificence of the performance could not conceal the inherent poverty of the music.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be out of town. The program for March 20 and 21 will be as follows: Roland-Manuel, Symphony from (or overture to) "Isabella et Pantalon" and "Tempo di Ballo"; Borchart, "L'Elan"; Caplet, "Epiphanie," for cello solo and orchestra (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist); Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5.

## GERMAN PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Koussevitzky's Readings Bear Personal Stamp

If we are to have national programs at the Symphony concerts yesterday's German program was as successful a choice of numbers as any conductor is likely to make. Koussevitzky's readings of familiar music by Brahms, Wagner, Mendelssohn, and Strauss bear as always his personal stamp. His pronounced individuality is at once his greatest asset and his greatest liability as a conductor. Those who like him, like him very much. The minority which dislikes him dislikes him very much.

Nobody else has conducted Brahms' Third Symphony here with so much energy and so much grace. These adjectives apply both to Mr. Koussevitzky's way of leading the orchestra and to the way the music was played. He gloried in the pulsing rhythms of the first movement, emphasized every dramatic outburst from the brass without breaking the line of the composition.

For once he took a slow movement more rapidly than one is accustomed to hear it, instead of more slowly. This time "andante" became almost "allegretto." In the finale, and in the end of the first movement one felt a striving to make the music more significant, more emotional than Brahms succeeded in making it. This is the least admirable of his four symphonies.

The introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," romantically interpreted in the mood associated rather with "Tristan and Isolde" than with the comedy of Beckmesser and the apprentices, was another Koussevitzky "tour de force." The music does suggest Sachs' melancholy, but one had not hitherto linked it imaginatively with the "Liebestod."

The only relatively unfamiliar music on the program was the entr'acte from Mahler's completion of Weber's unfinished comic opera "Die Drei Pintos," sprightly yet suave light music in wholly agreeable vein. Some have said that Mahler is solely responsible for this entr'acte. Yet it is not unlike Weber's music in style, though the orchestration must be at least in part Mahler's. However that may be, the piece is heard gladly, and forgotten readily. It was smoothly played.

With the scherzo from Mendelssohn's music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Koussevitzky was not wholly successful. As with Mozart he bore on too heavily, over emphasized strong accents. This is elfin music, not of the theatre but of moonlit woods in June. It was too efficiently played yesterday, with little of the magic Koussevitzky brings to Weber's "Oberon" overture.

The "Dance of the Seven Veils" from Strauss' opera "Salome" stirred Mr. Koussevitzky's imagination. The performance was almost unpleasantly vivid. One felt the morbid pathological emotion the dramatic situation demands. This opera has not been given in Boston because the local dramatic censorship objects to it. Fortunately, music is not censored as immoral. Nor would Strauss' dance heard without knowledge of the opera or of Wilde's play or Flaubert's story on which it is largely based, seem morbid, pathological music. Strauss has been diabolically clever in the scoring of this music. Has anyone yet shown more easy mastery of an orchestra of a hundred players?

The important thing about this program was not its German origin but its musical value. It is relatively unimportant that so many great composers have been German born. They belong now not to Germany but to the whole world, just as the great composers of any Nation do.

P. R.

## VIVID CONDUCTING, MANIFOLD CONCERT, FERVENT AUDIENCE

Trans. — Feb. 7, 1925  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY AND GERMAN COMPOSERS

Once More Applause Misplaced—A Curiosity from Mahler, Masterpieces in Little from Mendelssohn and Wagner, Strauss by Performance Transfigured — Two-Faced and Two-Voiced Brahms

ILL-TIMED applause is again disturbing the pleasure of Friday afternoon at Symphony Hall. From last autumn onward, Mr. Koussevitzky has made it plain that he dislikes clapping between the divisions of a symphony or a suite; that he tolerates it between the movements of a concerto only out of courtesy to the assisting virtuoso. By an arm upflung while he still faced the orchestra, the conductor sought to restrain and enjoin these superfluous, interrupting plaudits. Gradually the audience understood until case-hardened disturbers of the musical peace began to practise gentler manners. By mid-December, it was almost safe to say that ancient habit was finally broken. Of late, however, signs of indecision have multiplied; while yesterday there was no mistaking the lapse from recent virtue. With reason, the mood of the afternoon was appreciative. No sooner had Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra ended the first movement of Brahms' Symphony in F major than clappers clapped as restlessly and almost as loudly as in Mr. Montoux's day. Too late the conductor upswung the chiding arm; then seemed to resign himself to the unescapable. Another rattle of applause followed the Andante; only after the Allegretto came a pause of relative silence. In proper time and place—at the close of the whole Symphony—a stirred audience justly billowed with plaudits.

The offenders in these interruptions are less wilful and dull-witted than careless and inconsiderate. Such clapping plainly vexes Mr. Koussevitzky, who either makes impatiently his gesture of remonstrance or waits stoically until calm returns. Yet the most persistent disturbers profess for him a deep regard and an immeasurable admiration. They are like the followers, in a theater, of an actor or a playwright,

who must chatter their devotion, while the object of it would prefer them still and voiceless. They are also a restless, excitable, simple-minded, folk, who cannot receive warm pleasure or experience responsive emotion without an immediate and irresistible desire to translate the sensation into some sort of noise. In nearly every capital of music, applause between the divisions of a virtually continuous music has "gone out," seemingly beyond return. Mr. Stokowski in New York or Philadelphia; Sir Henry Wood in London; Mr. Furtwängler in Berlin; Mr. Walter in Vienna, have no need in these days to restrain hearers or endure interruption. Out of good will to the conductor, respect for the composer, regard for the voice of music, consideration for three-fourths (at lowest) of the audience, this misplaced clapping should pass from the Symphony Concerts—not only on Saturday evenings, when it seldom stirs, but also on Friday afternoons. At the least, it should not wax and wane, as it did yesterday, through a symphony. In the good name of common sense and mutual consideration, either agree to it or put it by. Present laxity and submission go neither forward nor backward. And Mr. Koussevitzky has the reputation of a stout will.

Four brief and detachable pieces, all but one irresistibly played, swelled and varied the pleasure of the day. The prim and pedantic, pining for length, breadth and thickness, may hardly dismiss as "mere miscellany" the Intermezzo that Mahler wrote into Weber's light opera, "The Three Pintos," since it piques curiosity and falls agreeably upon the ear. No more may they wave into the category of "scraps" such masterpieces in little as the Scherzo that Mendelssohn set into his music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or the Introduction with which Wagner leads ears and spirits into the Third Act of "Die Meistersinger." There is room for debate over The Dance of Salome from Strauss's like-named music-drama. Vehement are the detractors that would have it no more than astutely manipulated commonplace. With Mr. Koussevitzky added, the manipulation happened yesterday to be transcendent; while—let us not forget—the pieties and purities in this town abounding, permit no more than these few pages to sound within our gates. Even in freer New York, Mr. Gatti shakes a doubting head over Mme. Jeritza's ambition to repeat a part in which she excels. Overseas a wiser world long since, and smilingly, put "Salome" into becoming place, which is occasional performance.

Besides, this "miscellany" was music in which Mr. Koussevitzky excels—and is not he quite sufficient reason for any and all things at the Symphony Concerts? True,



the listener could plausibly demur to his version of the fragment from "Die Meistersinger." At the pace to which he stayed the pages of Sachs meditative, a performance of the whole comedy would be lengthened by an hour; while at the end he contrived curious inflections. For offset the pages that extol and amplify Sachs gained a depth and loftiness of grave emotion beyond remembrance. No less rarely were they embedded in the serener splendors of musical sound. Evidently and reasonably Mr. Koussevitzky would have Mendelssohn's Scherzo a music of fairies and fantasy. Quick was the pace; tripping the rhythm; light the hand; changeable the shading; while the wood-winds twined arabesque within arabesque. Deservedly the audience saluted Master Laurent of the flute with long and hearty applause.

Adept, too, was the conductor with Mahler Weberian—in transition and final flourish; with Mahler Mahleresque—in many an intervening measure; while final glow upon a vivid afternoon was the version of Salome's Dance. Read in the study, strummed upon the piano—both sorry places for such music—it may be this, that or the other. Played by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra in its present powers, it was goading and fateful; lustful and biting; languorous and tempting; bitter and aflame; spent at last by its own excesses. Work of imagination as well as of technical mastery were the whipping rhythms, the trills and tremors of erotic excitement, the acrid note in the Oriental melody the incessant modulation, like the brushing upon the haunted Herod of wings that fanned and flailed the heavy air. Upon the theater of tones and the imagination, Mr. Koussevitzky outdid the Strauss of seven veils, twenty dances and twice twenty opera houses.

Nor were the other "scraps" lightly to be passed over in themselves. Weber left behind him unrelated and unfinished pages of a comic opera, "Die Drei Pintos." It pleased Mahler as conductor at Leipzig in the eighties to thread them together with connecting and additional pages of his own. Often he used not a motiv, took not a hint, from the actual staves before him. Out of his own head he composed—as nearly as might be in the Weberian manner. How shrewdly he could counterfeit it stood clear in the introduction and the transition into the first songful measures; in the lively flood and flourish of the climax. Elsewhere the hand and the voice seem Mahler's only, writing a music of precision and characterization, coloring it from a harmonic and instrumental palette beyond Weber's means—or methods. . . . And no wonder that many a modernist admires or professes to admire Mendelssohn. They are ambitious of a self-contained, exact music, in itself and without association all-

sufficient. Had Mendelssohn never known Shakespeare's comedy, had he labelled the piece of yesterday Scherzo for Orchestra in G Minor, it would give equal pleasure of precision and invention, skill and economy, fanciful idea and felicitous voice. It needs no gloss of fairie, since of itself it is elfin-footed; no spur of Shakespeare since the creating zest never falters. Always, too, it is choice and critical and exacting with itself. . . . And upon this music of fantasy and wit, the Introduction of Wagner—matchless pages from a matchless opera. They muse upon the secrets of a generous, gentle, understanding heart. They set a halo around the head of him who wears it. Out of the deep, still springs of music, divining and releasing, rise the measures of the secrets. Into music full-throated, golden-voiced, spacious and enskyed, mount the measures of the crown. Mr Koussevitzky chooses "miscellany" with imagination.

Not to be gainsaid—in these days—was the conductor through the first and the last movements of the Third Symphony of Brahms. Playing or hearing it, an elder generation of the nineties was all for lucid exposition. Set forth the design; unfold the musical thought; lay bare the progress and interplay of the purely musical elements; along the way sound inner voices, sharpen details of workmanship—and the task was done. In those days audiences, conductors and orchestras "read" Brahms. With the turn of the century all three began to penetrate him, to imagine as well as to "expose." Forthwith to this March of 1925 they discovered in him a composer who also sought beauty; whose "thought" was also vision; whose spirit stirred; whose hand at will loosed power and mastery. Occasionally, he spun in the study, until impulse and imagination caught up the thread. Now and again in workmanship he took breath and waited. Shortcomings, indeed, but no more than shadows upon the rim of the glories. Then arose the songful, puissant, poetized and dramatized Brahms of symphony concerts the world over. Ever since his symphonies have upborne and justified him.

For such a Brahms Mr. Koussevitzky is willing priest and practised prophet. Hear him yesterday stressing by every possible device the contrasts and conflicts of the first movement; keeping it in changeable and ardent motion; zealous for every animating accent, graphic modulation, enriching color; striking high and striking deep the heroic note. A Brahms of passion and power comes at the conductor's call; recedes into a Brahms romantically poetizing in the middle movements; returns in the Finale. Again Mr. Koussevitzky deepens the heroic note; proudly he would have the music swirl its way upward out of shadows into light. The stress and the

stride stir the listening ear and heart; longfully the major mode mounts and pre-ells; glamorous is the end. No doubt the conductor has been lucid with all the units of the symphony, luminous with the pattern. Yet who heeds in the flood of responsive emotion by him and by the music evoked? Behold Brahms of old tongue-pled and shackled "in the tradition," now loosed and speaking. Thrilled, transported, an audience—of Friday afternoon—outpours its applause.

The other Brahms also inhabits this Janus-faced Symphony. He is romantic and poetizing. In him is some infusion of Schumann prone to melancholy, of Mendelssohn prone to sentiment. He dwells in the two middle movements; out of them sings—by will of Mr. Koussevitzky—in too closely assimilated voice. True, Andante and Allegretto are strangely, wilfully, alike in mood and expression. No other symphony within casual memory contains two divisions so near akin. Brahms left no foot-note to this kinship, no hint of his purpose in creation, his desire in performance. It has been the custom of conductors to differentiate as much as might be, contrasting pace, re-pointing accents. Mr. Koussevitzky, as mute as Brahms about the prompting intent, chooses to enforce the resemblance. He takes both movements exceeding slow. Out of each he wrings the last drop of sentimental melancholy. With either he refines upon a delicate and meditative workmanship, softening the strings, staying the wood-winds, mellowing horns and trumpets. The listener hears a Brahms as sentimental and adroit as Mendelssohn, as moody and dusky as Schumann. Two-fold in this Symphony in F major is the Brahms of Mr. Koussevitzky's ear and imagination—a Brahms of stress and ardors wellnigh tumultuous; a Brahms musing and musical in the twilight. Like Hamlet in his mother's chamber, the conductor points to this picture and to that. To both answer an enraptured audience.

H. T. P.

#### Incidents and Prospects *Mar. 9, 1925*

The Symphony Orchestra departs this afternoon for a week of concerts in other cities. With Mr. Koussevitzky conducting, it will play tonight in Northampton; on Tuesday in Albany; on Wednesday in Utica; on Thursday and Saturday in New York; on Friday in Brooklyn. For New York the programs traverse symphonies by Glazunov and Boccherini; Dukas's tone-poem, "The Peri"; Rabad's night-piece; Salome's Dance from Strauss's opera; Ravel's orchestral version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." At both concerts Mr. Spalding will play a concerto for violin.

## SYMPHONY PUTS LOVE IN BRAHMS

### His Third Made a Rich Tonal Drama of Power

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky performed notable service for two pieces so dissimilar that they may be said to stand at opposite poles of the tonal art: Brahms' Third Symphony and the Dance of the Seven Veils from Strauss' "Salome."

Thus did Mr. Koussevitzky once more give convincing proof of his remarkable versatility as conductor and as interpreter.

#### MAKES BRAHMS EMOTIONAL

When John F. Runciman, contrasting the symphonies of Tchaikowsky and of Brahms, declared that whereas the former were charged with an intense inner life, the latter were "dead as a doormat," he spoke, of course, with absurd exaggeration. Yet in partial justification of such a point of view, it may be said that the old, pedantic, sober-sided, cut-and-dried manner of interpreting the symphonies of Brahms did much to create in certain quarters a prejudice against them that was in reality quite unwarranted.

Fortunately, today there is increasingly evidenced a new attitude toward Brahms, one that seeks to place the emotional above the formal qualities of his music, and of this refreshing and altogether enlightened attitude Mr. Koussevitzky is an ardent apostle.



### Superb Tonal Drama

Yesterday the Third Symphony was heard not only as music of plastic beauty but as tonal drama, although there was in Mr. Koussevitzky's reading no hint of theatricality. To unusual degree had the first movement a splendid and compelling vigor, with the conflict between the opposing motives vividly brought out. The Andante, that has so often seemed perfunctory, was imbued with romantic warmth; the charm of the Poco Allegretto, though never to be doubted, was none the less heightened; and the finale had for once a significance that made it, not anti-climax, but fitting conclusion. Nor was the audience unaware of these marvels. The applause was of heartiness that this or other symphonies of Brahms have seldom enough provoked hereabouts.

Let if this Third Symphony has not always fared so supremely well in this city, there have, nevertheless, been admirable performances of it here before that of yesterday.

### Salome's Sensual Dance

Salome's Dance, on the other hand, on this occasion came for the first time into its own. Not that Mr. Koussevitzky might convince us that this fragment is to be placed among Strauss' most inspired, most important pages. That would be impossibility. But at least he made his public seem, not weakly inappropriate to scene and situation of the drama, but altogether suitable for it. Gone was the clumsiness, the commonplace, the sense of stalling, that has heretofore marked this music. Instead we heard yesterday a music voluptuous and sensual, gorgeously colored and subtly rhymed. Scarcely the ideal music for the dance of Salome, yet something closer to it than we of Boston had previously known.

A Teutonic programme was that of yesterday, to balance the French and the Russian programmes that had gone before. In the remaining pieces were an ingeniously counterfeited intermezzo made by Mahler's for Weber's unfinished opera, "The Three Pintos"; the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; and the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger."

### Slow Pace for Prelude

Played with virtuoso speed, lightness, delicacy and finish, the Scherzo was warmly applauded, and Mr. Laurent, as first flute and hence the hero of the occasion, had twice to bow his personal acknowledgements.

So far as its tonal richness and grave beauty were concerned, the Prelude likewise received admirable performance. Nevertheless it was possible to question the judiciousness of Mr. Koussevitzky's uncommonly slow pace. As music per se, perhaps, the effect was excellent. But had it the true flavor of the Wagner opera? Surely the "Sachs theme" had overmuch of brooding tenderness, too little of manly strength. And the sturdy choral in which the good folk of Nuremberg hail their idol, savored truth to tell, a little of sentimentality.

### IS THIS TRUE?

"The Boston Symphony orchestra has asked permission of Mana-Zucca, Miami composer, to play one of her works and has invited her to be present when it is produced in Boston this spring. No other woman composer has been given this recognition by this noted musical organization.

"'Plepa' is the composition selected by Mana-Zucca for a place in the repertoire of the Boston Symphony orchestra and she is planning to go North, probably in May, to hear it given.

"Miami has the distinction of being the home of Mana-Zucca, who is in private life Mrs. Irwin M. Cassel. Mazica Hall is the name of the charming villa that is her home. In the great music room with softly toned walls hung with blue draperies this interesting and gifted young artist is working out themes that will add to her fame in the musical world.

"Mana-Zucca is a girlish young woman with a wealth of bronzed hair and sparkling eyes. She is a radiant type unspoiled by success and brimming with happiness. Since her childhood she has devoted herself to her art, beginning her career at six or seven years. Her compositions have been widely recognized and her texts are in very general use. Her songs are in high favor with Miami audiences and are in constant use in the repertoire of local singers. Mana-Zucca's husband, Mr. Cassel, is also a musician and has written many of the lyrics for which she has written the musical scores and has been a sympathetic and understanding aid in her work."

Orchestral music by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Ethel Leginska, Lili Boulanger has been played at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and has not Miss Lang been represented?

## Koussevitzky as a Brahms Interpreter

Monitor—Mch. 7, 1925

THE eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Weber-Mahler—Intermezzo from "The Three Pintos"  
Brahms—Symphony No. 3 in F major  
Mendelssohn—Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music  
Wagner—Prelude to Act III of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."  
Strauss—Salome's Dance.

Weber's (or is it really Mahler's?) Intermezzo is hardly a fortunate choice for a Symphony concert. It is music of the most trivial variety, and, save for the few introductory measures, scarcely warrants serious attention. Yet the subscribers perhaps deserve an occasional relaxation from the severe tax which has been made on them by the last few programs — programs which have contained much that even the hardened concertgoer has found it difficult to understand, much less enjoy.

After this sugary morsel followed a performance of Brahms' Third Symphony which could hardly be bettered. As once before this season in his playing of the Fourth Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky succeeded yesterday in imparting to this uncompromising, forbidding music an unsuspected grace and charm, and in so doing sacrificed nothing of its heroic ruggedness. Mr. Koussevitzky may now and again evidence a love for the spectacular, the melodramatic; he may at times be wanting as an orchestral technician; but he possesses, when he so wills, a quality which many a conductor of more rounded attainments might envy him—the power to make his orchestra sing. And never has this quality been better exemplified than in his interpretations of the two Brahms' symphonies which he has given this season, and particularly that of yesterday afternoon.

### A Superb Performance

It has been said that only a conductor of Teutonic origin or training understands the music of Brahms,

but from conductors of this description have come, so far as our experience goes, the least sympathetic performances of his music, while from Toscanini, the Italian, Monteux, the Frenchman, and now from Koussevitzky, the Russian, have come renditions which have revealed a wealth of poetry which few realized was contained in this music. Mr. Koussevitzky was happy in his choice of tempi, although they were not entirely the conventional ones.

His conception of the symphony was evidently a carefully considered one, for he indulged in none of the capriciousness which has at times marked his conducting of the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. He was reserved in his building of the climaxes, which were well proportioned. He was poetic in the treatment of the more lyrical passages. And he was content to let the music tell its own story and did not attempt to excite wonder by this or that unusual emphasis or distortion. Yet by this very restraint he succeeded in arousing wonder and admiration all the more. It was a superb performance, by far his best during the season. The orchestra deserves its share of praise, for it played in perfect sympathy with the conductor, responsive to his every wish, not grudgingly, but with full measure.

### Odds and Ends

The remainder of the program was made up of musical odds and ends. Fortunately so, for after so absorbing a performance of the symphony it would have been difficult to fix the attention on more complicated music. Mendelssohn's Scherzo was played with the greatest virtuosity, albeit at such a pace as to tax the technical facility of even so competent an organization. The Prelude to the third act of the "Mastersingers" formed an agreeable interlude which enhanced the somewhat superficial brilliancy of Strauss' dance. Strauss' Orientalism is by now a trifle inspired and stale. None the less did it bring this memorable concert to a brilliant if at times noisy close, and effectively served to offset the calm serenity of Brahms' symphony.

S. M.



## TEMPERED ADMIRATION

Trans. — 4th 97 1925

The Reviewers in New York and the Latest Visit of the Boston Orchestra—Mr. Koussevitzky's Programs Questioned—Contempt for Glazunov's Symphony—Musorgsky via Ravel Variouslly Viewed

IN time past and time present, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has enjoyed a lengthier and more laudatory "press" than was its lot when it revisited New York last week. The obstacle appears to have been Mr. Koussevitzky's programs—as sometimes befalls at home. Either they failed, as on Thursday, to lure this and that reviewer into the concert-hall, or, as on Saturday, the choice of pieces displeased those who heard. Thus in the Herald-Tribune, Mr. Gilman exclaims against the inclusion in the latter concert of Glazunov's Eighth Symphony, already inflicted upon Boston:

Why do conductors, normally of dependable taste, play the symphonies of Glazunov? He has written eight symphonies, and all of those that we know are insufferably long-winded, pretentious and blatantly commonplace. The Eighth is no exception. Mr. Koussevitzky played it superbly; but why he played it at all we are unable to guess. It cannot have been merely because Glazunov is a Russian. There are symphonies by the younger men of contemporary Russia, unknown in America, which Mr. Koussevitzky might well introduce to us. Miaskovsky, for instance, has written seven, and not one of them has been heard here. They can scarcely be worse than Glazunov's.

Mr. Taylor of The World declined even to listen to the boresome stuff; while The Times declared the Symphony to be "one of the longest and dullest of Glazunov's efforts. Well played, it could have been turned out by any German kapellmeister who had lived a few years in Leningrad. Glazunov is not always so academic. In the music heard yesterday there is little or no saving grace, though the structure is elaborate; the instrumentation sonorous. The finale written, according to the composer, with thought of 'heathen feats,' and 'the triumph of Christianity in opposition to the faith of the heathen.' Other things than piety are required to produce a symphony."

The concert of Thursday evening fared better. It began with the little Symphony of Boccherini long since played in Boston. In Mr. Taylor's ears, "Mr. Koussevitzky

gave it a spirited and delicate reading." Next followed Dukas's ballet, "The Peri," as tone-poem. According to Mr. Henderson of The Sun, "It gave Mr. Koussevitzky opportunity to display his warmth of feeling and his poetic imagination; while the orchestra had scope for all the splendors of its tone and its technical finish." Thereafter, Mr. Spalding, the violinist, joined the orchestra in Respighi's "Concerto Gregoriano," and both gained no little applause in the concert-hall by night and in the newspapers by day. Finally, conductor and band played Ravel's version for orchestra of Musorgsky's piano-pieces, "Pictures at an Exhibition." Of the arrangement and of the orchestra, Mr. Taylor writes sagely:

Ravel's orchestral treatment is a marvelously clever approximation of the scoring of "Boris." Indeed, as the program-book explained, he tried to "keep the size of the orchestra of Rimsky-Korsakov . . . and added some more instruments only in a few movements of the suite." Inasmuch as that means an orchestra only slightly smaller than that of "Götterdämmerung," one wonder just what Ravel would have done if he had let himself go. I cannot muster the superlatives that some enthusiasts hurl about when discussing this "Ravelized" Musorgsky. The suite is good, but I think Musorgsky was right when he wrote it as a set of piano-pieces. Scored for a chamber orchestra, it might be vastly effective, but the present version, while undoubtedly lots of fun for conductor and players, merely inflates the composer's modest ideas to the bursting point—past it in several instances.

The Times, however, received the transcription with joyous shouts and gyrations, even to "utterlys" and like superlatives: "Ravel has wrought with a skill and intuition which place him at the right hand of Musorgsky himself. For once, pieces originally written for piano appear to have been mis-conceived; it was as if Musorgsky had only given Ravel a rough preliminary sketch for the appearance in orchestral guise of his curious inventions. On the piano the pieces are seldom more than suggestive, and sometimes ludicrously inadequate. Ravel, with the most economical means, fills in the rough outlines and glorifies the originals, with the most expressive colors. Moreover, his orchestration is utterly Muscovite in character. The modern Frenchman is no longer heard; but a musician with the stride, the accent, the evocative power, of the greatest of the Russian 'Five.' The performance was a triumph for the composer, the transcriber and the conductor. It shed glory divided equally between the three."



## Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 20, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 21, at 8.15 o'clock

Roland-Manuel . . . . . Sinfonia from "Isabelle et Pantalon"  
(First time in America)

Borchard . . . . . "L'Élan"  
(First Performance)

Debussy . . . . . Dance (arranged for Orchestra by M. Ravel)  
(First time in Boston)

Caplet . . . . . "Épiphanie," Fresco for Violoncello and Orchestra  
(after an Ethiopian Legend)  
(First time in America)

Tchaikovsky . . . . . Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64  
I. Andante; Allegro con anima.  
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.  
III. Valse; Allegro moderato.  
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace.

SOLOIST  
JEAN BEDETTI

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators. It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# 20TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

*Herald* — *Mch. 21, 1925*  
Much of Program Chosen  
by Koussevitzky New to  
Boston Music Lovers

*19th* By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Roland-Manuel, *Sinfonia* from "Isabelle et Pantalon"; Borchard, "L'Elan"; Debussy-Ravel, *Dance*; Capolet, "Epiphany," a *Fresco* for violoncello and orchestra (Mr. Bedetti, violoncelist); Tchaikovsky, *Symphony No. 5, E minor*.

Borchard's piece, dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky, was performed for the first time. Ravel's orchestration of Debussy's *Dance* was heard in Boston for the first time. Roland-Manuel's *Sinfonia* (overture) and Caplet's "Fresco" were performed, probably, for the first time in America.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave an intensely dramatic interpretation of Tchaikovsky's *Symphony*, in the only way that this symphony should be interpreted. Did the composer have a definite program in his mind? A Russian critic has declared that the music "seems to set forth some dark spiritual experience." Tchaikovsky wrote to Mme. von Meek an elaborate program for his fourth symphony. He said of the "Pathetic" that the thoughts inspiring it, if they were published, would cause astonishment.

Without conjecturing what is behind the Fifth Symphony, is not the music a human and personal document? Personal as the expression of the self-torturing Russian's dark moods, his despair, his vain attempt to come out of the shadow, and at the last a brave endeavor to be heroic, defiant of Fate. This music is a "human document" as the resounding voice of "the complaining millions of men."

The last, the only explanation of the music, if music can be, or should be, explained, is the life of the composer; his letters reveal his gloomy moments,

his downcast hours, his dread of death and dissolution, his illusions, his timid hopes, his joy in creative work quenched by self-depreciation and the hostility too often shown by his own countrymen.

When in this symphony, he, seeing all things black, shrieks in his agony, the violent musical expression should not be softened, sand papered, polished by conductors standing in awe of that fetish, the symphonic form. He should be allowed to storm, rage and rave. Nor should the lighter pages be read perfunctorily, hastily passed over, as too trivial for symphonic orthodoxy.

Mr. Koussevitzky, conducting the music, revealed the composer, in his strength and his weakness. For once we heard an irresistibly emotional performance of this dramatic music: The passionate outbursts of revolt; the broad and sweeping Gric lines; the confessions of the soul, not intimate and confidential as with Schumann, but as the Prometheus of Aeschylus called on the dread majesty of his mother Earth, and the light-diffusing alther, to behold the wrongs he suffered.

The Finale, to many a stumbling block, was yesterday imposing, overwhelming.

The unfamiliar compositions were of uneven worth. Roland-Manuel's "Sinfonia" in which he epitomizes the story of his opera-bouffe, an opera in the spirit of the old Italian comedy, is delightfully ironical, with its irony of Ravel, his master, in "L'Heure Espagnole"; ironical even in the short sentimental episode that is artfully contrasted with the gay and mocking music that precedes and follows. Charming too is Ravel's instrumentation of Debussy's early piano piece.

No doubt many found Borchard's "L'Elan" pretentious, bombastic, futile. The score bears a curious, not wholly intelligible, quotation from Henri de Regnier. We are told that the composer endeavors to express "the intoxication of movement, the gesture of one stretching hands towards the infinite." This is all very fine, but the ecstatic endeavor is too laborious. Borchard visited Boston 14 years ago as a pianist, and played so well and in such respectable manner that no one would then have suspected him of this boisterous rush towards the infinite. Nevertheless we owe Mr. Koussevitzky a debt of gratitude for producing it. New compositions should be heard, for then one knows what to avoid in future.

Caplet's "Epiphany" pictures Melchior, one of the three wise men, following the star to Bethlehem, where, lost in adoration, he became ecstatic, and called on his little negroes to dance in honor of the divine child. (Melchior's ecstasy takes the form of a cadenza for the violoncello, accompanied only by monotonous beating on a tamborine.) This composition is in-

teresting not only by reason of its harmonic scheme and the instrumentation; it contains passages of exquisite beauty. The first section is too long spun out, so that the effect is weakened; but the cadenza is a monologue of singular eloquence, and the dance is free from the banality of pseudo-orientalism. What a relief from the cut-and-dried violoncello concerto! Mr. Bedetti played in a masterly manner, with artistically varied expression, with full insight into the character of the music and with keen appreciation of it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, *Concerto Grosso*, No. 5, D major; Scriabin, "Prometheus: A Poem of Fire," for orchestra, piano (Alexander Lang Steiner), organ and chorus (Cecilia Society); Rabaud, "The Nocturnal Procession"; Borodin, *Polevskan Dances* from "Prince Igor," for orchestra with chorus.

## PAEAN FOR SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR

Tribute to Genius of  
Koussevitzky Paid  
by Hearers

*Post* — *Mch. 21, 1925*  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Not since Mr. Koussevitzky's first appearance here has a Friday afternoon audience at the Symphony Concerts bestowed upon him and upon the orchestra applause more hearty than that which yesterday greeted the performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

And this ovation, like the performance itself exciting to hear, was tribute richly deserved.

## RUSSIA'S MUSICAL CROWN

Last autumn at the Pension Fund concert, Mr. Koussevitzky led the orchestra through this symphony, and it was a matter of general agreement that not in many a year, if ever before, had the piece come to such eloquent performance in this city. Yesterday even that performance was surpassed in one or another detail: here and there instrumental strokes were sharpened and intensified, melodies were sung with even greater warmth and passion. And again the final climax was, irresistible, overwhelming.

Hearing this Symphony yesterday it was easy to believe it not only Tchaikovsky's masterpiece but the crown of Russian instrumental music. Yet at the hands of other conductors the piece has seemed distinctly less impressive. Here, then, would appear to be proof positive of Mr. Koussevitzky's genius. Only to the greatest conductors is it given so to transfigure a composition that the listener may not be quite sure where the composer's achievement ends and the conductor's begins. Yesterday, indeed, Tchaikovsky, Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were as one; for the time his Symphony was music of supreme power and eloquence; and that was sufficient.

### First American Performance

Contrast, not unity, marks this programme of the 19th pair of concerts; contrast that is not without a touch of irony since Tchaikovsky is not greatly esteemed as composer by the Parisians, and it is from the hands of modern or contemporary Frenchmen that the remaining pieces all are sprung.

To head the list comes a "Sinfonia," from Roland-Manuel's comic opera "Isabelle et Pantalon," the first American performance of the piece and the first appearance of its composer's name upon the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Plainly Roland-Manuel has both skill and talent. His "Sinfonia" breathes the spirit of comedy; it epitomizes the spirit of the sprightly opera from which it is drawn. It is fresh, assurant and well made, and it expresses individuality with no straining after effect.

To this diverting composition succeeds a symphonic poem, "L'Elan," by Adolphe Borchard, hitherto unperformed. Borchard, who has been heard in Boston as pianist (in 1910), but who is virtually unknown here as composer, has in this "Elan" written music of considerable originality and force. The piece, which begins in the depths of the orchestra against clanging bells, captures the attention at the outset, and holds it till the final chord. A pity that the composer might not hear a perform-



ance that must have been all-revealing of his intention and that yesterday was enthusiastically received.

#### Andre Caplet's Contribution

With light interlude of Debussy's early piano-piece "Danse," in Ravel's ingenious orchestration, also new to Boston, there followed yet another novelty, and this time one which yesterday proved distinctly disappointing. From the hand of Andre Caplet, one-time conductor of the Boston Opera Company, comes this music, by full title "Epiphanie," Fresco for Violoncello and Orchestra (after an Ethiopian Legend).

Mr. Caplet would have give expression to this argument, printed in the score: **Melchior, the black and gold king,** made his way in gorgeous procession to Bethlehem. There, greatly affected, he was enraptured, and to honor the King of the world, he bade his little Negroes dance." A suggestive programme, indeed, yet all that Mr. Caplet has achieved is labored contrivance. There is fine command of musical means; the part for the solo violoncello, admirably played yesterday by Jean Bedetti, is expertly written. But save in the opening measures and in the ingenious form of the middle section—a lengthy cadenza for the sole instrument accompanied by a tambourine and a sustained tone in the double basses—the music seems devoid of true intensiveness. Its entire performance was, however, excellent, and a triumph for Mr. Bedetti, who was applauded loud and long.

## VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

### Tchaikovsky's Fifth and French Novelties

Epiphane — Feb. 21, 1925

Mr. Koussevitzky chose a varied program for this week's Symphony concerts. Before the intermission yesterday various French novelties were played, only to be eclipsed later by a superb performance of the finest of Tchaikovsky's symphonies, his Fifth, in E minor. The listener was almost persuaded against his cooler judgment that Tchaikovsky was a composer of the highest order. But a really superb performance such as this can glorify music far more vulgar than Tchaikovsky's symphonies.

The French novelties were of various genres. The first number, the overture to Roland-Manuel's opera buffa "Isabelle et Pantalon," is light music written with conscious cleverness, in a rather labored mixture of the archaic and the

ultra modern idioms. The latest Parisian fashion in music seems to be the blending of the 20th and 17th centuries. M. Roland-Manuel calls his overture a "sinfonia," thus mystifying everyone unaware of the historic fact that 150 years ago overtures were always so entitled. His music uses too much percussion and has too little thematic originality to be first-rate light music.

The next number, played for the first time anywhere yesterday, but composed in 1923 and presumably refused by Paris orchestras, was "L'Elan" by Adolphe Borchard, a pianist and composer now living in Paris. The piece has a motto, verses by Henri de Regnier. M. Borchard, according to a note in the programs yesterday, has endeavored to express "the intoxication of movement," "the gesture of one stretching hands toward the infinite."

This music is quite as noisy and almost as dissonant as the louder portions of Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring." Listening as sympathetically as possible, all that was discoverable in it was an unholy racket about nothing. This may be the "music of the future," but one could detect in it nothing but inane, inept themes toyed with in conventionally aimless succession. The only emotional impression was sheer boredom.

As to the reasons why a hearer thrilled by Stravinsky and Honegger and not opposed to modern music on principle or prejudice should get so negative a reaction from M. Borchard's piece, possibly future generations may see them as clearly as we see why people who liked Wagner's music did not always like that of his followers.

Ravel's orchestral version of Debussy's piano piece "Danse," published in 1890 in its original form, was made for Koussevitzky's concerts in Paris. Ravel has changed the character of the music, made it harder, more shallow. But to orchestrate Debussy's piano works seems more difficult and quite as needless as to orchestrate those of Chopin.

"Epiphane" a "Fresco" for violoncello and orchestra by Andre Caplet, who used to be one of the conductors of the Boston Opera, gave Jean Bedetti a chance to display his notable abilities as soloist. In this piece, the composer's posing for the gallery, for the art-struck women and idle men whose fickle adulation is not worth the winning, is irritating. The title, the program note ascribed to "An Ethiopian Legend," the freakish orchestration, all annoy. Who has ever, or will ever again, express "ecstasy" by a very long cadenza for solo cello accompanied only by a pedal point in the double basses and a monotonously ticking tambourine, as here?

Tchaikovsky's familiar symphony in a remarkably brilliant performance seemed both sincere and noble by comparison with what had gone before. But it does not seem so beside Beethoven and Wagner. Mr. Koussevitzky labored not wholly with success to do justice to this modern French miscellany. But one could not help wondering whether he were not at this concert redeeming in a bunch all the promises he in moments of expansiveness made his Paris acquaintances about playing their works here.

P. R.

## Koussevitzky Offers Novelties

Monitor, Feb. 21, 1925.  
By STUART MASON

THE nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Roland-Manuel—Sinfonia from "Isabelle et Pantalon"  
Borchard—"L'Elan"  
Debussy—Dance (arranged for orchestra by Ravel)  
Caplet—"Epiphane," Fresco for Violoncello and Orchestra  
Tchaikowsky—Symphony No. 5 in E minor

Jean Bedetti was the soloist.

With the exception of Tchaikowsky's symphony this program consisted entirely of novelties. Roland-Manuel's Sinfonia was played for the first time in America. Borchard's "L'Elan" was given its first performance, Debussy's Dance as transcribed by Ravel was played for the first time in Boston and Caplet's Fresco for violoncello and orchestra was played for the first time in America.

Mr. Koussevitzky deals almost wholly in superlatives, not only in his interpretations but in his program making. Would he play Beethoven he devotes an entire program to his compositions. Would he play French or Russian music a program must be devoted to them also, and so yesterday afternoon new and untried music was given the major share of the program. Possibly Tchaikowsky's Symphony was played merely to calm the ultra-conservatives. It sounded strangely out of place in such company.

Roland-Manuel's Sinfonia is merely a prelude to an opera-bouffe, the term Sinfonia being used in its older meaning of a purely instrumental composition. By using this title the composer undoubtedly intended to summon the atmosphere of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The title of this composition is effective in this respect: the music which it is supposed to characterize is less so. In it the composer is heavy handed. Quite evidently he would be witty and piquant, but more often he is crude and commonplace. He has not the apparent ability to create something out of extremely tenuous thematic material in the fashion in which Saint-Saëns, for example, was

so superlatively successful, and even in the matter of the orchestration his effects more often than not are hollow and dull.

#### Borchard's "L'Elan"

Borchard's "L'Elan" has one decidedly good quality. It is short, and in it the composer has his say in a clear and direct style. This alone places it above many productions of contemporary musicians, and it bespeaks a logical and sane talent on the part of its creator. But because it is not involved, because there is not page after page of meandering repetition, it should not be inferred that the composer has little to say. On the contrary, these few pages are full of meaning, full of imaginative power expressed with the skill of a master craftsman. It is not an ingratiating work, nor one likely to make a strong popular appeal, yet it is one likely to attract the serious musician by its logical directness of statement and its successful realization of a clear and definite plan.

Ravel's orchestral version of Debussy's Dance scarcely calls for extended consideration. Needless to say, the transcriber has accomplished his task brilliantly, but the composition itself, however charming it may be in its original version for the piano, is not after all one of Debussy's important compositions, and there seems to be no particular reason for its appearing on a symphony program. It merely formed an agreeable interlude between the ardors of Borchard and the somewhat involved mysticism of Caplet.

#### Mr. Bedetti's Playing

In "Epiphane" Mr. Caplet would illustrate an Ethiopian legend having to do with the visit of "Melchior, the black and gold king," to Bethlehem. It runs in three divisions or episodes—the Procession, the Ecstasy and the Dance of the Little Negroes. Yesterday the second division seemed the most effective, a long cadenza for the solo violoncello accompanied by a long sustained pedal note on the basses and a rhythmical figure on the tambourine. Otherwise it is music which but feebly stirs the imagination. The orchestration is full of



skillful dashes of color, in fact too much so, as the solo part is often thereby obscured and the attention distracted from the trend of the music.

But if the music itself is not intensely interesting Mr. Bedetti's playing of it deserves the highest praise. It is only to be regretted that it did not furnish him with greater opportunity for the display of those gifts which place him in such high rank among the players of his instrument. Only a Bedetti, however, could hope to hold the attention in such a composition. Only a Bedetti could successfully cope with its immense difficulties. In spite of the essentially uninteresting character of the music itself, he succeeded in drawing from it a measure of beauty which it seemed at times it could hardly contain. Fortunate indeed was the composer in having such an interpreter. His accomplishment of this ungrateful task was an outstanding example of artistic self-denial.

It might have been expected that in Tschaikowsky's symphony Mr. Koussevitzky would indulge in those superlatives mentioned at the beginning of this article, that he would cast all discretion to the winds and let loose an unprecedented storm of unbridled motion. His love of the superlative here took another form, however, for a more restrained reading of this symphony could hardly be imagined. It was from beginning to end a carefully ordered performance. This is not to say that it was not, nevertheless, a beautiful one. Mr. Koussevitzky artfully concealed the commonplaces of this music and in fact in many an instance contrived to make it sound much greater than it really is. It was an example of interpretative genius in its best and highest form. Not only did he recreate the music, but he added a dignity to it which, while not in the least altering its character or the quite evident intentions of its composer, yet softened its shrill complaining, its cries of passion, its somewhat sugary sentiment.

## STRANGE PARISIANS, FAMILIAR RUSSIANS, GRAPHIC CONTRASTS

Trans. — Nov. 21, 1925  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY AT THE TOP OF  
HIS BENT

The Snare-Drum Indispensable—Placid Monsieur Caplet, Tumultuous Monsieur Borchard—Ravel the Adept, and Roland-Manuel Bright, Crisp and Witty—Chai-kovsky's Fifth Symphony as Never Before Upon Bostonian Ears

IT IS RELATED of an eminent reviewer of concerts in a Boston of an earlier day that, sitting in the old Music Hall upon a winter afternoon, he found little to interest him in the conductor's numbers. In one piece, however, possibly from Beethoven or Chalkovsky, the composer made unusual and significant use of the drums. Thereupon the reviewer returned to his desk; cited the piece aforesaid; devoted a full column in his newspaper to an essay in little about the drum. For him—and for his readers—all else at the concert in question might not have been. Even in these times, Mr. Ernest Newman, whose years and repute permit him to be wayward, sometimes follows this precedent. Only last winter, he expatiated through half a column of The Evening Post about an inflection that Mr. Koussevitzky laid upon a few measures of Chalkovsky's Fifth Symphony. He did not, however, quite neglect other aspects of the concert.

Similar temptation returned yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, as ear and eye noted the dependence of the assembled French composers, not upon the tympani, but upon the snare-drum. From the elder, the middle and the younger Parisian generation Mr. Koussevitzky had gathered them. There was Monsieur Ravel, transferring an early Dance of Debussy from piano to orchestra, and most nearly escaping the prevailing infection. There was Monsieur André Caplet writing a tonal "Fresco," by title "Epiphany," and undergoing a discoverable but relatively mild attack. There also were Messieurs Adolphe Borchard and Roland-Manuel, to both of whom rhythm seemed often to connote a sprightly or a vigorous smiting of the

snare-drum. Upon it Monsieur Borchard, in his tone-poem, "L'Elan," sometimes hammered, as it were for salvation. From moment to moment, the snap and the crackle of it was music in the ears of Monsieur Roland-Manuel. Without it, the listener was half-sure, neither would have been composer at ease. Audibly, if not so insistently, it traveled in the instrumental baggage of Monsieur Caplet's Ethiopian King. Only Monsieur Ravel really "got on" without it, and he is a resourceful, practised hand with rhythms and timbres. "No snare-drum, no music," may yet be the watchword of the younger Parisian composers. Or they may ask the bestowal of the Palmes Académiques upon a consecrated instrument.

Truth to tell, not even a covey of snare-drums could have animated Monsieur Caplet's "Fresco." Time and again it subsided into a patently pallid, a curiously placid music. Not that the composer sought warmly colored or vividly plastic measures. He meditated, it seems, upon an old legend of The Nativity—how Melchior, who was King of Ethiopia, came with a princely train to do homage before his new-born Lord; how he drew near to the manger at Bethlehem and knelt beside it in pious ecstasy ineffable; how, knowing no other outlet to rapture and to duty, he bade his little negroes dance a dance of honor. Into music Monsieur Caplet would channel the matter and the mood of his meditations. Making it, he would gain a certain manner and aspect to the ear, like the manner and the aspect of primitive painting upon the eye. In this "Fresco for Violoncello and Orchestra," he would achieve spare, simple, direct line; subdued coloring not without deep glows and smooth lusters—the black and gold of King Melchior's royal state; considered workmanship; an appreciable quaintness (as the modern word is) of vision and suggestion.

The design praises the composer's reflection and imagination. Yet only twice did he bring it near to accomplishment. The violoncello—yesterday in Mr. Bedetti's able, sensitive, applauded hands—plays its cadenza of gentle rapture—and cadenzas in the elder, or an ideal, music are presumed to be the voice of rhapsody. Far in the offing falls the soft, monotonous beat of a tambourine above a low drone of the basses. On the instant, the "Fresco" is tonally painted. The sumptuous King, transported and transfigured as he kneels before the Sovereign Babe; in the dim and distant background, his waiting, faintly stirring train. Again, between violoncello and orchestra, Monsieur Caplet's dance wreathes into gliding figures, meeting and parting, twining and untwining. There are arabesques of sound. Softly and steadily beats the

rhythm. So primitive painters in another medium might have imagined and limned the dancing boys. Elsewhere the music is labored, lifeless, without interest or illusion. A faint Oriental suggestion exhales from it; or in pale hint passes the kingly train. Debussy seemed occasionally to be guest. Now and then Monsieur Ravel was audibly running along side. Possibly, between Signor Respighi of the Concerto Gregoriano and Monsieur Caplet of "Epiphany," there has been tonal piety enough for one season of Symphony Concerts.

To the other extreme ran Monsieur Borchard in his music of "Ardor." Yet again the suggestion was, or would be, pictorial. In the years immediately before the late war, it was German custom to enclose not a little music in covers that bore some design of mighty, valorous, striding men. Their bodies were tense with emotion. To the heavens above they upturned faces, uplifted arms. Exultation and exaltation were sometimes upon them. They often shook the earth with their tread. Some such vision and emotion seem to course through Monsieur Borchard's piece. It is written for full orchestra in which few voices seldom rest. It piles sonority upon sonority; the tonal coloring sizzles and flames; timbre cuts into timbre. The rhythms drive forward; the transitions cleave the air. Along the course, the measures tramp or toss; fling forth; sweep onward. There are passion and flood of sound; a veritable frenzy to evoke the tensions, ardors and splendors of motion. Yet this surge and din leave room for no other impression. The vigors pass as riddles unread. Monsieur Borchard seems younger as composer than his forty-odd years as man.

Earth-bound, worldly, Parisian, Monsieur Ravel and Monsieur Roland-Manuel yet prevailed. The elder composer, indeed, was veritable conjuror. From the piano-pieces of Debussy's earlier years, he had taken a "Dance," fine of line, suffused with melody, subtle of rhythm, enmeshed in streaming harmonies. He had scored it for orchestra; and lo! it sounded with the voice of Monsieur Ravel. His precision now defined it; upon its surfaces was his glint; a certain dryness, briefly haunted it. If the master seemed several shades too masterful in these processes, the pupil was irresistible. In an opéra-bouffe, Monsieur Roland-Manuel and the librettist set anew figures from the old Italian popular comedy. Once more they play through amorous rivalry, ruse, intrigue. The overture, become concert-piece, summons this and that personage, catches at mood and atmosphere. The music is brisk, gay, brightly colored, keenly pointed. The motifs for the characters lack neither pith nor contrast. Monsieur Roland-Manuel writes with a cool head, a deft hand, in



the highest of spirits. He bends the shape of a classic overture to his sportive purpose; he polishes accents and modulations, harmonies and timbres. His motives go to and fro, lithe and fluent. A flourish at the beginning, a flourish at the end; between a smiling animation, means ready and means apt. A new talent, a lively temperament, a scintillant skill—all three good to discover. The trick of dappling an ancient form with modern sparkle has seldom been better done. A crisp tonal wit has Monsieur Roland-Manuel.

The Parisians dismissed, to a Russian Mr. Koussevitzky returned. Through fifteen years, the Fifth Symphony of Chalkovsky has been overlooked at the regular Symphony Concerts. Dr. Muck's mistrust, Mr. Rabaud's indifference, Mr. Monteux's disinclination, bound it fast to the shelves. Only at concerts for special purpose might it be heard, and there but seldom. Like a new and novel music it returned to Symphony Hall, transformed and transfigured, illuminated and intensified as never before upon Bostonian ears. Last autumn at a matinée for the Pension Fund, conductor and orchestra first set hands to it. Yesterday they were thrice as familiar and four times as possessed. They drained the music, that it might flood those that heard. Or above themselves, they mounted and held firm. The tension upon the stage became the emotion of the auditorium. Out of it welled applause that was both tribute and relief. Believably the zenith of the year was touched and passed.

The ominous beginning sounded with Chalkovsky's musical power and Mr. Koussevitzky's answering imagination. The first movement tossed from mood to mood till impatience and weariness stilled it—and every flux of feeling beat musically high. The long-drawn song of the Andante entered, unfolded, deepened, returned, piercing the shadows. Audibly the conductor prepared the way; almost visibly to the last drop he wrung it. Yet with a passion of longing was it drenched; while quenchless was the beauty. The human desire, the musical release and revelation were as one, blended, interpenetrated. A fantasmal music was the melancholy waltz that never waltzes. Ghostly upon it were the tone of the orchestra, the pace and the shadings of the conductor.

Then the transformation of the Finale. The stride and the sonority of the music scaled the luminous heights; dispersed was the nether darkness. Full and deep, radiant tone was the vesture; elate was the progress; exultant the climax; by the fervors of strength upborne. Again the conductor proclaimed Chalkovsky's power as twice and thrice he had opened his beauty. Four-square stood the Symphony, upbuilt, sustained, cumulated. In the glo-

ries were the blemishes melted and consumed. Less out of himself than out of life, Chalkovsky had written a music that strove and was wearied; that remembered and was haunted; that longed and was comforted; that took heart and in triumph sang. At the hands of one Russian, another had touched and opened universal human springs. H. T. P.

## BURGIN TO LEAD COLLEGE MUSIC

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be the soloist tonight at a concert to be given by the orchestra and chorus of the New England Conservatory of Music in Jordan Hall.

The cantata, "The Birth of Venus," will be presented. This is a mythological ode by Gabriel Faure for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. Miss Marguerite A. Howell, Miss Marion Herrick, George Garland and Benjamin Russell will be the soloists in this number.

The program will include the Caesar Franck chorale in B minor, the Brahms "Song of Fate," after Frederick Hoelderlein, and the Mendelssohn Concerto in E minor. Wallace Goodrich will conduct.

This afternoon the original pantomime, "The Story of Red Bird," written by Harriet Westphal, was given at a recital of the pantomime and rehearsal class of the Conservatory. Two scenes from Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law" were given, also a whistling solo by Miss Therese Pyle.

*Franklin Mass. 20. 1925*

## GIVEN 6 MONTHS LONGER TO STAY

*Heralt March 20/25*  
Mme. Savitzkaya, Harpist  
with Boston Symphony,  
Wins Alien Privilege

## CAN KEEP CONTRACT WITH KOUSSEVITZKY

While facing compulsory departure from this country after a six months' stay, Mme. Lydia Savitzkaya, second harpist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the only woman member of that organization, has obtained a special ruling from the immigration authorities by which she may remain here six months more.

This ruling, issued from the department of labor at Washington, comes as a great relief to Mme. Savitzkaya, who had been worried over her future, she having expended considerable time during the last two months trying to convince the immigration authorities, both here and in Washington, of the merits of her plea for a further extension of time.

Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who summoned Mme. Savitzkaya from Paris at the opening of the concert season, also was keenly interested in the outcome. Under the terms of the "visitor's" permit, under which the harpist was allowed to enter this country for a six months stay, she was supposed to leave the United States by April 16. This would have precluded her remaining even to the end of the present concert season. The new ruling allows her to stay until Oct. 16.

A Russian of aristocratic lineage, Mme. Savitzkaya was admitted to this country last October as a "non-alien," the quota of Russians already having been filled. But the permit and her visa were granted previously in Paris only after she had satisfied the American embassy officials of her high character and integrity, and had produced evidence of her contract with Mr. Koussevitzky.

Having glimpsed America and learned of its opportunities for furthering her career, Mme. Savitzkaya is desirous of remaining for some time longer and hopes to be able to gain a still further extension of the time now allotted her by the immigration authorities. Her husband, formerly a captain of artillery in the Russian army and subsequently adjutant military attache at the Russian embassy in Holland, to which country he escaped from captivity in Germany during the war, is now in Paris, but he hopes to be able to join her here as soon as a new quota is to be admitted.

## HAD PICTURESQUE CAREER

Mme. Savitzkaya has had an engaging and picturesque career. As a child, she attended the famous Smolny school in St. Petersburg, founded by Catherine the Great and maintained exclusively for children of the nobility. There, beside a general education, she received her first lessons on the harp.

Empress Marie, mother of the late Czar, was the patroness of the institution, and on one of her frequent visits the child-harpist was called on to play for her, the girl's talent earning the warm praise of the empress. Several years later she played at the palace of the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar.

After studying for five years under Mme. Walter-Kuhne, Russia's greatest harpist, at the Petrograd conservatory, she became a member of the Russian Imperial Society Symphony orchestra and played under such well known directors as Glazounoff, Nikich, Salanoff and Mengelberg. For four years during the war, Mme. Savitzkaya played in the Patriotic Concert Society, Petrograd, which functioned principally for the benefit of returned wounded soldiers. During this period she also gave solo recitals in numerous Russian cities, receiving a medal from the Czar for her patriotic service.

Mme. Savitzkaya fled Russia in 1917, six months after the outbreak of the revolution, and thereafter, except when playing in various cities of England and the continent, made her home in Paris with her husband. There she studied under Mlle. Reine, a noted teacher, for three years.







## Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . . Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D major for String  
Orchestra (Edited by G. F. Kogel)

Solo Violins: R. BURGIN, J. THEODOROWICZ  
Solo Viola: G. FOUREL, Solo Violoncello: J. BEDETTI

I. Introduction; Allegro.  
II. Presto.  
III. Largo.  
V. Allegro.

Scriabin . . . . Prometheus, A Poem of Fire, for Orchestra  
and Piano with Organ and Chorus, Op. 60

Piano — ALEXANDER LANG STEINERT  
(First time in Boston)

Rabaud . . . . "La Procession Nocturne," Symphonic  
Poem, Op. 6, after Lenau

Borodin . . . . Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor,"  
for Orchestra with Chorus

THE CECILIA SOCIETY, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor, will assist

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Scriabin's "Prometheus"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,— Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



#### BACK HOME FROM PARIS

Alexander L. Steinert, Who Is to Appear with Symphony Orchestra March 27 and 28 Will Return to France Latter Part of April

Alexander L. Steinert, Harvard, '22, who has been studying composition in Paris, has arrived here and is at his father's home, 401 Commonwealth avenue. From now until he makes his appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on March 27 and 28, he will devote practically all of his time to rehearsal. Mr. Steinert will remain in Boston until the latter part of April, when he will return to Paris to continue his studies. Alexander Steinert, his father, who has been in the South for several weeks and is now at Pinehurst, N. C., will return to Boston in time for the concerts at which his son plays.

*Irans. — Mch. 16. 1925*

## 20TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Koussevitzky Offers Pieces  
by Handel-Kogel, Scriabin, Rabaud and Borodin

### CECILIA SOCIETY CHORUS ASSISTS

*Herald — Mch. 28. 1925*

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 5, D major, for strings (edited by Kogel); Scriabin, "Prometheus, a Poem of Fire" (first time in Boston); Rabaud, "The Nocturnal Procession"; Borodin, Polovsian Dances from "Prince Igor," for orchestra and chorus. The Cecilia Society assisted.

Kogel's edition of Handel's Concerto calls for two solo violins (Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz); solo viola (Mr. Fourel); solo violoncello (Mr. Bedetti). How this music of Handel's by the majestic pomp, the solemn beauty—and simple are the means employed—the vitality stands out after nearly 200 years! How superb the introduction! It might bear for a motto that sentence in the Book of Daniel: "Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his Lords, and drank wine before the thousand." Hearing this introduction, the presto and the allegro, and the slow movement that has a tenderness and an unearthly serenity peculiar to Handel, it may be questioned whether music, after all, has progressed so greatly since Handel shook his powdered wig and threatened to throw the capricious rancesca Cuzzoni out of a window. It is not necessary to go as far as Samuel Butler, who, offering incense to his idol, battered the statues of other composers in the great temple of music; then,

poor, misguided man, tried to write music in the Handelian manner; but Handel is still one of the mightiest figures in the history of music.

There was a beautiful performance of Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession," which was played at a concert last February. Repeated hearings lead one to wish that the mood of the first section, poetic as it is, were not so long maintained.

Borodin's Dances were performed with a charm for the first time at a Symphony concert. They had been performed here elsewhere. The voices added greatly to the contrasting effects. The chorus of young girls is deliciously suave; the splendid and barbaric savagery of the males proclaiming the glory of their Khan is intensified four-fold. Thus there was a brilliant ending. Fortunately "The Nocturnal Procession" followed with the intermission the tremendous climax of the "Prometheus," so that the power of Borodin's Dances was not diminished.

Scriabin's "Prometheus" is for orchestra, piano, organ and chorus. It was natural that Mr. Koussevitzky should wish to have Boston hear it. The composer was his close friend, and, as a pianist, his associate in concert tours. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the first performance of "Prometheus" at Moscow, when Scriabin played the piano part.

The composer wished this "symphony of sounds" to be accompanied by a "symphony of color rays" and so he constructed a keyboard instrument which should throw colored lights on a screen as the music was playing. This keyboard was apparently used for the first time in New York. The result was unsatisfactory. Scriabin also wished the performance to take the form of a mystical ceremony, with the chorus clad in white, as for a religious service, not a concert. In his later years his mysticism passed beyond the boundary, so for his fame as a composer, he was no doubt fortunate in his death before his projected "Mystery" found form; a work in which sounds, colors, perfumes and movement were, with the audience as celebrants, to express one "fundamental idea."

Much has been written about the psychology, the theosophical expression, the mysticism of "Prometheus." The greater part of what has been written is sheer hifalution. One does not go to a concert to observe through the ears the process of merging human, individuality in the Cosmos. A trumpet theme is not the more stirring because it typifies "The Will to create and attain." Nor is a theme that symbolizes "dawning consciousness" the more appealing by reason of an esoteric quality.

What is to be said of "Prometheus" if it is to be considered first of all as a "symphony of sounds"?

In some respects it is an advance on



Skriabin's preceding orchestral poems. It is less influenced by Wagner; it has passages of more individual strength and beauty; the instrumentation is more varied, more interesting, with greater charm of coloring. The final climax—and there is a dangerous anticipation of it—is overpoweringly sonorous.

On the other hand, the music is too often diffuse and negligible. One wearies quickly of the "mystic chord." One wishes a firmer continuity, fewer episodes that say little or nothing.

The piano part was played by Alexander Lang Steinert, who left Paris, where he is studying composition, at the repeated request of Mr. Koussevitzky, to assist in the performance. The piano part, taxing by technical difficulties and sudden entrances, often inconsequential as regards musical contents, ungrateful music as a rule, was played by Mr. Steinert intelligently and, as far as the performance was concerned, effectively.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Foote, Suite, E major, for strings; Eichheim, "A Chinese Legend," (first time here); Schumann, piano concerto; Germaine Tailleferre, piano concerto (first time here); Franck, "The Wild Huntsman." Alfred Cortot will be the pianist.

## CHORUS ASSISTS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cecilia Society Heard in Skriabin's "Prometheus"

Ecobc — Mch. 28, 1925

A chorus from the Cecilia Society, trained by Malcolm Lang, assisted the orchestra in two numbers at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky's well-known desire to conduct here pieces demanding the aid of a chorus at last was successfully realized. The audience applauded to the echo both Skriabin's "Prometheus" and the "Polovtsian Dances" from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and much of the demonstration was plainly intended for the chorus.

Alexander Lang Steinert, young Boston pianist and composer who has been studying in Paris, returned to play the incidental piano part in "Prometheus." Mr. Koussevitzky emphasized the high value he obviously sets upon Mr. Steinert's talent by leading him to the front of the stage both before and after the performance of Skriabin's sym-

phony and applauding him enthusiastically. The audience followed heartily the example set for it by the much-admired conductor. As far as one could judge from the very few moments at which the piano part is prominent in the symphony Mr. Steinert played it excellently.

"Prometheus" bears a later opus number than either "The Divine Poem" or the "Poem of Ecstasy." Those who have made a cult of the music of Skriabin regard it as an especially great work. The composer intended that "a symphony of color rays" in which the note C is represented by red, G is rosy orange, A green, and so on should accompany the performance of this symphony. He invented a "clavier a lumieres," akin, no doubt, to Mr. Wilfred's "Clavilux," exhibited here at Jordan Hall last year, and at the first American performance in New York in 1915 these colored lights were shown. But, in accordance with permission granted by the composer in the published score, no colored lights accompanied yesterday's performance, the first in Boston.

Nor were they needed. Mr. Koussevitzky, who conducted the original performance at Moscow, at which Skriabin played the piano part, thoroughly understands this music and brought out yesterday the full nervous intensity of it. The final climax is remarkably thrilling. The curious harmonic scheme, based on a "mystic chord" which employs the interval of the fourth instead of the third, and the agonized groping for the vast, the titanic, the supernatural, that one feels underlying the music save Skriabin from the reproach of mediocrity. Yet his gift is here, as always, insufficient to sustain intense emotion throughout a whole composition. He is the imperfect genius, whose blunders no clever worldling would make, but whose rare triumphs, like the latter third of "Prometheus," no clever worldling, no Ravel, no Richard Strauss, can hope to equal.

Plainly the "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor" should never be given without chorus, though they have been so given at these concerts in past seasons. Borodin's music gains in grace and in Russian flavor by the voices, which have a great deal to do. If operatic fragments are permissible at these concerts, and about this there may well be grave doubt, these dances heard in a brilliant performance like yesterday's furnish a sonorous close to a program. Another Handel concerto grosso for strings, in D major, edited by Kogel, began the concert. Mr. Koussevitzky's Handel is phenomenally effective. It was warmly applauded.

The other number was by a curious whim of Koussevitzky's Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne," a repertory piece already played this season. Though agreeable music, this number is neither novel enough nor great enough to deserve two hearings a year. Nor has there been in 15 seasons at least such a repetition at these concerts of any number. Copeland's organ symphony might well have been repeated instead. One wondered in listening to the Rabaud, why Koussevitzky so often extorts coarse harsh tone from the brass.

P. R.

## SKRIABIN'S ECSTASY, BORODIN'S WILDNESS, CHORUS UP-SWELLING

Trans. — Mch. 28, 1925

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY ON ANOTHER  
HEYDAY

At Last He Joins Choir and Orchestra—  
The Polovtsian Dances for the First  
Time with Singing Voices — "Prometheus" Searched Deep and Carried High  
but to Mixed and Changeful Outcome—  
Incidents of the Concert

TWO DESIRES of Mr. Koussevitzky now stand fulfilled. He has joined a chorus to the Symphony Orchestra and led them both. He has conducted in Skriabin's tone-poem, "Prometheus," and given the music such voice as, in America, it had never known before. (When, some years ago, Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra played the piece, they were by no means at their present prowess.) From the day in which Mr. Koussevitzky considered a term in Boston, he has wished for a chorus. He is accustomed to a choir at his command—of old in Moscow, more recently in Paris. He has a penchant for symphonic pieces in which composers, classical or modern, include voices among their instruments. He is disposed to reserve one or more concerts in a symphonic series for the performance of music, primarily choral. Thus he is eager to outpour his version of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony upon Bostonian ears. And thus he would willingly surrender a pair of Symphony Concerts—or a pair outside the regular order—to performances of Honegger's oratorio, "King David."

The trustees and the management have no mind to revive the notable choir of Dr. Muck's final year. They balk, indeed, at the assembling, schooling and maintenance of any Symphony Chorus as such. They are quite willing, however, to call to the conductor's aid any organized and resident choir that may meet his needs. Sooner or later the public of Symphony Hall will hear Beethoven's Choral Symphony from Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra and Dr. Davison's collegiate singers; while yesterday for the voice-parts in "Prometheus" and for the songs accompanying the Polovtsian Dances in "Prince Igor," the choir of The Cecilia was at hand.

In Skriabin's tone-poem the chorus is neither frequent nor significant. From end to end the piece is intrinsically symphonic and orchestral, with the piano hardly less an intrusion than the massed voices. The composer uses them only to swell the ecstasy and heighten the radiance of the pages designed as incandescent close. They sing mere vowel sounds—meaningless unless the hearer knows the incantations of theosophy; while, as it seemed yesterday, they tended to clog the ardors and dim the lusters of the music. And through no fault of the choir. Mr. Lang, on the part of The Cecilia, had schooled it thoroughly. It was responsive to Mr. Koussevitzky. In excellent form, it missed neither quality nor volume of tone. Rather the fault lay with Skriabin scheming and writing these final measures. The voices indeed swelled the tonal mass; but, as it seemed, they also deadened the orchestral impact. Above the end of this "Poem of Fire" glowed in memory the molten fervors that are climax to the "Poem of Ecstasy."

On the other hand, the singing voices added not a little to the graphic and the musical quality of the scene from "Prince Igor." Borodin's music is not fully itself outside the opera in which it is written. Not that it depends upon preceding or following pages; on the contrary, it is essentially episodic. It does, however, need the setting of hill and plain, Tartar camp and Tartar folk—the light, the color, the visible motion of the dancers, the visible presence of the watching princes, chiefs and tribesmen. Boston, as it happens, is a "metropolitan" and a "musical" city where opera flourishes annually through exactly twelve evenings and four matinees, while the ballet is virtually unknown. Nor is "Prince Igor," after the dubious experiment at the Metropolitan ten years ago, likely to regain place in any American repertory. Therefore, we hearers of yesterday may return thanks that, at last, the Polovtsi were vocal as well as instrumental; that their choruses, especially when the women's voices sang them, added materially to the native wildness, the rhythmic frenzy, the tribal tumult.

The chorus of dancing girls was bright with motion and folk-flavor; the men's chorus, as usual with The Cecilia, lacked pulse and sonority, despite the conductor's urgings; in the "general chorus," however, with Borodin's music for additional goad, there were shoutings and stampings. Needless, almost, to say, Mr. Koussevitzky excelled in this tribal music of a barbaric folk. He whipped it into a pervading turbulence; he caressed it into passing languors. Rhythms beat firm and keen and high. Full-throated and warmly colored sounded the song. The dance whirled and darted. At Borodin's and the conductor's will, Eastern tribe leapt its license and



cried its loyalty as barbarically as Western measure may permit. The smell of earth is in Borodin's music; from it a pagan voice outflings; often, under Mr. Koussevitzky's hand, it sweats blood and fire.

To listen to Scriabin's "Prometheus" as to an "absolute" music was to be prey to many sensations. Themes or motifs there are, discoverable, recognizable, recurring, less impressive in themselves than generating and fruitful source of the music to come. Scriabin labelled some of them. He obviously intended them to suggest emotional states or metaphysical concepts. They did to him, inventing them in spiritual excitement, brooding long and deep upon them. The listener across Symphony Hall is less impregnated and far less stirred.

For a while Scriabin's singular, self-invented and self-chosen chordal and harmonic system engages mind and ear. Soon it becomes dry and monotonous; while before the end of a relatively short tone-poem, it seems narrow and cribbing, willed and artificial. The composer becomes as a man that persists in one dialect of a universal speech—and that of his own devising. Furthermore the progress of the music diffuses no melodic glow; whips with no vivid rhythms; depends for the most part upon the advance or recession of waves of tone and upon the instrumental color playing over them.

Everyone accustomed to mountain-walking knows the false summits (so-called) of a long ascent. Each seems the topmost height; yet above it rises another, with relative levels between. So does Scriabin order the course of his tone-poem. Upon it, moreover, he distributes a considerable variety and richness of color. The instruments of a vast orchestra sound group by group in individualized and impinging voice; or are marshalled into a massy and manifold whole. A pianoforte part, perceptively, sensitively and anxiously played by Mr. Alexander Steinert, summoned for the occasion, contrasts with the other timbres or sets new edge upon them. Wide is the range of this tonal coloring—limpid or darkling; pale or aglow; thick-massed or shallow upon the ear; deepened or sharpened—epitome of orchestral palettes at the turn of the century, not without pigments of the composer's own. "Prometheus" is a richly colored music in insistent motion. As such, and only as such, does it impress "In the absolute."

Scriabin, however, intended the tone-poem to be much more than an "absolute" music. To him, and as he would have it to others, it was expression of faith and aspiration, release and ritual of the soul, mystical and mounting ecstasy into communion with the Infinite. For him, it began as an earth-bound, and ended as a celestial, music. As Promethean "Sons of the Flame of Wisdom," under the guidance

and the compulsion of "The Creative Will," we mortals gradually put off human dross, break through earthly trammels; plane by plane ascend into the bliss of spiritual energy and spiritual radiance. It is not necessary to clutter this soulful progress with the tenets or the jargon of Theosophy, in which Scriabin was an ardent believer. Enough that this spiritual aspiration, conflict, ascent and attainment is ancient, honorable, kindling and passioning matter for music. The substance changes; the surface alters; but within remain the longing and striving, the attainment and the beatitude.

Each hearer may only know for himself how far "Prometheus" evokes this mystical passion; unfolds this ardent progress; attains this fervid and radiant exaltation. There are those—and they are not all either Russians or mystics—whom this music of "Prometheus" searches, stirs and uplifts. There are those as well—and they are neither dull of mind nor insensitive of spirit—whom it leaves quite cold: a palpitating frenzy of inchoate orchestral sound and impotent emotional fury, a music signifying nothing. Between, the hearer, who would listen neither too detachedly nor dispassionately, who would keep an eager and a receptive ear, must walk—and write—exceeding warily. May not we others, who find ourselves in this Laodicean congregation, burning neither hot nor cold, be left to our moments of emotion—when the theme of "The Creative Will" becomes a tongue of fire upon the music; when, for instants, it swims in some stilled and limpid pool of passing bliss; when, for other instants, it bursts its shackles like the Prometheus who was also Titan; would scale the skies; dwell mayhap in the quivering domes of ecstasy.

For Scriabin, by the very token of his temperament, could write these occasional pages of inspiration. By that same temperament, he also writes twice as many pages of spiritual balderdash, tonal inflation, musical monotony. And we Laodiceans with "Prometheus" suffer them but coldly. Fourteen years ago, to a month, Mr. Koussevitzky in Moscow was the voice and the prophet of Scriabin, sounding for the first time the measures of this crowning and final tone-poem. He was not less yesterday when he renewed every fervor; heightened and deepened every eloquence upon an orchestra molten to his hand. Yet where Scriabin flags or is but resounding void, spent and empty must also go they who speak for him.

Incidents of the afternoon complete the record. First, the playing by the string choir of four divisions of Handel's Concerto Grosso in D major—familiar music of large stride and resonant voice, of melowed and up-curving song, of swift figures and sturdy strands interwoven; music, besides, in which the players have more than once proved their collective and individual

valor. Second, a repetition within a short six weeks of Monsieur Rabaud's musical marshallow, "La Procession Nocturne," as sweet upon the aural palate of many a listener as once were Signor Respighi's now forgotten Roman Fountains. Third and last, the loud and long ado over young Mr. Steinert presented by the conductor, applauded by the audience, as one who had done feats and wonders of pianistic prowess. Not often is a pianist, added to the orchestra, "one of ourselves." That felicity—and the consequences—usually fall to composers.

H. T. P.

## Boston Orchestra

### Plays 'Prometheus'

Monitor—A.M. 28, 1925.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its twentieth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Handel—Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D major for String Orchestra  
Scriabin—"Prometheus, a Poem of Fire," for Orchestra and Piano with Organ and Chorus op. 60  
Rabaud—"La Procession Nocturne" "Symphonic Poem after Lenau op. 6  
Borodin—Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor" for Orchestra and Chorus

Alexander Lang Steinert played the piano part in Scriabin's "Prometheus" and the chorus was that of the Cecilia Society, Malcolm Lang, conductor.

Of course the outstanding event of the afternoon was the performance of Scriabin's "Prometheus," which was played for the first time in Boston. A composition built on such a large scale, and utilizing effectively, as this one does, such a large array of musical forces, is bound to make a powerful impression, at least on a first hearing. The mass of sound produced by such a body of performers is in itself almost overwhelming. It arouses enthusiasm. The question of course is, "Is the music itself of inherent worth? Are the musical ideas beautiful? Do they stir the emotions apart from their somewhat awe-inspiring setting?"

#### Many Pages of Beauty

In the case of "Prometheus," the answer must be both yes and no, for there are pages of undoubted beauty, even inspiration, side by side with others in which the composer does little but mark time. Shorn of all its trappings, there is little in the thematic material of this mighty

symphonic poem which may be said to be original. As in other compositions by Scriabin played here this winter, there is much evidence of Wagner's influence, and for that matter of Debussy as well, although in a lesser degree. Yet after all does this really matter? The question of originality in music has not so much to do with the material itself as with the use to which it is put. From this latter viewpoint, the genius of the composer of "Prometheus" must be unhesitatingly acknowledged. It is a stupendous conception, on the whole successfully realized.

Whatever personal preference may be in regard to music, the loftiness of this work must be conceded, as well as the mastery of its composer. There must of necessity be imperfections in a composition built on such a large scale. Whether or not a greater result has been achieved in "Prometheus" than in many another composition constructed on a much simpler plan is another question. Many perhaps will think the end does not altogether justify the means. The fact remains that it is impossible to listen to this music unmoved and after all, is this no sufficient reason for its existence?

#### Performance Meritorious

The performance was meritorious. All concerned gave themselves wholeheartedly to the task in hand. Mr. Steinert played the difficult piano part with a rare display of musicianship; the chorus and orchestra were more than equal to the demands made upon them. It was an artistic event long to be remembered, and Mr. Koussevitzky deserves every praise for bringing it to pass.

There were other remarkable moments during the afternoon, though perhaps less striking ones. The playing of Handel's Concerto Grosso by the strings, and of Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession," was of unusual excellence. Handel's music never within recollection sounded so magnificently noble as it did yesterday, and no more poetically conceived interpretation of Rabaud's symphonic poem could possibly be desired. It was indeed a difficult problem for both conductor and orchestra to make the remaining portion of the program interesting after the thunders of Scriabin, yet it was a problem successfully solved by both. S. M.



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# SYMPHONY CONCERT A SENSATION

Scriabin's "Poem of  
Fire" Stupendous in  
Sheer Sound

Post — *Wed. 18. 1925*

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A concert rarely enjoyable and rarely stimulating was that given yesterday afternoon by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra, with the substantial assistance of the Cecilia Society; a Symphony concert that will be gratefully remembered when many another has come and gone its way

## SCRIABIN'S "POEM OF FIRE"

Upon this week's programme Mr. Koussevitzky has placed the Fifth Concerto Grosso of Handel, the lambent and heaven-scaling "Prometheus" of Scriabin, the sorrowfully beautiful "Procession Nocturne" of Rabaud, and the superb "Polovtsian Dances" from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor." And yesterday, from the music of Handel through that of Borodin, conductor and orchestra quite outdid themselves.

Hitherto unheard in Boston, Scriabin's "Poem of Fire," to give "Prometheus" its descriptive title, came yesterday to its initial performance in Symphony Hall under auspicious circumstances. An intimate of the composer, and the conductor of the original performance at Moscow in 1911, Mr. Koussevitzky brings to this score not only perfect understanding but, by every sign, an almost fanatical enthusiasm as well.

the full orchestra, the score of "Prometheus" adds an organ, a pianoforte, played yesterday by Alexander Lang Steinert, and, at the end, a mixed chorus. Swayed, animated and enkindled by Mr. Koussevitzky's fervor, collectively and severally these forces yesterday brought to pass a performance eloquent and inspired, a performance that must surely have revealed to the fullest the musical and spiritual content of this extraordinary composition.

## Rabaud's Work Well Placed

A shrewd stroke of programme-making placed "La Procession Nocturne," heard yesterday for the second time this season, between "Prometheus" and Borodin's Dances, which then were first heard at a Symphony Concert with the choral investiture that immediately seemed essential to them. And played with transfixing and transfiguring eloquence, this tone-poem of Rabaud, for once genuinely moving, brought needed foil to both the raptures of Scriabin and the Tartar furies of Borodin which followed it.

Many a time has Borodin's exotic, magnificently barbaric music been played in Boston, but never before with such over-powering energy, such rhythmic exhilaration. To Mr. Koussevitzky's fires chorus and orchestra once again responded utterly and completely. And the mad delirium of the final episode brought a second climax to a concert already more than usually rich in tonal excitements and sensations.

## Incidents and Prospects

The audience of Saturday evening at Symphony Hall seemed to sit somewhat uneasily through the earlier courses of Scriabin's "Prometheus"; but, as usual, the might and mass of the grandiloquent close carried all before it. None the less, the applause was heartier and the excitement more genuine for the playing and the singing of the tribal scene from Borodin's "Prince Igor." Through it, chorus, orchestra and conductor outdid even the performance of Friday.

Mr. Henry Eichheim, once practising musician in Boston, now and again returning as composer, will be conductor at the Symphony Concerts next Friday and Saturday in his new piece, "Chinese Legend." Later in the month, he will depart, via Spain, for Paris and London.

There he will join Messrs. Enesco, Féris and Kindler to make a string quartet for chamber concerts arranged by Mrs. F. S. Coolidge. For them at her invitation, Ravel, Casella, Pizzetti, Respighi, Mall-piero and Goossens have written pieces.

Mr. Longy, the departing oboist of the Symphony Orchestra, is to be entertained at a dinner of farewell at the Art Club on Monday evening next. Many friends have arranged it.

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FORTY-FOURTH SEASON NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR & TWENTY-FIVE

## Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 3, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 4, at 8.15 o'clock

Foote . . . Suite in E major for String Orchestra, Op. 63

- I. Prelude.
- II. Pizzicato and Adagietto.
- III. Fugue.

Eichheim . . . A Chinese Legend (About 600 A.D.)

(Conducted by the Composer)

(First performance with enlarged orchestra)

Schumann . . . Concerto in A minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 54

- I. Allegro affettuoso.
- II. Intermezzo: Andantino grazioso.
- III. Allegro vivace.

Tailleferre . . . Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

(First time in Boston)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro non troppo.

Ravel . . . "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem

SOLOIST

ALFRED CORTOT

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto of Schumann

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,— Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

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Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



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Sheer Sound

Post — *Mar. 28, 1925*

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ALFRED CORTOT  
French Pianist.

Mr. Eichheim's father, Meinhard Eichheim, a violoncellist of reputation, was a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra for many years. The son studied the violin with Carl Becker, Simon E. Jacobsohn, and Leopold Lichtenberg. He was a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra in New York for a year, but in 1890-91 he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as one of the first violins. He left this orchestra at the end of the season 1911-12, to devote himself to composition, concert work here and in many other cities, teaching, and photography. For four years he was conductor of the Winchester (Mass.) Symphony Orchestra. In 1915 he visited Japan and other Eastern countries for the first time. In 1919 he again journeyed to Japan. Remaining there for over a year, with excursions to other countries of the East, he made a careful study of Oriental music, and gave concerts in Eastern cities. He has made later journeys to the Orient.

## SYMPHONY GIVES UNIQUE CONCERT

Offers as Striking Novelty  
Eichheim's Captivating  
"Chinese Legend"

### CORTOT AT HIS BEST IN SCHUMANN WORK

*Herald* — Apr. 4, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 21st concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Foote, Suite, E major, for string orchestra; Eichheim, "A Chinese Legend (about 600 A. D.); Schumann, piano concerto (Alfred Cortot, pianist); Tailleferre, piano concerto (first time in Boston, Mr. Cortot, pianist); Ravel, "La Valse." Mr. Eichheim conducted his legend which, rewritten for a larger orchestra than that taking part in the performance, as a ballet, "The Rivals," in Chicago last January, was played for the first time.

The concert was one of extraordinary worth. Mr. Foote's charming Suite had been played twice at these concerts. It will bear many repetitions, it is so clearly written, containing fresh musical ideas of an interesting nature, with the movements finely contrasted. The long melodic lines of the prelude are skilfully treated for the imitative voices. The Pizzicato movement is piquant without being laboriously so, and the interrupting Adagietto is eloquent. For the Finale Mr. Foote chose the fugal form; not for any vain show of pedantry, but as a natural and flowing expression. The Suite was beautifully played under Mr. Koussevitzky's sympathetic and poetic direction. There was an appropriately romantic interpretation. The composer was obliged to rise from his seat several times, so long-continued and genuine was the applause.

Mr. Eichheim is far from being a stranger in Boston. He has long been recognized as a sound and well-equipped musician. Of late years he has been engrossed in the music of Japan, China, India and Java. He has journeyed to those lands; their music has entered his soul. Auber wished that Pellicien David, the composer of "The Desert" and "Lalla Rookh," would dismount from his camel. Mr. Eichheim, writing in this country, hears the bells and gongs of Oriental temples; The sounds of street cries, wandering minstrels, and strange instruments are ever in his ears. And he sometimes hears them in a Parisian atmosphere. Not without profit did Debussy listen entranced to the Javanese musicians at a Paris exhibition.

The Chinese legend that inspired Mr. Eichheim's latest composition is the old story of the ages, the tragedy of two men and a woman. The husband is killed by a rival general. The wife of slain vows revenge and would kill him. They fight, but there is a strange spell upon them. Exhausted they will resume the contest. She visits a shrine and begs forgiveness of the god for not having brought the head of her enemy as an offering. She prays for strength to break the spell. Again they fight, but their eyes betray mutual love. She reaches for his spear; he catches her sword. The spear goes through his breast; with the sword he cuts his throat. They die together in a rapturous embrace.

Though this music was written originally for a ballet, it serves as a symphonic poem, wild and barbaric. Mr. Eichheim uses ceremonial themes, temple music, the Buddhistic service for the dead. There is the picturing in tones of the savage duels; there is a love motive. The exotic and the original themes are used with technical skill and compelling imagination. There is much more in this legend than an ingenious employment of Oriental instruments. There is fire, there is fury; there is the contrasting and impressive monotony of the East, as in the ceremonial music at the beginning; there is the appearance of "the most exquisite woman in the kingdom." And in the splendid savagery of it all, Mr. Eichheim does not forget that he is a musician; that there may be beauty in wildness, that there may be form. No wonder that Mr. Koussevitzky purposes to produce the legend in Paris. Yesterday the reception by the audience was all that even an exacting composer could desire. Mr. Eichheim, conducting in an authoritative manner, recalled several times, bore his honors modestly.

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ALFRED CORTOT  
French Pianist.

Mr. Eichheim's father, Meinhard Eichheim, a violoncellist of reputation, was a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra for many years. The son studied the violin with Carl Becker, Simon E. Jacobsohn, and Leopold Lichtenberg. He was a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra in New York for a year, but in 1890-91 he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as one of the first violins. He left this orchestra at the end of the season 1911-12, to devote himself to composition, concert work here and in many other cities, teaching, and photography. For four years he was conductor of the Winchester (Mass.) Symphony Orchestra. In 1915 he visited Japan and other Eastern countries for the first time. In 1919 he again journeyed to Japan. Remaining there for over a year, with excursions to other countries of the East, he made a careful study of Oriental music, and gave concerts in Eastern cities. He has made later journeys to the Orient.

## SYMPHONY GIVES UNIQUE CONCERT

Offers as Striking Novelty  
Eichheim's Captivating  
"Chinese Legend"

### CORTOT AT HIS BEST IN SCHUMANN WORK

*Herald* — Apr. 4, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 21st concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Foote, Suite, E major, for string orchestra; Eichheim, "A Chinese Legend (about 600 A. D.); Schumann, piano concerto (Alfred Cortot, pianist); Tailleferre, piano concerto (first time in Boston, Mr. Cortot, pianist); Ravel, "La Valse." Mr. Eichheim conducted his legend which, rewritten for a larger orchestra than that taking part in the performance, as a ballet, "The Rivals," in Chicago last January, was played for the first time.

The concert was one of extraordinary worth. Mr. Foote's charming Suite had been played twice at these concerts. It will bear many repetitions, it is so clearly written, containing fresh musical ideas of an interesting nature, with the movements finely contrasted. The long melodic lines of the prelude are skilfully treated for the imitative voices. The Pizzicato movement is piquant without being laboriously so, and the interrupting Adagietto is eloquent. For the Finale Mr. Foote chose the fugal form; not for any vain show of pedantry, but as a natural and flowing expression. The Suite was beautifully played under Mr. Koussevitzky's sympathetic and poetic direction. There was an appropriately romantic interpretation. The composer was obliged to rise from his seat several times, so long-continued and genuine was the applause.

Mr. Eichheim is far from being a stranger in Boston. He has long been recognized as a sound and well-equipped musician. Of late years he has been engrossed in the music of Japan, China, India and Java. He has journeyed to those lands; their music has entered his soul. Auber wished that Felicien David, the composer of "The Desert" and "Lalla Rookh," would dismount from his camel. Mr. Eichheim, writing in this country, hears the bells and gongs of Oriental temples: The sounds of street cries, wandering minstrels, and strange instruments are ever in his ears. And he sometimes hears them in a Parisian atmosphere. Not without profit did Debussy listen entranced to the Javanese musicians at a Paris exhibition.

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there is an admirable mixture of sensuousness, irony, even mockery. There is a terpsichorean drunkenness that is irresistible and haunting.

It has been said that Schumann's concerto is no longer suited to a great auditorium; that the meditations, the shy confessions and the dreams of Schumann are only for a small hall where intimate relations with the hearers may be established. We have heard performances of this concerto when the "dreams" of Schumann put the hearer a-sleep. Now there is virility in this concerto as well as tenderness, romantic beauty. It is not easy to speak of the performance by Mr. Cortot and the orchestra in measured terms. It was an unbaring of Schumann's soul. To mention details, to praise this or that feature of the interpretation, and here pianist and conductor were as one, would be impertinent. It is enough to say that the performance was unsurpassable, never to be forgotten.

Mlle. Tailleferre's concerto is short, melodious, entertaining, with hints here and there at 18th century moods and manner of expression. The lively passages for trumpet were brilliantly played by Mr. Mager, and Mr. Cortot. It is needless to say, was again admirable.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will be away. The program of April 17, 18 will comprise "The Garden of Fand" by Arnold Bax; Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 (Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist); Strauss's "Heldenleben."

## American Music From Koussevitzky

**Monitor—Apr. 4, 1925**  
THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, with Alfred Cortot as soloist, gave its twenty-first concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Footé—Suite in E major for string orchestra op. 63  
Eichheim—"A Chinese Legend"  
Schumann—Concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra.  
Tailleferre—Concerto for piano and orchestra  
Ravel—"La Valse"

Yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky turned his attention to American composers. To be sure he has already played Professor Hill's Scherzo for two pianos and orchestra and Aaron Copland's Symphony for organ and orchestra, but it is possible that these works were played at the suggestion of the soloists taking part in them rather than of his own volition.

The American composer has often been accused of having succumbed to this or that foreign influence. This may be all too true, but it is probably no more so than is the case with many a composer of other nationality. On the other hand, a certain glamour hangs round music from parts less familiar and it often happens that a distinctly unworthy composition by a Frenchman, Italian or German (to say nothing of a Russian) gets more than its deserving share of attention and praise.

The two American pieces played yesterday need fear no comparison with foreign production. They are skillfully and gratefully written and contain no small measure of interesting material, well put together and aptly expressed.

Mr. Footé's Suite is not altogether unfamiliar. Nevertheless it wears well. Conceived according to classical formulas, it is not conventional music. It mirrors the sensitive, imaginative, refined musical nature of its composer. Every page is a testimony to his high ideals and his mastery of his art. It is music which charms the ear and satisfies the intellect as well. It also touches the heart, for who can listen to the Adagietto, which interrupts the Pizzicato movement, and not feel with pleasure the delicate sentiment (none the less deep because of its delicacy) which underlies every measure? Surely America is not in such a bad way musically if an American (and who is more so than Mr. Footé?) can produce such genuine, sincere, music as this Suite!

Mr. Eichheim set himself an entirely different task in his "Chinese Legend." He has sought out new paths and new means of musical expression. Yet he has not sacrificed good taste for the sake of originality. The Orientalism of his music is not forced. It is not assumed. It is the natural means of expression of a nature deeply sensitive to such impressions. And for this reason it does not startle the hearer. This Legend is powerfully dramatic. It really stirs the emotions and the imagination, and is no less effective apart from the scenario which it was originally intended to accompany. Mr. Eichheim conducted his work unostentatiously but none the less effectively. He was content to let his music produce its own effect, without

exuberance of gesture, with no attempt at visualizing its various measures. Such restraint is occasionally refreshing.

The other novelty of the afternoon was Miss Tailleferre's Concerto for piano and orchestra. No more inconspicuity, a recreation of a work somewhat time-worn. Mr. Cortot restored its pristine beauties. He likewise did his best with Miss Tailleferre's Concerto and contrived to work wonders with its ungrateful and uninteresting measures.

The program concluded with Ravel's "La Valse," which Mr. Koussevitzky had already played here this season. There seems to be no particular reason for the repetition of this composition after such a short interval. The same might be said of the repetition last week of Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne." These pieces are all very well in their way, but they do not present difficult problems to the listener. Many a new work played here this season deserves a second hearing, but hardly these two. S. M.

## ROUND CONCERTO, CHINESE FANTASIA, METTLED PIANIST

*Trans—Apr. 4, 1925*  
SYMPHONY CONCERT VARIOUSLY  
ASSORTED

Sapping the Teutonic Tradition—Mr. Footé's Ancient and Modern Suite—The Gayeties of Miss Tailleferre—Mr. Cortot and Schumann Poetized—Eastward with Mr. Eichheim—Ravel the Radical

THERE IS not a reason in the world why a composer should not write brightly and blithely when the spirit so moves him; or a reason why an audience should not take such music lightly and gayly. The German tradition, excellent foundation as it has proved for our tonal progress, burdens not a few listeners with too weighty a heritage of seriousness. They seek a symphony concert, not for pleasure, but for self-improvement. They prefer to knit their brows for inner meanings, rather than smile content over songful surfaces, puzzling out their

Brahms devotedly; somewhat shy of Rimsky-Korsakov as a superficial composer. They set store by cosmic tone-poems and on the wings, say of Skriabin, mount emotionally to at least the fifth heaven. Gradually, a predilection for length, breadth and thickness enters in and possesses them. Almost instinctively they think better of a piece forty minutes long; scored for eight horns and the wind-choir in fours; harmonized lusciously; dense as the leafage upon the Psalmist's green bay tree.

Two antidotes now lessen this plethora of seriousness—revivals from the ancients such as Mr. Koussevitzky has plentifully distributed over the current Symphony Concerts; the entrance into "the standard repertory" of the younger French and English composers. Whatever the seventeenth- or the eighteenth-century concerto, it is sure to contain two divisions of light, brisk, quick-fingered pattern-weaving, cheerfully sounding for their own sake as music and thereby giving no small pleasure. In these old pieces, the stately movements of pomp, the songful movements of beauty, cultivate no cosmic significance; march gravely; expand serenely; transparently immerse the ear. The whole music has no other purpose than to exercise the invention and skill of the composer; invite the transmitting abilities of the orchestra; scatter pleasure amongst all within responsive ear-shot. Handel and Bach, Mozart and Haydn, each in his vein, are illustrious masters of such composition; while not too far behind go the secondary ancients—the sons of Bach, Locatelli, Corelli, Respighi's resurrected lutanists.

Even a few of the moderns—and in one instance a modern of New England, resident in this town—writes such music engagingly well. The proof stood clear when Mr. Koussevitzky began the Symphony Concert of yesterday with Mr. Footé's Suite for Strings in E major. Throughout it is music that derives from the ancient matter, mood, procedure; yet lacks not infusion of modern harmonies and timbres, of nineteenth-century romantic feeling. In the fugued Finale, for example, Mr. Footé invents and conducts a stark, sinewy, striding music that the shades of the eighteenth century might still hear with pleasure. When, however, he—and Mr. Koussevitzky—drive toward climax and close, they spur the music with a modern energy of progress and expression. Again in the middle movement, the pizzicati measures at beginning and end follow a relatively modern fashion. The brief Adagietto parts them and the eighteenth century is singing again its slow song of serene, exfoliating warmth. Dr. Burney in London, the Archbishop of Salzburg who had an ear for Mozart, the Esterhazy Prince who gave Haydn, a band, might admire the imitative counterpoint, free, flowing, pithy, of Mr. Footé's Prelude. Through it, none the less, the listener of



1925 feels the nervous impulse of his own palpitating day. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Koussevitzky and the string choir re-playing the piece and to join in the applause heaped upon Mr. Foote's gray head. Much of the music from many a composer of his time is buried deep in oblivion. Yet his Suites and his "Character-Pieces" keep an unfailing freshness and flavor. Even the young modernists agree to their "musicality"—that pet and precious word.

There was example as well on Friday of the fashion in which the younger composers of Western Europe are lightening the Teutonic tradition of cosmic scope, a "grand" orchestra and pages thick with notes. Any frequenter of our concert-halls (which are not the most curious and open-minded seats of music imaginable) knows how aptly they can do it, without descent to the obvious clowneries of Satie or the sardonic posturings of Lord Berners. Mr. Bliss with exuberance, Mr. Goossens more politely, has turned the trick. The masterly Ravel, Monsieur Roger-Ducasse, two or three of the Parisian "Six," when they are not self-conscious and posing, have the knack at fingers' ends. Indeed, from that "Six" came the exemplar of yesterday—Miss Germaine Tailleferre, with a Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, scored for small band, hardly twenty minutes long, existing altogether for its own gay and gamesome sake.

The music skips away into an Allegro smiling with fresh melody, sprightly rhythms, happy turns of modulation and counterpoint, flowing interplay of the two voices. In the exhilaration of the blithest piece heard at a Symphony Concert for many a day, the ear almost forgets the spare, apt means; the free, direct expression; the transparent coloring; the light, sure workmanship. In the middle movement—for Miss Tailleferre is faithful to the classic procedure—she sets to her mus-ing. Beguiling melody again unfolds into serene song, unclouded by sentimentality, undimmed by commonplace. Here go grace, sentiment, charm, as though the eighteenth-century stood renewed in the twentieth. Readily the listener wonders whether a Watteau or a Lancret hangs over Miss Tailleferre's writing-table, and now and again sets her dreaming. The final Allegro renews the sparkle and the gayety of the beginning, sets the piano and the orchestra to sportive returns of the tonal ball. Before long, in spite of Miss Tailleferre's zest, the musical matter wears a little thin and timely she—and Mr. Cortot—make their lively flourish and their smiling curtsy d'adieu. . . . By all odds a Piano-Concerto of 1925 may blossom like

the rose in the cool clear light of a summer garden. A trifle according to hearers with cosmic inclinations, but a trifle so bright, crisp, happy and adept that it puts to shame a score of messy, over-blown profundities. Taste and tact, it is well to remember, are virtues also in music. Nor are high spirits, there and thereabouts, exactly to be despised.

The companion-concerto—for upon every visit to Boston Mr. Cortot has played two—also set that questionable musical form in a human and imaginative light. It was the Concerto romantic, according to Robert Schumann, and a Cortot free for once from every dryness and hardness, counting poetic sensibility above glinting virtuosity. Under his hands the piano became an instrument of sustained and limpid song; voice to velvet-euphonies with the orchestra; speech to Schumann's thick-coming fancies, with a freshening beauty gilding or shadowing them. A master of rhythm played the Finale; while a master of touch, tone and time colored and sped it. Clarity and plasticity went hand in hand through the first movement. Uncommonly well built seemed Schumann's house of dreams. Mendelssohn could not have fashioned it better; while poetry, more willing and frequent guest with Schumann, dwelt therein, contentedly, abundantly. A quiet rapture of creation fills this first movement, and Mr. Cortot evoked it. Twelve hours afterward, the gentle warmth, the crystal-glow of the Inter-mezzo haunt memory. Like jets of fancy, eager and uncurbed, played the rhythms of the Finale. A truly romantic music must sound ever fresh and strange; keep a perpetual glamour upon the hearing imagination; glow between composer, player and listener as though they three stood, like the figures in Stuck's picture, upon their hill of vision, while music sounded in their ears. In the longest of memories, Schumann's Piano-Concerto has seldom been so renewed. The young prime of it—the composer was in his mid-thirties—sang again. And it is written that in his day Schumann occasionally flouted the Teutonic tradition.

Two other composers, without a moral also had place in the concert. Again Mr. Eichheim, out of the stores of journeys to the Orient, has written a Chinese piece. This time he names it "Legend" and it is tone-poem for full orchestra, plus a flute in G, gongs, little cymbals and little bells for accretions brought over Pacific seas. Three months ago, however, this same music was "The Rivals," ballet-pantomime in the Chinese manner, mimed and staged by Mr. Bolm's Chicagoan troupe—all of which is a distinction without too much

difference. Suffice it that the "Legend" concerns a Chinese general slain; the general who slew him; the beautiful wife of the murdered soldier who would have also her vengeance. With the weapons of single combat, she assails the murderer. And lo! a Tristan-and-Isolde-like passion holds their hearts and hands. In a shrine of Buddha the wife makes moan and prays for a vengeful spirit. Again in combat passion stays the adversaries—until self-inflicted death, each by the other's weapon, brings mutual release. By all of which we listeners learn that fated love in China and in Cornwall have kinships in the mists of old fable.

When Mr. Eichheim's music is Chinese, in adaptation for Occidental orchestra, it holds and quickens ear and fancy, though not with the freshness, vividness and strangeness of his first "Oriental Impressions." They, indeed, were like discoveries in the range, quality and suggestion of these Eastern timbres. Of kin in the present tone-poem is the recurring music of ceremonial mourning, grave and stately, hollow and sombre; or the intermediary music of the shrine, all a-glint with lightly touched cymbals and bells. Upon these Oriental instruments Mr. Eichheim plays with the memories of imagination on the spot enkindled. Elsewhere, when he is writing the music of combat and the music of amorous impulse and inhibition, his Chinese background may not much serve him, and he falls into nineteenth- or twentieth-century conventions. More to be desired is Mr. Eichheim when he is distilling—as can no other Occidental musician—the unmixed and heady wine of the Oriental world.

Putting by Franck's impotent tone-poem of "The Wild Huntsman," Mr. Koussevitzky replayed "The Waltz" of Ravel, off which it pleases conductors in Boston and in New York to sup annually, even to a second helping in a single season. Each time, being what conductors are, they must drive the music harder. At first the unfolding waltz was piquantly sensuous. Now it languishes or bites with sensuality. At first, the waltz seemed to shatter upon a carking disillusion, a rebellious despair. Now Ravel's instrumental choirs are sent hurtling against each other like a Communist's frenzies. Ravel the Radical—and for him the dowagers smite together their gloved hands. Great is the power of music—as Orpheus remarked to Eurydice on the way out of Hades.

H. T. P.

# SYMPHONY LIST BEST AT EDGES

Eichheim Conducts  
Own Piece---Cortot  
Soloist

Post — Apr. 4, 1925  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Purely as a matter of personal opinion it may be here recorded that the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon began well and ended well and that between times—that is to say in the piano concertos of Schumann and of Miss Germaine Tailleferre—came frequent tepidity and dullness.

## SUFFERS BY CONTRAST

Thus to disparage the central portion of yesterday's concert is to complain neither of the playing of that excellent pianist, Alfred Cortot, nor of the accompaniment afforded him by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. Both were, in fact, admirable. But placed after the uncommonly stimulating "Chinese Legend" of Henry Eichheim (in its first performance with enlarged orchestra), Schumann's fast fading romanticism seemed to have lost still another shade or two.

And although there were "moments" in Miss Tailleferre's piece, notably in the lively if thematically undistinguished Finale, yet this music in which the feminine member of the Parisian Groupe des Six would recapture the simplicity of an earlier day, may be inelegantly but not too inaccurately described, not as simple, but as "simp."



### Mr. Foote in Audience

At the beginning of the rather oddly assorted programme of this week's pair of concerts, Mr. Koussevitzky has placed Arthur Foote's Suite in E major for string orchestra, now making its third appearance at the Symphony Concerts—an unusual honor for an American composition, since native productions are so often given a single performance and thereafter consigned to oblivion, but one that Mr. Foote's gracious, well-made music eminently deserves. Present in the audience, the composer was twice summoned to rise from his seat in acknowledgment of the unmistakably hearty applause. Incidentally the performance was one to present this music to the best possible advantage.

Already some account of Mr. Eichheim's newest venture in orientalized music has appeared in these columns. It remains to be said that this score illustrates with remarkable graphicness the incidents of the mimed tragedy for which it was composed; that, whereas Mr. Eichheim's other Oriental pieces have been merely scenic, this Legend is music at once human and vividly dramatic; and finally that as music *per se* the score impresses by reason of its composer's absolute mastery of his material, which is in part original, in part traditional.

### Conducted by Composer

To call Mr. Eichheim a mere arranger of Eastern tunes would in this instance be more than ever inaccurate. Both symphonically and dramatically this Legend is a notable achievement. And the composer, who conducted his music with authority although at the end he seemed scarcely to realize the dynamic possibilities of his own score, was many times recalled.

Mr. Koussevitzky, yesterday, had his chief innings in the final number, Ravel's melodically seductive and rhythmically intriguing "La Valse," already played earlier in the season. The performance of yesterday was, if such a thing be possible, even more brilliant and more intoxicating than that of a few weeks ago.

### Works of Good Will

**Mr. Koussevitzky Asks Leave to Shift the Final Symphony Concert, and Agrees to a Second Performance of Brahms's Requiem.**

**DURING** May and June, the height of the season in Paris and in London, Mr. Koussevitzky has engagements to keep—for a short series of his own concerts on the French side of the Channel; for concerts as guest-conductor on the English. To meet them, he must take ship from New York on Saturday, May 2. That he may do so, the final Symphony Concert in Boston has been shifted from the evening of that day to the preceding Friday evening, May 1, when the rites of leave-taking may be celebrated as appropriately and exuberantly. Subscribers are politely requested to note—and condone—the change. The *matinée* of Friday, May 1, stands unaltered. Upon two Symphony Concerts in eight hours will Mr. Koussevitzky wreak himself.

The conductor has also agreed to lead through a second performance of Brahms's Requiem by Dr. Davison's Harvard-Radcliffe Choirs and the Symphony Orchestra. Tickets for the first, on Thursday evening, April 16, have been unobtainable for days. Tickets for the second, on the following evening, Friday, April 17, may now be had by prompt application. Seemingly, the public is as keen for Brahms's threnody as it was last spring for Beethoven's Choral Symphony, via the University and Symphony Hall. Again will Mr. Koussevitzky do a double day's work, with Strauss's "Heldenleben" for beginning on Friday afternoon.



(Born at Pau St. Maur near Paris, April 19, 1892; now in the United States)

Mlle. Tailleferre studied music at The Paris Conservatory. In 1912, as a pupil of Henri Daller, she won a second prize for harmony; in 1913, a first prize for harmony; in 1914, as a pupil of Georges Causade, a first prize for counterpoint. She became a member of the little band of young Parisian composers known as the "Groupe des Six," being associated with Messrs. Auric, Durey, Honegger, Milhaud, Poulenc; but Henri Prunières has said that her musical tendencies were not revolutionary; that she follows in the footsteps of Fauré, Debussy, and Ravel; that she is to be commended for giving proof of "an exquisite feminine sensibility and uncommon good taste," being able to write "harmonies full of savour without outraging our ears."



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Mr. ALFRED DENIS CORTOT was born of French parents at Nyon, Switzerland, on September 26, 1877. Going at an early age with his family to Paris, he received his first pianoforte lessons from his sisters. He entered the Paris Conservatory, where he was in turn the pupil of Decombes\* and Diemer. As a pupil of the latter he was awarded the first prize for pianoforte playing in 1896. He took part in the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts, and afterwards become known throughout Europe. He has played in England, Italy, The Netherlands, Russia, Spain, Switzerland. Having been a répétiteur at Bayreuth, he staged in Paris "Dusk of the Gods." In 1904 he founded the concert society that bears his name and with it has given performances of important choral works by Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, and others, also a concert performance of "Parsifal." In 1904 he was chosen conductor of the Société Nationale; in 1907 he took charge of an advanced pianoforte class at the Paris Conservatory. Chief of the Service d'Études Artistiques du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts, he was named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1914.

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## At \$90,000

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## Bane of Fame?

Marginal Sketch of the Audience in New York for the Boston Orchestra

VISITING New York periodically, the Boston and the Philadelphia Orchestras have the misfortune to attract a host of "smart" subscribers who make life miserable for every one in their neighborhood. The boxholders at the last Philadelphia concert were bent upon making up the conversational arrears of half a lifetime, to judge from their noisy and incessant gabble. The Boston Symphony audience is almost as bad. Mr. Monteux used to rap the desk angrily in a vain attempt to get enough silence for an audible beginning. Mr. Koussevitzky merely folds his arms and waits until the old-home week celebrants have talked themselves hoarse. If this sort of thing keeps up, the humbler subscribers will have to raise a fund to provide sound-proof glass fronts for the boxes in Carnegie Hall. [Deems Taylor in The New York World]



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## Twenty-Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, at 8.15 o'clock

Bax . . . . . The Garden of Fand  
(First time at these Concerts)

Rachmaninoff . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in C minor for Pianoforte  
with Orchestra, Op. 18

- I. Moderato.
- II. Adagio sostenuto.
- III. Allegro scherzando.

Strauss . . . . . "Ein Heldenleben," ("A Hero Life"),  
Tone Poem, Op. 40

The Hero—The Hero's Adversaries—The Hero's Helpmate—  
The Hero's Battlefield—The Hero's Works of Peace—  
The Hero's Escape from the World, and the Completion.

SOLOIST  
SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn,  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk,

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Rachmaninoff

## SYMPHONY GIVES GARDEN OF FAND

Bax Composition Presented  
First Time in Boston  
at 22d Concert

PERFORMANCE IS OF  
HIGHEST STANDARD

*Herald* Apr. 18, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bax, "The Garden of Fand" (first time at these concerts); Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto, No. 2, C minor (Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist); Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

Arnold Bax is the most interesting of modern English composers because he is the most romantically poetic. Saying this, one does not forget the haunting music, dripping with melancholy, that Vaughan Williams wrote for "On Wenlock Edge," and other verses from "A Shropshire Lad," but Bax in his symphonic poems, three of which have never been played in Boston, has a higher and more sustained flight of imagination than Vaughan Williams reached in his "London" symphony.

Is Bax of Irish descent? It is certain that he has been mightily influenced by Irish legends, folk lore and the wild western coast of Eirinn. He believes in "the good people"; he has seen the hosting of the Sidhe; he has heard the piping that leads mortal men to joy or destruction.

Writing an argument for "The Garden of Fand" he first tells how the hero Cuchulain fell under the spell of the enchantress, Fand, who dwells on a mysterious island; how his wife, Emer, finally won him back to the world of deeds and battles. And then Bax tells the hearer that this music has no relation to the legend and he relates another story in which Fand, the queen of the sea, holds with her strange companions unceasing revelry on this island, fatal to those tossed by the waves upon the mysterious shore; how

voyagers, thrown there by the sea, joined, willingly or unwillingly, in the mad dance and the high feasting. Fand sings to them her intoxicating song of triumphant love. They listen and are lost forever. The sea rises, the island is overwhelmed, the victims sink to the depths, while the immortals, the waves their steeds, ride joyously and laugh at the fate of the intruders. At twilight the watery garden of Fand is no more to be seen.

Did Bax dream this tale or did he find it in some Celtic saga? It matters not. He tells it in beautiful music; music that is not fussily descriptive; music that needs no Baedeker; music that is not merely literary. Were the story not related in program notes, the music would still be enchanting by reason of its wildness, the fury following the calm, the demoniacal intensity of the revelers, the measures that prepare one for the apparition of Fand with the song that maddens with love-yearning.

And so Fand's island is like Prospero's, "Full of noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

Mr. Rachmaninoff gave a brilliant performance of his concerto, which has been played here several times, twice at least before yesterday by the composer. The concerto is melodious, at times obviously so, with themes that, in Tchaikovskian vein are now charged with the melancholy that is supposed to be peculiarly Russian, now as they were vodka-inspired. It is a concerto, which, when played as Mr. Rachmaninoff played it, with Mr. Koussevitzky accompanying him admirably, is an exciting work, that makes an instantaneous appeal to an audience. It is not necessary to inquire pryingly into the contents themselves. Mr. Rachmaninoff by his superb performance gave unalloyed pleasure.

We doubt if "Ein Heldenleben," which had not been on a Symphony program since 1910, will be ranked among Strauss's important works, though some of the sections, notably "The Hero's Escape from the World, and Conclusion," are impressive, having emotional depth, being the baring of a soul. No man is perhaps a hero to his valet; but Strauss is evidently a hero to himself. He is autobiographical in this tone poem as in his "Domestic Symphony." There is a certain presumption in asking one to hear musical descriptions of a composer's struggles, his feelings at being adversely criticised by wretched Philistines, who do not appreciate him, his sulking and withdrawal, like Achilles to his tent.



And why drag Frau Strauss into the musical story and typify her, capricious, coquettish, by whimsical measures for the violin, even if they are played as well as Mr. Burgin played them yesterday? This tone poem, in spite of the sections just referred to, might be justly entitled "A Poseur's Life," and a blustering poseur at that.

No, the great Strauss will be known by his "Till Eulenspiegel," the scene of recognition in "Elektra," and "Der Rosen-Kavaller." The performance of the orchestra throughout the concert was of the highest standard.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony, C major (K. No. 425); Prokofiev, Violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist); Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

## "HELDENLEBEN" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Strauss Tone Poem Heard, in Vivid Performance

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Richard Strauss' tone poem "Ein Heldenleben" was the chief number on yesterday's Symphony program. Koussevitzky's performance seemed quite as vivid in its way as that given here three years ago by Willem Mangelberg, to whom the music is dedicated, and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The Boston Symphony has not played this piece since 1910. It was coldly received yesterday by an audience not cordially disposed toward 20th century music.

Rachmaninoff, as soloist, gave a superb performance of his own second concerto, a performance almost eloquent enough to convince one that the music is a work of genius. The only other number on a curious and not too fortunately arranged program was Arnold Bax' "Garden of Fand," played here previously only by the Chicago Symphony, which again left little impression.

His enemies will have it that the "hero life" depicted in this tone poem "Ein Heldenleben" is that of Richard Strauss, a theory the copious quotations from Strauss' earlier music in the section describing the hero's experience of the world may or may not support. After all the scraps from "Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Don Quixote," and so on, cleverly woven into the polyphonic texture of this tone poem may merely mean that every hero has love affairs, is a bit of a buffoon,

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There is one fundamental and hopeless defect in "Ein Heldenleben," which not all Strauss' prodigious knack at every trick of the composer's trade can mask successfully—the themes are insignificant. Now there can be no great music which is not based upon one or more fine themes, bits of melody which have come to the composer by inspiration or perspiration. He may snatch these themes in full perfection out of the unknown sources of creative imagination. They may just "come to him" as we say. Or he may like Beethoven toll patiently over many revisions of his themes until what was in the first sketch a rather banal bit of tune becomes in about the seventh sketch a supreme creative achievement.

But every great composer in musical history has had this power to create melody as the first essential of his genius. Strauss has shown it in some of the themes in his earlier work, notably one in "Don Juan," and two in "Till," but his creative talent has always been puny compared to his musical craftsmanship.

"Heldenleben" is well made music of the school of Liszt and Berlioz, whose influence one feels strongly in it, more strongly than that of Wagner. But it is essentially mediocre.

Arnold Bax is an English composer nowadays taken with some seriousness by his countrymen, and even by some outside the British Isles. The three-tone poems, assorted songs, and piano pieces of his heard in Boston offer to the listener nothing beyond a pretty talent, wilful and undisciplined, for juggling chromatic harmonies, using bits of pseudo-Gaelic folk tunes and being "atmospheric" in the fashion of musical salons just before the war.

It seems preposterous to name Bax in the same breath with composers of real creative power, such as Holst and Elgar. The performance of "The Garden of Fand" was a bit heavy-handed, as though Koussevitzky were warping the fabric of the music in a vain search for profound emotionalism.

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Rachmaninoff  
Concerto No. 2 in C minor for pianoforte and orchestra  
Strauss

"Ein Heldenleben," Tone Poem op. 40

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There is much to commend in this new arrangement (which we believe has been adopted in other orchestras). The violins are now in a single group, which is altogether logical, and the violas (of heavier tone) are fully as prominent as before, in spite of the fact that the instruments are now turned away from the audience. As far as change in tone color or quality is concerned, it was hardly possible to perceive any appreciable difference. The violas may have sounded slightly more resonant in passages in which they came to the fore.

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ment of the old Celtic legend which his composition is intended to illustrate. It is fanciful, imaginative music; the music of a dreamer who nevertheless is too clever a musician to wander unduly from the subject in hand. The very brilliance of the orchestration somewhat defeats the composer's purpose, for the wealth of color ends by becoming slightly monotonous; yet as a whole the composition delights by reason of the delicacy of its workmanship, and the surety with which the composer's altogether poetical conception is realized.

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Rachmaninoff's second concerto is a brilliant show-piece for soloist and orchestra as well. In it the composer has solved a somewhat difficult problem in musical composition. It does not belong to that class of compositions in which the "piano is not treated as a solo instrument, but rather as an instrument of the orchestra," one of those compositions in which the listener observes the pianist performing feats of agility which go by altogether unheard. Nor is it an old-fashioned concerto, in which the orchestra is practically an unnecessary adjunct, save for the playing of the customary Tutti. Here both pianist and orchestra have their due share of prominence, yet each is absolutely indispensable to the other. Of the actual musical value of the contents of this concerto opinions may differ. There are pages of great beauty, as in the second movement, and again there are pages, as in the final Allegro, in which the composer piles one sonority on another with the greatest effectiveness, but in which upon sober second thought he is found to have said little of real interest.

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# ALTERED ORCHESTRA, STRAUSS FULL-LADEN, RAKHMANINOV AFRESH

VARIOUSLY GOES THE SYMPHONY  
CONCERT

*Trans. Apr. 18, 1925*  
The String Choir Re-Seated—Bax's Tone-Poem, Out of Irish Legend, for Shimmer and Fantasy—Time, Change, the Pianist and His Concerto—Again "Ein Heldenleben" Reaffirms Its Powers and Glories

SPRING restlessness is upon the conductors. They would re-seat their men. Last Tuesday at the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York, Mr. Stokowski discarded the platforms that had raised the players in the customary tiers; placed them all upon the floor of the stage in Carnegie Hall—and awaited results. To the ears of Mr. Taylor and other reviewers there was none. "The innovation," he reports, "seemed in no wise to affect either the balance or the homogeneity of sound." Yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky was also experimentally minded. To the left of the conductor, as the bystander faced the stage, was now arrayed the whole body of violins, firsts and seconds side by side from the edge of the platform inwards. To the right of the conductor sat the violas; beyond and above them the violoncellos and the harps. Of the whole string-choir only the basses kept accustomed place—to the left against the wall. Wood-winds, brass and percussion were likewise at the usual posts.

Again there is no distinctive change to report in the tonal mass. Possibly, the coagulated violins sounded more compactly, resonantly, homogeneously; but only the keenest ears might discover the betterment even in so adeptly scored a music as "Ein Heldenleben." The clearer gain was the economized command of the conductor over the string choir. To signal the violins, he had no longer to swing from left to right and back again; while with a single gesture he gave cue to violas and violoncellos. Years ago, Sir Henry Wood so re-seated the strings of the Queen's Hall Orchestra in London, with little more audible result. None the less Mr. Koussevitzky's change was interesting. An innovating conductor is the best of all conductors

at such an institution as the Symphony Concerts. Besides, the re-ordered orchestra was matter for gossip in the intermission.

In retrospect, the first half of the concert seems but a clearing of the ground for the revival of Strauss's tone-poem. A fortnight from the close of the season Mr. Koussevitzky has taken thought of the new generation of British composers. Hitherto he has given them only a side-glance when, at the suggestion of Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison he made room last autumn for Mr. Bliss's rough-tongued Concerto for Two Pianos. Yesterday his own choice lighted upon a tone-poem by Mr. Bax, "The Garden of Fand," first played in Boston four years ago by Mr. Stock and the Chicago Orchestra en voyage; nearly lost in the shuffle of a program that began with a Symphony of Rakhmaninov and ended with the Prelude to "Tristan." Like many another piece by Mr. Bax, the new tone-poem was born of old Irish legend; swims in the "Celtic haze." This time, however, the haze is less misty than sunlit.

Mr. Bax has dwelt in these western isles and seen the Atlantic when it is a wondrous ocean from Donegal to Skye, from Skye to the northernmost Hebrides. He has looked upon it rain-torn and gale-swept; lapping and leaden under stilled winds and drooping mists. He has known it also in summer breeze and sunshine, myriad-rippled, cupped by the brown cliffs and hillsides, canopied by a heaven as radiant as itself. Upon these wavelets of June, Mr. Bax launches his ship of ancient tale, his music of modern voice. Into the sunset they sail, and sailing, debark upon an isle that is like no land of mortals. There the Lady Fand sings her song of uncanny enticement. There she and her women weave through wanton dances, strange to see and know. Snared of feast and revel and delight are the sons of men—until a great wave comes and the laughter of the immortals is mocking coronach to the dead upon the waters. As in sleep-chasings pass these things, and again it is sunset upon an amethystine sea.

Through this lambent air, through these trailing clouds of fable, Mr. Bax leads his tone-poem; while beneath the sheen and the fantasy, it remains a well-knit, well-favored, self-contained music. The outlines stand clear; from measure to measure unfolds the thematic, the melodic, progress. There is form for frame to color; body as well as glamour. Less diffuse and rambling than in many another piece seems the composer's hand; while it keeps imagination, skill, a shimmering subtlety with harmonies and timbres. Motion and glow fill the sea-picture. If the hearer by chance has known this western ocean, it

brings the heart with longing. The songs and the dances of this Celtic Shalot are as vividly and poignantly imagined. If the listener's mind harks back to Griffes's "Kubla Khan," he may stir with a pardonable pride over an American's music of enchantment. As through the haze of dream befalls the catastrophe. Behind the delicate-fingered, tender-ancied Bax keeps all the music. The sea-lecture glimmers and fades. Gone are these wraiths upon rippled waters. A finely touched poet is Arnold Bax. Not words, but tones, are his winged and wistful speech. To excess, he loves their motion and glamour. Fluid is he and fertile. Beside his book of Celtic legends may also be his volume of Shelley.

Time has not been kind to Mr. Rakhmaninov's Second Concerto in C minor, for Pianoforte with Orchestra, now nearly a quarter-century old. However it may have sounded when he and other pianists were playing it plenteously, it has dwindled into a well-made, conventional, obvious music, saying the expected thing at the foreseen moment in the anticipated way. A displayful Allegro Scherzando ends it. Babes and sucklings of the twentieth-century concert-hall may almost foretell when the songful measures will interrupt the ornate "passage-work"; recapitulate melody; give place to the exercises of virtuosity, swirling at last to climax. The Adagio Sostenuto sings a pretty planistic song, set in gentle euphonies from the orchestra, bidding the pianist to suave touch and unruffled voice. Workaday fancy, not imagination delving to beauty, invents and conducts it. Patiently ear and mind follow the first movement. The large lines, the broad flow, of the workmanship hold them to the end; but workmanship the music remains. There is no spur to the listener's thought, no filip to his feeling.

Mr. Rakhmaninov as composer has the knack of making the commonplace seem interesting, the platitudinous sound impressive. Tenfold, as pianist, he multiplies these serviceable powers. Fancy this Concerto played by a roly-poly virtuoso with a smiling mask. It would hardly prevail as it does when the composer himself, massive, sombre and austere, looms above it. With the little grinning fellow, it might even be discovered for the bourgeois music that it really is. The portentous pianist, however, has laid vast hold upon the average American imagination. Upon it, as well as upon the piano, does he also play. It loves "front," besides, and with that useful surface Mr. Rakhmaninov's symphonic music is thickly coated. Four times, was it, that the audience yesterday recalled him? Blessed be the obvious. "It gets there all the same."

Upon the echos of Rakhmaninov across a prolonged intermission sounded the sonarities of Strauss—Strauss of "Ein Heldenleben"; Strauss the imaginer of The Hero's theme, one of the great themes of music to stand beside Beethoven's at the outset of the Fifth Symphony or Chalkovsky's in the first movement of the Concerto in B-flat minor; Strauss of a love-music that is the ecstasy of tones, of the striding, clanging battle-piece, the brooding hush, the calm beatified, upon The Hero's Works of Peace; the exaltation and the splendors of the close. Time and again in the long course of the tone-poem, the Strauss that scales to greatness speaks or sings. In characterizing power and graphic fecundity the theme of The Hero outdoes even the measures flinging Don Juan upon the stage of music and imagination. The "love-scene" that pulses and glows across the "Sinfonia Domestica," slows and pales beside the incandescent rapture of Hero and Helpmate embraced. From the youthful tumults of "Til Eulenspiegel" Strauss goes forward to the far-spreading battle-fresco of "Ein Heldenleben." The trumpets of "Zarathustra" do not deeper rend the skies. Nowhere else does he sound the deep serenities of these Works of Peace: while upon the tones creep the shadows of twilight. Even the dance in "Zarathustra" knows not these tender felicities. The close of "Don Quixote" gains a more piercing beauty; the climax of "Death and Transfiguration" more sweeps and swells; but the end of "Ein Heldenleben" touches plangent majesty. To the heavens upon its own pinions in its ultimate glories, mounts the Hero-Theme. Commanded they open; in celestial calm the music dies. Nowhere has Strauss better sustained a vast and inwrought design; or worked such wonders of polyphony; so arrayed his power and passion of diatonic song. The works of prime, full fraught and full furnished, are "Ein Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote"—Strauss at acme before music-drama entered in and possessed him.

Descents there are, but descents that pass in performance and leave but trace in aftermath. The malign music of The Adversaries is losing edge and temper; tends to become, with the clouding years, no more than acrid exercise in instrumental virtuosity. Possibly, the tantalizing Helpmate coquets too long upon the solo-violin, since responsive imaginations do not always team to the lengthier Strauss. No doubt there is a deal of "paper-music" in the quotations from the earlier tone-poems among the Works of Peace—music that, in the give-and-take of the concert-hall, sounds only for itself, with little or none of this under-suggestion. It was an error of taste, a warp of imagination, in Strauss so to identify himself with The Hero, even for



the rest of these prodigies of polyphony. A little the music slackens before it rises at the end out of meditation into majesty. The modernists ply gleefully these weapons of detraction. From Strauss they are in the full tide of scornful reaction. Their merits, which are signal, are not his. Alien to them, professing and practising another gospel, are his attributes of greatness. Yet upon "Till" and "Don Juan," upon "Ein Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote" they flail their fists in vain.

As the event unexpectedly proved, Mr. Koussevitzky did not deepen glories, extenuate errors, cloak shortcomings. He approached "Ein Heldenleben" in April as he had approached "The Rite of Spring" in December—bent upon an over-lyrical, over-softened, appreciably sentimentalized performance. Beauty he courted at the expense of power; less searched than smoothed the music. Within memory the Hero-Theme was more vividly and vigorously outflung upon Bostonian ears. The Adversaries snarled more menacingly. (Mr. Koussevitzky, as it seemed, would have them stupid rather than sinister.) The Love-Scene beat higher with stark passion, by sentiment unalloyed. The battle-piece more clamored and strode the racked or triumphant air. Only in the serenities of the Works of Peace and the sublimities of the end did Mr. Koussevitzky rise to the full height of Strauss's "great argument." Little, relatively, did these shortcomings mar or cloud. "Ein Heldenleben," like "Le Sacre," is composers—not conductors'—music.

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Yesterday the Symphony Orchestra presented itself in a new arrangement the violas sitting where the second violins were wont to be placed, the cellos filling the old position of the violas and the second violins replacing the cellos beside the first violins. The harps were placed on the opposite side from their usual place. Whatever Mr. Koussevitzky's exact purpose in this re-ordering, there is this to be said of the result: that yesterday the orchestra sounded superbly, with an unusual richness of tone and with admirable balance.

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## Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, at 8.15 o'clock

Wagner . . . Siegfried's Funeral Music from "Götterdämmerung"  
 Played in memory of JOHN SINGER SARGENT, January 12, 1856—April 15, 1925

Schubert . . . . . Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5  
 I. Allegro.  
 II. Andante con moto.  
 III. Menuetto: Allegro molto; Trio.  
 IV. Allegro vivace.

Prokofieff . . . . . Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 19  
 (First time in America)  
 I. Andantino.  
 II. Scherzo.  
 III. Moderato.

Loeffler . . . . . Poem, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine)

Wagner . . . . . Overture to "Tannhäuser"

SOLOIST

RICHARD BURGIN

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.— Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
 Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





**RICHARD  
BURGIN**

## 23D SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Program Includes Works  
by Schubert, Loeffler,  
Prokofieff, Wagner

### WARM TRIBUTE PAID TO SARGENT, ARTIST

*Herald*

*Apr. 25, 1925*

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. At the beginning the orchestra, standing, played Siegfried's Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods" in memory of John Singer Sargent. The audience stood during the performance.

The program was as follows: Schubert, Symphony, B flat major, No. 5; Prokofieff, Violin Concerto (first time in America); Loeffler, Poem, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Mozart's Symphony in C major (K. 425) had been announced and notes about it were in the program book. As the book was in the press it was too late to substitute notes for Schubert's Symphony. Why the change was made is a question answered only by "So the conductor wished." Schubert's Symphony No. 5 is not unknown here. It was played from manuscript under Mr. Henschel's leadership in 1883. When it was performed at a Symphony concert in 1908, it was thought that it would be entombed, never to be exhumed again. Some have thought that the music was composed for a little orchestra, a private musical society that grew out of the concerts, at first chiefly of quartet music, given in the house of Schubert's father. The score calls only for a flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns and strings. Writing the symphony, Schubert had the music of Haydn and Mozart in his head, but not the music of their high estate. Occasionally there are hints at the Schubert to be: in this or that melodic figure; in a few modulations not common in the Vienna of

1816; and, alas, in the prolixity. Yesterday the audience was apparently in thankful mood, but when the symphony was played in 1873 at the Crystal Palace, a contemporary critic wrote: "The audience listened with very few signs of lively interest and applauded very slightly."

There are still in Boston men and women who believe in the plenary inspiration of the long-acknowledged great composers. To these believers the name "Schubert" was enough; anything signed by him must be good. And so there was clapping of hands, the customary, yet barbaric, manner of showing rapturous enjoyment.

These believers probably looked with dread on the production of Prokofieff's violin concerto. "Prokofieff"! Any man with a name like that must be a terrible, a dangerous fellow, given to nerve-rasping dissonances, moanings, shrieks, squeals, squeaks and grunts. But, lo, this concerto turned out to be a delightful work, as delightful as it is unusual and individual. Violin concertos in orthodox form are too often boresome. Even those by Beethoven and Brahms are distressingly long-winded, with pages of irritating repetition and yawn-compelling padding. The majority of these concertos should be put in a duck-press before serving. Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole is an exception, as Hans von Buelow remarked long ago when he freed his mind about Max Bruch and thus annoyed many respectable persons who were "fond of music."

Prokofieff's concerto is not too deliberately unusual. It is free and unconfined, but not laboriously so; not from any want of technical skill in the composition. It abounds in ideas, in turn beautiful and joyously humorous. The treatment of these ideas for solo violin and orchestra is as refreshingly interesting as it is original. The "accompaniment" is more than an "accompaniment" in the common meaning of the word; it is symphonic; masterly in itself. There are charming effects of color, surprising but not extravagant; the unexpected is a fresh fascination. The effects in the whole work are gained with such audacious simplicity! Mr. Burgin played superbly and Mr. Koussevitzky reveled in the brilliance of the orchestral performance.

Mr. Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" is justly called a "poem." There are symphonic poems that are pedestrian prose. Mr. Loeffler's is shot through with beauty; there is the enthusiasm, the exuberance of romantic feeling; not only Verlaine's break of day, but the dawn and the flush of amorous ecstasy. And so Verlaine's adorable little idyl becomes in music a sonorous, eloquent, long-sustained chant of passion. The audience was quick to appreciate the music itself and the character of the performance. Mr. Loeffler was summoned to the platform.



An impressive interpretation of Wagner's overture brought the end. In the final measures Mr. Koussevitzky followed the example of certain conductors and laid great stress on the inner voices for horns. Ah, the walls of Jericho! But those of Symphony hall are stoutly built; the statues in the niches were unshaken; great was the joy of the hearers, as always when there is a thunderous musical speech.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week Friday afternoon and evening (for the customary Saturday night concert will take place in the night before) will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, and Siloti's arrangement for strings of the Adagio's from the Organ, Toccata in C major; Scriabin, "Prometheus," Debussy, nocturnes; "Clouds" and "Festivals;" Borodin, Dances, with Chorus, from "Prince Izar."

## SYMPHONY IN TRIBUTE TO SARGENT

Mr. Burgin Soloist in  
Prokofiev's Con-  
certo

Past — Apr. 25, 1925

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A ceremony in one respect unusual and in every respect impressive prefaced the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon.

As memorial tribute to the late John Singer Sargent, Mr. Koussevitzky has placed at the head of this week's programme the Funeral Music of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung" and, unexpectedly but appropriately

and effectively, this music was played by a standing orchestra and heard by an audience also risen to its feet.

### MR. BURGIN'S ARTISTRY

For no sooner had the orchestra stood—save for the players upon the violoncellos and the harps who, for very practical reasons, remained in their seats—than the audience followed suit. And, keeping unbroken the ceremonial spell, for the first time within memory at the Symphony Concerts this memorial exercise was unmarred by the applause of any thoughtless or unobservant individual who had assumed the music to be part of the day's entertainment.

Once the concert proper had begun, however, the afternoon was marked by an enthusiasm on the part of the audience, unusual even for this season, wherein the staid Friday subscribers have developed a new responsiveness to music and conductor. To be sure, the Symphony of Schubert, in B-flat major, No. 5, that replaced the Symphony of Mozart, originally announced, was received with no uncommon degree of acclaim, although it was warmly enough applauded.

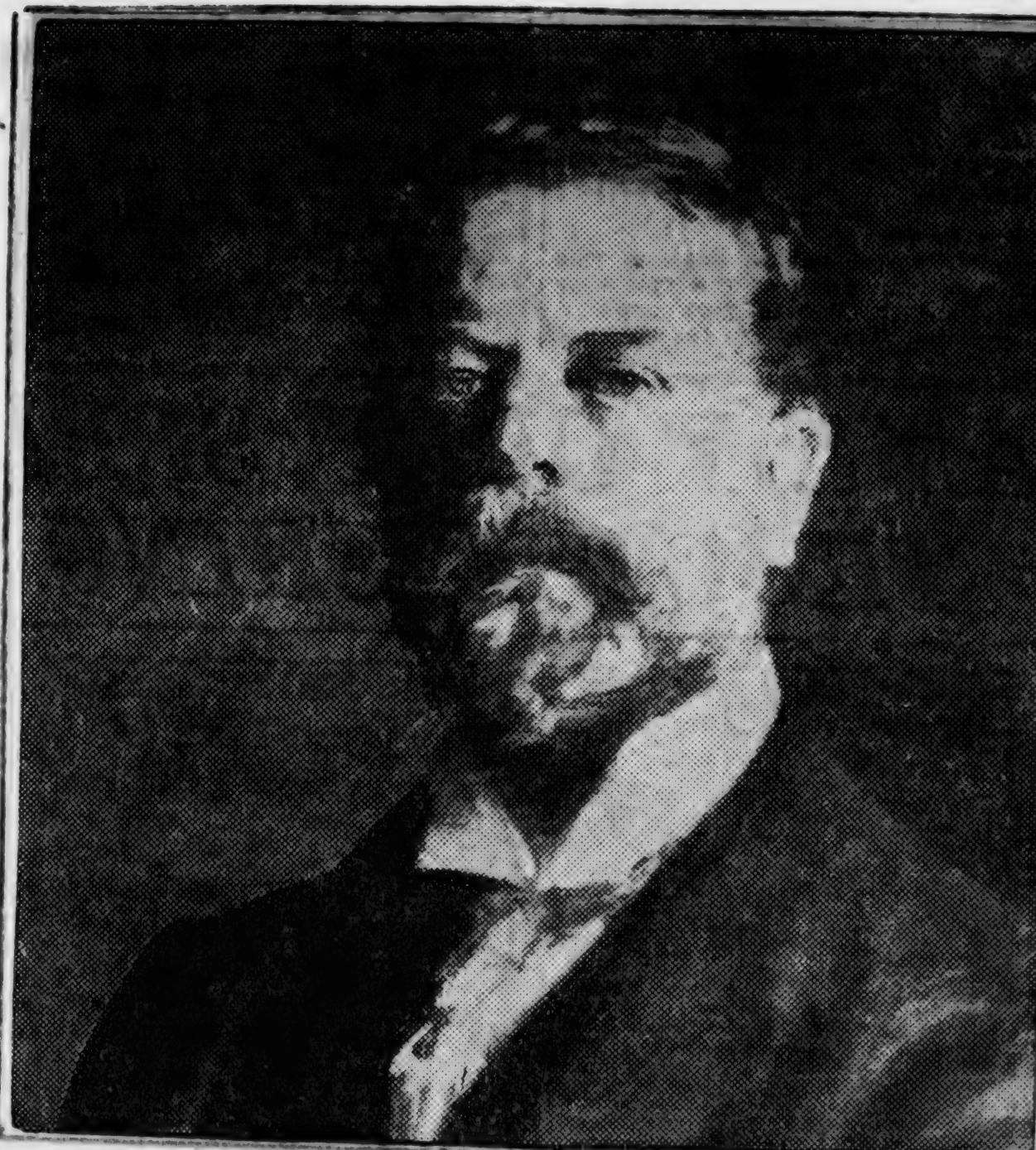
### Tribute to Mr. Loeffler

But Mr. Burgin, both at his appearance upon the platform and at the conclusion of his performance of Prokofiev's enormously difficult Violin Concerto, was applauded with unmistakable heartiness; Mr. Loeffler, summoned to the stage after the performance of his tone-poem, "La Bonne Chanson," was no less cordially received; and the Overture to "Tannhäuser," which brought the concert to a sonorous close, provoked, as it did at last Sunday's Pension Fund Concert, a veritable storm of applause.

Revived by Dr. Muck, several seasons ago, this little-known Symphony of Schubert seemed at that time hardly worth the trouble of the resurrecting. Whether Mr. Koussevitzky has made judicious cuts or whether his tempi were more happily chosen, the piece made yesterday a by no means unagreeable impression, though it were idle to claim for it an important place among Schubert's compositions.

### Concerto 10 Years Old

The subject of much comment since its first performance in Paris under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky in the autumn of 1923, Prokofiev's Concerto is actually no new work. Indeed it was at that time already 10 years



Portrait of John Singer Sargent, Painted by Himself, the Endless Work of Which Baffled Him as No Other of His Paintings Did. It Afterward Tended to Make Him Loathe All Portrait Painting.

old. And while it is in many respects a striking and individual achievement, the Concerto is singularly free from that harmonic audacity which we now associate with the name of Prokofiev.

The Concerto runs in three movements, of which the first seems the least consequential; the second is fleet and fanciful, the last unaffectedly melodious. Music bristling with difficulties of every sort, it was played in masterly fashion by Mr. Burgin, who this season, both as concertmaster and as assisting artist, has proved himself more than ever before a most valuable member of the orchestra.

### The Loeffler Music

Played by the Symphony Orchestra in 1902 and in 1903, subsequently revised, and in its later form twice heard

under Mr. Monteux, Mr. Loeffler's Poem for Orchestra, as it was originally called, is a richly textured, adroitly fashioned music, that yet fails to establish itself as of equal rank with that composer's "La Mort de Tannhäuser" and "A Pagan Poem." Mr. Loeffler seems here as one who speaks with consummate polish and address, but who has no new and vital thought to communicate.

From Wagner to Wagner, through Schubert, Prokofiev and Loeffler, the concert of yesterday was one of continuously brilliant orchestral playing, confirming yet again the present high estate of the band and once more disclosing Mr. Koussevitzky's versatility, his sympathy with music of many and widely varying styles.



## FUNERAL MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Impressive Tribute to John  
Singer Sargent

*Globe* — April 25, 1925

Siegfried's Funeral Music, from Wagner's "Goetterdämmerung," was played at the beginning of yesterday's Symphony concert, in memory of John Singer Sargent. The orchestra rose to its feet as Koussevitzky came on the stage. After a moment of hesitation the audience also rose, something that has not happened on other occasions when commemorative music has been heard at these concerts.

The dead painter, who cared greatly for music, would perhaps have thought this superb performance of the greatest music Wagner wrote a tribute more splendid than any of the others now being paid his memory all over the world, a tribute even finer than the services in Westminster Abbey. The audience seemed deeply moved. At the end nobody stirred for a moment, and, for the first time on such an occasion, there were no applauders. Very rarely is a public tribute to the memory of a great man so dignified and so heart-felt.

The concert ended with Wagner, as it had begun with his music. Koussevitzky's performance of the "Tannhäuser" overture is one of the most superb things he has done here. So to transfigure music as familiar as this that the listener finds it full of new meaning is an achievement. Koussevitzky emphasizes the dramatic values in the overture, brings out the significance of each theme in terms of the operative situations it accompanies.

One saw the pilgrims marching past, Tannhäuser singing his hymn to Venus and the rest of the pictures Wagner must have seen in his mind's eye far better from this illuminating performance in a concert hall than one has yet seen them in an opera house.

Prokofiev's violin concerto, played for the first time in America with Richard Burgin as soloist, is a clever youthful work, giving little indication of real originality but admirably calculated to sound daring in 1913, when it was written. As the work of a boy of 22 it shows promise, but one would have preferred to hear another work from the composer's present maturity. Or is Prokofiev another of the geniuses who has entered his 30s leaving a great future behind him?

Until Boston hears more of his music it would be rash to attempt to put him in his proper place. Mr Burgin played this very exacting music with a skill that was wholly admirable. He has not hitherto done any solo work so well as this here, except in some incidental solos in numbers which for program purposes are purely orchestral.

An early symphony by Schubert, his

fifth in B flat major, substituted for the announced Mozart, proved in places curiously Mozartian. The first theme of the first allegro made one wonder whether after all Koussevitzky was not giving us Mozart, but in later passages the Beethovenish final cadences and the Schubertian shifts from major to minor showed the youthful composer playing the not too sedulous ape to others in alternation with attempts to develop his own style. This music was more than a mere historical curiosity. One wondered if after a century Prokofiev's music will sound as spirited and as charming as most of this.

Charles Martin Loeffler was very warmly applauded after the orchestra played his familiar symphonic poem "La Bonne Chanson." Mr Koussevitzky summoned him by a wave of the hand from his place in the balcony right to the stage. The conductor brought out as his predecessors have not done the intensity, the Wagnerian romanticism refined by French good taste, of this music. As with the music of Ravel and of Debussy Mr Koussevitzky finds in Loeffler's work depths of emotion beneath the carefully polished surfaces, the stylistic delicacies.

He brushes aside what may after all be a merely superficial reticence to show in the work of these Frenchmen (and musically speaking Mr Loeffler is French) something of the half-morbid passion of Tchaikovsky.

Next week the evening concert will by exception be given on Friday in order that Mr Koussevitzky may sail a day earlier for important European engagements. Skriabin's "Prometheus" and other music recently heard and liked fill the next program with repetitions.

P. R.

## MANY PAY TRIBUTE TO JOHN S. SARGENT

LONDON, April 24—Memorial services of a simple but impressive character were conducted at Westminster Abbey this afternoon for John Singer Sargent, the famous American artist who died at his home here on April 15.

The congregation was composed largely of members of the profession of which Sargent was a member. Many American admirers of the artist were present.

## MASS CELEBRATED HERE AT TIME OF SERVICES

A solemn requiem mass was celebrated at the Church of St John the Evangelist, Bowdoin st. yesterday for John Singer Sargent, the painter. Rev Fr W. C. Turney, S. S. J. S., was the celebrant; Rev M. E. Doorley was the deacon and Brother William Richard was subdeacon.

The service was held at approximately the same hour when dignitaries of the church and State and associates in his profession were honoring the painter in Westminster Abbey, London.

## DAY OF INCIDENT, DAY OF PLAUDITS, DAY OF PROKOVIEV

*Trans.* — April 25, 1925  
THE MANY SIDES OF A SYMPHONY  
CONCERT

Sargent Commemorated—Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Burgin Applauded—Shouts for an Overture Magnified—Schubert for Dullness—The Strange New Magic of the Russian's Violin-Concerto

THE WORLD do move." At last a memorial piece has been played at a Symphony Concert without a hand-clap for ill-timed sequence. Such commemorations by music more abounded in Mr. Higginson's day, and almost invariably ended in a patter of applause for piece and performance. Under the succeeding trustees they have been rarer, prudently reserved for memories both illustrious and familiar. Listeners have better understood; while in the present instance of Mr. Sargent, the painter, they needed no prompting. In the auditorium yesterday the only flaw upon ceremonial was the disposition of some to rise and of others to remain seated. In a sense, Mr. Koussevitzky gave cue, when he set the orchestra on its feet at the beginning of the memorial piece; but for two years past the public of Symphony Hall has not been of one mind as to these up-standings "of homage." With a Sargent-like independence, each hearer now chose his own posture.

Once more, however, as the music for the dead Siegfried sounded from the stage, there was reason to regret the lack of memorial pieces in current orchestral repertoires. The second movement of Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" is too long a preface to a concert; Mozart's "Masonic Mourning Music" has passed out of the fashion; Theodore Thomas's plan-gent arrangement of the Funeral March from Chopin's Piano-Sonata is well nigh forgotten. Not many of the dead warrant Wagner's mighty clamors across the darkening doom of the Teuton gods; while for not a few of the living the music bears insistent connotations. There pass the Volsungs longing and fated; Siegmund's sword flashes; Siegfried's horn sounds; to Brünnhilde's rock he mounts—and death is swallowed up in victory. Pagan pages, besides, is this glorification of Siegfried the Hero, last of

Wotan's line. The summer-leisure of conductors draws near. They might advisedly ponder funeral-musics.

Commemorations passed, the warmth of applause, as the concert went forward, was both unusual and deserved. Mr. Richard Burgin is the vallant concert-master of the orchestra. From the first desk of the violins it is his habit both to steady and to spur the string choir. On either score few of his predecessors matched him. He excels, likewise in incidental solo-measures, as when a week ago he was voice to the Hero's evasive Helpmate in Strauss's tone-poem. Yet an appreciating audience may single him out for reward only when he plays the solo-part in a Concerto. Last season, he put by the opportunity. Yesterday, he rose to it in the new and exacting music of Prokofiev. At every pause, and thrice and four times at the close, the audience clapped him; his mates of the orchestra joined their plaudits; the conductor warmly shook his hand. Such applause for such work is heart-warming. . . . Again, at the end of Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, "La Bonne Chanson," the hall rang with an unmistakable call for the composer. Contrary to his custom, he left his seat in the balcony; came upon the stage; was clapped there to the echo; almost embraced by the fervent conductor. As though all this were not enough for one afternoon, actual shouts acclaimed the playing of the Overture to "Tannhäuser." By a universal thrill, the performance was set instantan among Mr. Koussevitzky's masterly and magniloquent works.

Even here, the memoranda of the day may not end. For a quarter of a century Mr. Georges Longy has sat in the orchestra as first oboe. Yesterday, sitting in the auditorium, he was listener to it for the first time. He craved the opportunity before he retires at the end of next week, departing to France. With Mr. Speyer in his stead in the wind-choir, he received it. To record his sensations would be interesting. . . . Finally, a consequence or two of the new reseating of the violins stood clear. Their massed voices do gain in sonority and incisiveness when a Wagner or a Loeffler drives them firm and full and hard; while the sight of thirty-two unified and sweeping bows impresses both the seeing and the imagining eye.

There was also music—of a persistent, penetrating dullness in Schubert's Symphony in B-flat major; of a romantic spirit and a masterly hand in Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem; of an ancient and hackneyed eloquence, suddenly become new, strange and all-compelling in the Overture to "Tannhäuser." Seemingly, this early Symphony of Schubert has an unaccountable fascination for conductors. Sir Georg Henschel had not long led the orchestra in the eighties before he thrust it into the repertory. With him, it perished, until Dr.



Muck revived it in 1908—to a boredom that more than one listener recalled when Mr. Koussevitzky substituted it for the announced Symphony of Mozart. Through half the season—the gossip said—he had been lusting to play it. Yet not a whit did he lessen the blank tedium, the hollow emptiness, to an audience of 1925. Rather, he multiplied both, when he took the slow division, in itself long-drawn, at a bedraggling and sentimentalizing pace. Faithfully, Schubert follows the “best models” in his Vienna at the turn of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century. He works out the forms; he fills them to the brim with notes; prattles at his studious task; plays about in an innocent system of tuneful mathematics. Though the interval was brief, his affluence of instrumental melody, his exhaustless and spontaneous musical invention, the radiance, the charm, the passion and the pain of him, were all to come. Schubert of this Symphony in B-flat is only workaday (but tireless) music-maker according to a formula. As it happened the foreseeing program-book contained two entertaining essays. For almost the first time in the long course of twenty-three concerts, some listened, while others read.

Nor is Mr. Loeffler's “Bonne Chanson” among the more characteristic and possessing of his symphonic pieces. Into music he would translate the moods and the motion of a poem by Verlaine, “Avant que tu ne t'en ailles”—verse of dewy freshness and loveliness, shimmering with the imagery of morning, stayed or spurred from suspension through suspension to expansive climax. The poet evokes sounds, sights, glints of dawn. They are counterpart to the evoking of his mistress still in sleep. Upon her, upon him, upon all the earth, breaks the golden day. Like the poet, Mr. Loeffler builds his music upon a single theme. Like the poetry, the music quickens, deepens, presses upward and forward. As Verlaine alternates his images of affection with his images of earth, so Mr. Loeffler contrives variants to his tonal progress. The scheme is the device of a poetically minded composer; the invention and workmanship, of a composer musically resourceful as well. The shortcoming seems to be a pursuit of recurring sonorities, an eagerness to match the poet's ardors with an equal propulsive power.

Now Mr. Loeffler up-piling tonal masses, driving hither, expanding thither, mounting yet again, is no more than admirable and effective composer. The Loeffler of poetized perception, super-sensitive play of mood, subtlety of means, rarefied or intensified imagination, sounds only in the details of “La Bonne Chanson”—a modulation here, a transition there, a sudden suffusion of harmonic and instrumental coloring. They tingle upon the waiting ear, warm the prepared spirit

—but the commerce of the concert-room is give and take, swiftly. Once the sonorities are in motion, they will gain the upper hand. . . . And there were enough of them in Mr. Koussevitzky's version of the Overture to “Tannhäuser.” He hymned the unfolding Pilgrims' Chorus; heated the Venusberg music into obsession. The revels steamed, writhed, bit, pierced by the clarinet's song to the goddess. Upon them crept, flooded, surged the returning chorus. Epical, universal, of all the sensuality and all the spirituality in us men, became this romantical Wagner, busy with his preluding to “Tannhäuser und der Sängerkrieg auf Wartburg.” These parts and times have hardly heard such an exaltation of the music.

Yet the revelation of the day remained Prokofiev's Concerto for Violin. For he has done the miracle—written a music that sounds like no other in the kind, revitalizing a withered form, pursuing, and sometimes capturing, a fitful, evasive beauty; gaining new and strange sonorities, restless again but also magical. The attendant orchestra no more than pairs the wood-winds and trumpets; few and sparingly used are the instruments of percussion. The part for the solo-violin is abrupt, changeful, exacting, hard to keep in mind and at the fingers' ends, rather than of superlative difficulty. To a movement Andantino succeeds a Scherzo; to the Scherzo, a movement Moderato. All three are relatively brief, all three are spare-bodied and low-voiced. In the upper tones the violin remains persistently. Yet they are seldom sharp-edged, thin or shrill. Time and again, Prokofiev (and Mr. Burgin) win them to a soft brightness, a singular and penetrating bitter-sweetness. Low-scaled and as gently colored is the orchestral background. Often it has a silvery sheen across which threads the violin, warmer or deeper tinted. There are euphonies, there are dissonances, both hushed rather than outspoken. And new lustres, again gently blended or contrasted. The formal progress avoids the academic orthodoxies; the routinized mechanics. Yet in a short-breathed and inconstant music, there is discoverable symphonic web.

More to the point is the impression upon the waiting ear and the answering imagination. It is keenest in the Scherzo, where the violin tosses about glints and flocks of sound; whirrs above the murmuring orchestra; flings this way and that as in a game of fancies and dexterities. The lightness, sportiveness, readiness of it all fascinate. Here is music softly scintillant, gay with its own motion, teasingly wayward. The Finale speaks in deeper sensibility and warmer voice. There are restless measures, abruptly shifting between violin and orchestra, and back again. By some urgency of mood, they concentrate into briefly sustained song; dissolve and fly

apart anew; while through them seems to run a strange and singular beauty, glimpsed, evasive, tempting, never quite ensnared. The first movement is yet more broken. Like the dove from the ark, nowhere does it find a resting place. The matter is ever in motion and ever in solution. There is no substance to hold the mind; but a rare and curious play of these new lustres of high tone, this low-voiced and insinuating bitter-sweetness—all in incessant mutability. The spell of wandering and change haunts the music, haunts the hearer.

Writing a Concerto for Violin neither Prokofiev's hand nor Prokofiev's imagination is like those of other composers—modernists included. He piles his own magic, follows his own gleam. Faithful to him, Mr. Burgin excelled himself. No large sonorities overtaxed his tone; no brilliancies over-sharpened it; no urgency of mood overdrove it. The soft brightness, the gentle glint, the changeful outline, the evasive moods, the flitting artifice lay all within his powers. Upon him and upon one and another in the audience, Prokofiev also conjured.

H. T. P.

## Prokofieff Violin Concerto in Boston

*Monitor* — Apr. 25, 1925  
THE program of the twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Schubert—Symphony in B flat major No. 5  
Prokofieff—Concerto for violin and orchestra op. 19  
Loeffler—Poem, “La Bonne Chanson” (after Verlaine)  
Wagner—Overture to “Tannhäuser”

Richard Burgin, the concertmaster of the orchestra, was the violinist.

Preceding this program, Siegfried's Funeral Music from “Götterdämmerung” was played in memory of John Singer Sargent. Following the example of the orchestra, the audience remained standing in respectful attention during the playing of this music, and, for once within recollection, a memorial piece was not received with incongruous applause.

Of prime importance was the Concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff, which was played for the first time in America. It runs in three divisions. The first, an Andantino, is relieved in its middle portion by a movement of quicker pace; the second is a capricious, often grotesque, Scherzo, and the third a more pensive Moderato. Of these three movements the first two are the most

engaging. In them there is no lack of melody, even tunes. There is no straining for effect. All flows smoothly and naturally, and for those who are not predisposed to judge the work harshly because it is music of our own time, there is much in it to admire.

### Solo Part Grateful

The solo instrument has many grateful and effective passages allotted to it, and these passages are an intrinsic part of the composition and never partake of the character of ornamentation introduced for the mere purpose of display. Only in the latter part of the third movement does the composer's inventive power fail somewhat. Here there is a long section, based mainly on the chromatic scale, which is somewhat obvious, and at last becomes monotonous. But the Scherzo is wholly to be admired. It is imaginative music, of eerie quality, most cleverly constructed and orchestrated.

This concerto as a whole may not be an epoch-making work, and, although its composer's avowed aim in his music is to be original, it may not be altogether free from the influence of his contemporaries; yet it must be admitted that it is exceedingly clear in conception and execution and suffers not at all from that vague and experimental, even fragmentary style to be found in many a modern work. The composer's purpose is readily understood and his master, of technic and complete control and understanding of his material is easily recognizable.

### Mr. Burgin's Achievement

Mr. Burgin's performance yesterday was a milestone in his artistic progress. He has never played here with more sympathetic understanding, with a more poetic conception, with a greater command, both of himself and his instrument. He performed his difficult task with a remarkable sureness and he deserves every praise for the outstanding excellence of his achievement.

Loeffler's “La Bonne Chanson” is familiar music, yet yesterday's interpretation of it was unusual. It has never been played here before with such warmth or passion. As Mr. Koussevitzky played it, it became almost Italianate. Is this the true character of Mr. Loeffler's music? Did it not lose somewhat in imaginative suggestiveness by this heavily underscored and italicized interpre-



ation? But Mr. Koussevitzky is lights in emphasis and who shall say him nay? In any event the audience was mightily pleased.

And pleased as well was it with the "Tannhäuser" Overture. Here Mr. Koussevitzky found ample opportunity for those methods of interpretation which are peculiarly his own. Some may venture to say that the Pilgrim's Song was taken at an uncomfortably slow pace; in fact, that it almost became a drawl. Again, others may venture the remark that the ending was unduly forced, that a more restrained reading might have produced an equally brilliant result with less forcing of tone, particularly on the part of the brass!

Mr. Georges Longy, the first oboist, who will retire at the end of this season after 27 years of service with the orchestra, did not occupy his accustomed place yesterday afternoon. Instead, he was seated among the audience that he might enjoy the orchestra as a listener, which he has not been able to do during all the time of his association with it. But yesterday afternoon Mr. Longy unfortunately heard the orchestra shorn of one of its principal glories—namely himself. Many, in these past 27 years, have recognized the su-

preme beauty of Mr. Longy's playing in the various solo passages allotted to him, but it is possible that a much smaller number have realized the incalculably beneficial influence which the presence of so great an artist, so refined and supremely gifted a musician, has exercised upon the orchestra as a whole. It has been exerted so gently and unobtrusively that only when it is lacking will they realize what it has contributed to the general excellence of the organization.

But Mr. Longy's influence will not be missed by the patrons of the Symphony Concerts alone. Mr. Longy through these 27 years has come to be almost an institution in himself. Not merely interested in the advancement of the music of his own people, he has taken an active interest in that of the people among whom he has so long sojourned. He has given unsparingly of his time toward the betterment of their musical understanding. Precept, example and, above all, encouragement he has given with no grudging hand, and the results of his devotion to the highest musical ideals will long be felt, remembered and cherished by those who have been fortunate enough to come into contact with him.

S. M.

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tation? But Mr. Koussevitzky delights in emphasis and who shall say him nay? In any event the audience was mightily pleased.

And pleased as well was it with the "Tannhäuser" Overture. Here Mr. Koussevitzky found ample opportunity for those methods of interpretation which are peculiarly his own. Some may venture to say that the Pilgrim's Song was taken at an uncomfortably slow pace; in fact, that it almost became a drawl. Again, others may venture the remark that the ending was unduly forced, that a more restrained reading might have produced an equally brilliant result with less forcing of tone, particularly on the part of the brass!

Mr. Georges Longy, the first oboist, who will retire at the end of this season after 27 years of service with the orchestra, did not occupy his accustomed place yesterday afternoon. Instead, he was seated among the audience that he might enjoy the orchestra as a listener, which he has not been able to do during all the time of his association with it. But yesterday afternoon Mr. Longy unfortunately heard the orchestra shorn of one of its principal glories—namely himself. Many, in these past 27 years, have recognized the su-

preme beauty of Mr. Longy's playing in the various solo passages allotted to him, but it is possible that a much smaller number have realized the incalculably beneficial influence which the presence of so great an artist, so refined and supremely gifted a musician, has exercised upon the orchestra as a whole. It has been exerted so gently and unobtrusively that only when it is lacking will they realize what it has contributed to the general excellence of the organization.

But Mr. Longy's influence will not be missed by the patrons of the Symphony Concerts alone. Mr. Longy through these 27 years has come to be almost an institution in himself. Not merely interested in the advancement of the music of his own people, he has taken an active interest in that of the people among whom he has so long sojourned. He has given unsparingly of his time toward the betterment of their musical understanding. Precept, example and, above all, encouragement he has given with no grudging hand, and the results of his devotion to the highest musical ideals will long be felt, remembered and cherished by those who have been fortunate enough to come into contact with him.

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# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Symphony Hall, Boston  
March 30, 1925

To Our Saturday Subscribers:

In compliance with the wishes of Mr Koussevitzky, the Trustees have authorized a change in the date of the last evening concert of the season from Saturday, May 2, to Friday evening, May 1. This will enable Mr. Koussevitzky to take passage on a boat which will arrive in time for important European engagements.

The Trustees are confident that in these circumstances the patrons of the Orchestra will welcome the final concert one day earlier than originally announced.

Will you therefore please take the precaution to change the date on your No. 24 ticket to read "Friday Evening, May 1, at 8.15."

Yours very truly,  
W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

## Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 1, at 2.30 o'clock

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 1, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach, J. S. . . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major  
for String Orchestra

I. Allegro moderato.  
II. Allegro.

Bach . . . . . Adagio from Toccata in C major  
(arranged by A. Siloti)

Scriabin . . . . . Prometheus, A Poem of Fire, for Orchestra and  
Piano with Organ and Chorus, Op. 60  
Piano: ALEXANDER LANG STEINERT

Debussy . . . . . Two Nocturnes  
a. Clouds.  
b. Festivals.

Borodin . . . . . Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor,"  
for Orchestra with Chorus

THE CECILIA SOCIETY of Boston, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor, will assist

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Scriabin's "Prometheus"

A lecture on this programme will be given by Mr. R. G. Appel on Monday, April 27, at 4.45, in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# LAST SYMPHONY CONCERTS GIVEN

Season Closes with Works  
of Bach and Debussy,  
Scriabin and Borodin

PIANIST AND CHORUS  
ASSIST ORCHESTRA

*Herald*—May 2, 1925  
By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon and evening. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, G major, for string orchestra; Bach, Adagio from the Organ Toccata, C major, arranged for string orchestra by Alexander Siloti; Scriabin, "Prometheus"; Debussy, Nocturnes (Clouds and Festivals); Borodin, dances with chorus from "Prince Igor." As earlier in the season, Alexander L. Steinert played the piano part in Scriabin's tone poem; the Cecilian Society as before sang the vocal parts in the tone poem and in the Dances. Our remarks are with reference to the afternoon concert.

The pieces with the exception of Bach's Adagio had already been performed this season. As the Adagio stands as written for the organ, it has been likened by some commentators to the slow movements for violin in Bach's sonata. Mr. Siloti's transcription seemed natural, one might say inevitable. Played in Boston for the first time it was at once welcomed by the great audience, which was enthusiastic throughout the concert, from the moment that Mr. Koussevitzky came upon the platform to be greeted with hearty and unusually long-protracted applause.

Some wondered why Mr. Koussevitzky put "Prometheus" on the program, for it was performed here at the end of March. "Sir," as Dr. Johnson re-

marked, "you may wonder." Scriabin was an intimate friend of Mr. Koussevitzky; he was often his companion, and pianist, on his concert tours. He played the piano part when "Prometheus" was produced by Mr. Koussevitzky at Moscow in 1911. It is natural that Mr. Koussevitzky should hold the tone-poem in high regard and affection. He wishes others to be similarly disposed towards it. It is a good idea to repeat in a season an unfamiliar work of large proportions and assumed importance, even if some of us think the "importance" is to be found only in the last dozen thunderous measure; if we find that the composition as a whole is vague and too long spun out, abounding in trifling and inconsequential measures, like rickety sign posts pointing to disappointing villages, with pages that in spite of all their bombastic pretensions are uninteresting, yes, dull.

No pains were spared in the performance which was technically brilliant on the part of all concerned. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with a religious fervor. Mr. Mager, the first trumpeter, seated on high, to whom the composer assigns an extremely difficult task, was as one clad in glory. Orchestra, pianist and chorus all contributed their full share to the wished for memorial homage to the composer; but, however significant or symbolical the work itself may be to confirmed or amateur theosophists, this music of their late brother in belief is seldom beautiful, seldom noble, often vexing by its rambling desultory chatter, seldom emotional, impressive only at the end and then by tremendous dynamic impact, a work not even conspicuous by masterly workmanship.

As we heard the beautiful and haunting music of Debussy, we thought of Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman's unfortunate comparison between the French master and Scriabin in her little but carefully written book, "The Relation of Ultramodern to Archaic Music." She even charges poor Debussy with the atrocious crime of having lived for 38 years in a "decadent" and "infidel" France. While Scriabin in the Russia that was "seeking the transcendental by means of every man who had a vision" grew into "spiritual freedom." She applauds Scriabin, who "always has wings" for not presenting in his music "the human-emotional element," and for spreading in "Prometheus" "those great wings on which he hoped to bear humanity upward and out over the borders of this fettered earth life."

If, endeavoring to accomplish this no doubt praiseworthy feat, Scriabin had only written a little music!

The answer to Miss Heyman's ecstatic adoration of Scriabin—and her adoration is voiced in many pages—was unwittingly made by Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday: he put Debussy's "Nocturnes" after the "Prometheus."



Listening to Debussy's poetic music, exquisitely performed, one forgot all about Scriabin and his high purpose and was not conscious of the fact that he had broad wings.

A brilliant performance of Borodin's ever welcome suavely sensuous and weirdly barbaric dances brought the end.

The Herald tomorrow will publish some comments on the season and on Mr. Koussevitzky's characteristics as a conductor.

## FINAL CONCERT OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Ovation Given Longy and  
Koussevitzky

*George — May 2, 1925*

The final concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 44th season were given yesterday afternoon and last evening. The date of the evening concert was shifted from Saturday to Friday by special vote of the trustees of the orchestra so that Koussevitzky can reach London in time to fulfill an engagement there as guest conductor of the London Symphony.

At the afternoon concert there was prolonged applause for Koussevitzky at the beginning and end of the program. Just before the intermission the conductor took occasion to show his esteem for Georges Longy, the veteran first oboe player, who is retiring from the orchestra, by walking over to him and shaking his hand. Orchestra and audience rose to their feet and applauded long and loudly.

Mr. Longy has given the best years of his life to the orchestra, and in addition has played a notable part in the musical life of the city. This public tribute to him was wholly deserved.

No doubt many in the audience thought also of other players, as, for instance, Alwin Schroeder, the veteran cellist, once of the Kneisel Quartet, who is also leaving the orchestra at the end of the season, but no opportunity to pay public tribute was given.

In their cases the public is unable to judge, because it has not the facts before it. Yet one cannot but regret the departure of a number of familiar and respected players, whatever the circumstances and whose the fault.

The program carried an announcement of the 45th season, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. All seats not reengaged for Fridays have already been allotted to the waiting list, and many applications rejected. For Saturdays there is still a chance to obtain tickets by putting one's name at once on the waiting list.

Mr. Koussevitzky elected to end his

first season here by repeating a number of pieces which he had already given earlier in the season. Scriabin's "Prometheus" again seemed long and of very uneven quality. The opening measures and the portion from the first entrance of the chorus to the end are deeply impressive, not merely by their distinctive harmonic and orchestral color but by their musical substance. But the composer has not been able to impose his almost insanely grandiose theosophic conception upon the hearer, because his reach too far exceeds his grasp.

The performance was again sedulously eloquent. Alexander Lang Steinert was cordially applauded for playing the exacting but inconspicuous piano part.

Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto again received a vigorous forthright interpretation. The only new piece on the program was another number by Bach, an adagio from a toccata in C, in a rather heavy handed arrangement for orchestra by Siloti.

Again the Debussy nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," were made to sound bigger and more dramatic than ever before. Koussevitzky is right in believing that Debussy was more than a maker of dreamy evanescent harmonies and in playing his music without overfastidious delicacy.

The "Polovtsian Dances" from Borodin's "Prince Igor," in which the chorus from the Cecilia Society, trained by Malcolm Lang, had measures more grateful than those allotted them by Scriabin in "Prometheus" to sing again greatly pleased the audience. The performance here and in New York have produced marked improvement in the work of the chorus.

So ended the first year of Koussevitzky's conductorship. The Boston Symphony has never before taken in as much money at the box office. The audiences have been greatly interested in the personality of the new conductor and, often with reason, enthusiastic about his interpretations of familiar and unfamiliar music. Mr. Koussevitzky takes his own way in everything, and even those who do not always follow him willingly must concede that his way with music is at its worst interesting and at its best, magnificent. He will be welcomed next season.

## SYMPHONY LEADER TO LEAVE U. S. TODAY

Serge Koussevitzky, who has just closed his season as director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Koussevitzky, will sail from New York today on the White Star line steamship Majestic for Cherbourg and Southampton. This is the first outward voyage of the liner since her reconditioning. Other passengers sailing are: Josef Hofman, concert pianist; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wise, James Pierpont Wise, Mr. and Mrs. T. Morris, Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Palais, of Boston; Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Eggleston, of Meriden, Conn.

# SYMPHONY ENDS YEAR OF MUSIC

Parting Tribute Paid  
Georges Longy at  
Concert

*Post — May 2, 1925*  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Any who wondered, before attending the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, just how they should pay parting tribute to Georges Longy, the most distinguished individual member of the orchestra now, after 27 years of service, retiring to private life, had their problem amply and gracefully solved for them by Mr. Koussevitzky himself.

### SIGNALLY HONORED

In the tumult of applause that followed the performance of Scriabin's "Prometheus" the conductor, his own acknowledgements made, moved toward Mr. Longy to shake the hand of that master among oboe players. Immediately the orchestra and the assisting chorus of the Cecilia Society arose, applauding, and in a moment the audience followed suit. The applause continued loud and long. Thus was Mr. Longy honored as within recollection no other member of our orchestra has been honored.

Yet Mr. Longy was not the only centre of interest yesterday. With the Tartar Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," Mr. Koussevitzky ended his first

year as conductor of the Boston Symphony in a blaze of tonal glory that was a fitting climax to an extraordinarily brilliant season, and at the end of the superb choral and orchestral performance he was four times resummoned to the stage to receive the plaudits which, with his final appearance, became cheers as well.

### One New Number

Of the pieces that made this final triumphal programme only one, a noble Adagio from an Organ Toccata of Bach, arranged for string-orchestra by Siloti, had not already been heard here this season; this was altogether new to Boston. To head the list came Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, likewise for strings alone, while between "Prometheus" and Borodin's Dances were set the two Nocturnes of Debussy, "Clouds" and "Festivals."

Bach, Debussy, Scriabin and Borodin were each and all good to hear again, while in particular did "Prometheus" seem worthy of the repetition. Scriabin may be hardly the composer that certain of his disciples claim him to be. No universal genius was this hypersensitive and theosophical Russian. Indeed, he had but one thing of import to say, and he said it many times, in many ways. But finally in "Prometheus," his crowning work, he said it with an abounding eloquence.

### Its Tremendous Climax

It would seem that only those anaesthetic to the appeal of the mystical in art might sit unmoved through "Prometheus," and that only the pedantically minded—those who would have all music conform to one set of canons—could seriously quarrel with Scriabin's technical means. Whatever their abstract validity, Scriabin's methods were for his own purposes ideal. And in the last analysis is that not all that matters?

Yesterday "Prometheus" was given a performance marvellously revealing of all that the composer would express. And once more the final climax was as a white and blinding light, stupendous in its sonority.

With reason, too, did Mr. Koussevitzky repeat his—and the orchestra's—superb performance of the Concerto of Bach and his imaginative reading of the Nocturnes, while again, as in its previous performance, the splendid music of Borodin carried all before it. Here the chorus sang now with a sinuous grace, now with savage exaltation, and from the orchestra came blazing colors and rhythms that snapped or strode.

So, with a repetition of this programme last evening, passed yet another symphony season, and one that will not soon be forgotten.



# The Boston Symphony Season

Monitor

By STUART MASON May 2, 1925

THE program of the twenty-fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Bach.....Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major, arranged by A. Siloti  
Scriabin....."Prometheus"  
Debussy.....Two Nocturnes "Clouds" and "Fêtes"  
Borodin.....Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor"

This program was repeated at the final concert of the season, last night. With the exception of Bach's Adagio arranged by Siloti these pieces had all been previously given this season by Mr. Koussevitzky. The Cecilia Society again assisted and Alexander Lang Stinert again played the piano part in Scriabin's "Prometheus." Siloti's arrangement of Bach's Adagio was played for the first time in Boston. It hardly calls for comment. As a composition it is surely not Bach at his best and the arrangement of it was a simple task quite within the powers of any well schooled student of music.

So too, the other items of the program call for no extensive review. Scriabin's unwieldy, pretentious Poem again unwound its almost interminable length. To many it doubtless seemed impressive because of the large array of performers on the stage, because of the noisy climax at the end. Yet, for all, Scriabin has little to say in this Poem which seems to be of real importance. Again, as on the occasion of its previous performance, did Mr. Koussevitzky goad his forces to violent bursts of sound. The reserved Cecilia was somewhat overpowered, and so in the Dances from "Prince Igor" as well. It was all very exciting, perhaps exhilarating.

Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of Debussy's Nocturnes will possibly remain in the memory as his most effective interpretation of the season. The two Nocturnes were admirably contrasted and the "procession" in "Fêtes" was skillfully treated.

## Style of Conducting

With the close of the season, it is perhaps not altogether unprofitable to record a few impressions of Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting. His is a style somewhat unfamiliar to Boston audiences, at least those of the Symphony concerts. Mr. Koussevitzky seems to be a conductor primarily concerned with the externals of the art. Not that we would in any way question this conception, which is purely a matter of personal taste. But the fact remains that the principal interest of these concerts for the past season has centered about the personality of the conductor and not in the first instance about the music itself or the playing of the orchestra.

Mr. Koussevitzky delights in exuberance of gesture, in plastic poses which no doubt convey to some of his listeners many points in the interpretation of the music which would be lost to them did they depend alone on their hearing. The effect of these gestures on the orchestra is another matter. Certainly there have been moments during the season in which the players have almost surpassed themselves, but there have also been moments of uncertainty of attack, of general uneasiness. But it takes time for an orchestra to accustom itself to a new leader, particularly a leader of such radically different methods as Mr. Koussevitzky has proved to be.

## Interpretations

On his arrival here, Mr. Koussevitzky found an orchestra admirably trained by his predecessor, Mr. Monteux, and with its help he has often succeeded in giving interpretations which have been more than merely effective and which have at times bordered on the eloquent. But his readings of the "classics" have been more often than not personal, for he delights to play on the orchestra as a pianist plays on his instrument. And so we have on many occasions been regaled with performances which, interesting in themselves as they may have been, partook overmuch of the conductor himself.

Thus we have listened to Beethoven or Brahms or Schubert or Weber or Mozart as Mr. Koussevitzky conceived them, and not always, we fancy, as they heard themselves. But the genius of a Beethoven or a Mozart is far greater than the talent of a Koussevitzky, and the greatest interpreters succeed in effacing their own personalities so that that of the composer may stand out in all its native dignity.

In the matter of modern music, Mr. Koussevitzky has been open-minded, and on the whole successful. Not many American composers have been afforded a hearing, and some of the novelties from foreign climes have not been more worthy of attention than many a piece made nearer home. But it is an easy matter to find fault with a conductor's choice of programs and not altogether a profitable one. Mr. Koussevitzky's programs have as a whole been interesting and admirably contrasted. He has made us acquainted with much music which was novel, particularly by Russian and French composers, and he has not bored his audiences with a too great number of familiar classics.

## END OF THE SEASON, CLAPPED CONDUCTOR, REPEATED COMPOSERS

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY TAKES ARDENT LEAVE  
Plaudits for the Orchestra and Honor for the Departing Longy—Again the Ancients in Renewed Voice—For Better and for Worse Debussy, Scriabin, Borodin

RECORD precedes review with a final Symphony Concert, especially when that concert marks the end of a first season for a new conductor. Discoverable, first of all, were two wreaths, laid at the foot of Mr. Koussevitzky's little platform—his podium as the imposing German word names it. They were large, thick, green. They were tied with broad, light-yellow, silken stuff. Whence the wreaths came; what, if anything, signified the color of the ribbon,

none might surely say. Beyond stretched the empty stage, crowded to the last inch with the piano, organ, celesta, glockenspiel, chairs for the full orchestra, chairs for the considerable chorus, that Scriabin's Promethean tone-poem exacts. At the outset of the concert only the string-choir filed into these seats, since the two pieces from Bach that began the program, asked no larger orchestra. Next came the conductor, received with general and hearty applause, twice or thrice renewed.

So far, there was no material departure from custom; but when the whole orchestra appeared to undertake "Prometheus," his mates turned toward Mr. Longy, the veteran oboist now retiring, and saluted him with those best of plaudits—from associates and co-workers of years' standing. The audience quickly added its own clapping; while for a minute or two the course of the concert halted. At the close of Scriabin's music, since a second or a third hearing does not enlarge or deepen appreciation, the applause was relatively faint and labored. It spread and mounted, however, when Mr. Koussevitzky called the orchestra to its feet and, leaving his place, warmly shook the hand of Mr. Longy—a compliment, or a regret, publicly bestowed for the first time, in the later annals of the orchestra, upon a departing player.

The second part of the concert brought the usual ripple of applause when the conductor returned to his stand. The recurring beauty of his version of Debussy's Nocturnes—"Clouds" and "Fêtes"—renewed familiar plaudits; while the clamor of the Polovtsian Dances in Borodin's "Prince Igor" had hardly ended before the acclamations of farewell began. The choir of The Cecilia, and not few in the orchestra itself, now joined in them; many in the auditorium were standing. Before long, the conductor bade the band share these plaudits. Shaking individually the hand of the concert-master, he collectively blessed and saluted it. The audience clapped yet more loudly—and the rites of the evening ended. They were unusual in tribute to the departing Longy, the first member of the orchestra to be so singled and honored in twenty seasons. They were significant in the louder and heartier ring of the clapping whenever the full hundred of the band might share it. Conductors come; conductors go; players pass; programs change; the audience itself variously alters. Yet in permanence and in no mean glory remains the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years hence—"come autumn"—and a half century will crown it.

Warrantably, Mr. Koussevitzky began the concert with two numbers from Bach—the third Brandenburg Concerto (in G major) for strings; an arrangement by



Mr. Slioti, for the like voices, of the slow movement of the Toccata in C major for Organ. Throughout the season, by frequent return to such ancient pieces, the conductor has done service to the art of music; broadened the repertory of the concerts; enlarged the general and particular delight. Under his predecessors, the place of the fathers in the symphonic scheme was little better than perfunctory. Once or twice in a year a Suite or a Concerto of Bach, a Concerto Grosso of Handel—and obligation toward two illustrious, perdurable masters was discharged; the pleasure that only they and their fellows may give, sufficiently distributed. Mr. Koussevitzky has wisely waived this precedent, and thereby proved a sincere and serious devotion to the art of music in what passes for its purest estate. He has ranged widely among these ancients; and seldom has the chosen piece proved uninteresting or unimpressive. Not for long has the public of the Symphony Concerts been on such familiar terms with Handel and Bach; with Carl Philip Emanuel, his son; with Vivaldi, whom they both admired; while at nearly every opportunity, it has responded warmly to these propulsive rhythms; melodies deep-hearted and out-poured; running figures; fleetness here, grace there—the whole pattern of a music interwoven and outflung, born of a formula yet ever renewed into life and beauty.

In such music both Mr. Koussevitzky and the string-choir excel. Upon the proud course and the quickening stride of the First Movement of the Brandenburg Concerto, they lavished sonorous tone, graphic accents, imperious march. The precision, the coördination, the suppleness, of the voices were both one and manifold. Ears thrilled, hearts leapt, minds stirred, at the impact of the massed and blended violins. Divided, contrasted, as often in the counterpoint, they made less impression, simply because the ear found it difficult to distinguish between the parted speech of the music and the bodily proximity of the players. (There are losses as well as gains from the re-seated orchestra.) From the second movement sounded the warmth, the freshness, which are antidote to formulas and rigidities, times and seasons. Gracious pages glowed. Throughout, moreover, the conductor not only kept the music in unflagging motion, but renewed the creative impulse, sub-conscious, no doubt, with these elder composers, but now bearing their measures down the centuries. There are perception and poise, the long view and the clear view, in Mr. Koussevitzky's sustaining of the melodic line. With veritable intuition he modulates it. No less vividly went the translated Toccata. The melody advanced and gathered wave-like. Around it, upon it,

than the day's work. Divining, animating, goes Mr. Koussevitzky with these elder masters.

The conductor—for it was his evening rather than the evening of composers—succeeded only less well with the repeated Nocturnes. The blemish upon the performance was the over-stressing of the aerial march in "Fêtes," as it gains body, motion, intensity—an infirmity of temperament deep-seated in Mr. Koussevitzky. When he first led through "Fêtes" last November, the proportioning, rhythming, coloring of the music were beyond praise. The surface of the "festival" shimmered with luminous sound; the body pulsed with imagery and fantasy become tones. As in wraiths from vapors streaming, sounded the processional measures; twined, fused, marched, dissolved again. Prospero in "The Tempest" heard not more clearly a music of the air. Within recollection there had been no such performance of "Fêtes" and many voices proclaimed it. From city to city Mr. Koussevitzky repeated it; soon it was one of his celebrated numbers; while with each repetition came a broadening and intensifying of the aerial march until it was as over-accented and over-blown as it seemed yesterday. The Slav temperament is indeed susceptible; but it cannot deny itself its own excesses.

Yet the version of "Clouds" ran unexaggerated and undiminished. In merits mingled none in our time at Symphony Hall may compare with it. Here is the very motion of the music—as clouds sail the sky, languid and stately both, remote, full-textured. Here, in the play of harmonies and timbres, light and shadow course them in slow change and creeping gradation. In chords, in modulations vibrate the pent melancholy of the mood. The whole impression is of a music imagined, poetized, subtilized into a haunting and indissoluble beauty, more real than a hundred daily realities. Union of conductor and composer, of precision and sensibility in the answering instrumental voices stands ideally complete. And as yet in this revelation there is neither change nor shadow of turning.

The Russian "specialties"—It is hard to forbear the term—gained not by repetition. In fact, each re-hearing of "Prometheus" strips thinner the texture of the tone-poem; lays barer the futile idiosyncrasies; dilutes even the interest of curiosity. Through two-thirds or three-quarters of the course, the vast scale of the music is vain journeying in a circle, mere beating of the air, no-whither. Through the same span, the emotional exaltation, the ecstatic aspiration, do but titillate the fleshly and the spiritual nerves—a process for which psychoanalysts might find much harsher terms.

When at last, out of trumpets and trombones, the motif of Creative Will lashes this tonal mass, stewing and seething in neurotic excitements, it gains shape, substance, imposing march; ascends to myriads and grandiloquent climax—the rhetoric of orchestra and chorus multiplied and reverberant. Like the Pharaoh of Scripture, Mr. Koussevitzky would chastise the orchestra, the chorus, the music even, with the scorpions of his projecting power. Upon Skriabin and the works of Skriabin he launches himself. Yet upon "Prometheus" is he also impotent; because "Prometheus" is null and void.

Better twenty times the Skriabin who imitates the sensuous Wagner, as in "The Poem of Ecstasy," than the Skriabin who merely gyrates and curdles in his own theosophic juice. The measures of rests that bring that piercing and racking suspension in the climax of the earlier piece are worth all the smoky pages of this "Poem of Fire"—except when the trumpet-theme of the Creative Will flares red across them. To us who are not Slavs, it is the one masterful invention of "Prometheus" end to end. Yet—these Slavs also say—a barrier separates us from Skriabin. Hearing him for the third time within a month, the listener is not passioned to burst or climb it. More thrilling in Western ears are the pounding rhythms, the leaping modulations, the darting transitions of the dances from "Prince Igor"—the shrill-voiced song, the recurring suggestion of tribal state and spirit. The conductor, the orchestra, flung themselves upon Borodin's music. Manfully and womanfully the chorus of The Cecilia would keep pace with them. Our best suburbs, however, are not the fullest preparation for Tartar tents.

H. T. P.

## The Outlook

### Tickets and Waiting Lists at the Symphony Concerts

FOR the twenty-four Friday-Afternoon Concerts, season of 1925-26, there will be no public sale of tickets. The few reserved seats not taken by re-subscription, are insufficient to fill applications on the waiting list.

For the twenty-four Saturday-Evening Concerts, season of 1925-1926, those seats which have been released are being offered to the waiting list. [From the Program-Book of Yesterday]

## MANY CHANGES IN SYMPHONY

### Longy and Lenom, Great Oboe Players, Among Those Retiring

Faces familiar to concert goers for many years past at Symphony hall will be missing next season when the Boston Symphony orchestra resumes its concerts under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky.

Georges Longy, one of the most famous oboe players in the world; Clement Lenom, who for many years shared the desk with Longy and worked with him in his well-known school of wood-wind music, and Alwyn Schroeder, veteran violoncellist, will be replaced by new men from Europe.

Eight or ten other men will undoubtedly sever their connections with the orchestra at the end of the present season, but the three mentioned are among the most conspicuous and important musically.

In nearly all cases the men are veteran players and entitled to share in the income from the pension fund which amounts to \$140,000 at present.

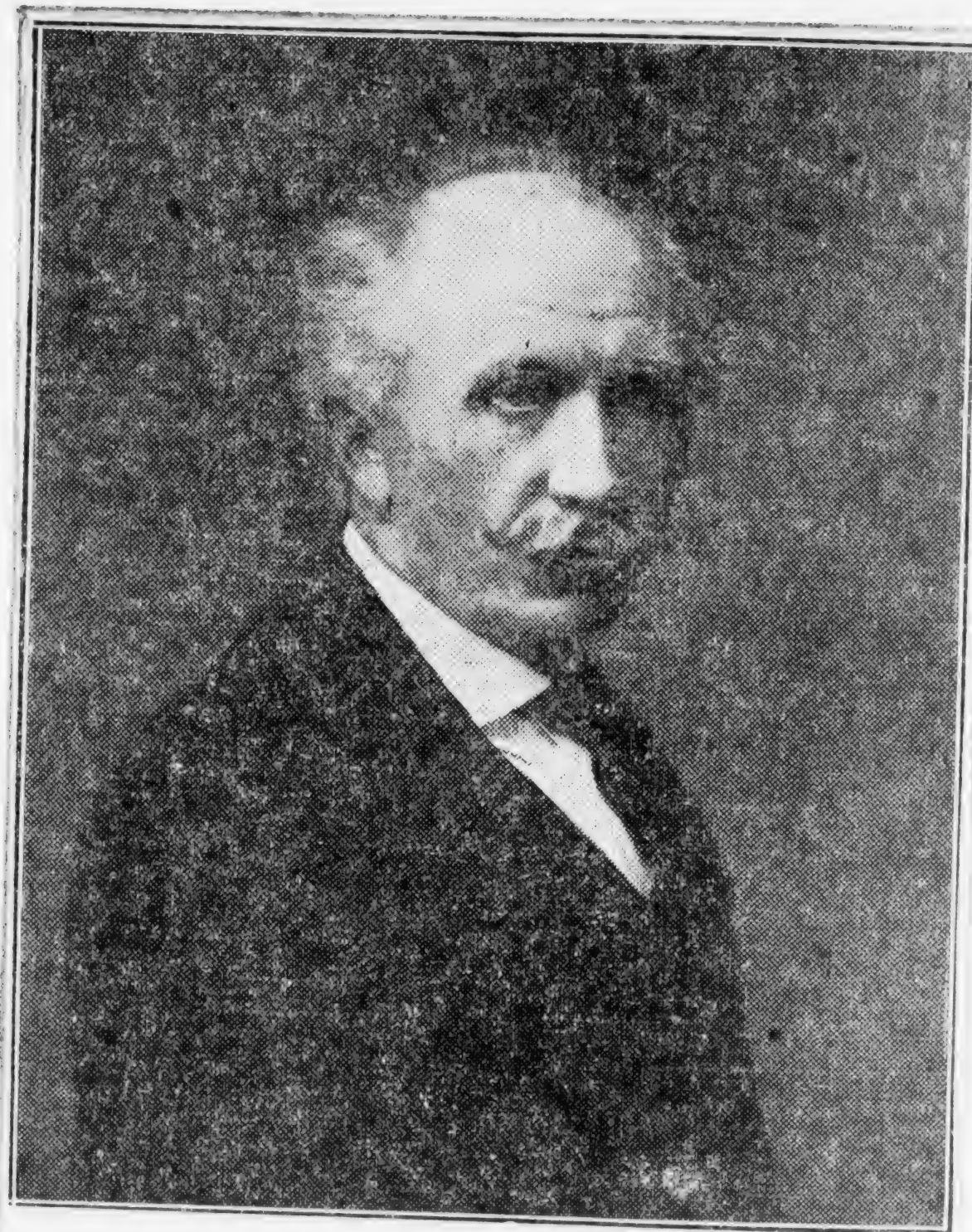
Longy's retirement was received with regret by the trustees of the orchestra, it was stated by a prominent member of the board.

It was intimated that Longy's decision to retire caused Lenom to withdraw likewise from the orchestra.

With regard to the other men who are retiring, it was explained that the same process of change takes place practically every season.

A farewell concert to Georges Longy of the Boston Symphony orchestra, also the 10th anniversary of the Longy school, will take place next Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall at 3 o'clock.





Alwin Schroeder: 'Cellist



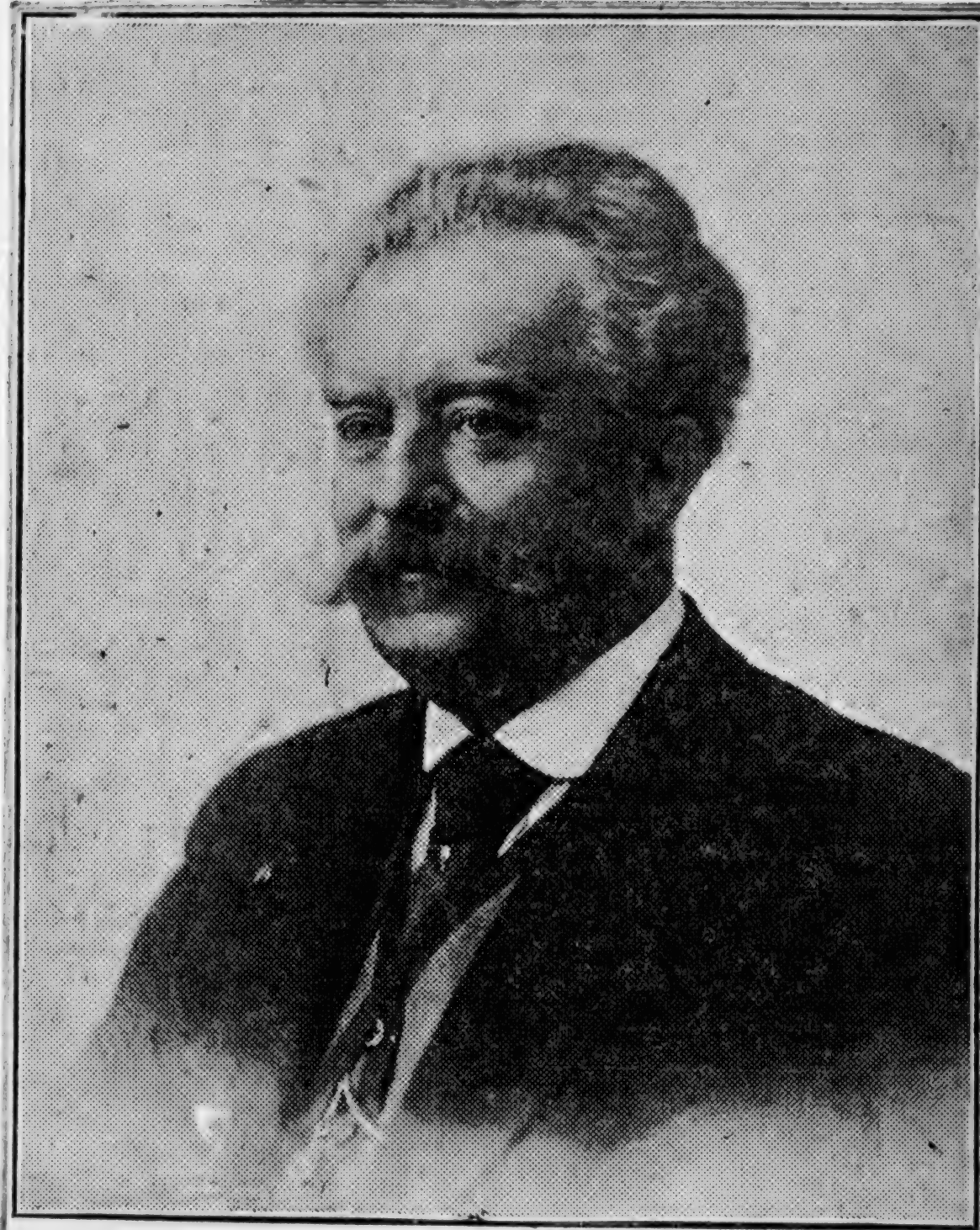
Albert Sand: First Clarinet



## JOHN C. MULLALY

To all those who remember music and the theatre in Boston in the eighties, the name of John C. Mullaly will be familiar. The oldest living member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, his service as violinist from 1885 to 1890, and from 1905 to 1913 is but one aspect of his varied career. Born in Newcastle in 1847 of an Irish father and a Scotch mother, he came to the United States and to Boston as a small boy. As a remarkably talented youth of sixteen, he attracted public attention in the Civil War days, leading Gilmore's Band. In the early Seventies he first became known as conductor of the orchestras in the Boston Theatre and in the Globe Theatre, which stood on the corner of Essex and Washington Streets. In these theatres and in the old Music Hall (on Hamilton Place) he conducted the finest orchestras, and orchestras of very indifferent ability (from the latter he had a reputation for inspiring remarkable results). He directed everything from "Tannhäuser" or "The Dutchman," with the greatest stars of the day, to a burlesque show, and all the intermediate gradations. He conducted the Pops in their second season (1886), when they ran continuously for four months. For twenty-nine summers he was the idol of Newport as the director of the Casino Orchestra there. But Mr. Mullaly's name is primarily connected with the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan. When the craze for "Patience," "Iolanthe," "Pinafore," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Gondolier" and "Mikado" seized everyone, Mr. Mullaly was at the fore of the movement, conducting all of them in many cities. He presided over the first American production of "The Pirates of Penzance" in 1888.

*The Symphony Hall "Pops"*  
Conducted by JOHN C. MULLALY\*



Georges Longy: First Oboe



## Georges Longy

### His Beneficent Activity As Oboist and Conductor in Boston's Musical Life

The return of Mr. Georges Longy to France will be a serious loss to music in Boston, for not only has he been the distinguished first oboist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; he has been untiring as an orchestral conductor and leader of the Longy Club in the introduction of many works which would otherwise have been unknown in this city.

Gustave Georges Leopold Longy was born in Abbeville, France, on Aug. 29, 1868. He was educated musically at the Paris Conservatory, where in 1886 he was awarded the first prize for playing the oboe. His oboe teacher was Georges Vital Victor Gillet, a famous virtuoso in his day.

Mr. Longy was not deterred from choosing the oboe for his instrument by the old French slang: "to play the oboe," i. e. be hanged. "Justice plays the oboe for she rigs the gallows for the mournful dance."

The French delighted in jests connected with executions. The hanged not only played the oboe, he "danced the branle of the bishops," for he gave by his feet a benediction to those standing near. The cord that knotted his neck was called the E string of the hangman. "To give the benediction with one's feet" is found in Rabelais. Another pleasant metaphor for hanging now in French use is "He died of the high disease." And so in English slang there are many ghastly jests from "To take one's last fling" and "to die of hempen fever," to "he preached at Tyburn cross." In "Slang and its Analogues" nearly two pages are devoted to English, French and Italian synonyms for "hanging." In New York a crook's curse was, "May he dance when he dies."

Mr. Longy before he joined the Boston Symphony orchestra as first oboist in the fall of 1898 had been associated in Paris with these orchestras: Lamoureux's, Colonne's, Folies Bergere and the Opera Comique. His artistry was often recognized in the reviews of the Parisian concerts. From 1898 to 1925—27 years of valiant service in the front rank of Boston's orchestral players.

In 1900 he founded the Longy Club for the purpose of performing music written for wind instruments. The original members were Messrs. Andre Maquarre and Selmer, Hackebarth, Litke, Gebhard (pianist), with Mr. Longy as leader. There were necessarily changes in the personnel from season to season until the club was disbanded in 1914. Major Higginson was interested in the club and gave it liberal support. Would that the Boston public had followed his example! A glance at the programs shows the catholicity of Mr. Longy's taste. Among the works heard here for the first time were compositions by Bernard, d'Indy, Loeffler, Caplet, Bird, Lazzari, Herzogenberg, Malherbe, de Wailly, Roentgen, Quef, Gouvy, Rietz, Longy, Hure, G. Faure, Lampe, Kovacek, Perilhou, Kauffmann, Klughardt, Woollett, Handel, Weber, Grieg, Mouquet, Lacroix, Hahn, R. Strauss, Schreck, Magnard, Bumcke, Wolf-Ferrari, Mozart, Falconi, Enesco, Pierne, Reger, Cossart, Ravel, Fried, Moreau, Dukas, Debussy, Eugene Wagner, Diemer, Rimsky-Korsakov, Kriens, Florent Schmitt, Weingartner, Flament, Strube, Loeillet, Juon.

But these names do not give one an idea of the richness of the programs, for many other composers were represented by works that had been played once or twice in former years. The club was assisted by capable artists from time to time in order to bring out the more elaborate works by players of stringed instruments from the Symphony orchestra, by Armand Forest, violinist of Paris, who played here for the first time; by that admirable singer, Charles Gilibert, and Mme. Gilibert; by Mme. Sundelius, soprano; by Mrs. Richard J. Hall, saxophone, who was constantly a staunch friend and supporter of Mr. Longy in all his undertakings.

These concerts, like the concerts of a similar nature heard many years before when the late Charles Mole, the first flute of the Symphony orchestra, was fired with a similar ambition, were caviar to the general. And in 1914 the war broke out.

As conductor of the Orchestral Club (1900-1906) Mr. Longy acquainted Bostonians with important modern works. He was the first to conduct here Enesco's "Poeme Roumain," Debussy's "Prelude to L'Après midi d'un Faune," Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne" and "Eclogue," Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes," Debussy's transcription of Satie's "Gymnopedies," Chausson's "Hymne Vedique" with chimes; Hue's suite from "Titania," G. Faure's "Pavane"; the preludes from Bruneau's "L'Ouragan," Bourgault-Ducoudray's "Cambodian Rhapsody," Berlioz's impressive "Hamlet's Funeral March," Loeffler's "Divertissement Espagnol," Rabaud's Fantasia on Russian songs, d'Indy's choral variations. The list is a long one, including compositions by Dubois, Saint-Saens, Lefebvre, Delibes, Marechal, Massenet, Chevillard, d'Ambrosio, Blockx, Augusta Holmes, Widor, Ten Brink, Georges, Sporck, Bordier, Guiraud, Caplet.

In 1908 Mr. Longy conducted a series of orchestral concerts organized by Mrs. Richard J. Hall. The programs again showed his broad mind, fine taste and courage. The first program is a fair sample of the others. Rabaud, Symphony No. 2; Chausson "Poem of Love and the Sea"; Balakirev, "In Bohemia."

He continued his good work as conductor of the Boston Musical Association and the Macdowell Club.

Thus he played a leading part in the musical life of Boston for nearly 25 years; often conducting in the face of discouragement, often achieving surprising results with the material at his disposal. Not as a chauvinist, for he recognized that music was not confined within the boundaries of France. To him there was good music and there was bad music. He did not inquire first of all into the nationality of a composer. He did not worship in any particular chapel of musical Paris.

As a master of the oboe his influence was equally beneficent. His phrasing in the Symphony concerts and in the club named after him was a gratuitous lesson to violinists, singers and pianists. For he was much more than a florid rhetorician. No matter how short and comparatively insignificant was the sentence, it was always a thing of beauty.

When Henri Brod, a famous oboe player, died in Paris, in his 38th year, some one at the Paris Conservatory acquainted Cherubini with the fact. "Master, Brod is dead!" "Who?" "Brod," "Ah! poor tone."

This could not have been said of Mr. Longy during his long career. But tone, after all, is not everything. In Mr. Longy's case, a thoroughly equipped musician chose the oboe as the medium for expressing a truly artistic nature.

P. H.







The 44th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra ended last week. Some looked forward to this season with fear and trembling, for would not Mr. Koussevitzky turn his back on the good old masters and introduce wild-eyed composers of today with breath smelling of vodka and absinthe? And it had been said of him that he was a sensational conductor, a performer on the trapeze and flying-rings of music, a conductor whose one aim was to make the smug Bostonian sit up and take notice.

*Herald* May 3, 1925.  
Mr. Koussevitzky disappointed the surmises and the prophets. He not only respected the ancients; he showed that he was fond of them and wished them to appear at their best. Let us call the roll of the old worthies. Emmanuel Bach and J. S. Bach. Four of Beethoven's symphonies and two of his overtures were performed. A symphony by Boccherini was played here for the first time, possibly for the first time in this country. Our old friend Johannes Brahms was represented by two symphonies and The Haydn variations, and the performances of the symphonies were among the leading features of the season. There were three of Handel's works performed. Let us go on. Corelli, 1; Liszt, 1; Mendelssohn, 1; Mozart, 3; Rigel, 1 (first time in America); Schubert, 2; Schumann, 1; Strauss, 4; Tchaikovsky, 3; Vivaldi, 1; Wagner, 9 (there were two performances of Siegfried's Funeral music); Weber, 2. We mention only instrumental works. And Gabriel Faure, 2; Glinka, 1; Berlioz, 1; d'Indy, 1; Liadov, 3; Borodin, 2; Moussorgsky, 2; Rabaud, 2; Rachmaninov, 2; Rimsky-Korsakov, 3, are names familiar to the audience.

But how about the radical wing, the extreme left? They were represented by Bliss—Bax cannot be justly described as a radical—Copland, Eichheim, de Falla, Honegger, Manuel, Prokofieff, Schmitt, Scriabin, Stravinsky, Tailleferre. Of the pieces by these composers, Copland's symphony provoked the bitterest hostility. It is a pity that it was not performed a second time, that there was not another opportunity of judging its merits and its faults. Scriabin's "Prometheus" was played twice—but Mr. Koussevitzky is devoted to the memory of his dead companion and friend and thus outvies Mrs. Micawber's devotion to her husband. Bliss's concerto was curious and made little impression. Eichheim made another trip to the Orient and heard strange and pleasing music. Manuel was welcomed, and so was Prokofieff. Stravinsky's piano concerto, the attempt to write as Bach might write today, aroused the ire of the conservatives, and many of the "more advanced" found it dull—the worst of faults. Honegger's "Pacific" is a powerful machine. Mlle. Tailleferre's concerto is amiable, unpretentious tinkling.

German-Austrian Bohemians were represented by the two Bachs, Beethoven, Brahms, Handel (really to be classed among the English), Haydn, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Smetana, Strauss, Wagner, Weber. Fifteen in all.

The French by Berlioz, Borchard (why?), Boulanger, Caplet, Debussy, Dukas, G. Faure, Honegger, d'Indy, Manuel, Rabaud, Ravel, Rigel, Roussel, Schmitt, Tailleferre; sixteen.

The Russians by Borodin, Glasounov, Glinka, Liadov, Moussorgsky, Prokofieff, Rachmaninov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scriabin, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, eleven.

The Italians by Boccherini, Corelli, Respighi, Vivaldi; four.

The Americans by Copland, Eichheim, Foote, Hadley, Hill, Loeffler; six.

The English by Bax, Bliss, Elgar (transcription); three.

The Spaniards by de Falla.

The number of works performed were 110. The composers whose names were on the Symphony programs for the first time were Borchard, Boulanger, Caplet, Copland, Corelli, Manuel, Rigel, Tailleferre.

The pieces by Bliss, Borchard, Eichheim (revised version of "A Chi-

nese Legend"), Hill were played for the first time anywhere.

Works by Borchard, Caplet, Manuel, Moussorgsky (Ravel), Prokofieff, Rigel, Roussel, Stravinsky, and possibly Boccherini, were played for the first time in America.

Besides the works thus performed 21 were heard for the first time in Boston.

There were not many soloists: A soprano, Mme. Matzenauer; two violinists, Messrs. Burgin and Spalding; one violoncellist, Mr. Bedetti (two performances); six pianists, Messrs. Borovsky (first time here), Cortot, Maier and Pattison (music for two pianos), Rachmaninov, Stravinsky (first time here), and Mlle. Boulanger, organist.

Mr. Borovsky gave a tame performance of Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 1; Mlle. Boulanger, hampered perhaps by the condition of the organ, lacked decisive rhythm. Mr. Stravinsky had the courage to play his own concerto and he played it as if he really liked it.

The season was on the whole unusually interesting and brilliant. There are orchestral performances that stand boldly out, as those of the Symphonies and the Variations by Brahms, Tchaikovsky's Fifth, the Dances (with chorus) from "Prince Igor," Debussy's "Nocturnes," Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," Honegger's "Pacific," the music by Respighi, Schumann's Concerto, Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," Ravel's "The Waltz," Prokofieff's "Scythian" suite and violin concerto, Respighi's "Gregorian" concerto, the music by the two Bachs, Bax, Boccherini, de Falla, Foote, Handel, Haydn, Loeffler, Liszt, Mozart, Rabaud, Vivaldi and certain pieces by Wagner.

On the other hand, the interpretation of Weber's overture to "Oberon," Schubert's "unfinished" symphony, a symphony or two of Beethoven's, the introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers," not to mention a few other performances, excited adverse criticism and not without a show of justice.

Mr. Koussevitzky is first of all romantic and at times is inclined to fall into sentimentalism when he comes to purely lyric passages. When he does not give way to his sentimental nature he is truly and irresistibly poetic. He is mastered by moods. Yet he does not lose control of the orchestra by sudden and spontaneous changes, when he is on the platform, of previously rehearsed interpretations, for his personality is so pronounced that he masters the players as well as the audience. He can be passionate without being blatant. As a rule he prepares a climax that, when it comes, is irresistible. In wildly romantic music he is not to be excelled, yet no one treats the music of the 18th century with more loving devotion, with a finer sense of values, with a clearer appreciation of the formalism and spirit of the period. He is not too fussy about details; he is not obsequious towards the great composers.

What Anatole France said of the critic might be paraphrased with regard to Mr. Koussevitzky: This conductor relates to his hearers the adventures of his soul in the land of music. He tells them what he hears and feels, without consideration of others, who, having heard and felt in a different manner, insist that what they heard and felt should be the only interpretation. He is not bound by tradition. His taste is catholic. The nationality of a composer is not questioned. His programs are a proof of this. And, praise be to Allah, he knows that music is not a fixed and established art in form and expression; that young composers of the 1920's cannot feel and express themselves as if they had been born in the seventies and eighties, and should not if they could. He knows that the beautiful in music has existed since the time when Claudio Monteverdi fluttered the doves of the conservatives; that the beautiful and the noble may with the centuries, yes, with the decades, assume new forms in the expression of all sentiments and emotions.

P. H.



SYMPHONY HALL  
BOSTON

47th Concert in aid of the Orchestra's

# PENSION FUND

BOSTON SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor



SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
DECEMBER FOURTEENTH, 1924  
AT 3.30

W. H. BRENNAN

Management

G. E. JUDD



330

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

December 14, 1924

PROGRAMME

TCHAIKOVSKY

Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini" (after Dante) Op. 32

Serenade for Strings, Op. 48

- a. Elegia: Larghetto elegiaco
- b. Valse: Moderato, Tempo di valse

Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64

- I. Andante; Allegro con anima
- II. Andante Cantabile, con alcuna licenza
- III. Valse: Allegro moderato
- IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

There will be an intermission of ten minutes  
before the symphony

See page 14 for Concert Announcements

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"ALL-CHAIKOVSKY,"  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY,  
THRILLS, TEDIUMS  
Jan. — Dec. 15, 1924.  
MUSIC AND MONEY AID THE FUND  
FOR PENSIONS

"Francesca da Rimini" After Fifteen Years  
with Only a Clarinet-Tune to Save It—  
Fragments from a Pleasing Serenade—  
The Fifth Symphony for Composer's  
Masterpiece, Conductor Fired and Audi-  
ence Possessed—The Matter and the  
Manner

ONE-MAN programs, as the awk-  
ward phrase goes, haunt the con-  
certs of the Symphony Orchestra  
for its Pension Fund. Year after  
year, Wagner has served the turn; filled  
Symphony Hall; restored a needy and de-  
serving treasury. An afternoon or an  
evening of Beethoven solus, the public likes  
not so well; while two hours of Strauss  
have not always loosened its fingers at the  
box-office. No more will a discreet mix-  
ture of Strauss and Chalkovsky—once  
tried by Mr. Monteux—do the trick; while  
"All-Chalkovsky" (as another clumsy  
phrase runs) is less dependable than "All-  
Wagner." Even the "Pathetic Symphony"  
has ceased of late years to be "a strong-  
hold sure." Nevertheless, and with reason,  
Mr. Koussevitzky renewed the venture at  
Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. "All-  
Chalkovsky" was the program; but "The  
Pathetic"—Heaven be praised!—stood not  
upon it. A far more measured, masterful,  
persisting music—the Symphony in E  
minor, Number Five—filled half the con-  
cert. The other half fell to the Fantasia  
(or tone-poem) "Francesca da Rimini,"  
unheard hereabouts these many years, and  
to the Elegy and the slow Waltz from the  
Serenade for Strings. "All-Chalkovsky,"  
indeed, but "All-Chalkovsky" distinctly  
diversified and freshened. Add the wide  
and just fame of Mr. Koussevitzky as con-  
ductor in such music, the curiosity over  
him as newcomer, and there was every  
reason to expect a full house. Full it vir-  
tually was; but after effort on the part of  
the management; while even so, the profit-  
able "standees" were lacking. The Pen-  
sion Fund increased; but Wagner still re-  
mains the only insurance.

As the event proved, the Fantasia, if  
Francesca might have been spared, were it  
not that audiences at occasional sym-  
phony concerts expect two hours of music.  
On Friday and Saturday at the hands of  
Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Borovsky,  
Chalkovsky's fifty-year-old Piano-Concerto  
was still living and breathing music.  
Within the hour, his Fifth Symphony was  
to sound at the conductor's hands, unwit-  
tered and undimmed. Yet since the ill-  
starred day in which Mr. Monteux revived  
the other Fantasia of Romeo and Juliet,  
music of Chalkovsky has not seemed so  
null, void and ineffectual. With reason  
has "Francesca" fallen through fifteen sea-  
sons from the repertory of the Symphony  
Concerts. . . . The scheme of the tone-  
poem, "after Dante," is simple and obvi-  
ous: Hades and the circle of the lovers  
damned; the ghosts upon the whipping  
winds, the torment and the pangs; Fran-  
cesca and Paolo embraced and remember-  
ing, in torture and in felicity:

Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria

Hades, again—the winds, the dark; they  
that for love had sinned, whirled through  
the shadows.

Everlasting matter for music; but by  
Chalkovsky clothed in measures, now be-  
come, for the most part, shrivelled and im-  
potent. Through long, long pages, the or-  
chestra seethes in tumult and torment, af-  
ter the manner of the romantical seven-  
ties, Russian style. If we listeners of  
1924 are to believe the extolling annota-  
tors of the nineties, "it laments and shud-  
ders"; "spasm follows spasm"; between  
are "awful silences." Yet upon many a  
hearing ear fell only tonal sound and  
fury, signifying more of the overwrought  
and overtaxed composer than of infernal  
circle and lovers doomed. (The nineteenth-  
century romantics could evoke them in  
music. The first division of Liszt's "Dante  
Symphony" is the lasting proof). At length,  
the climax and the pause. Then the song  
of the clarinet—and Mr. Sand was a little  
master—over the muted strings, by the  
flutes soon aided, for Francesca speak-  
ing: "No sharper pang than happiness in  
misery remembered."

Composer has yet to write music that  
shall echo—much more intensify—Dante's  
verses; that shall glow and bleed with  
Francesca's passion and her pain—she who  
loved and remembered, who remembered  
and loved again; "the life in the mouth  
of Tartarus" upon whom all the theologi-  
ans' hells may not prevail. It is hard to  
say whether Liszt's or Chalkovsky's music  
falls the further short of heights unat-  
tainable. Yet nowadays this song for the  
clarinet endures, arrests and illudes beyond  
all else in the Fantasia. In its beauty, and  
in its degree of attention.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON

December 14, 1924

PROGRAMME

TCHAIKOVSKY

Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini" (after Dante) Op. 32

Serenade for Strings, Op. 48

- a. Elegia: Larghetto elegiaco
- b. Valse: Moderato, Tempo di valse

Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64

- I. Andante; Allegro con anima
- II. Andante Cantabile, con alcuna licenza
- III. Valse: Allegro moderato
- IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

There will be an intermission of ten minutes  
before the symphony

See page 14 for Concert Announcements

"ALL-CHAIKOVSKY,"  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY,  
THRILLS, TEDIUMS

Trans. — Dec. 15, 1924.

MUSIC AND MONEY AID THE FUND  
FOR PENSIONS

"Francesca da Rimini" After-Fifteen Years  
with Only a Clarinet-Tune to Save It—  
Fragments from a Pleasing Serenade—  
The Fifth Symphony for Composer's  
Masterpiece, Conductor Fired and Audi-  
ence Possessed—The Matter and the  
Manner

ONE-MAN programs, as the awkward phrase goes, haunt the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra for its Pension Fund. Year after year, Wagner has served the turn; filled Symphony Hall; restored a needy and deserving treasury. An afternoon or an evening of Beethoven solus, the public likes not so well; while two hours of Strauss have not always loosened its fingers at the box-office. No more will a discreet mixture of Strauss and Chaikovsky—once tried by Mr. Monteux—do the trick; while "All-Chaikovsky" (as another clumsy phrase runs) is less dependable than "All-Wagner." Even the "Pathetic Symphony" has ceased of late years to be "a stronghold sure." Nevertheless, and with reason, Mr. Koussevitzky renewed the venture at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. "All-Chaikovsky" was the program; but "The Pathetic"—Heaven be praised!—stood not upon it. A far more measured, masterful, persisting music—the Symphony in E minor, Number Five—filled half the concert. The other half fell to the Fantasia (or tone-poem) "Francesca da Rimini," unheard hereabouts these many years, and to the Elegy and the slow Waltz from the Serenade for Strings. "All-Chaikovsky," indeed, but "All-Chaikovsky" distinctly diversified and freshened. Add the wide and just fame of Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor in such music, the curiosity over him as newcomer, and there was every reason to expect a full house. Full it virtually was; but after effort on the part of the management; while even so, the profitable "standees" were lacking. The Pension Fund increased; but Wagner still remains the only insurance.

As the event proved, the Fantasia of Francesca might have been spared, were it not that audiences at occasional symphony concerts expect two hours of music. On Friday and Saturday at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Borovsky, Chaikovsky's fifty-year-old Piano-Concerto was still living and breathing music. Within the hour, his Fifth Symphony was to sound at the conductor's hands, unwithered and undimmed. Yet since the ill-starred day in which Mr. Monteux revived the other Fantasia of Romeo and Juliet, music of Chaikovsky has not seemed so null, void and ineffectual. With reason has "Francesca" fallen through fifteen seasons from the repertory of the Symphony Concerts. . . . The scheme of the tone-poem, "after Dante," is simple and obvious: Hades and the circle of the lovers damned; the ghosts upon the whipping winds, the torment and the pangs; Francesca and Paolo embraced and remembering, in torture and in felicity:

Nessun maggior dolore  
Chè ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria

Hades again—the winds, the dark, they that for love had sinned, whirled through the shadows.

Everlasting matter for music; but by Chaikovsky clothed in measures, now become, for the most part, shrivelled and impotent. Through long, long pages, the orchestra seethes in tumult and torment, after the manner of the romantical seventies, Russian style. If we listeners of 1924 are to believe the extolling annotators of the nineties, "It laments and shudders"; "spasm follows spasm"; between are "awful silences." Yet upon many a hearing ear fell only tonal sound and fury, signifying more of the overwrought and overtaxed composer than of infernal circle and lovers doomed. (The nineteenth-century romantics could evoke them in music. The first division of Liszt's "Dante Symphony" is the lasting proof). At length, the climax and the pause. Then the song of the clarinet—and Mr. Sand was a little master—over the muted strings, by the flutes soon aided, for Francesca speaking: "No sharper pang than happiness in misery remembered."

Composer has yet to write music that shall echo—much more intensify—Dante's verses; that shall glow and bleed with Francesca's passion and her pain—she who loved, and remembered, who remembered and loved again; "the lily in the mouth of Tartarus" upon whom all the theologians' hells may not prevail. It is hard to say whether Liszt's or Chaikovsky's music falls the further short of heights unattainable. Yet nowadays this song for the clarinet endures, arrests and illudes beyond all else in the Fantasia. In its beauty, and poignancy, and, in degree, evocation, still



dwelling. To it, moreover, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Sand, gave a strange and singular quality—uneasily, eerie, of a phantom-music threading the air. Feet, indeed, of imagination, seldom done upon these measures, continuing when English horn and harp first quiver with the bliss remembered.

Soon, however, Chaikovsky too sweetish for twentieth-century palates. Then—and ten-fold the pity—Hades again, peopled by all the platitudes, twisting and tumbling emptily. At will and need, no less does music of this day thrash in and out and roundabout. As likely as not, if any is heard in 1974, it will seem the dry bones of fleshless tonal skeletons. To every generation, its own way with such pages, and Chaikovsky's is now the way to impotence and tedium. Does Mr. Koussevitzky, with all his devotion, half suspect as much? Not before in Boston has he so labored his points, so plied and strained his conductor's rhetoric. Better far, and much the more engaging, the Chaikovsky of the Serenade

—fanciful and beguiling in the slow Waltz; not too tearful with the musings of melancholy; audibly Italianate after the manner of his lighter pieces. In Petersburg he could hear Florence, even as Rimsky heard Seville—and also Baghdad. Besides, Mr. Koussevitzky played artfully and fancifully upon pace and rhythm in the Waltz; while in the Elegy, sensuous upon the ear were the rich and pulsing sonorities of the singing choir.

Down the winds to oblivion drifts "Francesca." Yet the Fifth Symphony still rides and masters them. Here surely is Chaikovsky's symphonic masterpiece—music as yet that time and change may not dull or pale or wither. Neither in the Symphony of Fate that preceded it, nor in "The Pathetic" that followed it, is to be so free from the infirmities and the excesses of his temperament, practice, procedure. Here he writes drama in tones; his invention flows and is fertile; while sure is his hand and quick his imagination upon structure and progress. The Concerto in B-flat minor, heard on Friday and Saturday, is still a vital and vivid music. The Symphony in E minor, as heard yesterday, remains a music to possess, enthrall and transport the hearer. Far below its deserts has the piece fared these ten years in Boston. Chaikovsky baffled Dr. Muck, who believed he but half disclosed the Russian's music. Since Mr. Rabaud was an academic Parisian, it was not upon his calling list. Mr. Monteux played it studiously and dutifully, without blood or fire. Both he and Dr. Muck were fain to take refuge in "The Pathetic" because it pleased the people; or in the Fourth because the Scherzo for the plucked strings was sure to get many hands.

Hence has the Fifth gone neglected at Symphony Hall until Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday revived it—superbly, magnificently, superlatively. The music, in and for itself, warranted such revival. Haunting upon the introduction is the sombre theme—Fate muffled, waiting, padding in the wainscot, the Fate of Defeat perhaps; for when Chaikovsky began the Symphony he believed, had been cruelly told, that he was past his prime. Bravely he re-asserts himself through the first movement. The motifs unfold and in them are life and savor. The workmanship is alert and abundant. Developed, the music mounts and warms. Through it courses emotion. Only a little too lush and sweet, too much of the strings, too moist upon the ear, are the measures of sustained melody. Yet the notion of defeat still haunts Chaikovsky. Wearily he ends, as one who has tried, and failed.

Yet once more, and now to the utmost. From the first horn above the strings sounds the pervading melody of the Andante—Chaikovsky's invention of inventions in instrumental song. There are others, as it were to second it. Time and again, it returns and a music, otherwise over-long, teems with this coordinated beauty of songful sound, this glow and beat and flood of feeling transmuted. Once more the "defeatist" in Chaikovsky will not have it so. Once, twice, in thrusts that waiting motif, shouting at him and stamping. Chaikovsky's hand falters; his heart droops; the music shuts its lips. . . . The notion haunts the little Waltz that is as Scherzo. Always it is a timed music—a sensuous ghost. Once at least the "defeatist" motif muffles, almost smothers, it.

Then, as it were, Chaikovsky looks backward; hears in the ear of imagination as much of the Symphony as is written. "Past his prime, played out"—and the vigors of the Allegro, the beauty of the Andante, the wistful charm of the Scherzo-Waltz, stir within him. "Defeated"—by the throat he plucks that pursuing theme of fate, struggles and transforms it. The Finale has scarcely begun before it is a major melody. Soon it is full-bodied, full-blooded, alight and aflame. Upward it bounds, and a theme from the Allegro spurs it. Onward it strides, and the melody of the Andante companions strength with beauty. Full-throated and radiant outpours the climax. "Defeated"—out of defeat itself has Chaikovsky snatched the victory. In Strauss himself imagination and expression hardly go in closer clasp.

With the music, above the music, soared the performance. Mr. Koussevitzky was as one who would rescue a masterpiece in kind from Bostonian oblivion undeserved; as one to whom Chaikovsky was

"our" Chaikovsky of Rimsky's familiar saying, of Stravinsky's more recent praise as one to whom the music was drama; in itself, besides, of a power and a beauty ever new, ever strange, like the face of romance upon youth, or the face of Russia upon this wrinkled western world. An orchestra strung to the utmost pitch gave him back his askings. Mr. Wendler, Mr. Sand, Mr. Laurent, Mr. Ritter—who did not distinguish himself? The Theme of Defeat haunted the ear as it haunts the music. Adroitly, Mr. Koussevitzky differentiated the moods; ardently he heightened the vigors of the first movement. Like bed of glowing coals was the orchestral tone in the Andante. Astute was Mr. Koussevitzky that this songful beauty should saturate, but not cloy. The Scherzo-Waltz was a marvel of delicate pointing. The Finale was the sun of Chaikovsky in high heaven running course. An audience transported shook off its possession, volleyed, even shouted, its plaudits. Since that first afternoon of Wagner plus Dr. Muck, there has been no such concert for the Pension Fund.

H. T. P.

## TCHAIKOVSKY MUSIC FOR PENSION FUND

### Koussevitzky's Leading of Symphony Gets Ovation

*Herald—Dec. 15, 1924*

The "Francesca da Rimini" fantasy, the elegy and the waltz from the serenade for strings, the E minor symphony, No. 5—this was the program Mr. Koussevitzky chose for the first Pension Fund Concert of the season, an "all Tchaikovsky program." If anyone felt disposed to ask why he did it, in Boston in 1924, a glance at the audience packing Symphony Hall to the doors would have answered the question. A finer program, nevertheless, would probably have served as well; surely Mr. Koussevitzky's fame is sufficiently great to fill the hall.

Granting the worthy determination to make sure of an overflowing audience, how could Mr. Koussevitzky bring himself to help lessen the diminishing fame of his great compatriot by performing his "Francesca"? In its day it made a stir by its frenzied representation of Dante's hell. But what ages so quickly in music as frenzy? The noise, at all events, is left. An uproar to equal parts of "Francesca," Stravinsky's "Spring" being not forgotten, has surely not been heard in Symphony Hall for many a day.

The audience, of a mind with the cook in Hardy's novel who would not heed Ethelberta's advice to wear less flamboyant bonnets "because she did like a good flare-up about her face of a Sunday afternoon," liked the fantasy very much. To judge by the applause, they liked the two movements from the Serenade far less. Empty music if it has enough flourish to it, evidently pleases better than honest, trivial music that is quiet.

It was good to hear, though late in the day, the symphony, Tchaikovsky perhaps at his best. Nothing he ever wrote sounds better, and even his most virulent detractors must admit that when pure sound is the matter in question Tchaikovsky, in his later years, knew what he was about. Its melody escapes the commonness that sometimes does Tchaikovsky's music damage. Its emotion is intense, but it does not fall into hysteria. If conductors jealous of Tchaikovsky's repute would content themselves with playing such music of his as is great of its kind, like the symphony in E minor, his memory would stay green the longer.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the symphony with studied care, without undue stress of its emotional force, yet effectively, at times thrillingly. The audience listened with an absorption very marked. The applause at the end was overwhelming.

R. R. G.



SYMPHONY HALL  
BOSTON

48th Concert in aid of the Orchestra's

# PENSION FUND

BOSTON SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY Conductor



SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
APRIL NINETEENTH, 1925  
AT 3.30

W. H. BRENNAN

Management

G. E. JUDD



SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 19, 1925

# PROGRAMME

Wagner . . . Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"

\*Strauss . . . "Ein Heldenleben" ("A Hero Life")  
Tone Poem, Op. 40

The Hero—The Hero's Adversaries—The Hero's Helpmate—  
The Hero's Battlefield—The Hero's Works of Peace—  
The Hero's Escape from the World, and the Completion.

Wagner . . . "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" (Act II)

Wagner "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" (Act III)

Wagner . . . . . Overture to "Tannhäuser"

\*Strauss has said that he wrote "A Hero Life" as a companion work to his "Don Quixote," Op. 35: "Having in this later work sketched the tragi-comic figure of the Spanish Knight whose vain search after heroism leads to insanity, he presents in 'A Hero's Life' not a single poetical or historical figure, but rather a more general and free ideal of great and manly heroism—not the heroism to which one can apply an everyday standard of valour, with its material and exterior rewards, but that heroism which describes the inward battle of life, and which aspires through effort and renouncement towards the elevation of the soul."

There will be an intermission of ten minutes  
after Strauss's "Heldenleben"

See page 6 for Concert Announcements

Relighted Fires Trans. Apr. 20, 1925

A SINGULAR audience awaited Mr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra at their concert for its Pension Fund on Sunday last. Few were the frequenters of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings at Symphony Hall. Only here and there were subscribers to the five Mondays discoverable. A wholly miscellaneous and occasional company watched and heard the conductor, evidently attracted by a fame quite different from the usual lot of an orchestral leader. True, Dr. Muck was also a "personality"; but not the sort of "personality" that penetrates the highways and the hedgerows. Neither in robust attention nor in hearty applause was this strange audience lacking. It turned not a hair through the forty minutes of "Ein Heldenleben." Habitually, it might have been listening to "the master-works" of Richard the Long-Breathed. Loud and persistent also was the applause that it heaped upon piece and performance. No less did more familiar Wagner please it—especially when conductor and orchestra, laying on and sparing not, carried the storm-music in the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" and the triumph of virtue—and the Pilgrims' Chorus—in the Overture to "Tannhäuser" in reverberant waves of tumultuous sound.

Miscellaneous were Mr. Koussevitzky's Wagnerian excerpts. Besides the two early overtures, they included the "Forest-Scene"

from the second act of "Siegfried" and the "Good-Friday Spell" from the third act of "Parsifal"—neither, as the event proved, too fortunate choice. Wagner's music indeed visualizes; but there is need also, in these curiously coördinated measures from "Siegfried" of the stir and glow of the spring wood, of the young hero outstretched or up-starting, of both in visible presence. The purists to the contrary notwithstanding, Wagner wrote primarily for the stage, rather than for the symphonic concert-room. Not until the bird sings, the horn sounds, and Siegfried begins his ascent to Brünnhilde, does this forest-piece, detached, awake and kindle. Similarly, in degree, with the fragment from "Parsifal." The ear hears; but the eye would also see the flower-spread mead, the verdant thickets, Gurnemanz gravely musing, the sombre knight looking and enthralled. Nor did Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra quite evoke the poesy and the picture in the music enfolded. They more exhaled the aroma of careful rehearsal than the fragrance of earth renewed and blessed. Better went the two overtures. Within the conductor's most expansive powers were the contrast of the Dutchman storm-tossed and Senta envisioned. Sound and fury, sentiment and rapture, eight horns and wood-winds in fours—what more was there to ask? Equally with the Overture to "Tannhäuser," wherein Mr. Koussevitzky's incidental Bacchanale far excelled in erotic tang and tumult his "Venusberg Music" of last autumn; while in the climax, with the bells of the horns turned outward and the whole orchestra waist-deep in sonorities, he fairly out Mengelberged Mengeberg.

In crescendo, seemingly more the conductor's versions of "Ein Heldenleben." That of Saturday evening sloughed away the tameness of Friday afternoon; while that of Sunday sharpened characterization, deepened beauty, concentrated power. At last the derision of The Adversaries hissed and clicked as from leering eyes and protruding tongues. The Hero himself was more vividly proclaimed, more pulsantly affirmed. The love-song ran richer in tonal depths; while the serenities of The Hero's Works of Peace swelled more spaciouly into the exaltation of deliverance and departure. Not even Mr. Mengelberg has more unfolded "Ein Heldenleben" as music far-spreading, sustained, diversified and cumulated. Only in Wagner, of the later masters, dwells wider span or ampler wealth of creation.



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Harvard Glee Club  
Radcliffe Choral Society



SYMPHONY HALL

*Thursday Evening*

*Friday Evening*

*April 16*

*April 17*

1925



# Requiem

JOHANNES BRAHMS



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

*Guest Conductor*

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

RADCLIFFE CHORAL

SOCIETY

DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

*Soloists*

ETHYL HAYDEN  
BORIS SASLAWSKY

Soprano  
Baritone



Members of

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

JULIUS THEODOROWICZ, *Concert Master*

## Words of the Requiem

I.

*Chorus*

Blessed are they that mourn, for  
they shall have comfort.

They that sow in tears shall reap  
in joy.

Who goeth forth and weepeth,  
and beareth precious seed,  
Shall doubtless return with re-  
joicing, and bring his sheaves  
with him.

II.

*Chorus*

Behold, all flesh is as the grass,  
And all the goodliness of man is  
as the flower of the grass;

For lo, the grass with'reth, and  
the flower thereof decayeth.

Now, therefore, be patient, O my  
brethren, unto the coming of  
Christ.

See how the husbandman wait-  
eth for the precious fruit and  
hath long patience for it,

Until he receive the early rain  
and the latter rain.

So be ye patient.

Albeit the Lord's word endureth  
forevermore.

The redeemed of the Lord shall  
return again, and come re-  
joicing unto Zion.

Gladness and joy everlasting  
upon their heads shall be;  
these shall be their portion.

And tears and sighing shall flee  
from them.

III.

*Baritone Solo and Chorus*

Lord, make me to know the  
measure of my days on earth,  
To consider my frailty, that I  
must perish.

Surely, all my days are as an  
handbreadth to Thee,  
And my life-time is as naught to  
Thee.

Verily, mankind walketh in a  
vain show, and their best  
state is vanity.

Man passeth away like a shadow,  
He is disquieted in vain,  
He heapeth up riches, and can-  
not tell who shall gather  
them.

Now, Lord, O what do I wait for?  
My hope is in Thee.

But the righteous souls are in  
the hand of God,

Nor pain, nor grief shall nigh  
them come.

INTERMISSION



## IV.

*Chorus*

How lovely is Thy dwelling-  
place, O Lord of Hosts!  
For my soul longeth, yea, fainteth  
for the courts of the Lord.  
My soul and body crieth out,  
yea, for the living God.  
O blest are they that dwell  
within Thy house;  
They praise Thee, they praise  
Thy name evermore.

## V.

*Soprano Solo and Chorus*

Ye now are sorrowful,  
Howbeit ye shall again behold  
me, and your heart shall be  
joyful,  
And your joy no man taketh  
from you.  
Yea, I will comfort you, as one  
whom his own mother com-  
forteth.  
Look upon me: ye know that for  
a little time labour and sor-  
row were mine,  
But at the last I have found  
comfort.

## VI.

*Baritone Solo and Chorus*

Here on earth have we no con-  
tinuing place,

Howbeit, we seek one to come.  
Lo, I unfold unto you a mystery.  
We shall not all sleep, when He  
cometh,

But we shall all be changed, in a  
moment, in the twinkling of  
an eye, at the sound of the  
trumpet.

For the trumpet shall sound, and  
the dead shall be raised in-  
corruptible,

And all we shall be changed.  
Then, what of old was written,  
the same shall be brought to  
pass.

For death shall be swallowed in  
Victory!

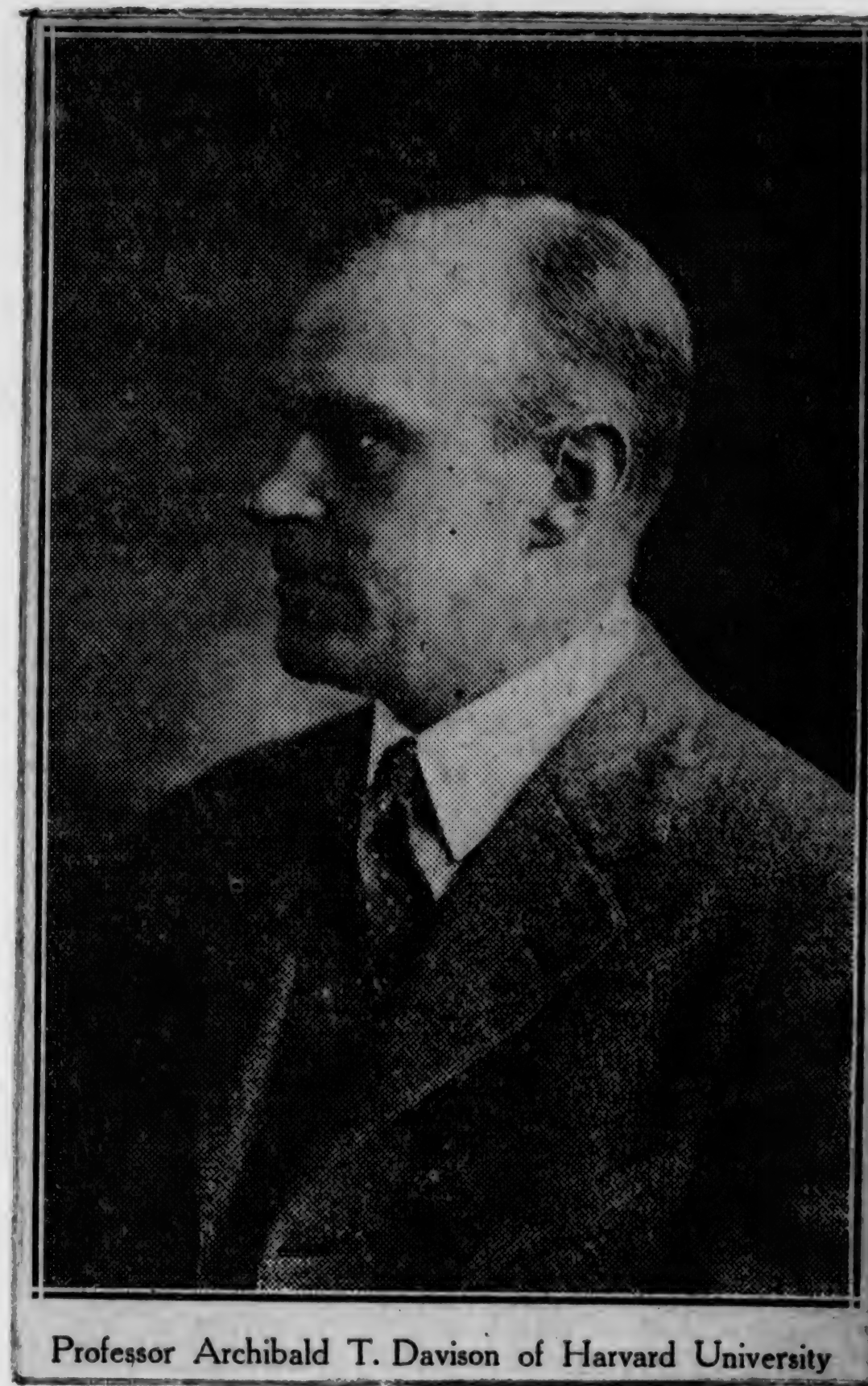
Grave, where is thy triumph?  
Death, O where is thy sting?  
Worthy art Thou to be praised,  
Lord of honour and might,  
For Thou hast earth and heaven  
created,

And for Thy good pleasure all  
things have their being, and  
were created.

## VII.

*Chorus*

Blessed are the dead which die  
in the Lord from henceforth,  
Saith the spirit, that they rest  
from their labours,  
And that their works follow after  
them.



Professor Archibald T. Davison of Harvard University



IV.

*Chorus*

How lovely is Thy dwelling-  
place, O Lord of Hosts!  
For my soul longeth, yea, fainteth  
for the courts of the Lord.  
My soul and body crieth out,  
yea, for the living God.  
O blest are they that dwell  
within Thy house;  
They praise Thee, they praise  
Thy name evermore.

V.

*Soprano Solo and Chorus*

Ye now are sorrowful,  
Howbeit ye shall again behold  
me, and your heart shall be  
joyful,  
And your joy no man taketh  
from you.  
Yea, I will comfort you, as one  
whom his own mother com-  
forteth.  
Look upon me: ye know that for  
a little time labour and sor-  
row were mine,  
But at the last I have found  
comfort.

VI.

*Baritone Solo and Chorus*

Here on earth have we no con-  
tinuing place,

Howbeit, we seek one to come.  
Lo, I unfold unto you a mystery.  
We shall not all sleep, when He  
cometh,

But we shall all be changed, in a  
moment, in the twinkling of  
an eye, at the sound of the  
trumpet.

For the trumpet shall sound, and  
the dead shall be raised in-  
corruptible,

And all we shall be changed.

Then, what of old was written,  
the same shall be brought to  
pass.

For death shall be swallowed in  
Victory!

Grave, where is thy triumph?

Death, O where is thy sting?

Worthy art Thou to be praised,  
Lord of honour and might,

For Thou hast earth and heaven  
created,

And for Thy good pleasure all  
things have their being, and  
were created.

VII.

*Chorus*

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And that their works follow after  
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Professor Archibald T. Davison of Harvard University



## TWO CHOIRS IN SONG WITH BEAUTY VESTED IN POWER SUSTAINED

Trans. — April 17, 1925  
THE CHORAL CONCERT OF TWENTY  
YEARS

Dr. Davison's Harvard and Radcliffe  
Choruses in Brahms's German Requiem,  
Mr. Koussevitzky Conducting—Setting  
and Audience—A Music Renewed—  
Wonders and Glories of Performance

THE usual stage of Symphony Hall had been extended far forward. Upon it, tier above tier, rose youth arrayed—the choir of Radcliffe in the black gowns and the white neck-pieces that are custom with Dr. Davison's women-singers; the choir of Harvard in the black and the white of masculine evening clothes. Within the horns of this crescent sat sixty members of the Symphony Orchestra newly grouped—the flower of it when Mr. Laurent played the first flute or Mr. Wendler the first horn. Beyond stretched an audience filling every seat, except a suspicious and contiguous six, which—it pleased some cynics to say—must have been reserved for the Corporation of Harvard University. Threading choirs and band by a narrow passage, Mr. Koussevitzky came to his place as conductor—and from the rearmost row of listeners to the uppermost tier of singers, the whole house clapped him. Then began the most memorable choral concert that Boston has known in twenty years and a performance of Brahms's German Requiem that outbid still longer memories. Between the third and the fourth numbers an intermission was imposed. It gave opportunity for plaudits that swelled anew when Dr. Davison, as the designer and—in large measure—the doer of the deed, came upon the stage. At the end, he returned—to be caught in a tempest of applause in which the choir of Harvard, the choir of Radcliffe, conductor, audience, even the orchestra, were as meeting winds and currents. Nor did the solo-singers, secondary though their parts had been, miss share in these gales of approbation. Upon this release of pent excitement the concert closed—until it is repeated this evening. Through two hours the audience had dwelt in the rarest of experiences in

what was to be done." number of professional steadily increasing for or to 1924, the speaker the most prodigious leap ar. The liabilities represent's fraudulent bankrupts 00. The significance of r understood when it is ch a loss must be borne ness interests, constitut- ax on enterprises already

that will put a stop to these criminals is jail," they are afraid of noth- sentence or two, how- an excellent deterrent. creditors are afraid of d money after bad and ainst the frauds, being heir losses and face the in the future.

in Connecticut started later proved to have a relative, being paid profits of the business. der the cover of dark- ed at \$20,000 to another were found consigned rooklyn. A verdict of in court and a sentence l, in care of the sheriff. k of it! Forty days' va- ff's guest for stealing oes. In contrast with he case of a young girl, is illness, was unable to the home of a mar- Boston. The sister was she got there so she nce pie that was in the ister had her arrested he South Boston court hs for it. There is no an see, but the judge

the dinner were Sam- of the European di- of Foreign and Do- d George W. Denyven, lub, whose topic was y."

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Bostonian concert-hall—the pleasure and the admiration, the wonder and the transport that choral music, such as this Requiem and choral singing, as by these choirs, may evoke. To the end these sensations were sustained. In the progress they were also intensified.

Once more, and after many years, Brahms's music emerged as ever fresh, ever vital masterpiece, perdurable still. It were late and needless to retrace the old debate over text and tones in a "Requiem" dissevered from every churchly rite, Roman, Lutheran, Evangelical; over the composer's will to make both expression of his own spirit and the spirit of his northern race—personal yet universal, religious but not ecclesiastic. Of as little import to the audience of yesterday was the mingling in that text of verses from the Protestant Scriptures and Teutonic paraphrase thereon. They sufficed to bear the faith, the meditations, the visions and the exaltations of Brahms into a music that is both speech and song. Nor was many a hearer much concerned with the facture of the pages—the mastery of choral counterpoint; the resources of modulation, transition and climax; the adjustments of choir and orchestra; the fecundity of vocal and instrumental invention; the imaginative means achieving the reasoned ends, without labor or haste, without halt or shadow of turning. Rarely in the German Requiem does Brahms write the measures of thought become workmanship, when he should have written the music of meditation deepened to vision, heightened to exaltation. With reason are there austerities that they may grave beauty upon hearing ears, and with power penetrate listening spirits. For the music's sake, not for any literary, philosophic or graphic implication, did Brahms write music; while nowhere above the Requiem has he better measured means to ends—sparse pages, as they seem after sixty years, but rich pages still.

There are measures of mourning and, as Brahms visions and writes, a beauty of compassion overspreads them. Measures of contemplation, and upon them he lays another beauty, as of faith waiting, forbearing, enduring. Measures of rapidity that clothe "the courts of the Lord" in a music of grave and spiritual delight. Measures that enfold the peace everlasting and plumb the depths serene of tones. And remains human and universal—among northern minds and hearts—bearing the mystery of life, the faith of living, unfolding that spiritual trust in the Divine Destiny which becomes as spiritual fortitude. And there is no other speech but tones, Brahms-like, for this searching and this contemplation.

From measures of beauty, the music swells into measures of power. "The Re-



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of ardent processional. He sees with the  
spiritual eye the vision of the last day and  
the last trumpet, of the risen dead and of  
death overcome, and lifts the words of the  
apostle into an apocalyptic tumult of re  
joicing tones. In the last division of all,  
power joins itself to beauty. There have  
been measures by the chorus upborne, like  
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SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

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# YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

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THE AFTERNOONS OF

Tuesday, November 4, and Wednesday, November 5, 1924  
at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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## *PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS*

Mendelssohn . . . . . Incidental music to Shakespeare's  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"  
a. Overture.  
b. Scherzo.  
c. March.

Stravinsky . . . . . Song of the Volga Bargemen

Tchaikovsky . . . . . Canzonetta from the Violin Concerto in D major  
Violin Solo — RICHARD BURGIN

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . . "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," Scherzo

d'Indy . . . . . From the Suite in D (In the Olden Style)  
a. Minuet.  
b. French Round Dance.  
Trumpet Solo — GEORGES MAGER

Strauss, J. . . . . Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"

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The price of tickets for these concerts is 35 cents each.

No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children.



FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847). INCIDENTAL MUSIC TO  
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Mendelssohn was only seventeen when he "discovered" Shakespeare. He and his sister Fanny were very fond of reading together. Their enthusiasm rose highest over this fairy play, and young Felix composed an overture for it in the same year. Later in his life he wrote the other numbers played. While the composer worked at the Overture in his summer house, a great fly buzzed over his head, and Mendelssohn wrote its drone into his score (descending scales for the violoncellos). After an early performance of the overture, the conductor left the score in a hackney coach. It was never found, and Mendelssohn had to re-write the whole piece from memory.

The music begins (and likewise ends) with four prolonged chords for the wood-wind, which introduces the lovely fairy music, played softly by the strings. A rustic "Bergamesque" dance characterized the "play within a play." The imitation of the bray of an ass is of course an allusion to Bottom, the vain peasant whom the fairies mocked by giving him an ass's head. The wedding march, as Mendelssohn wrote it, was by no means solemn, but accompanied the mock marriage of Bottom with one of the Fairies.

The Scherzo is so airy, swift, and whimsical that mortal feet could scarcely dance to it. But this little piece would be entirely suitable for Peas-Blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed, subjects of Titania, Queen of the Fairies, in the moonlight of an enchanted forest near Athens. The passage for flute towards the end is noted for its difficulty.

IGOR STRAVINSKY (1882- ). SONG OF THE VOLGA BARGEMEN  
(ARRANGED FOR WOOD-WIND AND BRASS ORCHESTRA.)

Folk songs are usually not composed by a certain person, but come into being, no one knows just how or when, as the people sing at their work or play. The distinguished Russian composer has set for orchestra this favorite folk song of his people.

On the banks of the Volga before the era of steamboats, the sole occupation of certain peasants was to haul by ropes heavily laden barges from one town to the next. From the exhausting strain of this work spontaneously came this poignant folk-melody. The bargemen make a distant clump of birch-trees the goal of their efforts. The cry "Ay-ouch-nem" accompanies the heaving and slackening motion of their labor.

Ay-ouch-nem! Ay-ouch-nem!  
Let us pull—once more, once more!

Ay-ouch-nem! Ay-ouch-nem!  
Let us pull—once more, once more!  
Look! the birches nearing us,  
Curly birch-trees soon we'll pass!  
Ai da da, ai da! Ai da da, ai da!  
Curly birch trees soon we'll pass!  
Ay-ouch-nem! Ay-ouch-nem!

PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840-1893). CANZONETTA FROM  
THE VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR.

This Canzonetta, or "little song," is the slow movement, the melodious middle portion of the Concerto, and is well suited to show the beauties of the violin as a solo as well as an orchestral instrument.

The violin is probably unequalled in its combination of swiftness and brilliance, emotional power and songfulness. It reached this supremacy in the seventeenth century, the golden age of instrumental music in Italy. Most of the technical possibilities of the violin were developed by such composers as Corelli and Vivaldi in that very century. As for the instruments themselves, those made by the master violin makers of that time, and particularly Stradivarius, have never been equalled in beauty of tone. It is not hard to see why the few Stradivarius violins still in existence are so highly prized. Mr. Burgin will play a "Stradivarius" in this number.

NICHOLAS ANDREIVITCH RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844-1908).  
"THE FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE," SCHERZO,  
FROM THE OPERA, "TSAR SALTAN."

This little Scherzo is typical of Rimsky-Korsakov, the Russian composer and professor of music, who is always pictured in his iron spectacles and long beard. He loved nothing better than a fairy tale to set to music. He was also a lover of nature, and the sounds of birds and insects which floated in the open window of his study would find their way into his scores.

The opera, "Tsar Saltan," is based on an old Russian folk legend and the poem of Pushkin. The Tsar marries the youngest of three sisters, and when he goes off to war, a son and heir is born. The envious sisters send word that the baby is no human being, but a monstrous creature. The Tsar thereupon orders the mother and son (who is in reality a beautiful child) put into a cask and dropped into the sea. They float to a strange island, where the young Prince grows to manhood.



He rescues an enchanted swan who turns back into a princess, and gives him miraculous powers.

Sailors, visiting the island, bear back to the Tsar an account of the marvelous deeds the son has wrought, such as raising a wondrous city from the sea. The Prince transforms himself into a bee, flies with the boat, and accompanies the sailors to the old Tsar's palace. On the opera stage the bee is represented by a dancer. When the crabbed aunts make little of the miracles, the bee stings them. Pain and rage. Things are thrown, but the bee, untouched, again becomes the Prince, embraces his father and marries the Princess.

VINCENT D'INDY (1852- ). FROM THE SUITE IN D (IN OLDEN STYLE).

As the violin is the highest and most brilliant of the stringed instruments, the trumpet is the highest and most brilliant of the brass family. It is as old as the Bible. Its powerful, streaming, blazing tone made it the instrument of proclamation—of heralds and of angels. The trumpet is of course used very stirringly in the modern orchestra. This suite, however, is not in the modern manner. In the dances, and in the rapid and skipping notes which the trumpet must play, the French composer goes back to the polite, pre-revolutionary days of his people.

JOHANN STRAUSS (1825-1899). WALTZ, "ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE."

The phenomenon of many musicians in a family was not confined to the Bachs. Johann Strauss, the "waltz king," was one of five Strausses who in three generations wrote a thousand waltzes between them, and set all Europe dancing. According to the family tradition, the great Johann would introduce a new waltz at each of the Royal Court Balls in Vienna. He would conduct his own orchestra, violin in hand, and would at supreme moments swing with the lilt of the music with delightful grace and abandon (it was gossiped that each Strauss learned to play before a mirror). The enraptured and clamorous ladies would crowd around and shower him with flowers. Next day, the new waltz would be whistled on every street in Vienna.

## SYMPHONY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Orchestra Gives First Concert of Series—Stravinsky on Program

### CHILDREN ENJOY THE PERFORMANCE

*Herald* — Nov. 5, 1924  
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What, Stravinsky for the young and innocent? Well, why not? No one gives boys and girls any longer the improving, highly moral tales of Mrs. Sherwood. We doubt if boys now clamor for "Sandford and Merton" as a Christmas gift. By the time the boys of 1924 have reached man's estate, Stravinsky may be to audiences as Haydn is today, and the girls who will then be betrothed or wedded may ask: "Can't we hear something new?" We remember when conservative concertgoers in Boston thought the symphony by blameless Cesar Franck immoral. As for Richard Strauss, when his "Till" was performed for the first time, he was a madman, a son of Belial, if not Antichrist in the guise of a composer.

This arrangement by Stravinsky of the famous song of the barge-men on the Volga was performed here for the first time. Stravinsky arranged it for wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments. It is a comparatively recent work, having been published in 1920. The text of the song, "Eh, Ughnyem," consists of a few exclamations, with six other words. As given in an English version, it reads: "Pull, boys, pull! Once again, lads, pull the rope that rows the boat, winding round you

curly birch." For the brutal practice of using human labor to haul the loaded barges up and down the Volga was not abandoned until toward the middle of the last century. There are many arrangements of the folk tune. This one by Stravinsky was played in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia orchestra on the 17th of last month.

If any one should reproach the management for allowing Stravinsky music to be played for young people, the authorities could say, with the poor girl in the story: "But it is such a little one," for, sonorously impressive as the arrangement is, it is simple and very short.

The children enjoyed the orchestra and the soloists greatly. The "Bumble Bee" was repeated. Wallace Goodrich, speaking before the selections a few well-chosen words, supplemented the helpful program notes written by Mr. Burk.

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MR. KOUSSEVITZKY PLEASURES THE CHILDREN

First Venture Into New Field—A Genial Afternoon—Thick Voice for the Volga Boatmen—Everywhere, "Pacific 231"—The Sweating Schmitt

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opportunity of solo-pieces, Mr. Burgin, the violinist, and Mr. Mager, the trumpeter, also sped it. From the outset of these concerts, no audience has remained to the end so intent and responsive. Besides, there were Mr. Burk's program-leaflets, inimitable in kind, and Mr. Goodrich's pre-ludes of the spoken word to add understanding to pleasure.

Unlike many of their elders, youngsters listen, unafraid and happy, to the demons of modernist music. They have no pre-possessions. Not for an instant do they suspect that arch-fiends are tweaking or hammering at their ears. Open, honest and frank by virtue of their young days, they take the music for the pleasure it gives them. Consequently they listened eagerly to Stravinsky's arrangement of the "Song of the Volga Barge-men"; liked and clapped it. The piece is very brief; discards the strings; moves to heavy rhythms in ponderous masses of tone; summons the pervading, but not the only mood, of the folk-song. Stravinsky sees and feels the hulking haulers tugging at the laden boats, under a leaden sky, along a bank still wintry. He hears the dull refrain, the straining, reiterated, carking, rhythm of their song. He fails to remember the birch trees that soon will be waving, leafy, in the summer air. He stands by to record with observing eye and ear, emotionless. The thick contours of his music recall these strong men, bent and knotted with the burden of their toll. Primitive men in the mass he is singing in these blocks of tone. And the rhythm and the motion plod to their stride—monotonous as the sky, endless as the river. Yet Stravinsky does not pity, much less sentimentalize. He is of an objective generation in music.

There was not a moral to another piece within Mr. Koussevitzky's program. Upon the children he flashed the brightness, humor, fancy of Mendelssohn's timeless and changeless music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Possibly the older teens heard the fairies tripping and Bottom clomping through the Overture. Possibly they felt those wondrous chords at the beginning and the end that after a hundred years are still enchantment. (God forbid that at their time of life they should talk about them!) Anyhow, everyone "loved" the rhythmical clang of The March. Mr. Burgin's violin sighed sweetly through the Canzonetta of Chaikovsky's Concerto—the bonbon of the afternoon. Yet Mr. Mager's trumpet, bright and clear as it sported and skipped through Monsieur d'Indy's olden dances, seemed more to the taste of these twentieth-century youngsters. The end was a Waltz of the elder Strauss—music long overlooked for these concerts. It set ears tingling under Mr. Koussevitzky's sustaining yet changeable hand. But why "The Blue Danube" when "Wiener Blut," "Südische Rosen" and "Künstlerleben" are open pages? If ever a waltz had a false reputation, it is this "Schöne Blaue Donau." Before long, unless the conductors repent themselves, it will be in the tradition.

## THE MUSIC PREVAILS

Trans. — April 7, 1925  
A Young People's Concert Before a Rapt Audience—Sonorities, Rhythm and Color as They Fell Upon Boyish and Girlish Ears—Mr. Burgin as More Confident Conductor

IN THE BRIEF DAYS, as yet, of the Young People's Concerts by the Symphony Orchestra, there has been no such engrossed audience as that of yesterday afternoon. It was not uneasy; it did not chatter; under no compulsion did it listen and enjoy. To the casual eye, roaming Symphony Hall, girl-children distinctly predominated—circumstance which may or may not account for this uncommon interest and tranquillity. Closer at hand, it was encouraging to see these maidens in the early and the middle teens yielding to the music as to a spell, awakening, almost, from their delight of ear and dream, of a sudden and with heartiness, clapping responsive hands. Foreigners say—albeit unjustly—that without the women the arts would languish in America. Rather, be it agreed that with music, the men provide the funds; while the superior sex reaps the enjoyment. By this sign, in the fruition of the years, not a few of the absorbed girls of Monday will be the next generation of young listeners at the Symphony Concerts. They need them. And in the middle twenties may these younglings be as eager and receptive as they are in the middle teens!

As usual, it was interesting—and baffling—to watch the reactions of this boy-and-girl audience to the different pieces. Clearly the auguries are good for Wagner, since the slow, ascending surge of the processional music from the Second Act of "Lohengrin" held the youngsters rapt. Beyond mistaking, they felt the surface stateliness, the glowing depths. Sonorities again fared well when they heard Sibelius's tone-poem, "Finlandia," though whether they noted the cry of the oppressed

in the anguished folk-tunes beneath, is another, more puzzling, matter. Plainly, too, these boys and maidens "love" rhythm, and "love" it more when it beats through exotic dress. They listened intently to the Chinese Dance from Chaikovsky's ballet, "Nutcracker." Twice over would they have the succeeding Russian folk-dance. The tick-tick-tick of the Allegretto Scherzando from Beethoven's "little" Eighth Symphony gave manifest pleasure; while the bright motion and the bubbling gayety of the Overture to "Figaro's Wedding" fell not far behind. For the first time, unless recollection slips, an audience at these concerts enjoyed an eighteenth-century piece.

The puzzle of puzzles was the mood of these young ears toward the solo-numbers. The silvery tinkle of Mr. Fiedler's celesta in the Dance—again from "Nutcracker"—of the Sugar-Plum Fairy seemed to fascinate them. With eager interest, they followed Mr. Holy's harp through a neat little Fantasia by Saint-Saëns. Long and warm was the clapping. Yet when that master-flutist, Mr. Laurent, played the Dance of the Spirits of the Blessed from Gluck's "Orpheus," the youngsters sat coldly by. A harp, suggests a disillusioned observer of the young, has a gilded and imposing presence; whereas a flute is but a silvery tube with holes punched in it—which may or may not be explanation.

Mr. Koussevitzky assembled this program, which did credit to his imaginative insight with young minds. Mr. Burk prepared the program-notes, which attained the happy mean of good reading for both the teens and the fifties. Mr. Surette proffered the usual explanations before each piece, and caught the youngsters' ears. A wearied conductor, however, handed the orchestra to Mr. Burgin, who is beginning to lead, not only safely, but with a confidence and a will of his own; while readily his comrades answer to him. Only a few superfluous adults, curious to hear what Mr. Koussevitzky would do with more Chaikovsky and more Wagner, were disappointed. The youngsters sat untroubled. Enough for them was the music—which, after all, is the proper attitude.  
H. T. P.



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SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Monday, April 6, and Tuesday, April 7, 1925  
at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

## PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

- |             |    |   |   |  |
|-------------|----|---|---|--|
| Mozart      | .  | . | . | Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"   |
| Beethoven   | .  | . | . | Second Movement, "Allegretto Scherzando,"<br>from the Symphony in F major, No. 8 |
| Wagner      | .  | . | . | Procession to the Cathedral from "Lohengrin"                                     |
| Gluck       | .  | . | . | Dance of the Spirits from "Orpheus"<br>Solo Flute — GEORGES LAURENT              |
| Tchaikovsky | .  | . | . | Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker"   |
|             | a. |   |   | Chinese Dance.   |
|             | b. |   |   | Dance of the Sugar Fairy.<br>(Celesta — ARTHUR FIEDLER)                          |
|             | b. |   |   | Russian Dance, "Trépak."   |
| Saint-Saëns | .  | . | . | Fantasy for Harp<br>Solo Harp — ALFRED HOLY                                      |
| Sibelius    | .  | . | . | "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem  |

Thomas W. Surette will speak about the music to be played.  
No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children.



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791). OVERTURE TO  
THE OPERA "THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO."

Although Mozart only lived to be thirty-five, he composed innumerable symphonies and operas, and an even larger number of smaller works.

How does it happen that Mozart wrote so much music in his short life? The answer is that he could write a beautiful piece of music almost as quickly and easily as he could dance a quadrille, that he dashed off a symphony or concerto at all odd moments, and that he began to compose very early indeed. At the age of three he struck chords on the harpsichord, at four he played easily, and composed at five. This is strictly true, for we have a very presentable minuet duly dated by the proud father.

Through his life, Mozart showed an unbelievable genius both in composing and playing. He composed most of his wonderful opera "Don Giovanni" at the stone table of a tavern garden while noisy peasants played at skittles. The night before this opera was to be performed, not a note of the overture was written. He asked his wife to mix a bowl of punch and sit beside him as he wrote, keeping him cheerful with stories of Aladdin's Lamp, Cinderella, and the like. He laughed until the tears came into his eyes. But the punch made him so sleepy that he nodded whenever she stopped. Finally he lay down on the sofa, his wife promising to wake him in an hour. She could not bear to disturb him and let him sleep two. It was then five in the morning. At seven the parts were ready for the copyist.

When the brilliant audience came for the opening performance that night the musicians played the overture at sight. "Many notes were dropped under the desk," said Mozart, afterwards, "but it was mightily well played." Very probably, Mozart wrote the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" in short order, though we have no record of the circumstances.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1823). ALLEGRETTO SCHER-  
ZANDO (SECOND MOVEMENT) FROM THE SYMPHONY No. 8  
IN F MAJOR, OP. 93.

This movement is one of the most famous of "jokes" in music. The object of the joke was Johann Mälzel, a friend of Beethoven. This Mälzel was of a mechanical turn of mind. He invented an automatic trumpet player, and in fact, a whole brass band, which was played by machinery. These things must have astonished the world in a day before talking machines or mechanical pianos were even dreamed of.

Beethoven, of course, was amused; but two other inventions of Mälzel's he took seriously—a set of ear phones which helped him in his deafness, and a time-beating contrivance, now known to us as the metronome, by which he indicated the proper tempi on certain of his published scores.

The ludicrous side of this industrious "ticker" also appealed to Beethoven, and when a group of friends gave its maker a farewell dinner before his departure on some business quest, Beethoven wrote a humorous canon, which they sang on the spot—Mälzel took the bass and Beethoven the soprano. The words were—"Ta, Ta, Ta, Lieber Mälzel," and the tune was that used in this little allegretto.

In this second movement of his symphony, Beethoven maintains the ticking metronome all through (light staccato chords for the wood-wind). Against this the little refrain of "Lieber Mälzel" is sung by the strings, tossed about in the different octaves. All through, Beethoven seems to be making fun of the then new idea of a mechanism pushing its way into music. At the end the metronome seems to get out of order—ticks furiously and finally comes to a sudden stop.

This musical joke, like other musical jokes, is quite different from the jokes that simply make us laugh. We feel like smiling at Beethoven's

quaint and clever humor, but at the same time we find the music breathlessly beautiful. Nowhere, except in music, perhaps, is there such a thing as "beautiful nonsense."

The rest of the symphony is somewhat in the same vein. It is not often so funny, but it is always light-hearted and melodious. "My little symphony," Beethoven called it, and indeed it has not a hint of the tremendous, sweeping rush of rhythmic energy of the seventh symphony before it, or the mighty grandeur of the ninth (and last) which followed, and in which a great chorus adds its voice to the orchestra.

It was not unlike Beethoven to write a simple, smiling little symphony between two big ones. Beethoven, like the other few artists who were really great, had different sides to his nature. He was the gigantic Beethoven we know so well in the fifth symphony, or the seventh—just mentioned,—startling the world with his outbursts of creative energy.

Then we have the tender, sorrowful Beethoven, who suffered the worst tragedy a musician can know—total deafness, and poured this poignant tragedy into the slow movements of his sonatas and symphonies.

But Beethoven's sorrows never completely got the better of him. The dark clouds of trouble would disperse, the serene blue sky of his undying genius would appear, and a gay, delightful score, such as this, would result.

RICHARD WAGNER (1813-1883). PROCESSION TO THE CATHEDRAL  
FROM "LOHENGRIN."

This processional is from the second act of Wagner's early music drama. Elsa is to be wedded to a mysterious knight. He had appeared on the river Scheldt, clad in a shining armor, in a boat drawn by a swan. He was unknown, even to his bride, and only later did she learn that he was Lohengrin, guardian of the Holy Grail.

In this music the bride and bridegroom are escorted to the Cathedral by the townsfolk and officials. The music is rather hushed and dreamy; as the pair enter the Cathedral, the organ swells the tone into a joyous solemnity.

CHRISTOPHER WILLIBALD GLUCK (1714-1787). "DANCE  
OF THE SPIRITS" FROM THE OPERA, "ORPHEUS"  
(FLUTE SOLO WITH ORCHESTRA).

The flute, the silver instrument which the player holds horizontally across his mouth, is perhaps the easiest to discern of the wood-wind family. It is the only instrument which has no mouthpiece, but simply a hole, and the flutist makes his note exactly as you do by blowing across the end of a pipe. Indeed, the piccolo, or "little" flute, similar to the military drum corps "fife," has the highest notes in the orchestra. Its shrill tones are impossible to drown out, and are often used to give an extra edge to a loud and brilliant passage by the whole orchestra. The flute itself has not the richness of tone found in such wood-wind instruments as the oboe, English horn, or clarinet. Yet when softly played, it has a certain silken beauty which makes a very effective contrast with the other wood-wind tones.

Certainly the flute is the most brilliant and agile of the wood-wind instruments. No other instrument, not even the violin, can excel its dazzling speed in scales and trills. To know that a fine flutist is also capable of delicate melodic phrasing, it is only necessary to listen to this old-fashioned dance air.

PETER TCHAIKOVSKY (1840-1893). BALLET SUITE, "THE  
NUTCRACKER."

A Christmas tree, loaded with presents, is the scene of the ballet from which this suite is drawn. Small Marie is given an ordinary



nutcracker, and this nutcracker pleases her better than all the other presents. Her brother Fritz and the other boys snatch it away from her and break it. Marie bursts into tears, caresses the poor nutcracker, busies herself over it as though it were sick, puts it to bed and rocks it to sleep. The party is at an end, and the guests go home. The candles on the tree are put out. Marie cannot sleep, and she thinks constantly about the nutcracker. At last she leaves her little bed and steals downstairs, only to have a look at him. It is midnight. She suddenly hears a noise as though mice were clattering out from all sides. Then a wonderful thing happens. The fir tree grows and grows; all the playthings and the honey-cakes come to life. Even the spoiled nutcracker wakes up and moves about. A fight begins between the playthings and the mice. The latter, led by their king, easily defeat the honey-cake soldiers; but the tin soldiers, under the command of the nutcracker, rush to help their comrades. A fierce battle ensues. The nutcracker fights with the king of the mice. Just at the moment when the king seems to be getting the upper hand, Marie throws her shoe at him. He dies, and the mice are defeated. The nutcracker is transformed into a handsome prince. He thanks his rescuer and takes her to his magic kingdom. They fly over a wintry forest to the mountain of sweetmeats, where the Fairy Dragée rules over the lolly-pops and goodies.

CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS (1835-1921). "FANTAISIE"  
FOR HARP SOLO.

The harp, used as an accompaniment to the voice, is one of the most venerable of instruments. It is far older than Ireland, and seems to have been a favorite with the ancient Egyptians.

The difference between the oldest harps and the latest, is not the shape, which is eternally much the same, but a matter of range and mechanical complexity. The gilded instrument of today, with all its imposing appearance, is built, not for show, but for musical service. Every part has its purpose. The broad tapering side of the "triangle" is the sounding-board, to enrich the tone; the graceful curve of the arch is strictly determined by the lengths of the strings—even the supporting "pillar," with its carved ornament, conceals rods, wires, and levers.

The harp is taking an increasingly important place in modern orchestration, and is no longer merely an instrument of accompaniment. If its tones are rather faint, they have, for this very reason a certain ethereal quality entirely their own. This piece will show that the harp is capable of melody as well as chords and scales.

JAN SIBELIUS (1865—now living). "FINLANDIA," SYMPHONIC  
POEM, OP. 26, NO. 7.

Finland, the northland of untracked forests, swift streams, and a thousand fair lakes, is a little country, and sparsely populated. This, of course, means that it has been much preyed upon by its larger neighbors. Alternately under the yoke of Russia and Sweden through many years, oppression has only increased the Finn's proud independence of spirit, and his devotion to his country.

There arose among them a composer, Jan Sibelius, who made their folklore and music his first interest. Although he never used the actual folk melodies in his scores, yet almost everything he has written is steeped in the particular character and genius of the Finns. As a result, Finland is vastly proud of its composer, while the rest of the world, through his music, has become acquainted with the Finnish people.

As for "Finlandia," when Sibelius composed it in 1894, it became such a storm center of national feeling that the Russian Imperial Government forbade its performance.



SYMPHONY HALL  
Opening, Monday Night, May 4  
FORTIETH SEASON OF THE CELEBRATED

POPS

Orchestra of 80 Symphony Players



AGIDE JACCHIA, Conductor

... Opening Programme ...

- |  |   |   |   |   |   |                  |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|------------------|
| 1. INTRODUCTION to Act III, "Lohengrin"                | - | - | - | - | - | Wagner           |
| 2. OVERTURE to "William Tell"                          | - | - | - | - | - | Rossini          |
| 3. JOTA from the Suite "Hispania"                      | - | - | - | - | - | Stoessel-Jacchia |
| 4. FANTASIA, "Fedora"                                  | - | - | - | - | - | Giordano         |
| 5. TWELFTH HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY                          | - | - | - | - | - | Liszt            |
| 6. RACHEM (Invocation) (Orchestrated by Agide Jacchia) | - | - | - | - | - | Manna-Zucca      |
| 7. SCHERZO, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee"             | - | - | - | - | - | Rimsky-Korsakov  |
| 8. OUVERTURE SOLENNELLE "1812"                         | - | - | - | - | - | Tchaikovsky      |
| 9. SELECTION, "Carmen"                                 | - | - | - | - | - | Bizet            |
| 10. VALSE TRISTE                                       | - | - | - | - | - | Sibelius         |
| 11. FRENCH MILITARY MARCH                              | - | - | - | - | - | Saint-Saëns      |

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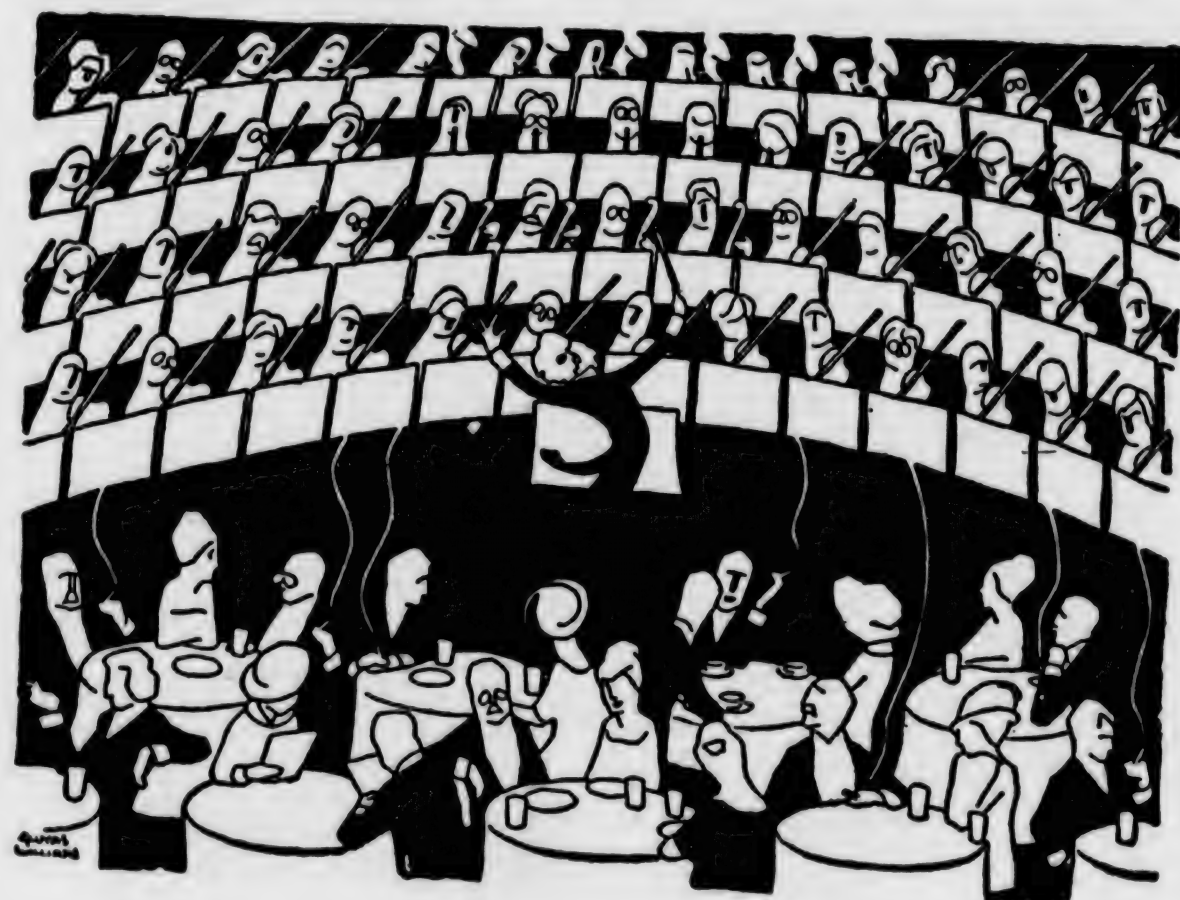


SYMPHONY HALL  
Opening, Monday Night, May 4

FORTIETH SEASON OF

The Celebrated

# POPS

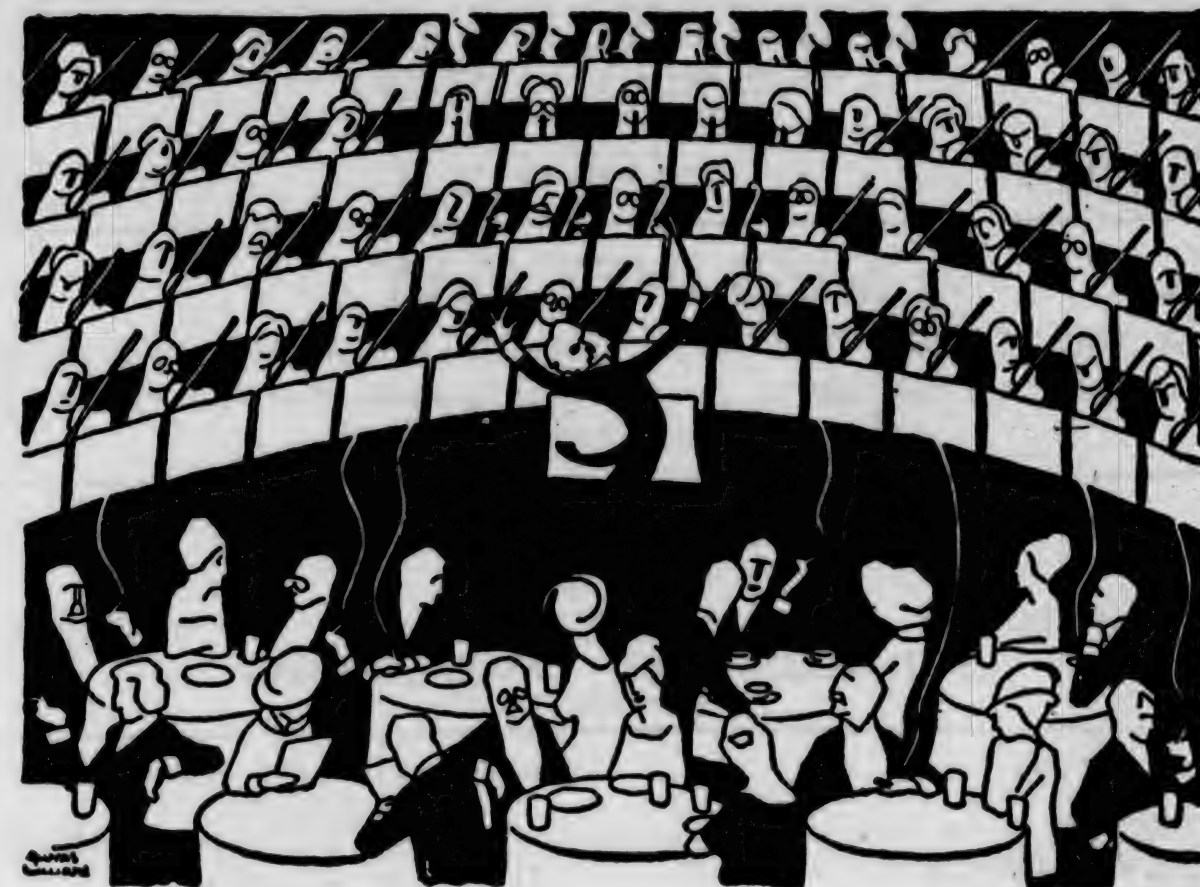


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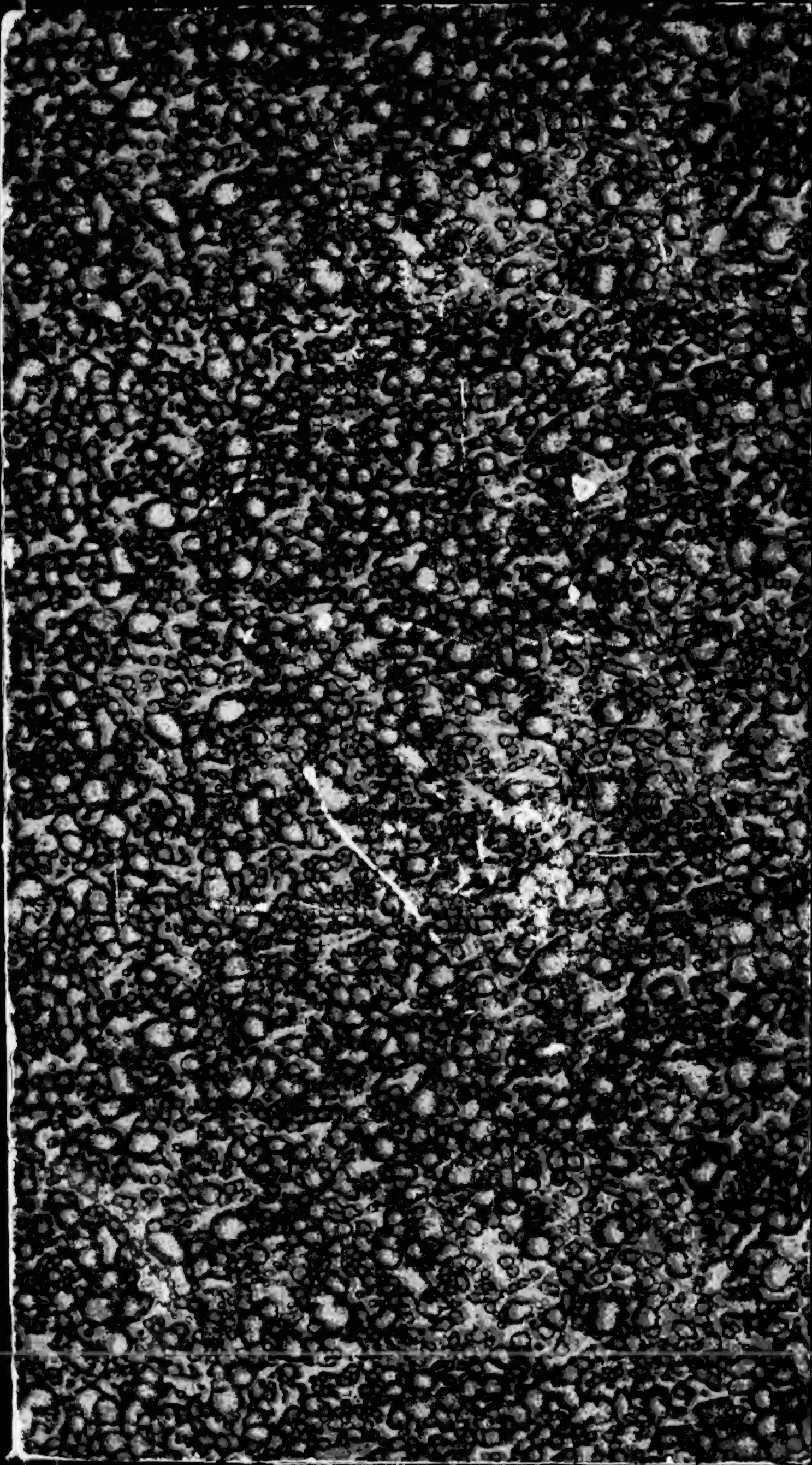
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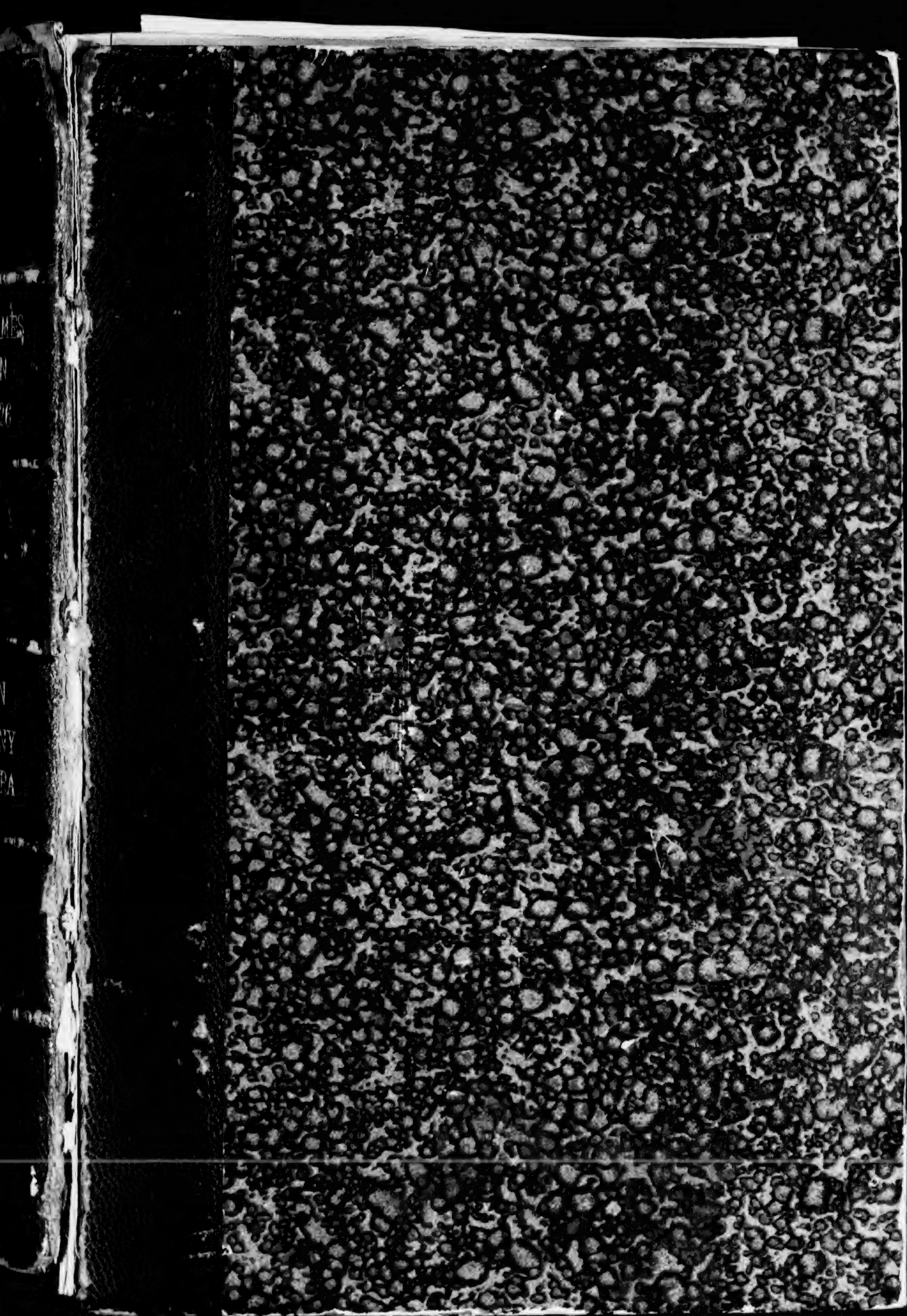
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VOLUME 45

1925-1926



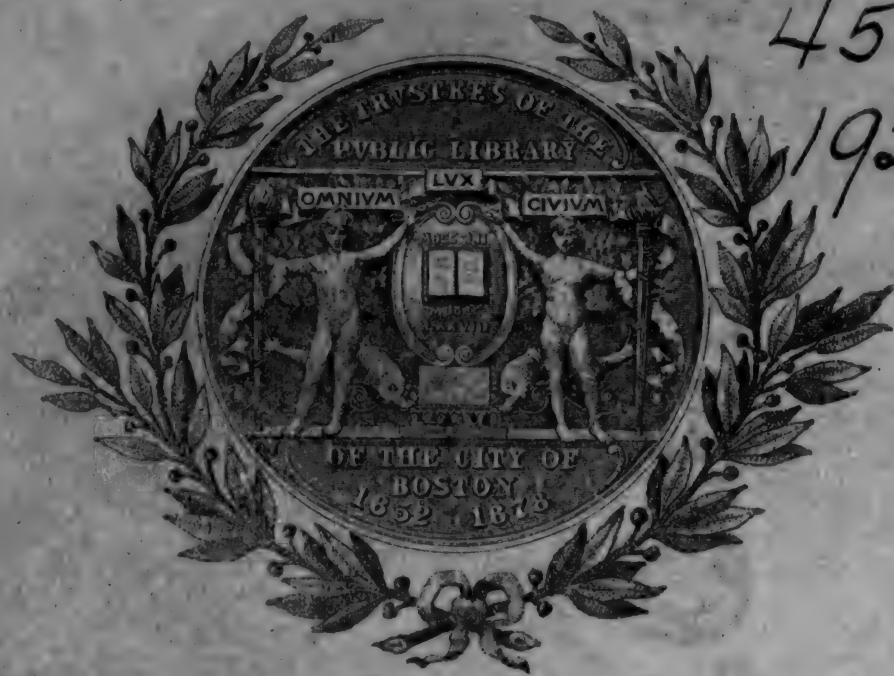




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1925-26



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SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

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Branch Exchange Telephones, Ticket and Administration Offices, Back Bay 1492

Boston Symphony Orchestra  
INC.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1925-1926

Programme

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WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

NOTES BY PHILIP HALE  
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# Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-fifth Season. 1925-1926

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

## PERSONNEL

### VIOLINS.

Burgin, R. Concert-master Theodorowicz, J.	Hoffmann, J. Kreinine, B.	Gerardi, A. Eisler, D.	Hamilton, V. Sauvlet, H.	Gundersen, R. Kassman, N.
Cherkassky, P. Risman, J.	Pinfield, C. Fedorovsky, P.	Mayer, P. Leveen, P.	Siegl, F. Mariotti, V.	
Thillois, F. Murray, J.	Gorodetzky, L. Fiedler, B.	Kurth, R. Bryant, M.	Riedlinger, H. Knudsen, C.	
Stonestreet, L. Diamond, S.	Tapley, R. Erkelens, H.	Del Sordo, R. Seiniger, S.	Messina, S. Zung, M.	

### VIOLAS.

Lefranc, J. Artières, L.	Fourel, G. Cauhape, J.	Werner, H. Van Wynbergen, C.	Grover, H. Shirley, P.	Fiedler, A.
	Avierino, N. Bernard, A.		Gerhardt, S. Deane, C.	

### VIOLONCELLOS.

Bedetti, J. Keller, J.	Zighera, A. Barth, C.	Langendoen, J. Belinski, M.	Stockbridge, C. Warnke, J.	Fabrizio, E. Marjollet, L.
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### BASSES.

Kunze, M. Vondrak, A.	Seydel, T. Gerhardt, G.	Ludwig, O. Frankel, I.	Kelley, A. Demetrides, L.	Girard, H. Oliver, F.
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### FLUTES.

Laurent, G.  
Bladet, G.  
Amerena, P.

### OBOES.

Gillet, F.  
Devergie, J.  
Stanislaus, H.

### CLARINETS.

Allegra, E.  
Arcieri, E.  
Vannini, A.

### BASSOONS.

Laus, A.  
Allard, R.  
Bettoney, F.

### PICCOLO.

Battles, A.

### ENGLISH HORN.

Speyer, L.

### BASS CLARINET.

Mimart, P.

### CONTRA-BASSOON.

Piller, B.

### HORNS.

Wendler, G.  
Schindler, G.  
Neuling, H.  
Lorbeer, H.

### HORNS.

Valkenier, W.  
Gebhardt, W.  
Van Den Berg, C.

### TRUMPETS.

Mager, G.  
Perret, G.  
Schmeisser, K.  
Mann, J.  
Kloepfel, L.

### TROMBONES.

Rochut, J.  
Adam, E.  
Hansotte, H.  
Kenfield, L.

### TUBA.

Sidow, P.

### HARPS.

Holy, A.  
Caughey, E.

### TIMPANI.

Ritter, A.  
Polster, M.

### PERCUSSION.

Ludwig, C.  
Sternburg, S.  
Zahn, F.

### ORGAN.

Snow, A.

### PIANO.

Sanroma, J.

### CELESTA.

Fiedler, A.

### LIBRARIAN.

Rogers, L. J.



4

5

## WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1925-1926

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.  
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.  
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.  
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.  
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.  
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

- BACH, J. S.: Suite, D major, No. 3, for orchestra, December 18, 1925  
Concerto, No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet, edited by MOTTI (Messrs. BURGIN,† LAURENT,† GILLET,† MAGER†), March 19, 1926
- BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1, C major, Op. 21, February 12, 1926  
Symphony No. 4, B-flat major, Op. 60, November 20, 1925  
Symphony No. 8, F major, Op. 93, March 5, 1926  
Funeral March from Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," in memory of Wilhelm Gericke, October 30, 1925; in memory of Franz Kneisel, March 27, 1926  
Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, Op. 72, October 9, 1925  
Concerto, D major, for violin, Op. 61 (JOSEPH SZIGETI\*\*), March 19, 1926
- BERLIOZ: Fantastic Symphony, No. 1, C major, Op. 14A, October 16, 1925  
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23, January 1, 1926  
Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, Dance of the Sylphs, and Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust," April 16, 1926
- BLOCH: Concerto Grosso for string orchestra with piano obbligato\*\* (Mr. SANROMÁ†) December 24, 1925  
Three Jewish Poems: Dance, Rite, Funeral Procession, April 16, 1926  
Suite for viola and orchestra\*\* (viola solo, Mr. LEFRANC†\*\*), December 11, 1925
- BORODIN: Polovtsian Dances, with chorus, from "Prince Igor," Act II, No. 17, April 23, 1926
- BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, C minor, Op. 68, October 9, 1925; April 30, 1926  
Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 73, April 2, 1926  
Symphony No. 4, E minor, Op. 98, January 22, 1926  
"Academic Festival" Overture, Op. 80, December 4, 1925  
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, D minor, Op. 15 (HAROLD BAUER), December 4, 1925  
Concerto, D major, for violin, Op. 77 (Mr. THIBAUD), January 15, 1926
- CHABRIER: Bourrée Fantasque (orchestrated by MOTTI, November 13, 1925)
- CHAUSSON: Concert for violin, piano, and strings\* (Mr. ENESCO, violin; Mr. HUTCHESON, piano), March 5, 1926
- COPLAND: "Music for the Theatre,"† November 20, 1925
- CORELLI: Concerto Grosso, No. 8, Op. 6 ("Christmas" Concerto), for string orchestra with organ,\* October 16, 1925



DEBUSSY: Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," October 9, 1925 . . . . .  
 First Rhapsody for clarinet with orchestra\*\* (Mr. ALLEGRA,†\*\* clarinet—first time in Boston with orchestra), October 23, 1925 . . . . .  
 "Gigues": "Images," No. 1, for orchestra, April 2, 1926 . . . . .  
 "Iberia": "Images," No. 2, for orchestra, January 22, 1926 . . . . .  
 DE FALLA: Three Dances from the ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat," March 5, 1926 . . . . .  
 DELIUS: On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring,\*\* January 22, 1926 . . . . .  
 DELMAS: Overture to "Penthesilée,"\*\* March 26, 1926 . . . . .  
 DUCASSE: Sarabande for orchestra and chorus,\*\* April 23, 1926 . . . . .  
 DUKAS: Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," October 23, 1925 . . . . .  
 GALLIARD: Sonata, G major (transcribed by STEINBERG),† December 11, 1925 . . . . .  
 GILBERT: Symphonic Piece,† February 26, 1926 . . . . .  
 GLAZOUNOV: Prelude\*\* from "The Middle Ages," April 16, 1926 . . . . .  
 GOOSSENS: Sinfonietta,\*\* January 22, 1926 . . . . .  
 HAYDN: Symphony, G major ("The Surprise") (B. & H. No. 6), February 26, 1926 . . . . .  
 Concerto, D major, for violoncello (Mr. CASALS), January 1, 1926 . . . . .  
 HINDEMITH: Concerto for orchestra, Op. 38,\*\* March 5, 1926 . . . . .  
 IBERT: "Escales"\*\*\* ("Ports of Call"), October 9, 1925 . . . . .  
 "Chant de Folie"\*\*\* ("Song of Madness"), for orchestra and chorus, April 23, 1926 . . . . .  
 LEKEU: Contrapuntal Fantaisie on a Cramignon of Liège,\*\* February 12, 1926 . . . . .  
 LIADÓV: From the Apocalypse,\*\* Symphonic Picture, Op. 66, October 23, 1925 . . . . .  
 LISZT: A Faust Symphony, February 19, 1926 . . . . .  
 Psalm XIII, "Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me?"\*\* for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra (CHARLES STRATTON,\* tenor; CECILIA SOCIETY), February 19, 1926 . . . . .  
 LOEFFLER: Symphonic Poem, "Memories of my Childhood"\*\*\* (Life in a Russian Village), December 4, 1925 . . . . .  
 MENDELSSOHN: Symphony, A major "Italian," Op. 90, December 11, 1925 . . . . .  
 Overture, "The Hebrides," Op. 26, April 2, 1926 . . . . .  
 MOUSSORGSKY: "A Night on Bald Mountain," January 29, 1926 . . . . .  
 Persian Dances\*\* from the opera "Khovántchina," October 30, 1925 . . . . .  
 MOZART: Symphony, D major (K. 385) April 23, 1926 . . . . .  
 Overture to "The Magic Flute," November 20, 1925 . . . . .  
 PROKOFIEFF: "Sept, ils sont sept!" ("They are Seven,")\*\* Akkadian Incantation for orchestra and chorus with tenor solo (CECILIA SOCIETY and CHARLES STRATTON) April 23, 1926 (two performances in the concert) . . . . .  
 Third Concerto for piano,\*\* Op. 26 (Mr. PROKOFIEFF), January 29, 1926 . . . . .

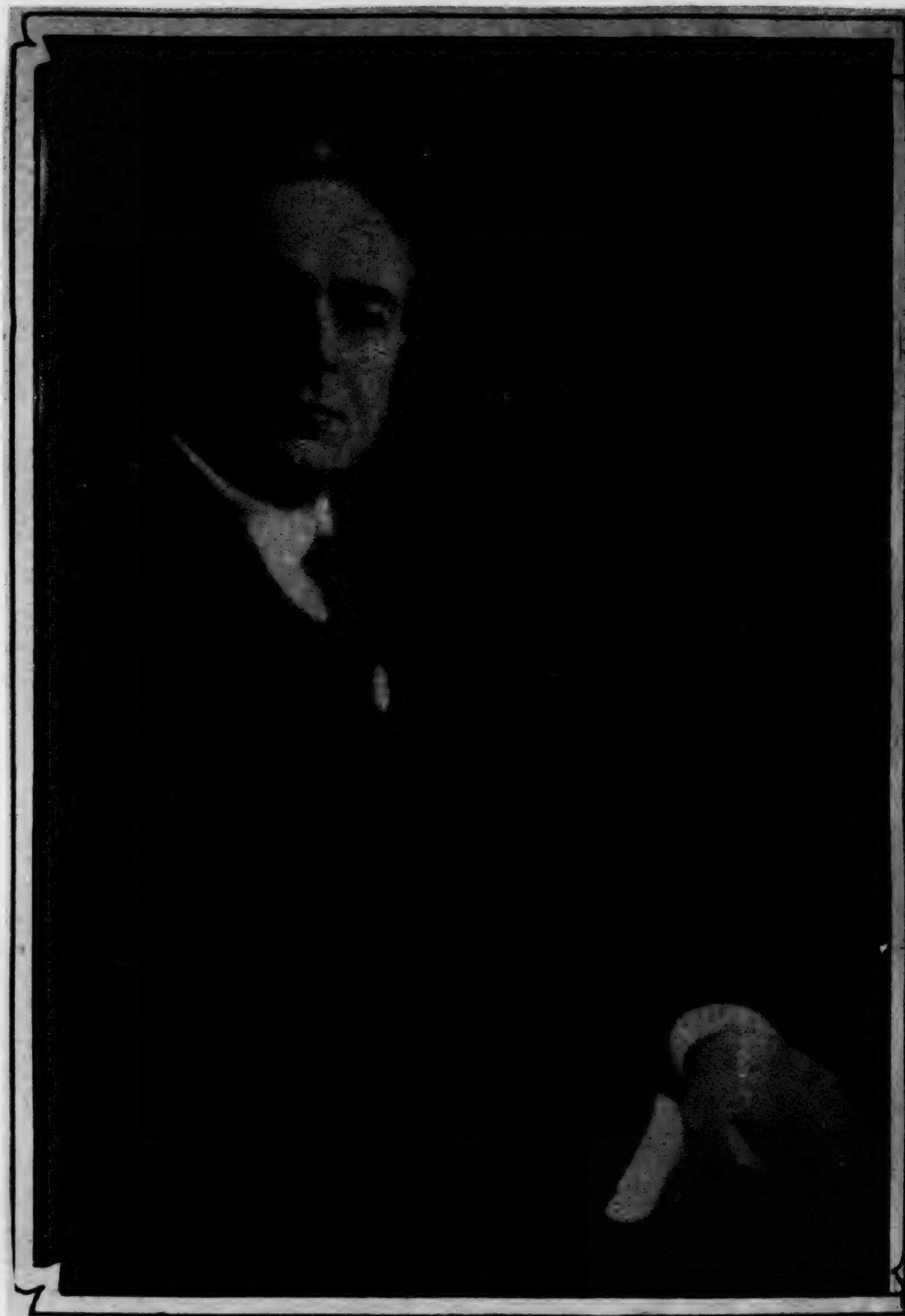
PURCELL: Trumpet Voluntary\*\* for trumpets, trombones, drums, and organ (arranged by Sir HENRY J. WOOD), December 24, 1925 . . . . .  
 RAVEL: Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe," December 4, 1925 . . . . . 554,  
 "Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose"), March 26, 1926 . . . . .  
 RESPIGHI: Symphonic Poem, "Pini di Roma"\*\*\* ("Pines of Rome"), February 12, 1926 . . . . . 1202,  
 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35, November 13, 1925 . . . . .  
 "The Battle at Kerjenetz"\*\*\* from the opera "Kitesch," October 30, 1925 . . . . .  
 ROUSSEL: First Suite\*\* from the Opera-Ballet, "Padmâvati" March 19, 1926 . . . . .  
 SAINT-SAËNS: Symphony, C minor, No. 3, Op. 78, December 24, 1925 . . . . .  
 SATIE: "Gymnopédies" (orchestrated by DEBUSSY)\* November 13, 1925; April 30, 1926 . . . . . 350,  
 SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 4, D minor, Op. 120, October 30, 1925 . . . . .  
 SCRIABIN: Third Symphony, "The Divine Poem," Op. 43, January 29, 1926 . . . . .  
 SIBELIUS: Symphony, No. 1, E minor, Op. 39, January 15, 1926 . . . . .  
 SPELMAN: "Assisi: The Great Pardon of St. Francis,"† No. 4 of the Suite "Saints' Days," March 26, 1926 . . . . .  
 STRAUSS: Alp Symphony,\*\* December 18, 1925, January 1, 1926 . . . . . 716,  
 "Don Juan," tone poem after (Lenau), Op. 20, February 26, 1926 . . . . .  
 "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration"), Op. 24, October 16, 1925 . . . . .  
 STRAVINSKY: Suite, "Chant du Rossignol"\*\*\* ("Song of the Nightingale"), October 30, 1925; April 2, 1926 . . . . . 288,  
 Suite from "Pétrouchka," April 30, 1926 . . . . .  
 TAILLEFERRE: "Jeux de Plein Air"† ("Out-door Games"), March 5, 1926 . . . . .  
 TANSMAN: Sinfonietta (for small orchestra),\*\* November 13, 1925 . . . . .  
 TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36, March 26, 1926 . . . . .  
 Symphony No. 6, B minor ("Pathétique"), Op. 74, October 23, 1925 . . . . .  
 Concerto for piano, No. 1, B-flat minor, Op. 23 (JOSEF LHÉVINNE), April 16, 1926 . . . . .  
 VIVALDI: Concerto, E minor, for string orchestra (edited by A. MISTOVSKI),\*\* February 12, 1926; April 30, 1926 . . . . . 1183,  
 WAGNER: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," January 15, 1926 . . . . .  
 Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," November 20, 1925 . . . . .  
 Prelude to "Parsifal," December 24, 1925 . . . . .  
 WEBER: Overture to "Der Freischütz," January 22, 1926 . . . . .  
 Overture to "Euryanthe," October 30, 1925 . . . . .



THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE ASSISTED THIS  
SEASON

ALLEGRA,†\*\* EDMOND: October 23, 1925, Debussy's First  
Rhapsody for clarinet with orchestra\*\* (first per-  
formance with orchestra in Boston). Sketch . . . . .  
BAUER, HAROLD: December 4, 1925, Brahms's Piano Concerto,  
No. 1, D minor, Op. 15. Sketch . . . . .  
CASALS, PABLO: January 1, 1926, Haydn's violoncello concerto,  
D major. Sketch . . . . .  
ENESCO, GEORGES: March 5, 1926, Chausson's Concert for  
violin, piano, and string quartet\* . . . . .  
HUTCHESON, ERNEST: March 5, 1926, Chausson's Concert for  
violin, piano, and string quartet\* . . . . .  
LEFRANC, JEAN† \*\*: December 11, 1925, Bloch's Suite for viola  
and orchestra\*\* (first time in Boston with orchestra).  
Sketch . . . . .  
LHÉVINNE, JOSEF: April 16, 1926, Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto,  
No. 1, B-flat minor, Op. 23. Sketch . . . . .  
PROKOFIEFF, SERGE: January 29, 1926, Prokofieff's Third Piano  
Concerto,\*\* Op. 26. Sketch . . . . .  
STRATTON,\* CHARLES: Tenor, February 19, 1926, Liszt's Psalm  
XIII,\*\* April 30, 1926, Prokofieff's "Seven, They are  
Seven"\*\*\* . . . . . 1265,  
SZIGETI,\*\* JOSEPH: March 19, 1926. Beethoven's Violin Con-  
certo, D major, Op. 61. Sketch . . . . .  
THIBAUD, JACQUES: January 15, 1926, Brahms's Violin Con-  
certo, D major, Op. 77. Sketch . . . . .

Tenor: Charles Stratton . . . . .  
Violinists: Georges Enesco, Joseph Szigeti,\*\* Jacques Thibaud .  
Viola: Jean Lefranc† \*\* . . . . .  
Violoncello: Pablo Casals . . . . .  
Pianists: Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutcheson, Josef Lhévinne, Serge  
Prokofieff . . . . .  
Clarinetist: Edmond Allegra† \*\* . . . . .

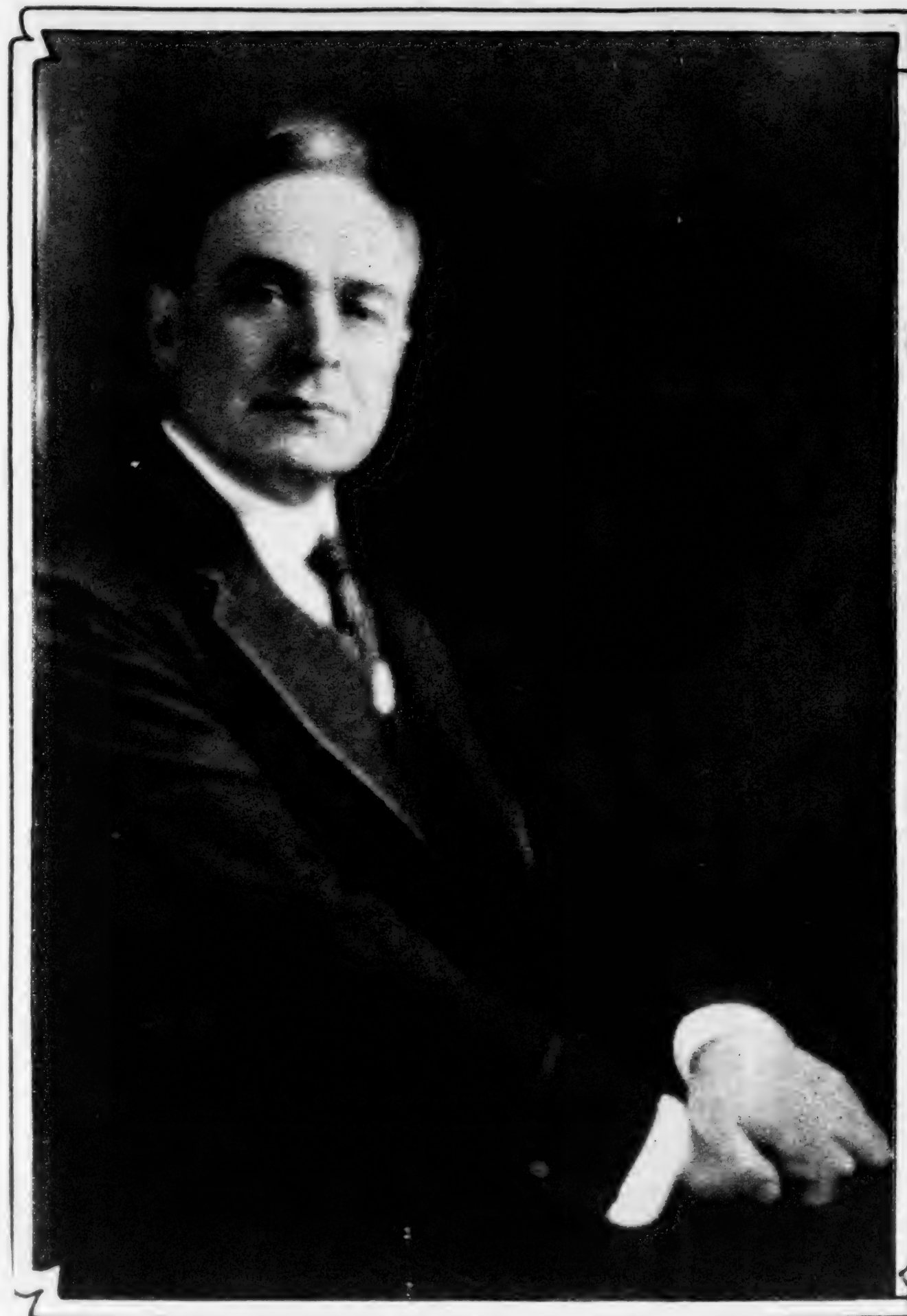




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*Viola:* Jean Lefranc†\*\* . . . . .  
*Violoncello:* Pablo Casals . . . . .  
*Pianists:* Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutcheson, Josef Lhévinne, Serge  
Prokofieff . . . . .  
*Clarinetist:* Edmond Allegri†\*\* . . . . .





The Boston Symphony orchestra pictured for the first time under Serge Koussevitzky, after the opening Saturday evening concert of the 1925-26 season, on the stage of Symphony hall. With each string section increased, the personnel this season is larger than ever before. Mr. Koussevitzky has radically changed the seating arrangement of the orchestra. The first violins are still at the left front, but the second violin section is beside them, so that the conductor has all of the violins massed at his left. The violas are at the right front, where the second violins used to be, and the 'cellos are beside the violas. The harps are now shifted to the right. The brass section, formerly at the right rear with the exception of the horns, is now at the centre rear, thereby gaining in brilliance. Since there are waiting lists for each of the three series of Boston concerts, an additional series is now announced to be given on five Tuesday afternoons, beginning December 1. The programmes of the new series will be in historical order to show the development of symphonic music from its earliest stages to the style of our own day. Below is shown a recent photograph of Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

(Garro)

**SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY** is the first Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was first prominent as a conductor in his own country, where he assembled an orchestra and gave notable concerts in Moscow and Leningrad. He took this orchestra the entire length of the Volga, thus bringing symphony concerts to many provinces where such music had never been heard. Since 1920, Koussevitzky has been giving an annual series of "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris, and has appeared annually in a series of guest appearances with the London Symphony Orchestra. He first came to America in the autumn of 1924, to become conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Now in America, as well as in Europe, he is considered one of the greatest of living conductors.

(Garro)

**THE DUTIES** of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a typical week are about as follows: Rehearsals are held at Symphony Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings from 10 until 1, at which the program of the week is prepared. On Friday afternoon and again on Saturday evening, this program is performed. Twenty-four pairs of concerts are given each season; likewise five Monday evening concerts, five Tuesday afternoon concerts, which with Pension Fund concerts, Young People's concerts, and nine concerts in Cambridge makes a total of 76 in Greater Boston this season. Fifteen concerts are given in Greater New York, five in Providence, and single concerts in various other cities in New England and elsewhere, making a total of 115 concerts. The Symphony season is followed each spring by 10 weeks of Pop concerts in Symphony Hall.

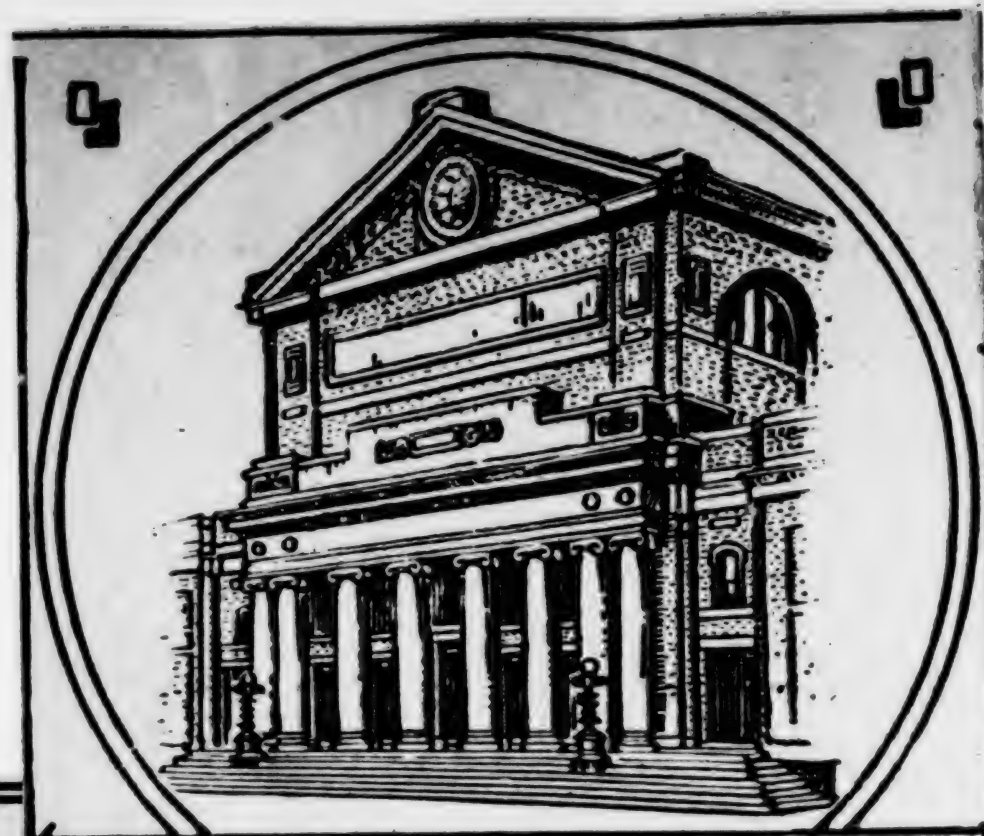


# THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA LED BY SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

(Waid)

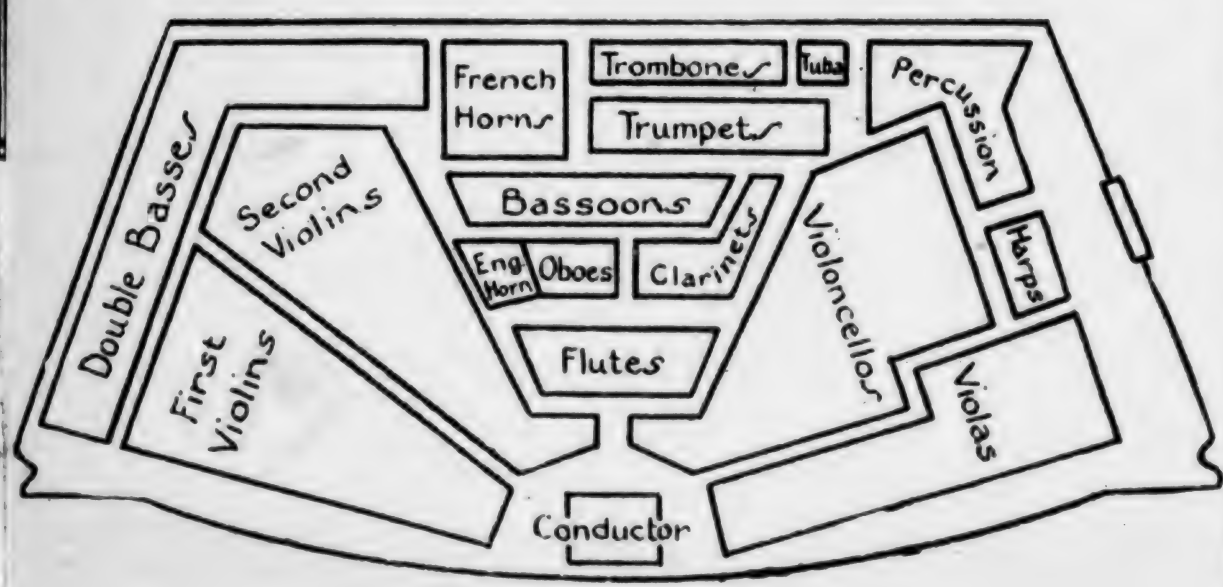






**SYMPHONY HALL**, the home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is said to be the finest concert hall in America, with acoustical properties well nigh perfect.

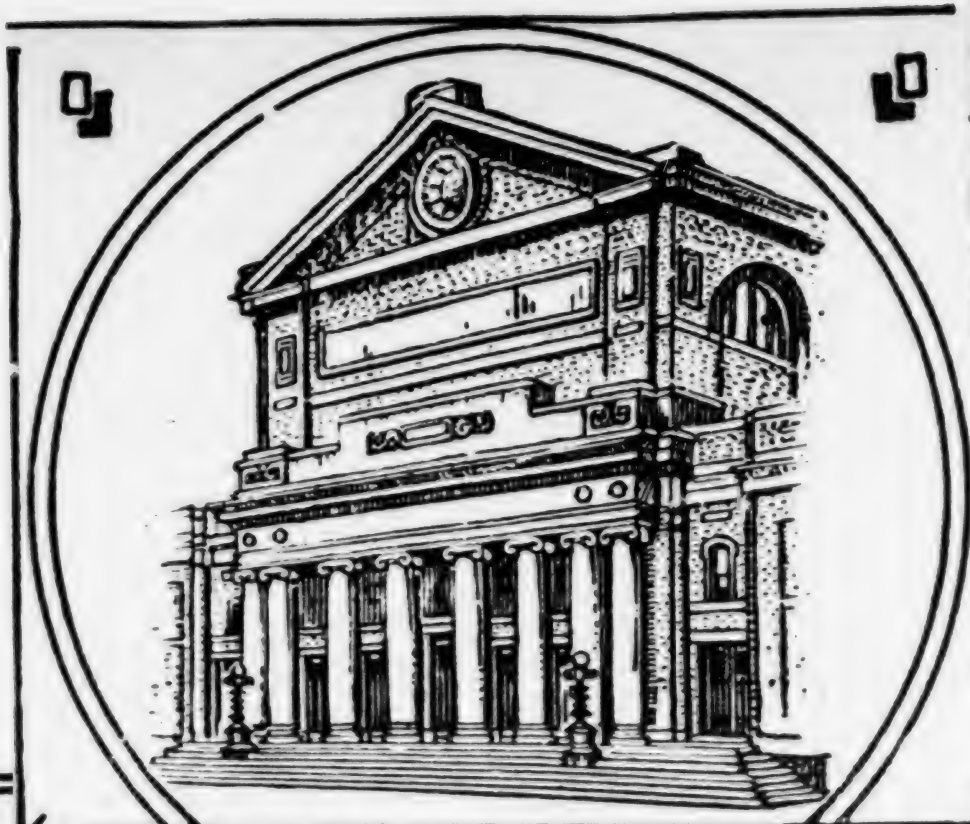
**THE HISTORY** of the Boston Symphony Orchestra dates from 1881, when the late Major Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full sized symphony orchestra—a rare phenomenon in those days. The first home of the orchestra was the old Music Hall on Hamilton place. Symphony Hall was built especially for the orchestra in 1900. The full list of conductors is as follows: George Henschel (1881-1884); Wilhelm Gericke (1884-1889); Arthur Nikisch (1889-1893); Emil Paur (1893-1898); Wilhelm Gericke (1898-1906); Karl Muck (1906-1908); Max Fiedler (1908-1912); Karl Muck (1912-1918); Henri Rabaud (1918-1919); Pierre Monteux (1919-1924); Serge Koussevitzky (1924-).



**THE PRINCIPAL STRING PLAYERS** (left to right): Alfred Holy, first harp; Julius Theodorowicz, second concert master; Richard Burgin, concert master; Jean Bedetti, first violoncello; Jean Lefranc, first viola; Max Kunze, first double-bass; Fernand Thillois, leader of the second violins.

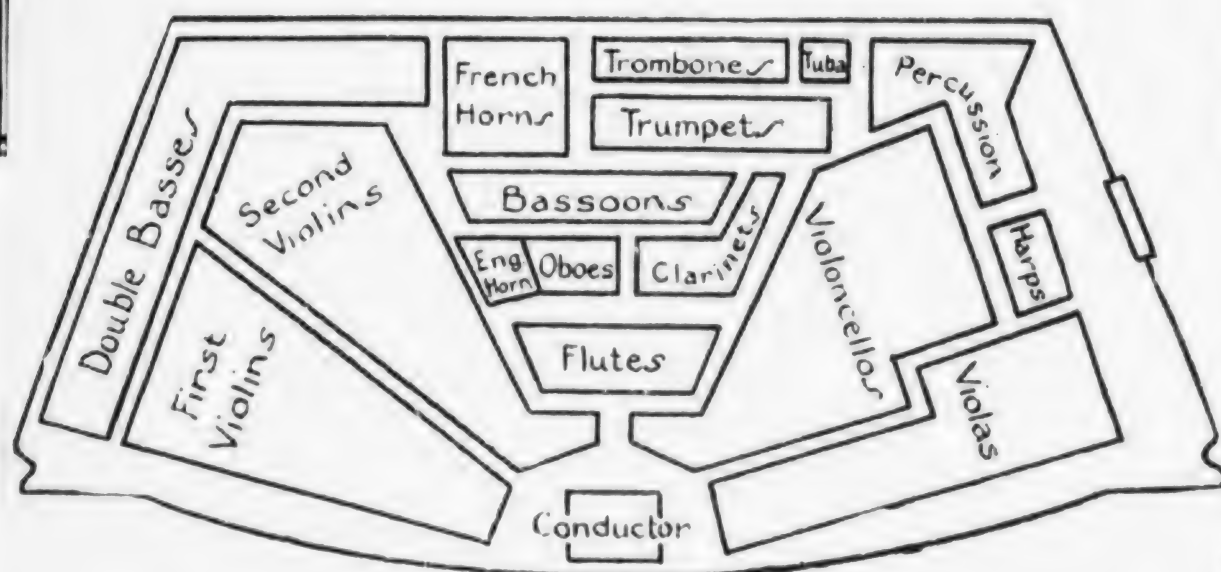






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**THE BRASS SECTION** (left to right): Sitting—J. Mann, trumpet; K. Schmeisser, trumpet; G. Perret, trumpet; Georges Mager, first trumpet; George Wendler, first horn; W. Valkenier, horn; G. Schindler, horn; H. Lorbeer, horn; (left to right): Standing—L. Kloeppel, trumpet; L. Kenfield, trombone; E. Adam, trombone; H. Hansotte, trombone; Joannes Rochut, first trombone; W. Gebhardt, horn; C. Van Den Berg, horn; P. Sidow, tuba.



**THE WOODWIND SECTION** (left to right): Sitting—A. Battles, piccolo; P. Amerena, flute; G. Bladet, flute; Georges Laurent, first flute; Fernand Gillet, first oboe; J. Devergie, oboe; H. Stanislaus, oboe; Louis Speyer, English horn; (left to right): Standing—B. Piller, contra-bassoon; F. Bettoney, bassoon; R. Allard, bassoon; Abdon Laus, first bassoon; Edmond Allegra, first clarinet; P. Mimart, bass clarinet; A. Vannini, clarinet; E. Arcieri, clarinet.



**Symphony Conductor  
Home from Triumphs**



SERGE KOUSSEVITSKY

**BRINGS MUSIC  
FOR SYMPHONY**

*Herald* — Sept. 22/25

**Koussevitsky Returns to  
Boston with Many New  
Compositions**

**SUMMER ABROAD  
FULL OF TRIUMPHS**

Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of

the Boston Symphony orchestra, returned to Boston last night after a triumphal summer in Europe, bringing with him the scores of several new symphonies which will receive their debut at the skilled hands of the Boston Symphony artists.

The eminent music master arrived in New York on the Leviathan yesterday and came directly to Boston, alighting at Back Bay station at 10:05 P. M. After a few words of greeting with friends and newspaper men who met him at the station, he went to his home in Jamaica Plain.

**HAS NEW COMPOSITIONS**

The conductor found it very good to be back in Boston again, he said, and he hoped to give Boston a great musical season. The names and exact nature of the compositions he brought back will not be announced until the programs are arranged, but he divulged the information that he has compositions written especially for the Boston symphony orchestra by Hindemith, Ravelle, Respighi, Roussel, Maximilian Steinbach and Jacques Ibert.

"I have music that has never been played before in Boston, music that has never been played before in America and music that has never been played before in the world," he said. The new music will not be released elsewhere until it has been introduced by the Boston symphony.

The conductor had little to say about his triumphs in Europe this summer. In answer to a question about how it felt to be made chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government, he admitted that it was a "very good" sensation. It was especially "very good," he explained, because the honor came in recognition of his art, and because it came at the desire of every composer in Paris.

The eminent Russian conducted his usual series at the Grand Opera House in Paris.

M. Koussevitsky will hold the first rehearsal of his second season as conductor of the Boston Symphony on Oct. 2, and the season will open on Oct. 3.



## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

The musical season in Boston is supposed to open with the first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will take place today. Mr. Koussevitzky began the rehearsals last Friday morning, when Judge Cabot, president of the board of trustees, made a speech of welcome to conductor and players.

Mr. Burk of Symphony hall informs us that there are 14 new members, among them four principals: Fernand Gillet, first oboe; Edmond Allegra, first clarinet; Jean Lefranc, first viola, and Joannes Rochut, first trombone.

The full personnel of the orchestra is larger than ever before—there are now 18 first violins, 16 second violins, 13 violas, 10 violoncellos and 10 double basses.

Fernand Gillet, the first oboist, is of a famous musical family. He is the son of Ernest Vital Louis Gillet, composer and violoncellist, who was born at Batignolles, Sept. 12, 1856, and studied first with Niedermeyer, later at the Paris Conservatory, where he took the first violoncello prize in 1874. He played as first violoncellist in the Orchestra of the Opera (1875-1882), at Monte Carlo, London and in Germany and at the Opera-Comique, Paris; conducted at the Theatre Lyrique (Renaissance, Paris). Among Ernest's compositions is an opera-bouffe in three acts, "Mariage princier" (Renaissance, Paris, Aug. 17, 1900—28 performances that year). Among Ernest's lighter compositions is the long popular "Loin du bal." He made his home of late years at Addiscombe, near London.

Fernand Gillet's uncle was the celebrated oboist, the late Georges Vital Victor Gillet, who, born at Louviers (Eure), May 17, 1854, took the first oboe prize of the Paris Conservatory in 1869. He was solo oboist at the Theatre Italien (1872); Opera Comique (1878); the Conservatory orchestra, and the Opera (1897); as professor of oboe playing at the Paris Conservatory beginning in 1882 he had many distinguished pupils, among them Georges Longy, Louis Speyer (the English horn of the Boston Symphony orchestra) and his nephew Fernand.

Fernand took the second prize for oboe playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1897; the first prize in 1898 when he was said to be 13 years old. He has been solo oboist of the Lamoureux con-

at quitters. We don't run cold and hard times. There legged animal that doesn't Jack Frost and rough Broth- Wind come down from the It is true that some of us in the worst of the bad we stay."

ne one who doesn't," de- me Robin.

It drew a little nearer and re standing straight up. t be that Welcome Robin waited eagerly for what might reply. At first Bus- ply at all. He pretended eard. "I said that I know who doesn't stay, but who at like the rest of us," de- me Robin in a little louder

I know anything of the d Buster Bear. "No ani- way down to the Sunny ould take an animal so ere that Jack Frost would long before he was even re."

ss I know one who does Welcome Robin, and his

He glanced around at olk sitting there. He saw zled look in the face of it over," said Welcome ay he flew.

story: "Peter Guesses in

## ERS' DAY AT MENTARY CLUB

day was celebrated yes- Parliamentary Club at oria. Mrs. Wallace Star ident, received and was liss Marion H. Brazier.

honor were Mrs. Fred- a, president of the state ss Georgia Bacon, Mrs. lligan, Mrs. Herbert J. George F. Perkins, Miss e, past presidents.

f the afternoon was a entary law conducted by Page of the Portia Law hostesses were Mrs. lmer and Mrs. Emil W.

it

## for W CONCERTS WITH OCTOBER BLOOM AFRESH

KOUSSEVITZKY INTRODUCES  
JACQUES IBERT

Color—Impending Programs—Mr. ormack Briefly—Mr. Keller and Mr. hard Explain—Mr. Schroeder's Jubilee

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concerts and the Opera for 23 years; was first oboist of the French Chamber of Music double quintet, and has given important performances in France, Belgium, Italy and Spain.

The clarinetist Edmond Allegra was born of Italian parents in Switzerland. He studied at the Geneva Conservatory and at the Lyons Conservatory took the first prize. For nine years he was solo clarinetist of the Tonhalle orchestra at Zurich. Dissonances of Geneva mourned, according to the Menestrel of Sept. 18, 1925, the departure of European artists "to the country of pickle merchants; now it is the turn of Oliver, the excellent double-bass of the Romand orchestra, and of Ed Allegra, the remarkable clarinetist of the Tonhalle. The two have been engaged for the Boston orchestra.

"Mr. Allegra has been particularly prominent in the field of chamber music, having given notable performances in the cities of Germany, France and Switzerland. He gave the first public performance of Stravinsky's three pieces for clarinet, and has also played in this composer's 'L'Histoire d'un Soldat.' Busoni dedicated to Mr. Allegra his three works for clarinet, also his clarinet concertino. Mr. Allegra was the clarinetist in the first performance of Poulenc's sonata for clarinet and bassoon at the Salzburg festival of 1924."

Mr. Jean Lefranc, solo viola, was awarded a first prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1907, as a pupil of Theophile Edouard Laforge. He was appointed solo viola of the Opera Comique in that year. Beginning in 1911, he was first viola of the Colonne orchestra. On Oct. 25, 1924, he played with this orchestra Bloch's suite for viola and orchestra, the first performance in Paris. He had played it with the pianist Nadia Boulanger at a concert of the Societe "Ideal et Realite" in Paris on May 5, 1922. He has been a member of the Quartet Turret of Paris for several years.

Joannes Rochut, the first trombonist, was graduated at the Paris Conservatory with the first prize in 1905, as a pupil of Louis Philippe Cesar Auguste Frederic Victor Oscar Allard (born at Porto Rico). M. Rochut has been prominent as the first trombonist of the Opera Comique and the Lamoureux concerts in Paris. He first visited the United States in 1918 as solo trombonist of the French army band.

The program of the concerts this afternoon and Saturday evening will comprise Beethoven's "Leonore" over-

# for CONCERTS WITH OCTOBER BLOOM AFRESH

Oct. 5, 1925

## KOUSSEVITZKY INTRODUCES JACQUES IBERT

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The program comprise Beetho

ture No. 2, which has not been played at these concerts since 1904; Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Ibert's "Escales" ("Ports-of-Call") and Brahms's symphony No. 1.

Ibert's suite in three movements will be performed for the first time in this country. The movements portray "Impressions" of Palermo, Tunis and Valencia. Ibert is a Parisian, born in 1890. He studied at the Paris Conservatory. He has composed orchestral pieces—his "Ballad of Reading Gaol" (after Oscar Wilde) was performed recently in Paris and in London; works for chorus and orchestra, chamber music, piano pieces, songs, organ pieces. It is said that his music is not too, too "modern."

No seats are obtainable for these concerts. All the Symphony Concert series for Boston, Cambridge and New York are fully subscribed for the season.

### Arms and The Man

Two Parisian composers have lately sketched in words Mr. Koussevitzky conducting. In Musique et Théâtre, a new magazine, Monsieur Albert Roussel wrote:

With his straight figure, his dominating eye, he summons with an irresistible gesture all that is in the orchestra—unloosing sonorities which nevertheless are shaped by his will into a perfect balance. He has recalled to some the memory of Nikisch, and surely it can be said of him what has been said of the Magyar leader: "He plays on the orchestra."

If Mr. Koussevitzky's gestures are admirable in clarity and persuasion, they never involve exaggeration or superfluity. Every motion has a definite intention and attains a definite goal. His position changes little; it is by means of his arms and hands, and by his magnetic glance that he obtains the most surprising effects. At times, by a total cessation of movement, he underlines and makes more vivid the mechanical and regular rhythm of a Scherzo. Motionless, his hands at his sides, in an attitude of meditative composure, he seems to listen to the beating pulse of the orchestra.

And in "L' Eclair," the daily newspaper, Monsieur Roland-Manuel lets himself go in this fashion:

Mr. Koussevitzky's left arm is magic; often stretched towards a certain instrumental group, taut, the fingers clenched, in a movement of frenetic appeal. Yet at times he can also forget and efface himself, with a graceful relaxation. His right arm carries a wand of enchantment, diversely undulating by which the very essence of the music is revealed.

## NOW CONCERTS WITH OCTOBER BLOOM AFRESH

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY INTRODUCES JACQUES IBERT

"Escales" from a Composer with Rhythm and Color—Impending Programs—Mr. McCormack Briefly—Mr. Keller and Mr. Gebhard Explain—Mr. Schroeder's Jubilee

FOR the novelty on his first program Mr. Koussevitzky has chosen Jacques Ibert's "Escales" or "Ports of Call." "Escales," first performed on the sixth of January, 1921, by the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris under the baton of Monsieur Paul Paray, was at once acclaimed by "The Menestrel" as "the best that has been given this season." The complete work consists of three tone-poems. The score furnishes neither program nor title for the separate pieces. But a thematic guide from the publishers gives the information that they "were inspired by three Mediterranean impressions, the character of which is sufficiently indicated by the titles, 'Rome to Palermo,' 'Tunis to Nafta,' 'Valencia.'"

Monsieur Ibert was born in Paris in 1890. He is therefore of about the same age as the older members of "The Six." He studied at the Conservatory and won the Prix de Rome in 1919. Orchestral works of a certain significance at once appear from his pen: "The Ballad of Reading Jail" (after Wilde), 1920; "Perseus without any of the and Andromeda," 1921; "Escales," 1922; "The Gardener of Samos," 1923; also, a quartet for wind instruments in 1922 and a group of songs in 1924.

Clearly Monsieur Ibert is not of the same faith as Messieurs Milhaud and Honegger. He is not afraid to write a melody of long breath. He is not afraid, having invented a good melody, to repeat it, or even to develop it a bit. He does not feel the necessity of setting it over against an accom-

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A. H. M.



## NOTES

By PHILIP

The musical season posed to open with of the Boston Symphony which will take Koussevitzky began Friday morning, when president of the board a speech of welcome to the players.

Mr. Burk of Symphony that there are 14 new them four principals: first oboe; Edmond A. net; Jean Lefranc, Joannes Rochut, first violoncello prize. The full personnel larger than ever before: 18 first violins, 16 violas, 10 violoncello basses.

Fernand Gillet, the famous musical farr of Ernest Vital Loui and violoncellist, w Batignolles, Sept. 12, first with Niedermey Paris Conservatory, first violoncello prize as first violoncellist in the Opera (1875-1882) London and in Ger Opera-Comique, Paris Theatre Lyrique (Re Among Ernest's co opera-bouffe in three princier" (Renaissance 1900-28 performances Ernest's lighter con long popular "Loin d his home of late year near London.

Fernand Gillet's un brated oboist, the late tor Gillet, who, born May 17, 1854, took the the Paris Conservator solo oboist at the The Opera Comique (1878) orchestra, and the professor of oboe pla Conservatory beginn many distinguished p Georges Longy, Louis lish horn of the Paris orchestra) and his n States in 1918 as French army bar

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"Mr. Allegra prominent in the having given nota the cities of Ge Switzerland. He performance of pieces for clarine in this composer dat." Busoni de his three works clarinet concert the clarinetist in of Poulenc's so bassoon at the 1924."

Mr. Jean Lef awarded a first servatory in 1907 phile Edouard I pointed solo viola in that year. was first viola On Oct. 25, 1924 orchestra Bloch's orchestra, the Paris. He had pianist Nadia B of the Societe Paris on May 5, member of the Q for several years

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No seats are obtainable for these concerts. All the Symphony Concert series for Boston, Cambridge and New York are fully subscribed for the season.

### Arms and The Man

Two Parisian composers have lately sketched in words Mr. Koussevitzky conducting. In *Musique et Théâtre*, a new magazine, Monsieur Albert Roussel wrote:

With his straight figure, his dominating eye, he summons with an irresistible gesture all that is in the orchestra—unloosing sonorities which nevertheless are shaped by his will into a perfect balance. He has recalled to some the memory of Nikisch, and surely it can be said of him what has been said of the Magyar leader: "He plays on the orchestra."

If Mr. Koussevitzky's gestures are admirable in clarity and persuasion, they never involve exaggeration or superfluity. Every motion has a definite intention and attains a definite goal. His position changes little; it is by means of his arms and hands, and by his magnetic glance that he obtains the most surprising effects. At times, by a total cessation of movement, he underlines and makes more vivid the mechanical and regular rhythm of a Scherzo. Motionless, his hands at his sides, in an attitude of meditative composure, he seems to listen to the beating pulse of the orchestra.

And in "L'Éclair," the daily newspaper, Monsieur Roland-Manuel lets himself go in this fashion:

Mr. Koussevitzky's left arm is magic; often stretched towards a certain instrumental group, taut, the fingers clenched, in a movement of frenetic appeal. Yet at times he can also forget and efface himself, with a graceful relaxation. His right arm carries a wand of enchantment, diversely undulating by which the very essence of the music is revealed.

## WORLD SERIES

Big Walter, Stoic  
nond, Is Mildest Member  
Team After G

TELLS OF ONLY

as in Ninth, with Tr  
Two on Bases—S  
Boy Real St

By Austen La

social to the Transcript:

Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 5. A calmest after the 4 to Washington won from the hanson received his congrators' dressing room a sing himself from the eessed around him—some autograph baseballs, wiced from no one knows ed off to keep an appoint hanson.

True to his nature, Wal filled over what was proba triumph of his career as the ome from an afternoon of he was elated, there was ate it. It was all in the da s he was concerned. Ni aseball philosophy have t rally of self-satisfaction. ould undoubtedly have ame if he had been on There is much of Stoic in

"Too much Walter John one fan of Pittsburgh syn neighbor as the crowd filed hat remark just about sun lon. The tall Westerner ame for as he worked wit of an automaton, it develop hose mathematical certain This writer asked him a what he regarded as the me tion in the contest. Eage thought for a time

paniment or a second melody written in another key. But he is impressionistic. Evidently he worships at the shrine of orchestral color. It has been said that in his Conservatory days he was much influenced by the music of Ravel. But if his harmonic idiom shows traces of a close study of Ravel, the sweep and fire and ruggedness of his rhythms reminds one more of the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care Chabrier. But in the field of coloristic orchestral effect, he has made discoveries and inventions of his own.

Thus, Monsieur Roland-Manuel, writing in "La Revue Musicale" after the first performance of "Escales," said:

He did not go to sleep under the trees of the Villa Medici. At the ports of Palermo, of Tunis, of Valencia Monsieur Ibert has happened to fall in with sea captains and gentlemen of fortune who resemble Ravel rather than Monsieur Widor, Rimsky-Korsakov rather than Vidal, and decidedly Chabrier rather than Monsieur Caussade. Between times an unruffled sea reflected his very own image and the secret stature of his desires. There is not a measure which does not display a play of colors and of sonorities entirely delicious and unlooked for. Monsieur Ibert's technic is dazzling; the finesse of his ear is exquisite. The first Escole, the one about Sicily, seems most happily to have inspired Monsieur Ibert, but it would be a mistake to regard the ones from Spain and from Africa unfavorably. The way in which violoncello harmonics "collegno" are added to the kettle drums to simulate the effect of the "derbouka," that curious tambourine with the sonority of a guitar, is sufficient witness of the ingenuity of this new magician.

It is deliberately picturesque, but the picturesque with Monsieur Ibert is of a flavor and a discretion entirely rare. One loves the sense of light and of integrity from a palette always friendly with pure sounds.

As one looks through a number of reviews of "Escales" a single word arrests the attention by the frequency with which it is used by different reviewers. The word is "seduisant"—seductive.

"Escales" is scored for the usual large modern orchestra, but without any of the freak instruments sometimes employed by latter-day composers. "Rome to Palermo" begins with a languishing solo for flute under a shimmering accompaniment of high muted strings. Amid flashes of color from harps, accompanying flutes, and divided strings this is repeated, developed, gathers impetus, comes to a climax for full orchestra. With a clear chord the mood changes. A sharp, incisive, highly rhythmed theme for trumpet, en-circled by flickering

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"Mr. Allegra has been prominent in the field, having given notable performances in the cities of Germany and Switzerland. He has given a performance of pieces for clarinet in this composer's 'Sonata.' Busoni dedicated his three works for clarinet to the clarinetist in the orchestra of Poulenc's son, and he played the bassoon at the concert in 1924."

Mr. Jean Lefebvre was awarded a first prize conservatory in 1907. Philippe Edouard Lefebvre was appointed solo violinist in that year. He was first violin of the orchestra of the Conservatory of Music on Oct. 25, 1924. He was principal violinist of the orchestra of the Conservatory of Music, the Paris. He had been principal violinist of the orchestra of the Societe des Concerts Symphoniques de Paris on May 5, 1924. He was a member of the Conservatory of Music for several years.

Joannes Rochu was graduated at the Conservatory with the first prize as pupil of Louis F. Frederic Victor (now of Porto Rico). M. Rochu is prominent as the first tenor in the Comique and the Grand Opera of Paris. He first appeared in the States in 1918 as soloist in the French army band.

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"Well," he replied slowly, "I think that I can think of now was ninth inning when, with Max Clyde Barnhart on first and Traynor was up. Traynor had home-run in the fifth inning have been able to do it again. I think it would have tied up the

Te: Worked Carefully with Trayno

You could see from the way  
 travelled when Harris and T  
 hit into the right field stand  
 were playing with the lively t  
 It doesn't take much to bump  
 balls out of the park, so I  
 carefully with Traynor. I tried  
 him anything that he might  
 end of his bat, keeping them  
 high. Being an angular ma  
 Traynor is hard to pitch to a  
 I had never faced him before.  
 unorthodox style of twisting  
 B feet back from the plate and  
 almost over it. It is this  
 him puzzling

What sort of ball did you hit when he hit his home run?" Johnson smiled. "It's funny," said he, "but I intended to waste that ball. I put a foot on the outside and tried for one like it in the past. I was looking as though it had failed around me. The longer one contemplates a feat, the more remarkable it is. I am a man at the age of thirty, and after nineteen strenuous years, I am still a major league pitcher, striking out more than I am allowed to on a team that is reputed to be the best hitting club in baseball; I am a base on balls, that to Lee is a weakness. I am the weakest batter in the Pirates, but I am hitting five hits and permitting my team to reach second, discarding the first base home-run. Small wonder that my outlook begins to dim in the future. They will now be called upon to use the same Johnson once more, and I am sure they will use me more."

Too much more. One more word about the fan of Pitts. He has been inspired by the neighbor as the fiancée has come from H. That remark just to see him in this series. lon. The tall shared the spotlight with me for as he was an individual. His flying of an automaton. knee-high liner at the those mathematic. Inning, and his clean ha This writer as Harris's erratic ground what he regarded marked him as the best lon in the conte. He accounted for

string figures, emerges at once, but is followed immediately by a calmer and broader theme for horns. The two again alternate, are developed more extensively than the first theme, and lead to the main climax of the piece. There is an appearance of the first theme harmonized in four parts for high strings. Calm, ever-increasing calm, prevails, and "Rome to Palermo" breathes itself out with a fragment of the first theme in the low register of the solo-flute.

"Tunis to Nafta" is a harmonization of a popular song. A solo-oboe sings the plaintive tune throughout. But there is nothing plaintive about the accompaniment. In it, the music itself as well as the direction of the composer indicates a highly rhythmized effect. Sharp dissonances in low strings evoke a quasi-Oriental mood. Against this the oboe sings its lone phrase, repeats it, mounts to higher regions, where with some intensity the song becomes more ornate, developing at length into a cadenza, after which the opening phrase with its repetition ends the piece.

For "Valencia" Monsieur Ibert has evidently taken as his model all the Spanish rhapsodies from Chabrier down to the immediate present. As with Chabrier there is a wealth of themes. High wood-winds shriek out an accompanying figure as intense as the glare of a southern sun at noon. Restless rhythmic vitality pulses through it. Suddenly a theme—a veritable fountain of energy—appears in all the strings and in the horns. This is repeated and is followed by a short theme for oboe, as light and airy as a dancing sprite. This is repeated and there is a development of a theme that shows considerable affinity to the first theme of the first piece. The music breaks off sustained only by a long holding note from a solo-bassoon, which then continues with a curious, sardonic five-note figure. This is tossed about without interruption from bassoon to kettle-drums, then to 'cellos, to flutes, to high strings, and to other groups. Again the theme derived from the first "Escale" appears, now languishingly. Together with other themes already stated it develops, gathers force and intensity, mounts the heights, and amid swishing and swirling of woodwinds and strings, interrupted by characteristic dance rhythms, comes to a close. . . . It is a characteristic, almost a mannerism of the composer to state each theme twice before proceeding either to develop it or to go on to new material. This is true of all of the themes mentioned in the three "Escale"

A. H. M.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S NEW PRINCIPALS



Left to right: Edmond Allegra, first clarinet; Fernand Gillet, first oboe; Joannes Rochut, first trombone, and Jean Lefranc, first viola. Gillet is a nephew of Georges Gillet, his master, also the master of Mr. Longy. Allegra, an Italian, has had a distinguished career in Europe as soloist with symphony orchestras and in chamber concerts. Notable music for the clarinet has been dedicated to him. Lefranc had been solo viola for many years with the Opera Comique Orchestra and the Colonne Orchestra in Paris. Rochut had long been first trombone of the Opera Comique and Lamoureux Orchestras. The symphony season will open in Symphony Hall, Friday.



Serge Koussevitzky, Leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Photographed in New York Just After His Arrival from Europe. M. Koussevitzky Conducted Yesterday Afternoon the First Symphony Concert of the Season in Boston.

Oct. 10, 1925.

(Underwood & Underwood)



# A Ribbon: A Speech: A Concert

First-Hand Account of the Parisian  
Celebration for Mr. Kousse-  
vitzky Decorated and  
Acclaimed

Trans. — Sept. 26, 1925

ON THE LAPEL of his coat, the returned Koussevitzky wears a narrow red ribbon. Somewhere among his papers is the oblong parchment on which the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor certifies that the President of the Republic has conferred upon Monsieur Koussevitzky, "sujet Russe," the decoration of Chevalier in the National Order of the Legion of Honor. Last June in Paris, the conductor received the ribbon. With reason his friends and admirers made an "occasion" of it. There was a supper; there were speeches; there was a semi-impromptu and frolicsome concert. *Comœdia*, the Parisian journal of the theater and the concert-hall, printed an account of all these things. With the return of Mr. Koussevitzky a copy of the article comes to hand. From it come the excerpts translated herewith. In that translation to keep to the singular idiom of *Comœdia* best preserves the atmosphere of the party.

First, Monsieur Raymond Charpentier shall be heard: While there was taking place on the evening of the day before yesterday the unforgettable manifestation organized *Comœdia* to honor the recent decoration of Serge Koussevitzky, M. Gabriel Alphonse regarded with apparent surprise this strange personage, keen and intrepid, but turn by turn dreamy and eager, his nostrils dilated, his magnetic brows with a racial English suggestion, straight as a rapier blade, taut as an arrow towards its goal.

And our director said to me, punctuating his analysis: "This man is better than a force; he is a virtue! Precisely he is that. A musician, certainly. A leader, without doubt! An animating force, assuredly. But above everything, a force, a virtue."

One cannot accord with all of his interpretations. It is easy to find him more at his ease in one repertory and at less advantage in another. It would be idle to pick to pieces his programs or to dispute his musical leanings; nothing will hinder Koussevitzky from being a force nor his will from glorying in the working of miracles.

In the service of a noble cause, what would be the point of such an intrusion? The cause to which Koussevitzky has attached himself figures among the highest. The new music almost exclusively, and particularly music still unaccepted, is what Koussevitzky defends with the most attachment, with the utmost devotion. How many works have seen the light of day or have been suddenly made lucid entirely through him? How many composers have found in his efforts a refuge, a consecration? And of these, how many of our own have profited by his insatiable audacity and his princely disinterestedness? A force, a fine spirit—a great patron!

This is why the assemblage of two evenings ago was so select. Every face was illustrious or notable. It was a group which acted in one accord. This event was one of the most astonishing prodigies that Serge Koussevitzky, without knowing it, has accomplished.

To seal this amicable reunion, Henri Casadesus had contrived the amusing plan of improvising a little humorous vocal ensemble, appealing to the good will of a number of singers. At a signal from Alfred Cortot, forty of our guests filed upon the stage. They were all celebrated virtuosos or famous composers. Others remained in their places only to enjoy this impromptu spectacle. Never before perhaps has such a phalanx come together. And this scene enacted in good fellowship must surely have moved the heart of Koussevitzky. He saw in it the most touching of symbols.

Next Monsieur André Messager, composer, conductor, reviewer and Parisian figure these many years, may bestow the decoration itself: My dear Koussevitzky, having seen pass a certain number of years, the moment arrives when without expecting it I find myself the dean of those around me; a title little to be envied but, alas, indisputable. And it is by this seniority that the honor comes to me this evening of making a speech, a duty which for once becomes a joy. Permit me, then, to express to you very simply and very cordially the felicitations of all those who have come here to compliment you on this ribbon which adorns your lapel and which you merit far more than its title. This honor marks the culminating point of a splendid career which we trust may long continue and in which your devotion to art and to artists has always gone hand in hand with your personal successes. And this is why we have been moved to give this reunion the character of an artistic manifestation in your honor, while at the same time it is for us a fortunate opportunity to express our sentiments of gratitude and of friendship.

I must now, as in a speech of admission into the Academy, tell you things which you already know better than I—that is to say, retrace the stages of your career. I do this because each one of these stages furnishes us with a glimpse of your characteristic energy, your intelligent activity, your discernment: all the qualities, in a word, by which you have persuaded and conquered us.

A virtuoso acclaimed through all of Europe, you were not content with the successes of a performer, however prodigious and unusual and soon you realized a long cherished dream, forming the orchestra at Moscow, the performances of which are still celebrated.

There, all who surrounded you were soon penetrated by this spirit of discipline, this love of work, this fervor for a piece of music, by which your whole being is possessed. No work, no fatigue daunted you, and while giving the first place to the classic masters, you knew how to present modern music, even the most modern, to a public who came to share your convictions. It was you, and we can never forget it, who in Moscow brought forward Debussy, then almost unknown, and Gabriel Fauré, similarly obscure. The music of France was particularly dear to you, and it was thus that you began your magnificent campaign in favor of our musicians, towards

to give your best efforts, driven from your country, overturn which obliterated so courageously built out hesitation to Paris, every man has two countries—France." Enga, appealed in vain for out refusing their offers, rtheless you always remain last five seasons you arts Koussevitzky which art of the life of Paris. you devote the largest sers, whose works you known to other countries, ism and disinterested-

of fine titles for us to friend, and they far honor which has been But you have other you have won our fidence, and our affection, your cour-umor—in a word, all to us, and it is with also that we are as- to felicitate you. nclude in our felicitations Madame Koussevitzky, orator. May she accept nderstanding sympathy assistance which she has ization of your work— at and profound adm-

friend, the most agree-ssion is still to be ful-ends, present you with membrance of this eve-our best wishes for erity and happiness.

Monsieur Gandrey-Rety, a the improvised concert: s (if I am not mistaken on we shall name, and mous) adopted a differ-ure. They began by n his own angle, wisely, mpliment: a few meas- a staff. Having thus and spontaneity in their ey brought together the individual inspirations. sheaf of them—an offer- restrictions and without ninent comrade. They dined to honor him with ircumstance, a "distilla- edom." They chose a cents joyously sincere: p, a smiling invention. or, the whole sprinkled on.

to the piano, at Cortot, vehement y, not exempt Albert Roussel the double-bass ptitudes, lightly chose the trom-ored of modern yela" of Gustave anzat; M. Alex- me of the young with a simple to expand: if o a single harp, other hand mo- Charpentier, par- assemblages of m to this quar- Casadesus, in- magician of Paul Le Flem, ch embarrassed, among the fam- his vow. Having concerts of the forth and was n: he conceived double-bass with a agreeable mar- de-rol" and the off this bouquet, tile blue flower. the shape of a r of M. Serge er photograph— net! . . . rely sufficient in heless, added to forty voices who of the "Salle curious juxtapo- Casadesus (so- den of Gustave of M. Alfred Cor- Lazare Lévy, the n Wurmser, the is Vuillemin, the an, the redoubt- Gregorio, etc.— cords, as every- adles made their Milles. Germaine min, Madeleine were in the first of all these "fa- their collective a black envy fessional fatality side of the barri- a whole year in point of the lyric what a relief, and to let fly off the tched in silence!



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And our director said to me, punctuating  
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But above everything, a force, a virtue."

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A force, a fine spirit—a great patron!

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He saw in it the most touching of symbols.

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etc., may be found in the PR  
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The First Course will be F

## The Influence of the Peoples of the Empire, 177

ARNOLD J.

Professor of International  
University of London and D  
the British Institute of I

1—The Old Order of Socie  
2—The Advent of Western  
Westernisation of the Gree  
Ottoman History, A—The G  
The Crisis of Ottoman His  
of Muhammed Ali. 6—The  
key and Egypt (1875-1883)  
7—The Victory of Wes  
(1908-1924). 8—The Outli  
States" of the Ottoman E

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at 8 o'clock

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week. Charles "Tramp"  
list of comedians. Sid  
and Joe Yule second him

Casino—Bathing Beauties

The "Bathing Beauties"  
stage at the Casino nex  
beach sets the scene; the  
ning depicts real rain fall  
sons of the chorus. Ther

whom today you still give your best efforts.  
And when you were driven from your coun-  
try by the terrible overturn which obliter-  
ated all that you had so courageously built  
up, you came without hesitation to Paris,  
knowing that—"Every man has two coun-  
tries: his own, and then—France." Eng-  
land, Spain, America, appealed in vain for  
your talents. Without refusing their offers  
it is here that nevertheless you always re-  
turn. And for the last five seasons you  
bring us the Concerts Koussevitzky which  
make an integral part of the life of Paris.  
In these programs you devote the largest  
part to our composers, whose works you  
subsequently make known to other countries,  
showing both eclecticism and disinterested-  
ness.

Here are plenty of fine titles for us to  
esteem, my dear friend, and they far  
more than equal the honor which has been  
reserved for you. But you have other  
qualities by which you have won our  
sympathy, our confidence, and our affec-  
tion. I mean your affability, your cour-  
tesy, your good humor—in a word, all  
that makes you dear to us, and it is with  
these sentiments also that we are as-  
sembled this evening to felicitate you.

Permit me to include in our felicita-  
tions the name of Madame Koussevitzky,  
your devoted collaborator. May she accept  
our homage and understanding sympathy  
for the precious assistance which she has  
brought to the realization of your work—  
a tribute of our great and profound admi-  
ration.

And now, dear friend, the most agree-  
able part of my mission is still to be ful-  
filled. We, your friends, present you with  
this badge as a remembrance of this eve-  
ning. Accept also our best wishes for  
your success, prosperity and happiness.

Last, from Monsieur Gandrey-Rety, a  
plentiful account of the improvised concert:

Our ten composers (if I am not mistaken  
there were ten whom we shall name, and  
one who was anonymous) adopted a differ-  
ent way of procedure. They began by  
contriving, each from his own angle, wisely,  
gaily, a personal compliment: a few meas-  
ures notated on a staff. Having thus  
blended conciseness and spontaneity in their  
musical speech, they brought together the  
products of their individual inspirations.  
They made a single sheaf of them—an offer-  
ing without mental restrictions and without  
barbs, for their eminent comrade. They  
did not feel constrained to honor him with  
a long cantata of circumstance, a "distilla-  
tion of heavy boredom." They chose a  
simple style and accents joyously sincere:  
a frank hand clasp, a smiling invention.  
Friendship and humor, the whole sprinkled  
with discreet emotion.

to the piano, at  
Cortot, vehement  
y, not exempt  
Albert Roussel  
the double-bass  
attitudes, lightly  
chose the trom-  
bone of modern  
vela" of Gustave  
anzat; M. Alex-  
me of the young  
with a simple  
to expand: if  
a single harp,  
other hand mo-  
Charpentier, par-  
assemblages of  
m to this quar-  
Casadesus, in-  
magician of  
Paul Le Flem,  
ich embarrassed,  
among the fam-  
his vow. Having  
concerts of the  
forth and was  
n: he conceived  
double-bass with  
agreeable mar-  
de-rol" and the  
off this bouquet,  
little blue flower.  
the shape of a  
rer of M. Serge  
er photograph—  
net! . . . .  
rely sufficient in  
theless, added to  
forty voices who  
of the "Salle  
curious juxtapo-  
Casadesus (so-  
len of Gustave  
of M. Alfred Cor-  
Lazare Lévy, the  
n Wurmser, the  
is Vuillemin, the  
man, the redoubt-  
Gregorio, etc.—  
cords, as every-  
dies made their  
Milles. Germaine  
amin, Madeleine  
were in the first  
of all these "fa-  
their collective  
a black envy  
fessional fatality  
side of the barri-  
a whole year in  
point of the lyric  
what a relief, and  
to let fly off the  
atched in silence!



# A Ribbon: A Speech: A Concert

First-Hand Account of the Parisian  
Celebration for Mr. Kousse-  
vitzky Decorated and  
Acclaimed

Trans. — Sept. 26, 1925

ON THE LAPEL of his coat, the re-  
turned Koussevitzky wears a nar-  
row red ribbon. Somewhere among  
his papers is the oblong parchment  
on which the Grand Chancellor of the Le-  
gion of Honor certifies that the President  
of the Republic has conferred upon Mon-  
sieur Koussevitzky, "sujet Russe," the  
decoration of Chevalier in the National  
Order of the Legion of Honor. Last June  
in Paris, the conductor received the ribbon.  
With reason his friends and admirers made  
an "occasion" of it. There was a supper;  
there were speeches; there was a semi-  
impromptu and frolicsome concert. Comoedia,  
the Parisian journal of the theater and  
the concert-hall, printed an account of all  
these things. With the return of Mr. Kous-  
sevitzky a copy of the article comes to  
hand. From it come the excerpts trans-  
lated herewith. In that translation to  
keep to the singular idiom of Comoedia  
best preserves the atmosphere of the party.

First, Monsieur Raymond Charpentier  
shall be heard: While there was taking place  
on the evening of the day before yesterday  
the unforgettable manifestation organized  
Comoedia to honor the recent decoration of  
Serge Koussevitzky, M. Gabriel Alpaud  
regarded with apparent surprise this  
strange personage, keen and inreperid, but  
turn by turn dreamy and eager, his nostrils  
dilated, his magnetic brows with a racial  
English suggestion, straight as a rapier  
blade, taut as an arrow towards its goal.

And our director said to me, punctuating  
his analysis: "This man is better than  
force; he is a virtue! Precisely he is the  
A musician, certainly. A leader, without  
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But above everything, a force, a virtue."

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## The Influence Peoples of Empire,

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2—The Advent of Westernisation of the  
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The Crisis of Ottoman  
of Muhammed Ali.  
key and Egypt (1875-  
7—The Victory of  
(1908-1924). 8—The  
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ning depicts real ra  
sons of the chorus.

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NEW HUMORES  
NEW WALTZ—"

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SO

MISS MARJORIE M

Miss Winifred Bam  
R. E. Williams....

Symphony

SUN. AFT.

Oct. 11

At 3.30

WED. EVE.

Oct. 14

At 8.15

FRI. EVE.

Oct. 16

At 8.15

SUN. AFT.

TUES. EVE.

Oct. 18 and 20

MAIL ORDER

## STEINE

Sympl

Oct. 11—RO

Oct. 21—TH

Mme. M

Mr. W

A Paul Dukas confided to the piano, at  
the instance of an Alfred Cortot, vehement  
protestations of cordiality, not exempt  
from droll velleities. An Albert Roussel  
charged the bassoon and the double-bass  
with the expression of aptitudes, lightly  
improvised. M. Honegger chose the trom-  
bone. M. Prokofieff, enamored of modern  
mechanisms, a superb "Pleyela" of Gustave  
Lyon, caressed by M. Larmanzat; M. Alex-  
andre Tansman, in the name of the young  
Pologne, contented himself with a simple  
piano. Others felt moved to expand: if  
M. Salzedo had recourse to a single harp,  
M. Roland-Manuel on the other hand mo-  
bilized four; M. Raymond Charpentier, par-  
tial to sudden and robust assemblages of  
sound, added a kettle drum to this quar-  
tet; similarly also M. Henri Casadesus, in-  
comparable speaker and magician of  
rhythm. As for our friend, Paul Le Flem,  
he was for some days much embarrassed,  
not knowing to which saint among the fam-  
ily of instruments to make his vow. Having  
assisted at the last two concerts of the  
Conservatory, he came forth and was  
struck with an inspiration: he conceived  
the idea of joining the double-bass with  
the flute, and of making an agreeable mar-  
riage between the fat "tol-de-rol" and the  
gentle "piccolo." To set off this bouquet,  
there only lacked the little blue flower.  
It came from England in the shape of a  
letter from a young admirer of M. Serge  
Koussevitzky, who sent her photograph—  
and a fragment for clarinet!

This apotheosis was surely sufficient in  
itself. There was, nevertheless, added to  
it the heroic chorus of forty voices who  
assembled on the stage of the "Salle  
Comoedia," bringing into curious juxtapo-  
sition the eyeglass of Henri Casadesus (so-  
loist!), the expansive mien of Gustave  
Lyon, the glabrous irony of M. Alfred Cor-  
tot, the curled hair of M. Lazare Lévy, the  
black beard of M. Lucien Wurmser, the  
Gallo mustache of M. Louis Vuillemin, the  
sharp profile of M. Tansman, the redoubt-  
able barytone of M. Paul Gregorio, etc.—  
all virtuosos of the vocal cords, as every-  
one knows. Numerous ladies made their  
procession, among whom Mlle. Germaine  
Tailleferre, Lucy Vuillemin, Madeleine  
Grovlez, Renée Destanges, were in the first  
rank. And the spectacle of all these "fa-  
mous singers," benign in their collective  
irresponsibility, filled with a black envy  
the pariahs whom a professional fatality  
had placed on the other side of the barri-  
cade.

When one has passed a whole year in  
"raising ducks" on every point of the lyric  
horizon, what a godsend, what a relief, and  
what a revenge for once to let fly off the  
ducklings that one has hatched in silence!




## Dukas's Homage in Tones: The Original Autograph

Handwritten musical score for "Dukas's Homage in Tones: The Original Autograph". The score is written on three systems of staves, featuring complex notation including triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings like *ff* and *f*. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The first system has a "3" above the first measure. The second system has a "3" above the first measure. The third system has a "3" above the first measure. The score ends with a signature "Samuel Langford" and the date "June 1985".



24



## Extension of the Symphony Hall Marquee



25

With a view to adding to the comfort and the convenience of those who wish to wait on Massachusetts Avenue for street cars or automobiles, the marquee at Symphony Hall has been doubled in length and now includes the exit door near St. Stephen Street.

In order that this improvement may become as advantageous as possible to patrons of these concerts, it is important that no automobiles be parked at any time under the marquee.

The lengthened marquee will provide increased space along the sidewalk, which should tend to lessen congestion at the main exit, where formerly many have been compelled to wait on or near the steps.



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28

29

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 9, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 10, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Overture to "Leonore" No. 2, Op. 72

Debussy . . . . . "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune"  
("The Afternoon of a Faun"),  
Eclogue by S. Mallarmé

Ibert . . . . . "Escales" (Ports at Call)  
I. Calme; Assez animé; Calme.  
II. Modéré, très rythmé.  
(Solo Oboe: Fernand Gillet)  
III. Animé; modéré.  
(First time in America)

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68  
I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.  
II. Andante sostenuto.  
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.  
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

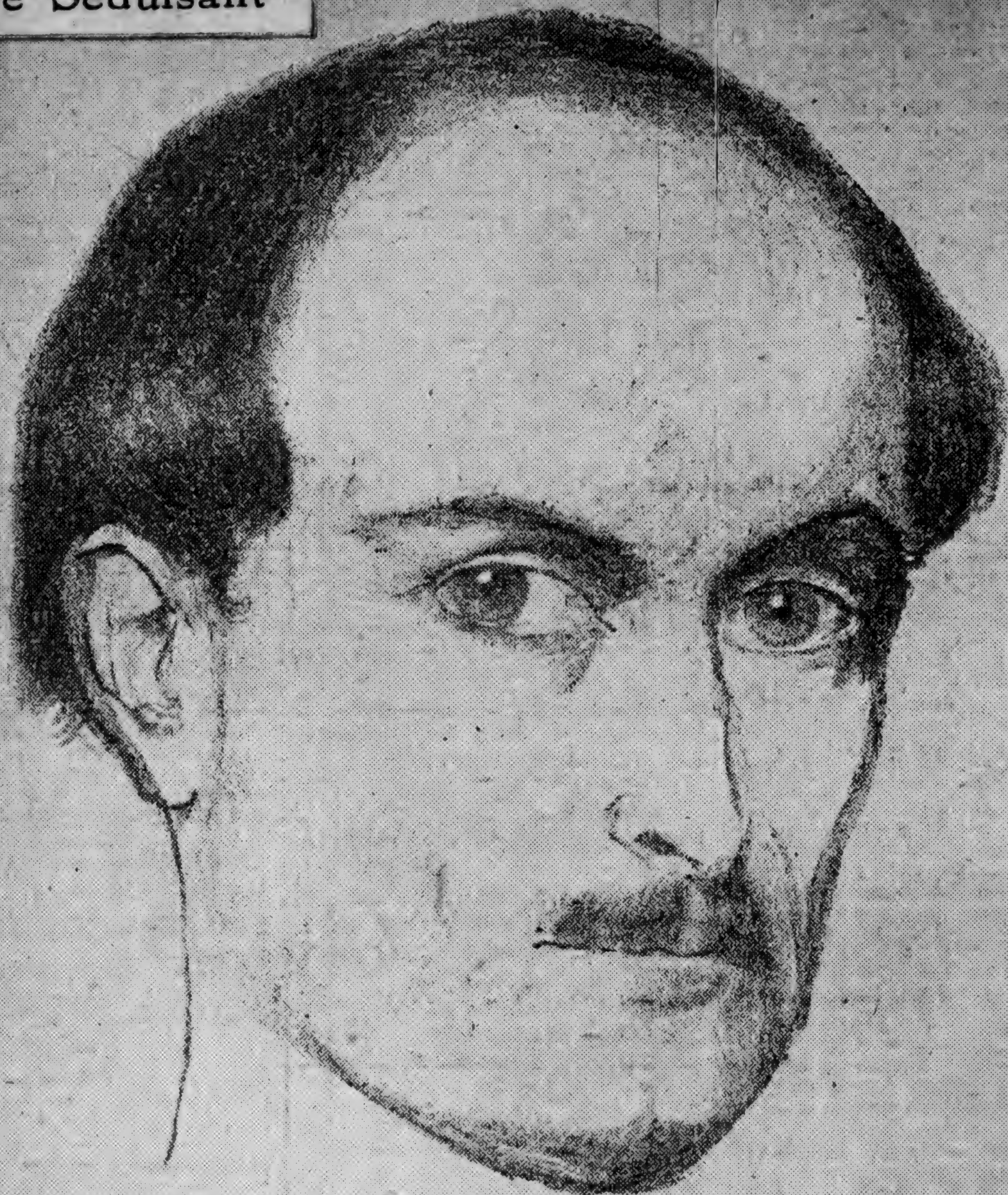
City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# "Le Seduisant"



Jacques Ibert

New Composer at The Symphony Concerts

*Weber la femme*

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in Paris,  
was sug-

gested in turn by impressions of Palermo, Tunis-Nefta and Valencia, so this music should have a geographical and ethnological interest.

"Palermo." What demon of perversity reminded us while the music was playing that the first barber to enter Italy came out of Sicily in the 451th year after the foundation of Rome; that he was brought in by P. Ticinius Mena; that the first Roman to be shaved every day was Scipio Africanus. There was no thought of Theocritus; no memory of the Sicilian Vespers; only this miserable fact that before the advent of the Sicilian barbers, the Romans did not have their hair cut, and, unfortunately, Iberts' music for Palermo did not hold our attention. A port-of-call is a port where vessels revictual or take in coal. A certain bolsterous section of the movement led one to believe that the sailors had at least an hour of shore leave.

But "Tunis-Nefta" was worth hearing and not only by reason of the musical and poetic playing of the long and charming melodic sentence by Mr. Gillett, the new first oboist, whose reputation as an accomplished artist had preceded him. Discreetly and effectively accompanied, this theme has Oriental languor. In this movement rhythm and color disclose a composer of imagination.

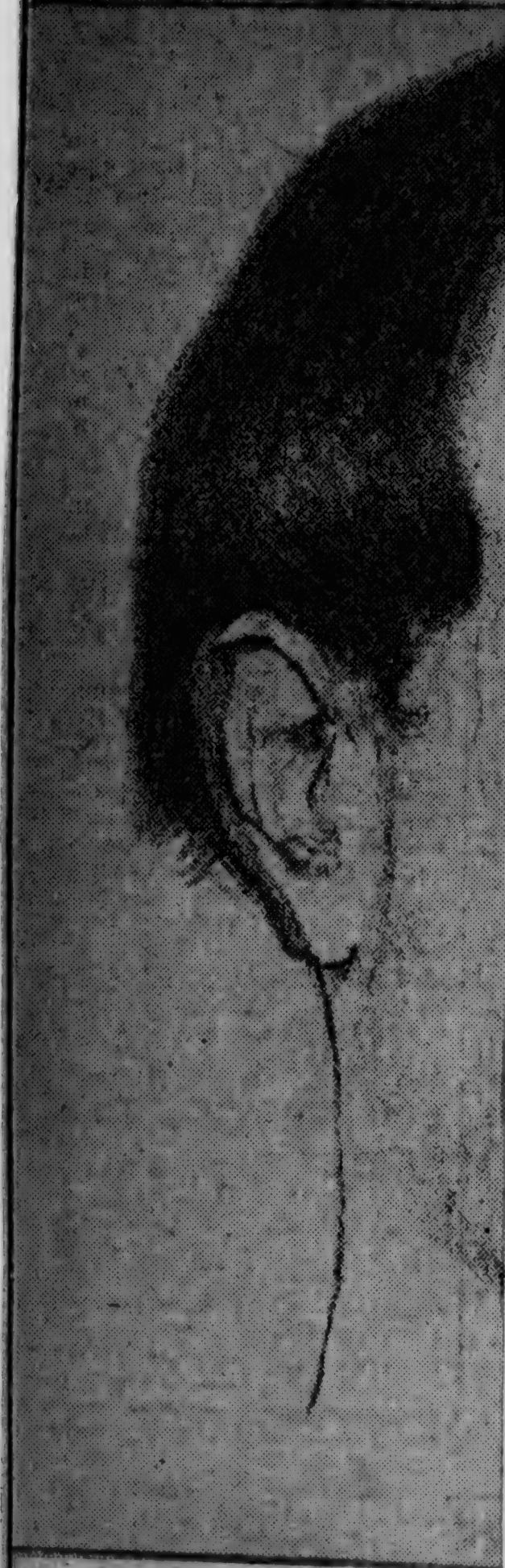
Given the title "Valencia," the hearer naturally expects Spanish rhythm and what is loosely called national color, although many years ago the Parisian critic, Johannes Weber, tried to prove that there is no such thing as "color" peculiar to a nation's music. There is the requisite rhythmic excitement in "Valencia," but other Frenchmen have been far more successful in putting musical Spain before one. Richard Ford, visiting Valencia in the Forties, characterized the town and province as being of "unsubstantial disrepute." The years have passed; perhaps the music of Ibert is sufficiently representative of

To us the feature of the concert was the performance of Beethoven's overture which had not been played at a Symphony concert since 1904; the performance and the music itself. It is not necessary to compare the overture with the more famous No. 3, though it is true that the trumpet passage in the latter is more dramatic. Mr. Koussevitzky gave a thrilling reading, not bound by tradition—"traditions" are the ruin of many performances—not extravagant, not theatrical, but eloquent in dramatic intensity. And Mr. Koussevitzky knows the dramatic value of pauses, to confirm a previous effect, to awaken anticipation of mighty effects to come.

One might say that a little faster tempo would have given still greater charm to the opening measures of De-



"Le Seduisant"



Jacques Ibert  
New Composer at The Symph

(Born at Paris on April 15, 1890; now living there)

Ibert studied at the Paris Conservatory (1911-14). His teachers were Pessard, Gedalge, and Vidal. In 1919 he was awarded the *prix de Rome* for his cantata, "Le Poète et la Fée."

"Escales" was performed at a Lamoureux Concert in Paris, Paul Paray conductor, on January 6, 1924.

An "escale" is a port-of-call, where vessels put in to take on coal or to re-victual.

5TH SYMPHONY  
SEASON BEGINS

Herald — Oct. 10, 1925.  
Hall Filled at First Concert  
—Every Number Enthusiastically Received

PROGRAM WILL BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 45th season of the Boston symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 2; Debussy, Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Ibert, "Escales" ("Ports-of-Call")—first time in America; Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

The expectant audience—it filled completely the hall—came in enthusiastic mood. There was curiosity to know how Mr. Koussevitzky would treat the first symphony of our old friend, Johannes Brahms; curiosity to see the new players; eagerness to hear again the superb orchestra. Perhaps there were some who hoped to be shocked by the music of Jacques Ibert, for is he not a Parisian and probably one of the ultra-modern "anarchists" in music? If there were persons thus disposed, they were disappointed, for Mr. Ibert, whatever one may think of "Ports of Call," is not flagrantly vicious in the use of dissonances, and his "Ports of Call" is not without form.

Ibert is now in his 36th year. He is a *prix de Rome* man whose list of works is of some importance. Judged by the titles, he is of a literary, poetic turn of mind. If he has read the prose of Jules Laforgue, he is also acquainted with Oscar Wilde, for he has written a symphonic poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which has been performed in London as well as in Paris.

The score of "Ports of Call" bears no titles to the three movements, but when they were first played in Paris, it was said that the music was sug-

gested in turn by impressions of Palermo, Tunis-Nefta and Valencia, so this music should have a geographical and ethnological interest.

"Palermo." What demon of perversity reminded us while the music was playing that the first barber to enter Italy came out of Sicily in the 454th year after the foundation of Rome; that he was brought in by P. Ticius Mena; that the first Roman to be shaved every day was Scipio Africanus. There was no thought of Theocritus; no memory of the Sicilian Vespers; only this miserable fact that before the advent of the Sicilian barbers, the Romans did not have their hair cut, and, unfortunately, Iberts' music for Palermo did not hold our attention. A port-of-call is a port where vessels revictual or take in coal. A certain bolsterous section of the movement led one to believe that the sailors had at least an hour of shore leave.

But "Tunis-Nefta" was worth hearing and not only by reason of the musical and poetic playing of the long and charming melodic sentence by Mr. Gillett, the new first oboist, whose reputation as an accomplished artist had preceded him. Discreetly and effectively accompanied, this theme has Oriental languor. In this movement rhythm and color disclose a composer of imagination.

Given the title "Valencia," the hearer naturally expects Spanish rhythm and what is loosely called national color, although many years ago the Parisian critic, Johannes Weber, tried to prove that there is no such thing as "color" peculiar to a nation's music. There is the requisite rhythmic excitement in "Valencia," but other Frenchmen have been far more successful in putting musical Spain before one. Richard Ford, visiting Valencia in the Forties, characterized the town and province as being of "unsubstantial disrepute." The years have passed; perhaps the music of Ibert is sufficiently representative of

To us the feature of the concert was the performance of Beethoven's overture which had not been played at a Symphony concert since 1904; the performance and the music itself. It is not necessary to compare the overture with the more famous No. 3, though it is true that the trumpet passage in the latter is more dramatic. Mr. Koussevitzky gave a thrilling reading, not bound by tradition—"traditions" are the ruin of many performances—not extravagant, not theatrical, but eloquent in dramatic intensity. And Mr. Koussevitzky knows the dramatic value of pauses, to confirm a previous effect, to awaken anticipation of mighty effects to come.

One might say that a little faster tempo would have given still greater charm to the opening measures of Da-



## "Le Seduisant"



Jacques Ibert  
New Composer at The Sympho

(Born at Paris on April 15, 1890; now living there)

Ibert studied at the Paris Conservatory (1911-14). His teachers were Pessard, Gedalge, and Vidal. In 1919 he was awarded the *prix de Rome* for his cantata, "Le Poète et la Fée."

"Escales" was performed at a Lamoureux Concert in Paris, Paul Paray conductor, on January 6, 1924.

An "escale" is a port-of-call, where vessels put in to take on coal or to re-victual.

## 45TH SYMPHONY SEASON BEGINS

Herald — Oct. 10, 1925

Hall Filled at First Concert

—Every Number Enthusiastically Received

### PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 45th season of the Boston symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 2; Debussy, Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Ibert, "Escales" ("Ports-of-Call")—first time in America; Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

The expectant audience—it filled completely the hall—came in enthusiastic mood. There was curiosity to know how Mr. Koussevitzky would treat the first symphony of our old friend, Johannes Brahms; curiosity to see the new players; eagerness to hear again the superb orchestra. Perhaps there were some who hoped to be shocked by the music of Jacques Ibert, for is he not a Parisian and probably one of the ultra-modern "anarchists" in music? If there were persons thus disposed, they were disappointed, for Mr. Ibert, whatever one may think of "Ports of Call," is not flagrantly vicious in the use of dissonances, and his "Ports of Call" is not without form.

Ibert is now in his 36th year. He is a *prix de Rome* man whose list of works is of some importance. Judged by the titles, he is of a literary, poetic turn of mind. If he has read the prose of Jules Laforgue, he is also acquainted with Oscar Wilde, for he has written a symphonic poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which has been performed in London as well as in Paris.

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bussy's "Prelude," but the beauty of Mr. Laurent's tone and phrasing was the more apparent. Mr. Koussevitzky interprets music as he feels it. He is a man of marked emotional nature, whose individual conception of a composition may differ from that of another conductor, but it is his own. The composer as a rule gains thereby.

So one might, remembering preceding performances of Brahms' symphony, take exception to this or that ruling of Mr. Koussevitzky. We are all, like Charles Lamb, men of imperfect sympathies. To us this first symphony of Brahms has not the ingratiating qualities of the three that followed. Like the celebrated interpretation of Hamlet, discussed in "Great Expectations" it is, no doubt, "massive and concrete"; it is also granitic. There are fine moments, as the cantilena for violins towards the end of the first movement; as the introduction to the finale. The symphony as a whole leaves us cold. The faster a conductor leads the movements, the more grateful to us is his reading.

The audience was enthusiastic throughout. There was warm applause for Mr. Gillet when Mr. Koussevitzky asked him to rise at the end of "Ports-of-Call."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week comprises Corelli's Concerto Grosso ("Christmas" Concerto)—first time at these concerts; Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and the "Fantastic" Symphony of Berlioz.

## FIRST CONCERT OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Oct. 10, 1925  
Koussevitzky Excels in Brahms' First Symphony

The 45th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon. Every seat for every concert in Boston and New York has been sold by subscription for the season. Yet the trustees in a statement printed in yesterday's programs are appealing for funds to meet a deficit estimated as likely to be \$91,000 on the current season. Last season the net loss, as now announced, was \$41,813.

But it has been necessary since the close of last season to increase the aggregate salaries by about \$50,000, state the trustees in their appeal. There are 14 new players this season, replacing 40 who have left for various reasons, including several principals, but one

surmises that Mr. Koussevitzky has received a large increase in salary. His compensation has never been made public. Dr. Muck is said to have been paid \$28,500 a year as conductor here.

There was cordial applause for Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra before the concert began. Each number on the program was applauded vigorously, especially Brahms' First Symphony and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." Mr. Laurent, first flute player, rose upon signal from Mr. Koussevitzky at the end of Debussy's tone poem and was, of course, given a round of applause which his beautiful playing of the flute solo no doubt deserved.

The new first oboe, Fernand Gillet, formerly of the Lamoureux orchestra in Paris, was similarly honored at the conclusion of Ibert's "Ports of Call," in one section of which he had played a conspicuous solo in a way that proves him likely to be a worthy successor of Mr. Longy. But one questions the expediency of permitting single players to acknowledge personal applause. It is nearly always the orchestra as a unit, not any individual player, not even the conductor, which deserves applause.

Mr. Koussevitzky began the concert with Beethoven's "Leonore No. 2" overture. This is believed to be the first composed of the four written for his opera "Fidelio." The familiar "Leonore No. 3" is a rewritten version of this No. 2, which uses the same thematic material. "Leonore No. 2" like "Leonore No. 3" is really a tone poem, conveying the conflicting emotions of hero and heroine threatened with torture and death, then saved as by a miracle through the opportune arrival of an official bearing the King's pardon. The overture is the opera condensed and intensified.

Mr. Koussevitzky failed to make the trumpet calls off stage, which here as in "Leonore No. 3" mark the arrival of the pardon, impressive. He did not seem to have studied the piece sufficiently to make anything out of it, though it is the sort of thing in which he might excel. The errors of tempo in particular were unfortunate. The tone of the orchestra in this number was harsh and scratchy, loud but not resonant.

The performance of Brahms' C minor Symphony, on the other hand, was remarkably effective, superbly vital in its rhythmic sweep and control, planned and carried out on broad lines. Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" is sharply different from that of other conductors. With him the faun disports himself in a languid perfumed atmosphere. He stresses the kinship of Debussy's music on its weakest side with that of Massenet. The music of Debussy is of too delicate a texture and too perfectly wrought and polished to stand the weight of stress and the turbid emotionalism Mr. Koussevitzky puts upon it.

The one novelty on the program, "Ports of Call," a suite of three Mediterranean impressions, by Jacques Ibert, is the work of a winner of the Prix de Rome still in his early 30s, of the school of Ravel rather than that of Satie and the Six. The orchestration is

highly ingenious. A pretty Oriental theme for oboe solo, depicting Tunis, and some vigorous bits of Spanish rhythms depicting Valencia made the music attractive. But the piece is not the work of a powerful creative imagination. M. Ibert, if one may judge from a single hearing of a single work, has everything a composer needs except genius. The performance was apparently faithful to the composer's intentions.

Again, as so often last season, one was left to contemplate half regretfully the inequalities, the undependable nature of Mr. Koussevitzky's great talents as a conductor. No workaday mediocrity would have made such a botch of interpreting an unfamiliar Beethoven overture. No workaday mediocrity could ever give so thrilling a performance of Brahms. No workaday mediocrity would dare go so much his own way, and as it seemed yesterday a wrong way, in interpreting Debussy.

We are certain of an interesting Symphony season.—P. R.

## SYMPHONY OPENS 45TH MUSIC YEAR

Post — Oct. 10, 1925

### Newcomers in Ranks

### Make Favorable Impression

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In a programme well calculated to display the tonal glories of a renewed and replenished band, Mr. Koussevitzky, at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, led the Symphony Orchestra through its first concert of its 45th season.

And there and then Mr. Koussevitzky, unchanged in appearance, save for the emblem of the Legion of Honor now upon his coat lapel, was as conductor his familiar and magnetic self.

### MIGHTY STRING SECTION

Setting before himself and his orchestra pieces by composers so dissimilar as Beethoven, Debussy, Jacques

Ibert (of the younger Frenchmen), and Brahms, he again proved his ability to grasp, to reveal and frequently to enhance and illumine the music's meaning and significance with no sacrifice of its structural integrity. And if here and there a slight roughness provoked by excess of zeal, or an attack not of mathematical precision, disclosed an orchestra but recently re-assembled and "on edge" for its first concert, still it may safely be said that the present Boston Symphony bids fair to be also a greater Boston Symphony.

Enlarged in every choir except the cellos, the string section is now a mighty instrument, one that may shimmer in the tonal magic of the "Afternoon of a Faun," turn pictorial in Ibert's Impressions of Mediterranean ports, strike fire in Beethoven's first Overture to his opera "Leonore," and, with woodwind and brass to aid, swell to the majestic culmination of Brahms' C-minor Symphony.

### Mr. Gillet Qualifies

Of the orchestra's 14 new players but one, Fernand Gillet, came prominently to the fore yesterday. He, in his long solo in the second of Ibert's "Escales" (Ports-of-call), showed himself no unworthy successor to the departed Longy. And of the older players, Mr. Laurent in the flute solos of Debussy's Prelude and Mr. Wendler in the thrilling horn-calls of Brahms' Finale, proved that they had lost none of their familiar mastery.

Unplayed at the Symphony concerts since 1904, Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore," miscalled No. 2, was good to hear again; and it received yesterday an intensely dramatic performance. If as a whole its successor, the famous No. 3 surpasses it, No. 2 has its moments, its individual merits, for example, the crashing chords of the introduction. Indeed, had No. 3 not been written, the piece played yesterday would remain the foremost among Beethoven's shorter orchestral compositions. Beside it the Overtures to "Egmont" and to "Coriolanus" fade into comparative insignificance.

### Ibert's Music Charms

The real novelty of the afternoon, Ibert's "Escales," introduced to Boston a composer rich in technical skill and an adept at musical description. Deriving from Chabrier, Debussy and Ravel, and having little in common with the typical music of young France, as exemplified by Milhaud and Honegger, this score of Ibert's charms, even though it does not altogether persuade us that its composer has a message of importance to deliver.

Brilliantly played, these "Escales" aroused the heartiest of the afternoon applause, even more fervent than that which first greeted the returning conductor, or that which rewarded his impressive interpretation of the First Symphony of Brahms.



## Boston Symphony Season Opens

**T**HE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its first concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Beethoven—Overture to "Leonore" No. 2.  
Debussy—"Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune."  
Ibert—"Escales."  
Brahms—Symphony No. 1 in C minor.

This concert was by far the best Mr. Koussevitzky has conducted here so far, and it was one to be long remembered. The capricious impulses, the searching for startling effects, which so often marred his work last season, were gone. His interpretations were well ordered, logical, and yet not those of a dry analyst. They were rich in emotional content, living, spontaneous. Gone, too, were the distracting gestures, the attitudes of last year. Mr. Koussevitzky has no need to resort to these tricks, and their absence was a boon.

Every measure of Beethoven's Overture was charged with significance, even the conventional measures of "development." The whole piece was played with overwhelming dramatic power, and, although "effect" followed "effect" in rapid succession, not one but seemed the inevitable outcome of the musical content.

To this succeeded Debussy's *Prélude*. There have rarely been more imaginative interpretations of it heard here, certainly none more restrained or more carefully considered. Again it offered to Mr. Laurent, the first flute, the opportunity to display his beauty of tone, his skill in neatly turning a phrase, qualities for which he is justly renowned and which were warmly applauded yesterday afternoon.

Ibert's "Escales" were played for the first time in America. There are three movements, depicting in turn Palermo, Tunis-Nefta and Valencia. They proved to be facile music, written with the skill of a "Prix de Rome," but containing little of real musical significance. The second movement, in which the composer would evoke the Orient, was chiefly

interesting because of the oboe solo of Mr. Fernand Gillet, the first oboist, who succeeds Mr. Longy. As music it hardly rises above the conventional, and but little more can be said of the final movement of Spanish character. Comparisons with Chabrier and Lalo are inevitable and hardly to the credit of Monsieur Ibert. But after all, it is not necessary to hear masterpieces only. If "Escales" arouses but lukewarm interest, it is none the less agreeable music, and grateful to the orchestra. It was brilliantly played, with just the dash of virtuosity which it demands. In the solo of the second movement Mr. Gillet displayed a warm and sympathetic tone and an imaginative musical nature, so far as the limitations of the music would permit.

Surely Brahms' First Symphony has never received a more powerful and sympathetic interpretation than it did yesterday afternoon at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky. It is possible that members of the "Brahms cult" may object to the liberties taken with this austere music by Mr. Koussevitzky, but none can deny that he made it warm and living, as no other conductor heard here has succeeded in doing. Last season he wrought the same effect with the Symphony in E minor, and although the respecters of traditions in matters of interpretation may have been shocked, those who look for beauty of line and phrase, poetic feeling and nobility of conception in the music of Brahms were again amply rewarded in Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of the C minor Symphony yesterday.

Let us end as we began, with unstinted praise of Mr. Koussevitzky; praise well merited indeed, for his most admirable conducting of this opening concert. If this is to be his artistic standard for the season the public of the symphony concerts may well look forward to one of the most brilliant seasons in the history of the organization. S. M.

## Symphony Concert

### ROUTINED AUDIENCE, ARDENT CONDUCTOR, METTLED ORCHESTRA

Trans. — Oct. 10, 1925.

#### THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS BEGIN ANEW

Changeless Listeners to a Reconstituted Band—Mr. Koussevitzky in High Fettle, for His Friend, Ibert, for the Beauty of Debussy and for the Power of Brahms—Then, with Beethoven, the Reverse of the Medal

**H**ARDLY ANYTHING may stir to exuberance the audience of Friday at the Symphony Concerts. Nothing whatever may alter its long-standing manners and customs. A new season began yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. It brought back Mr. Koussevitzky, a conductor in whom most of the assembled company profess to take a huge and continuing delight. It received him with cordial clapping, prolonged a little beyond the usual; otherwise in no respect exceptional. At his instance, it applauded politely Mr. Laurent, the familiar flutist, and Mr. Gillet, the incoming oboist, after each had proved his worth in semi-solo measures. Only at the pause in the concert did these plaudits become hearty and warm, when they were bestowed upon the full orchestra. For it is the custom of Friday afternoons so to clap the standing band.

It is also the habit of those then gathered together to depart exactly when, how and as they please. To borrow a favorite adjective of the venerable editor of the program-book, these departures were yesterday "incomparable," surpassing all records, outstripping every memory. The final music of the day was Brahms's Symphony in C minor, a recognized, even a hallowed, masterpiece. Yet it might have been some "modernist mulch," so many were the feet hammering down the aisles through the first measures of slow movement, scherzo and finale. Thicker carpets, newly laid, were far from soundless. Some, too, chose as the instant for departure,

the moment in which the horn enters the fourth movement to achieve one of the famous, and marvellous, passages in symphonic music. Yesterday, so to say, it was newly accompanied. So went these Friday pleties.

Stranger still, this audience seemed hardly to scrutinize a virtually reconstituted orchestra. For the most part the eldest men have been weeded from the strings and younger faces now dapple them. Messrs. Longy, Lenom, Sand, Müller, have vanished from the woodwinds and more youthful comers replace them. The horns have also been sifted, and there is still a vacant place in that altered octet. Gone are the women-harpists of recent seasons, and a young man now sits beside Mr. Holy—both on the right hand of the stage. Finally, the string choir has been enlarged until the whole orchestra—the missing horn included—numbers 110 players. Clearly, like Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux before him, Mr. Koussevitzky would re-create the band to be his own instrument in his own image.

The audible consequences of these changes were an ampler-powered and rounder-voiced body of strings, capable of sweeping motion and stinging impact—the more since the conductor continues to seat his thirty-seven violins as a single unit opposite his twenty-three violas and violoncellos. Deepened certainly is the string tone; but it has yet to gain the transparency of Mr. Gericke's or Dr. Muck's day. The recruits to the wind-choir augur well for the future. In particular, the new oboist and the new clarinetist excel their predecessors in warm richness and quick sensibility of voice. At every turn, moreover, the whole orchestra played with an equal homogeneity and plasticity of tone—a sound to gratify the conductor's as well as hearers' ears. Except as a convenient phrase it is hard to say what sacred fires really are. No one, however, that frequents Symphony Hall may now mistake the Koussevitzkian flame. With it, man by man and choir by choir, the orchestra burns.

As for Monsieur Serge (as some call him in Paris) at the head of these five-score-and-ten, he is quite his familiar self. Coming to his place he surveyed the audience from the edge of the stage with the calm eyes of a simple child; while not a few within it—if the truth may be politely written—surveyed, with wonder in their glance, a new fashion in trousers. Upon them, as light-hued garment of ceremonial afternoon, it lays a long, narrow, black and silken strip, like unto that which



sometimes adorns evening clothes. Advanced, however, to the conductor's stand, Mr. Koussevitzky was no longer simple and bland and child-like. In the relatively brief space of his stay in Boston, he has seldom been more pantomimic upon music, orchestra and audience. He snatched tonal virtue from the air; gathered it in the hollow of his outstretched hand; upon the band outpoured it. He enjoined pulchritude or he commanded finesse; he caressed or he goaded; he stayed or he sped; he outflung the tonal mass like Jupiter thundering, or he subdued and opened it until a single detail whispered clear; he sopped up a melody, he whipped at a rhythm—all things to all men upon any music, with eyes, lips, hands, head, body, the crouching here, the up-leaping there for tireless instruments of this intense self-expression. If ever there was a "very personal" conductor, it is Serge Koussevitzky. Not only does he re-make orchestras; he also re-writes music—both in his own image.

Through the pieces of the day this conducting might range far and cut deep. Across Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" went Mr. Koussevitzky poetizing. His ear and his hand were super-sensitive to the curving of a melody, the shaping of a phrase, the blending of a euphony, the tempering of a timbre. Sensibility that was intuition paced, rhythmized, modulated, shaded; arrayed, dispersed, subdued or isolated the contributing voices. They became as the strands of a luminous web, hanging in the serene air, flecked only by the moods of the Faun—remembering and troubled, visioning and sensuous. The memory of Mallarmé's prompting verses faded. Gone was the more immediate sense of human presences and human abilities releasing Debussy's tones. Here was the stripped essence of sound evoking beauty upon imagination. There can be few pieces of music in which fulfilment so rounds purpose as in this Prelude of the Faun. Sensuous subtlety quivers—perfectly achieved. Full and perfect circle came also Mr. Koussevitzky's performance.

These columns have already set forth the nature and the content of Monsieur Jacques Ibert's "Escapes." Playing them, the conductor obliged his friend and also disclosed the new mettle—or, rather, finesse—of the reorganized wind-choir. Furthermore, he proved his ability to make a little go, if not a long, at least a pleasant, way. For Monsieur Ibert dispenses an exceeding slenderness of matter with an exceeding delicacy of hand. He piles the nicest of precisions; teems with playful little fancies about melody and modulation, prettifies them harmonically and instrumentally; tosses up rhythms like a gentle parlor-juggler; dips his fingers in local color that he may forthwith exhale atmosphere; recites his lesson from Ravel and Debussy so wistfully that there is no blaming him for learning it too well.

Having a full orchestra for a plaything, Monsieur Ibert shouts sometimes in polite glee. Oftener, a fitful dexterity hides an ever-present tenacity. Not often, even from Paris in these days, comes music that so refines and rarefies itself—into nothing. By grace and felicity of performance Mr. Koussevitzky did his utmost to fill the void. Actually he was leading a wraith into the concert-hall. Yet he was fain to believe it a glinting princess.

Brahms with the Symphony in C minor, Beethoven with the original overture to "Fidello"—now the second "Leonora"—gave the conductor tougher matter. To Brahms he brought a permeating, intensifying, transfiguring musical energy seldom confused by excess of zeal. Inevitably there are measures in which Johannes, even in a masterpiece, is merely getting on to the next opportunity for mastery. As inevitably Mr. Koussevitzky could not leave him comfortably to these pauses for breath. By some flick at the pace or the rhythm, some exemplary emphasis or shading, he must prod the composer. There are also occasional measures, as in the slow movement, in which Brahms is but treading the waters of development. The conductor was not too patient with this infirmity. Upward and onward he would thrust him.

Yet when Brahms signalled the opportunity, Mr. Koussevitzky set the music moving to his own measured ardors, and forthwith they seemed as the ardors of Brahms himself. Out of the grave and brooding beginning streamed the first movement, and the conductor missed not an opportunity to fling wide the gates to an entering theme or to proclaim its return out of tumults. If he would have Brahms tempestuous, he would also have him songful. Out of his own emotion, he watered the occasional dryness of the slow movement; while the reflective passion of the sober Brahms gave him no opportunity to languish. He poised the succeeding interlude at the golden mean of gentle musing and smiling progress. Into the beginning of the end, he infused the thrill of suspense expectant; his entering horns and trombones yielded a dusky and haunting splendor; the harmonic mists dissolved; in radiant panoply upswung the finale of exultation. Beethoven outdone, it were almost reasonable to write. And certainly and truly, Mr. Koussevitzky master of himself and thereby master of the music.

As the luck of the day would have it, the "Leonora" Overture upturned the reverse of the medal. In no music that he has undertaken in Boston has the conductor been more the Koussevitzky of superfluous, studied, insatiable excesses. Hardly a measure escaped his manipulation, though pages of them are but transition and passage-work. He retarded, he sentimentalized, every melody till he had wrung it dry. He played tricks with each climax until the saving trumpet-call seemed but contrivance. To Beethoven's

just emphases he added twenty exaggerations of his own. Upon an overture that is already music-drama distilled and concentrated he sprayed a showman's artifice. A dual personality is Mr. Koussevitzky conducting—his worse and his better self. A single concert may contain them both.  
H. T. P.



Serge Koussevitzky, as Presented by Miguel Covarrubias in His Book of Caricatures, "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans" (Knopf).



## TO OUR SYMPHONY SUBSCRIBERS

It has been suggested that subscribers who for any reason find themselves unable to attend the Symphony Concerts, and whose tickets would not otherwise be used, send them in to be sold for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc. Endowment Fund.

(If it is too late to mail the tickets, kindly telephone their location to Symphony Hall, Back Bay 1492.)

Kindly send such tickets as early each week as convenient to Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc.  
Symphony Hall, Boston.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYER DEAD

**F. William Krafft Had Been with Organization Twenty-Eight Years**

F. William Krafft, one of Boston's most prominent violinists, died suddenly Monday afternoon at his home, 59 Aldie street, Allston, from heart disease. Mr. Krafft had been a familiar figure in the musical life of Boston for thirty years. He was brought to Boston from Germany by his parents when he was one month old. As a child he showed unusual musical talent and at the age of eleven was regarded as Boston's boy prodigy. He was a pupil of Franz Kneisel.

At the age of eighteen he was called to the Boston Symphony Orchestra as first violinist. From 1888, when he joined that organization, he served continually until 1912, when he took charge of the music at the Copley-Plaza. After two years in this position he went to New York as first violinist in the Philharmonic Orchestra.

He returned to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1921, and for the past four years he had been a leading player in that orchestra, and was concert master at the Pop Concerts for several seasons. Mr. Krafft came of a family of musicians. He was well known as a virtuoso, and instructor of violin. He was in his fifty-eighth year.

Mr. Krafft is survived by his wife and two daughters, Miss Marjorie Krafft of Allston and Phyllis Krafft, who was graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and married recently. Her home is in New York.

### F. W. Krafft

F. W. Krafft, for 29 consecutive seasons a member of the first violin section of the Boston Symphony orchestra, died suddenly last night at his home, 52 Aldie street, Allston.

Mr. Krafft, who was born in Germany, was brought to this country by his parents when he was less than a year old. He joined the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1888 and played in it each season until 1912. From 1912 until 1921, he was a member of the New York Philharmonic orchestra. In the latter year he rejoined the Boston group and was a member up to the time of his death.

Known as "Willie" Krafft, the musician had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. In his youth he was something of a prodigy as a violinist, and made a number of appearances in public before he joined the orchestra. He was married.

*Herald Sept. 1, 1925.*

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## The Financial Side

**Increased Income, Increasing Expenses, the Usual Deficit**

IN the first program-book of the new year, the Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra render an account of their recent stewardship, saying:

The past season, ending on July 31 last, was a particularly prosperous one owing to increased sale of season-tickets. Operating income increased over \$47,000; while operating expenses increased but \$10,000. There was also a slight increase in the income from the Endowment Fund, leaving in all a net loss of \$41,813.55.

Since the close of last season, it has been necessary to increase the aggregate salaries by approximately \$50,000, which makes the estimated deficit \$91,000 for the current season. We have pledges of \$27,613 toward this estimated deficit. We hope the total pledges will be increased to at least \$91,000.

Appended tables indicate gross receipts of \$632,688.71, of which the largest items were the income from concerts (\$458,963.02) and the income from Symphony Hall (\$113,640.22). The gross expenditures for the same period were \$674,502.26, of which the largest items were the outgo for salaries (\$345,783.60); for the expenses of concerts, travelling and soloists included (\$156,904.82); for the maintenance of Symphony Hall (\$117,311.90). The Endowment Fund yields an annual income of only \$8685.



## TO OUR SYMPHONY SUBSCRIBERS

It has been suggested that subscribers who for any reason find themselves unable to attend the Symphony Concerts, and whose tickets would not otherwise be used, send them in to be sold for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc. Endowment Fund.

(If it is too late to mail the tickets, kindly telephone their location to Symphony Hall, Back Bay 1492.)

Kindly send such tickets as early each week as convenient to Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc.

Symphony Hall, Boston.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYER DEAD

#### F. William Krafft Had Been with Organization Twenty-Eight Years

F. William Krafft, one of Boston's most prominent violinists, died suddenly Monday afternoon at his home, 59 Aldie street, Allston, from heart disease. Mr. Krafft had been a familiar figure in the musical life of Boston for thirty years. He was brought to Boston from Germany by his parents when he was one month old. As a child he showed unusual musical talent and at the age of eleven was regarded as Boston's boy prodigy. He was a pupil of Franz Kneisel.

At the age of eighteen he was called to the Boston Symphony Orchestra as first violinist. From 1888, when he joined that organization, he served continually until 1912, when he took charge of the music at the Copley-Plaza. After two years in this position he went to New York as first violinist in the Philharmonic Orchestra.

He returned to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1921, and for the past four years he had been a leading player in that orchestra, and was concert master at the Pop Concerts for several seasons. Mr. Krafft came of a family of musicians. He was well known as a virtuoso, and instructor of violin. He was in his fifty-eighth year.

Mr. Krafft is survived by his wife and two daughters, Miss Marjorie Krafft of Allston and Phyllis Krafft, who was graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and married recently. Her home is in New York.

### F. W. Krafft

F. W. Krafft, for 29 consecutive seasons a member of the first violin section of the Boston Symphony orchestra, died suddenly last night at his home, 52 Aldie street, Allston.

Mr. Krafft, who was born in Germany, was brought to this country by his parents when he was less than a year old. He joined the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1888 and played in it each season until 1912. From 1912 until 1921, he was a member of the New York Philharmonic orchestra. In the latter year he rejoined the Boston group and was a member up to the time of his death.

Known as "Willie" Krafft, the musician had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. In his youth he was something of a prodigy as a violinist, and made a number of appearances in public before he joined the orchestra. He was married.

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## Second Programme

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 16, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17, at 8.15 o'clock

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Corelli . . . Concerto Grosso No. 8, Op. 6 ("Christmas Concerto"),  
for String Orchestra with Organ  
(First time at these concerts)

Strauss . . . . . Tone Poem, "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and  
Transfiguration"), Op. 24

---

Berlioz . . . . . Fantastic Symphony No. 1, in C major, Op. 14 A  
I. Dreams, Passions.  
Largo; Allegro agitato e appassionato assai.  
II. A Ball.  
Waltz: Allegro non troppo.  
III. Scene in the Meadows.  
Adagio.  
IV. March to the Scaffold.  
Allegretto non troppo.  
V. A Witches' Sabbath.  
Larghetto; Allegro.

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There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

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City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
• the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



## 2D IN SYMPHONY CONCERT SERIES

Herald — Oct. 17, 1925  
Feature of Koussevitzky's  
Program, Strauss's 'Death  
and Transfiguration'

### PIECES BY CORELLI AND BERLIOZ ALSO

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Corelli, Concerto Grosso, No. 8 ("Christmas" Concerto); Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration"; Berlioz, "Fantastic" Symphony.

The concerto was performed for the first time by this orchestra. Mr. Martino brought out Aleco Toni's arrangement, the one used yesterday, at one of his 18th century concerts at the St. James Theatre early last year. The music is interesting in more ways than one. In a slow movement there is the suggestion of the angelic host, passages that Handel may have remembered in writing the "Messiah." Handel had met Corelli at Rome, thought highly of him, and knew his music. It was the habit of Handel to help himself in a lordly manner to whatever in music seemed good to him. Not that in this case there was deliberate plagiarism of measures, but the scheme and the spirit are much the same, though Corelli, fine person that he was, could not reach the sublime height that Handel attained in his concertos, on a few transitional measures of apparently great simplicity, nor has any one approached during the years Handel in this respect. Corelli's music also served to display the beautiful sonority of the great string band.

Mr. Cecil Gray in his recent volume of destructive criticism says of "Death and Transfiguration" that the first section is admirable. "It is full of the very stench of death and the menace of approaching dissolution," while the

transfiguration section is "cold, sophisticated, effusive, shameless, reminding one irresistibly of the cafe in Montmartre representing Heaven, in which one is served by waiters dressed as angels in white robes and holding harps." Mr. Gray has a right to his opinion, and he may be permitted his little joke, though his comparison seems rather far-fetched.

To me the death section is most imaginative in its gruesome realism (realism in music as in the drama falls flat and is commonplace unless it is quickened by imagination.)

For this section might bear as a motto the speech of Brachiano in Webster's "White Devil":

"On pain of death, let no man name death to me:

It is a word infinitely terrible."

If the Transfiguration section is "diffuse," it might be said that Strauss's man is a long time dying, and unlike Charles the Second does not have the grace to apologize for the delay. They say that Ritter wrote his explanatory poem after he heard the music. Did he consult Strauss? To some this poem does not in any way enlarge the power of the music. It is a good thing once in a while to allow a hearer to find out what he can in musical contents, especially as no two persons hear music with the same ears or dilate with exactly the same emotion.

As for the Transfiguration section which Mr. Gray finds "cold," "sophisticated"—why, "shameless"?—the effect depends largely on the manner in which it is interpreted. Excellent conductors have here come to grief. They have anticipated the great climax, have hurried in their impatience for the expected applause, have not built the crowning measures upon a solid structure.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading was intensely dramatic, well-considered from beginning to end, vital in all respects. Does one say "theatrical"? Well, the music itself is largely theatrical, as the tragedy of "Hamlet" or "Othello" is theatrical in the better meaning of the word. The death of the humblest man or woman is an episode in the great theatre of the world. Mr. Koussevitzky made all details an inevitable part of the whole. At the beginning there was shuddering, sinister anticipation of what was to come. There was the passionate, spasmodic revolt. If there was undue sentiment in the recollections and the bitter regrets, the fault was with Strauss, not Mr. Koussevitzky, for Richard in his choice of thematic material is often amazingly tasteless, incline downwards much. The great feature of the interpretation was the magnificent preparation of the overwhelming climax with the long preceding crescendo. We do not recall so remarkable example of interpretative skill.

The "Fantastic" symphony was finely and sympathetically read, but the concert was a long one, so that many left before the end; some thus missed the astounding "March to the Scaffold," one of the most wildly impressive movements in musical literature. As for the Witches' Sabbath, it is the one weak spot in the symphony. Here Berlioz was no more successful than Bolto with his witch music in "Mefistofele" or Moussorgsky in his "Night on Bald Mountain." As for the Ball Scene, it should be remembered that the dance music in the Paris of the '20's and '30's of the 19th century was chiefly rhythm and glitter; there was little or no sensuousness. And so it was with the ballets at the opera houses: witness "Giselle," with its singularly vapid measures, a ballet applauded to the echo by those who first saw it in 1841 and in after years. In the "Scene in the Meadow" Mr. Speyer played the English horn with poetic feeling.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Lladov, "From the Apocalypse," symphonic picture (first time in Boston); Tchaikovsky, "Pathetic Symphony"; Chabrier-Mottl, Bourree Fantasque; Debussy, First Rhapsody for clarinet and orchestra (Mr. Allegra, clarinetist); Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

## ROMANTIC MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Oct. 17, 1925  
"Fantastic Symphony"  
Proves Genius of Berlioz

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave yesterday afternoon a performance of Berlioz' "Fantastic Symphony" so vivid, so romantic as to prove beyond doubt the often doubted genius of a misunderstood composer. The concert, the second in the regular subscription series, began with a beautiful performance of a concerto for strings by Corelli, and included Mr. Koussevitzky's original interpretation of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration."

All musicians admit that Berlioz had a gift for orchestration. Even as a quarter-educated boy he had a knack of finding the right instrumental blending to fit each and every passage of music he composed. In this respect he notoriously excelled such great figures as Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. The symphony played yesterday offers abundant confirmation of this received opinion.

But every musician has an opinion of his own about the merits of Berlioz' music. Many agree with Cherubini, himself dubbed by Beethoven the greatest composer of the day, that Berlioz was a crack-brained amateur, without thorough musical training, with no gift of melody, and no knowledge of the fundamental principals of musical theory. Cherubini was asked why he did not attend the first performance of this symphony, if only as head of the Conservatoire in which Berlioz had been an indocile pupil. He answered in his bad Italianate French that he did not need to go to hear how not to compose.

This Fantastic Symphony springs certainly from vehement and personal emotion as those who have read the composer's memoirs will recall. What is more important it conveys these emotions to the listener who will read the descriptive program about the lover disappointed in love haunted under the influence of a drug by visions of the beloved.

The melody which stands for the beloved is an "idée fixe," an obsession recurring again and again through the five movements, often not as a repetition but by suggestion. It is hauntingly beautiful to at least one listener.

The stirring rhythms of the "March to the Scaffold" and the "Witches Sabbath" gave Mr. Koussevitzky a chance to employ his greatest musical gift, his vivid and subtle rhythmic sense. Yet no sheer virtuosity of performance could have so impressed one with a symphony. No conductor can successfully read into a score depths and splendors unless the composer embodied in it depths and splendors.

The conductor's vision may not be that of the composer. It did not seem so yesterday with Strauss' familiar "Tod und Verklärung." Mr. Koussevitzky built up an imposing climax at the end, with irresistible rhythmic impulse. But there seemed hesitancy in his treatment of the earlier sections.

Strauss is free from what is probably the only grave defect of Berlioz as a composer: inability to weave many strands into his tonal web, inability to think and write polyphonically. The "Fantastic Symphony," a work essentially homophonic, one-voiced, sounded thin and a bit pallid in texture after the gorgeous musical tapestry of Strauss, in which every thread of theme or development, every inner voice, will bear the closest scrutiny of its workmanship.

Mr. Koussevitzky has shown too little ability to think polyphonically as conductor here. He treats everything as a single line of melody and rhythm, emphasizing only occasional salient but isolated bits of accompaniment, unless the nature of the music sternly opposes him.

With Corelli yesterday, however, he caught the grave nobility of the solemn chords in the introduction and the stately melancholy sweep of the allegros to perfection.

Throughout the concert one wondered whether the latest revised seating of the orchestra had not distorted and roughened its tone. P. R.



# SYMPHONY VIVIFIES STRAUSS

Post — Oct. 17, 1925

## "Death and Transfiguration" Given Historic Performance

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Music of a romantic, dramatic cast, music of that type in which Mr. Koussevitzky indubitably excels, made the bulk of yesterday's Symphony concert, and throughout the afternoon the orchestral performance was eloquent to a degree.

For stately beginning came a Concerto Grosso for strings and organ by Corelli, hitherto unplayed at the Symphony concerts, and upon it followed first Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," then the "Fantastic Symphony" of Berlioz, both pieces to tempt the conductor's most exuberant powers.

### STRAUSS' INTENTION BARED

The most theatrical as well as the least characteristic of the tone-poems of Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" needs in these days a deal of conducting if it is wholly to escape the obviousness, even the banality, into which here and there it may so easily fall. And from such fate Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday successfully

saved it, though in one or two instances his means to that end might by some be deemed extravagant.

Thus the introduction went with unprecedented slowness; yet thereby it gained needed solemnity, while the lyric passages, expressively sung by the oboe of Mr. Gillet and the violin of Mr. Burgin, had true poignancy. Again a slight dragging of the pace worked to the clear benefit of that section of the tone-poem, in which the dying man recalls his childhood, while, per contra, the stormier sections of the music were played with all the necessary fury. And for the first time in many a day the final climax, slowly and relentlessly upbuilt, sounded in Symphony Hall with all the power and all the tonal splendor of Strauss' intention.

### Outburst of Enthusiasm

That so masterful a performance should have aroused an outburst of enthusiasm was but natural; it seemed, indeed, that more spontaneous and more fervent were the plaudits than at any time in the concert of the preceding Friday.

But was it not an error in programme-making to follow Strauss' effulgent peroration with the Symphony of Berlioz? Surely there, in the eyes of the audience, had come the climax of the concert, since the final movement of the Symphony brought forth but a scattering of applause despite the fact that intrinsically the performance of this "Witches' Sabbath," as well as that of the preceding "March to the Scaffold," had been of the utmost brilliance.

The "Fantastic Symphony" often lags, at least before the exciting final movements are reached, and that, objectively regarded, the musical thought is often meagre, tenuous and invertebrate.

At least in degree, the "Fantastic Symphony" has today the interest of the curiosity. Berlioz' masterpiece surely it is not. Among his orchestral works that distinction belongs to the later and riper "Romeo and Juliet."

In retrospect at the concert's close Corelli's Concerto seemed distant indeed. Yet what vigor of invention is displayed in it, and how superbly it yesterday disclosed the tonal lights and shadows, the vitality, the pliancy of the orchestra's new and greater string section. And will either Strauss or Berlioz so triumphantly survive the passing of more than 200 years?

TIGHT BINDING

# The Symphony

## AN ANCIENT, A ROMANTIC, AND STRAUSS

TRIPLE MEASURE OF MUSIC FROM  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

A Changeful Conductor Upon One and the Same Piece—"Death and Transfiguration" Newly Placed—The Pleasure of Old Corelli and the Infinite Tedium of Berlioz—The "Fantastic Symphony," Now Wizen and Sapless

IT IS not the least of the pleasures of Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor that in repetitions of a given piece he is seldom one and the same. On Thursday evening he included Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," in the concert of the Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge. Yesterday afternoon, it was middle item upon the program at Symphony Hall. Less than eighteen hours separated the two performances; yet here and there—with every allowance for tricks in the hearer's memory—the second was unlike the first. In Boston, as at Harvard, the conductor kept to the wan and desolate tonal color of the introduction; but the pace was slower as though he would have the music suggest also the monotony of suffering. More furious was the instrumental onslaught of Death. The havoc, more than the bitterness, now engrossed Mr. Koussevitzky. Upon Strauss' violence he pressed his own vehemence. Not so poignant as at Cambridge was the return of the melody of youth remembered; ever so little dulled strode the measures of life in conflict a-making; less apocalyptic was the unfolding of the theme of the transfiguration.

Seemingly, from a sub-conscious change of mood in the conductor sprang deviations in pace, rhythm, gradation, coloring, that in turn altered subtly the hearer's impression. At Cambridge Mr. Koussevitzky tended to subdue the grandiloquence that, in these days, haunts the tone-poem. Through the surfaces, he would pierce to the quick of it; while one or another hearer was moved beyond anticipation. In Boston, those surfaces pre-occupied him. To the grandiloquence he gave a more willing ear. Only in the final

ascent did the two performances seem identical. Again Mr. Koussevitzky clothed this Transfiguration-Music with a sombre splendor, heroic, elegiac. So doing, he also transfigured a rhetoric of tones into a poetry of music.

Between them, with now and then a visiting conductor to aid, Mr. Montoux and Mr. Koussevitzky have passed in relatively recent review nearly all of Strauss' tone-poems. Of them, "Death and Transfiguration" seems least to endure the wear and change of time, the chance and wastage of the years. "Don Juan," "Eulenspiegel," "Don Quixote," are no whit impaired. Firm and high they sit among the masterpieces of music in these days. Pages that pulse with the sensuous passion of sound, vivid with imagery, surcharged with emotion, plumbing deep and sweeping high, still abound in "Ein Heldenleben" and the "Sinfonia Domestica." In both are pages acrid and riotous; upon both at will and need Strauss lays the balm of beauty. By the board go the occasional bombast and bitterness. Aloof rests "Zarathustra," on a lonely height, where meditation and mental process—an action within a mind—become the matter and the voice of music; tour de force by Strauss when he is most cerebral, tour de force, likewise, of the few conductors who with him may go the course.

"Death and Transfiguration," however, too readily invites questioning. A Koussevitzky must transfigure transfiguration or it becomes very like thick-voiced and glowing rhetoric. Need Death slam and slither, crash and storm through a chromatic fever of tonal melodrama? Not so steals the drum of his step through the wainscot; or falls his creeping, cold-sweating hand. As they now appear, the scheme and the substance of the whole tone-poem are obvious, rhetorical, Lisztian. True, there are saving measures: the melody of youth remembered still pierces the ear to wring the heart; both tingle to the music of life fulfilled; permeating the orchestra, the theme of transfiguration disperses the chromatic mists, stretches wide the tonal horizon. It is the custom to say that the tone-poems of Strauss are the fruition of the symphonic poems of Liszt. "Don Juan" continues them enriched and intensified by younger, ampler, more ardent powers. It also opens the way to "Ein Heldenleben" and the "Domestica." The rondo of Eulenspiegel does not wholly discard the Lisztian precedent, but it sets the course toward the tonal characterization of "Don Quixote" and "Zarathustra." Between the two groups "Death and Transfiguration" stands solitary—Strauss waving the cap of farewell to the best and the



worst of all things Lisztian. Henceforth he will be his own Richard.

Before "Death and Transfiguration," strings and organ played a Concerto of Corelli—a Christmas Concerto as he chose to call it, though with no discoverable implication. In 1712 he published it; in modern days Casa Ricordi transcribed it; recently and after a fashion a few heard it in this town from Mr. Martino's orchestra. In turn, Mr. Koussevitzky serves the art of music and the pleasure of audiences equally well when he restores these ancients to conspicuous place in the Symphony Concerts. Into Bostonian ears he has poured afresh Bach and his sons, Handel and his contemporaries; while large are his deserts and theirs. Modernist that he righteously is, he would go himself, and take us listeners with him, to the springs of music. A bath in that source fortifies and purifies us. We slough away thick coats of romantic dross. We wash the scales of habit from our eyes—or rather from our ears. By faith and by works we perceive that from these ancients do our modernists descend and derive.

Yet there are more stimulating ancients than Corelli of yesterday. In spite of our reason, we ask instinctively for another Handel striding in tonal pomp, rounding the depths and scaling the heights of instrumental song; for another Bach from whom music withheld few secrets; whereas Corelli in this Concerto did no more than fashion an ingenious, agreeable music. It was gravely songful and serenely contrapuntal. He made it with scholarship, sentiment, taste and skill. No doubt, his Roman patron, Cardinal Ottoboni, heard it gladly, surrounded by "an elegant circle." It was as welcome in 1925 to the larger and more miscellaneous company of Symphony Hall. Well with the prowess of Mr. Koussevitzky's string choir it also remained. Our twentieth-century imaginations touched it with melancholy.

The other half of the concert fell to Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," which music it is incumbent upon every conductor to revive—at decent intervals. According to the composer, it covers 2300 sheets. By the watch, with the shortest of pauses, it consumes five-and-fifty minutes—"precious minutes" as teachers in kindergarten and Sunday School used to call them. Yet double those sheets and thrice that hour seems the tedium of this withered and creaking symphony—tedium unrelieved save in the briefest of the five episodes, "The March to the Scaffold." There the rhythms still bite; the massed tone pounds; Berlioz evokes the desired phantasmagoria; while for once he is short-breathed. But the rest, the monotonous, endless, exasperating and exhausting rest—those sapless melodies diagrammed, those wizened modulations underscored; that harmonic and instrumental color forever writing labels; that whole musical structure and substance by a precisian's lean and bony hand laboriously articulated. Down the wind long since blew the romantic frippery that passes for Berlioz's poetic scheme—"l'idée fixe," or the bright and beautiful vision; Monsieur le jeune artiste tossed on "le vague de passion," mooning about the ball-room and the hedge-rows, plunging into the tonal debauchery of Marches to the Scaffold and

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## New: From Stravinsky

Boston at Last to Hear "The Song of the Nightingale"

BEFORE LONG, Mr. Koussevitzky will include in the Symphony Concerts a celebrated piece by Stravinsky as yet unheard in Boston—"The Song of the Nightingale," final distillation into a tone-poem of music first written as opera, next transformed into ballet-pantomime. It is not music in the manner of "The Fire-Bird" or "Petrushka" or "The Rite of Spring." Yet it partakes of the nature of all three. At moments it stirs with bustle, or runs sharp with characterization. Again it touches beauty; while everywhere imagination quickens or glimmers it. Two years ago New York first heard the tone-poem. Many times it was repeated there.

Infernal Sabbaths. The second-rate romanticism of the Parisian thirties wound, re-wound and wound again into a music as creaking, stripped and lifeless as dead boughs in autumn. As well resurrect Dumas's "Tour de Nesle" out of the melodrama of those vanished thirties as this "Fantastic Symphony" of Berlioz. Twenty Koussevitzkys and ten Boston Orchestras could not prevail against these dry and marrowless bones. True, all the books and most of the traditions say that they are a classic; while every "dean" of reviewing salutes them as a hallowed masterpiece. Cheerfully we outcasts and outlaws sit in contempt of court. Less bored, we might even thumb our mannerless noses.

H. T. P.

# Boston Symphony Concert

Monday, Oct. 17, 1925.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its second concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Corelli—Concerto Grosso No. 8.  
Strauss—Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."  
Berlioz—"Fantastic" Symphony.

Corelli's "Christmas" concerto was played for the first time at these concerts, although it has been previously performed in this city by Mr. Martino's excellent Eighteenth Century Orchestra. On hearing it, as well as compositions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the question arises as to whether or not these ancient pieces are effective when played by a large body of strings; whether some of the intimacy of this music is not lost by the increase of tonal power; whether, in fact, they are altogether suited to the large spaces of a modern concert hall.

In any event, the playing of this music yesterday was far from satisfactory, possibly for the above reasons and undoubtedly because of the flamboyant style of the performance. Mr. Koussevitzky has been known to play such ancient music with more feeling for its character, more careful attention to the shading of its melodic lines, more taste in his choice of nuance than he displayed yesterday. But then, yesterday afternoon did not find Mr. Koussevitzky in the exalted poetic mood of last week. He is a man who delights in sharp contrasts. Not content with surprise in a single composition, he must contrast whole programs. Perhaps he feels that a departure now and again from the refined and highly emotional heights which he is at times able to command will make these moments more appreciated because of their rarity.

## Strauss' Tone Poem

For as the concert continued it became more and more difficult to realize that the same orchestra and conductor were playing who gave

such an eloquent and moving performance of Brahms' First Symphony a week ago. For all the stupendous and astonishing genius of Richard Strauss, it must be admitted that his music gains immeasurably if certain characteristics are

not too sharply defined. There is a certain exaggeration, one is almost tempted to say vulgarity, in much of the thematic material of his tone poems which hardly adds to their musical value. But this defect, if not insisted upon, is concealed and lost sight of in admiration of the composer's wonderful handling of his material and almost unbelievable dexterity in his command of orchestral resources.

Yesterday, by a sort of seeming perversity, Mr. Koussevitzky seemed to seize every opportunity to bring out the things in "Death and Transfiguration" which would better have been lightly touched upon. He played with a heavy hand upon the orchestra. The slower parts of the tone poem were taken with an exaggerated slowness of tempo. The climaxes were noisy rather than noble, bombastic, turgid, and Strauss's music for the reason above mentioned cannot stand such treatment without losing those qualities which are its sole reason for being.

## Disturbing Departures

Many of the audience departed during the intervals of the symphony; and, more than this, they departed noisily. Are these departures to become a custom at the Friday afternoon concerts? They occurred during the playing of the Brahms symphony last week, and were an unpleasant interruption, disturbing to those of the audience who remained and discourteous to the orchestra and its distinguished conductor.

Again in the playing of the Berlioz Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky was hardly in the vein. He seemed out of sympathy with this picturesque music, to which, by all past prece-



dents, he would seem to be eminently suited. The "Scene in the Fields," in a word, was dull. The "March to the Scaffold" missed fire altogether, and the "Witches' Sabbath" hardly rose above the commonplace.

While we would not be a fault-finding Beckmesser there were one or two places in which the evident intentions of the composer were so glaringly disregarded that it is not possible to pass over them without comment. For example—Berlioz plainly says in his program notes to this symphony that at the end of the "March to the Scaffold," the four measures of the "idée fixe (that is, the theme associated with the Beloved) intended to signify a last thought of love, are interrupted by the fall of the knife. Strange to say, by introducing a rallentando Mr. Koussevitzky failed entirely to make this effect. Again, at the beginning of the "Witches' Sabbath" the composer expressly marks in the score that the bells are to be heard at a distance. Of course the whole atmosphere is lost if they are played on the stage, and loudly at that, as they were yesterday afternoon. And again, one ventures to ask why the "Dies Irae" should be played on the tuba in a succession of hoarse grunts. The appearance of this theme is sufficiently grotesque and horrible of itself. It needs no such underscoring.

S. M.

## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE  
Herald Oct. 22, 1925

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"From the Apocalypse" is a bolder flight, for the composer attempted to translate into music the opening of the 10th chapter of "The Revelation of St. John the Divine."

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. And he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices."

The piece has been played in New York; it will be heard here for the first time.

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As violinist he laid the foundation for technical development and writing for the solo instrument; as a composer he founded the manner of orchestral writing on which the future development rested.

## SIGNS, WONDERS, STRAUSS, BRAHMS, MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

Oct. 16, 1925  
CAMBRIDGE HEARS A MEMORABLE  
CONCERT

"Death and Transfiguration" and the Symphony in C Minor by the Conductor Raised Full and High—Mr. Levine Whets Interest with a Program—Beethoven's Choral Symphony Again Impending—To Introduce a Clarinetist

WHEN we listeners, in Sanders Theater at Cambridge yesterday, had welcomed Mr. Koussevitzky to a rose-wined music stand and to a new series of concerts; when we had heard him leading the orchestra with eighteenth-century gayety and eighteenth-century precision through Mozart's Overture to "Figaro's Wedding"; when, finally, we had observed him doing what he might with the neatly modelled surfaces and meaningless tumults of Monsieur Ibert's "Escapes"—then he and we passed to the events of the evening; performances of Strauss's tone-poem, "Death and Transfig-uration" and of Brahms's Symphony in C minor that filled the reverberant room with the substance and the spirit, the illusion and possession, of either music. Through thirty years, "Tod und Verklärung" has been repertory-piece at the Symphony Concerts. Within that time, not a conductor, worth his salt, has overlooked it. For many a reason it is tempting; not least, in these immediate days, because it has aged above Strauss's other tone-poems; seems rather a culmination of the Lisztian species than a step in the illustrious line stretching from "Don Juan" and "Eulenspiegel" to "Don Quixote" and the "Domestica." As for the Symphony of Brahms, memories of last Friday and Saturday at Symphony Hall prepared the way for a third fulfillment.

The insight that is imagination, the mastery that is proclamation, the justice that is power measured and controlled, informed Mr. Koussevitzky's version of the tone-poem. The sapping years were stayed; the crust of formula fell away; a music, "still living," resumed its sway. With a far-seeing sense of design, the conductor began low-pitched. Wan and pallid was the tone-color upon the desolate room of the dying. Sounded upon Mr. Gillet's oboe, the melody of youth remembered was poignant anew. It was the bitterness and the futility of the struggle with Death, not the sound and slither and fury that Mr. Koussevitzky stressed. Ominously, not savagely, dissolution knocked and menaced. . . . Repeated and amplified, the song of youth wet listening eyes; superb was the stride of the measures that summon the joy of living and doing, of faith fulfilled in conflict.

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Composer and conductor set the Death-motiv to burrowing; the vision of trans-



figuration struggled into tonal speech. Not Lisztian melodrama, but life rent and quenched was the final deed of Death. With all Strauss's clearness of design and precision of purpose the hymn of transfiguration depends in these days upon the conductor. It has been known to sound like a welter of commonplace—an ascendant tune in C major plus an augmenting orchestra; or like an operative apotheosis, less only platforms and angels. By a play of imagination high and deep, Mr. Koussevitzky infused the music with the elegiac note. In subdued radiance, it mourned a hero. "Death and Transfiguration" stood saved from itself. If telepathy may reach to Vienna, Strauss surely returned thanks.

Of another mettle, but with conductor and orchestra undiminished, was the performance of Brahms's Symphony. The streaming strings, the reiterated drumbeats seemed the preface and herald of greatness. The choirs phrased tense and sharp; the rhythmic accents beat hard and high; like a sea of power tossed Brahms's measures; like a wave up-flung returned and re-entered the dominant theme. It was Brahms released from the middle-grayness that was once the chilly tradition; Brahms still terse and austere, but Brahms also epic. There is might in him, given the conductor to set him free. The long-breathed melody of the slow movement was a marvel of instrumental phrasing, of ascending progression from depth to depth, from light to light—a Brahms reaffirmed, grave yet songful. Into grace and charm Mr. Koussevitzky molded the melodic line of the little Allegretto; yet never finicked or dawdled.

The introduction to the Finale was music become a living, flaming, all-possessing thing. The agitated phrases, the suspenseful rhythms lashed imagination; the melody of horn and flutes into music led a beauty that after fifty years and a thousand repetitions remains strange, piercing, ineffable. The entering trombones sounded as powers and portents. From music rivened and opened upsprang the theme of joy. They said in his Vienna that Brahms could not rejoice. Fools and slow of heart! For here is music that to the very end knows the divine madness, as only Beethoven knew it in his other hymn. Brahms infused with a Russian temperament, life-giving and epic-making. . . . For once Cambridge knew a memorable evening; for once Mr. Koussevitzky was unalloyed.

H. T. P.



## Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 23, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 24, at 8.15 o'clock

Liadov . . . . . From the Apocalypse, Symphonic Picture, Op. 66  
(First time in Boston)

Tchaikovsky . . . . . Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74  
I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.  
II. Allegro con grazia.  
III. Allegro molto vivace.  
IV. Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

Debussy . . . . . First Rhapsody for Orchestra with  
Clarinet Solo  
(Clarinet Solo—EDMOND ALLEGRA)

Dukas . . . . . "L' Apprenti Sorcier"  
("The Sorcerer's Apprentice") Scherzo  
(after a ballad by Goethe)

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# SYMPHONY IN THIRD CONCERT

*Herald* Oct. 24, 1925  
Tchaikovsky Sixth and Lia-  
dov Poem Given  
Superbly

## PROGRAM TO BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Liadov, symphonic poem, "From the Apocalypse" (first time in Boston); Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic"; Debussy, First Rhapsody for Clarinet and Orchestra (first time at these concerts); Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Liadov was known chiefly by some charming little orchestral pieces, suggested by Russian legends, and by graceful compositions for the piano. Shortly before his death he undertook to portray in music a passage from the "Revelation of St. John the Divine,"

"Who lone in Patmos banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand."

And the angel "set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices."

In the seventies of the last century erratic Jake Fisher was on the staff of the New York Herald. Meeting one day his co-mate, brilliant Harry Macdona, he told him he had written a drama in five acts. "I hoped," he said, "to bring it out in San Francisco, but the manager wrote me that, while he liked the play, he was afraid he couldn't stage the last scene." "Why not?" asked Macdona. "Well," said Jake, "it represents the Last Judgement, and it's a corker of a scene."

Liadov certainly undertook a formidable task. It would have been easy for him to fall into bombast. He might easily have made

himself ridiculous by vain straining after effects, by depending on mere dynamic impacts. It is surprising that any one, inspired by John's vision, should have come off so well, for Liadov shows imagination; not a full realization of the awful vision, which would be impossible through music, but he succeeded in being singularly impressive in sonorous speech without descending for a moment into clap-trap. There is a lofty flight; there are passages of noble solemnity. It would be interesting to know whether the chorale introduced is of his own invention, or whether it is to be found in the music of the Russian church. The poem serves admirably as a preparation for the symphony that followed. It should be heard again, and not put on the shelf, to be taken down some years from now.

Debussy gave the title "First Rhapsody" to the piece for clarinet that he wrote for students of the Paris conservatory competing for prizes. Did he intend to write a second Rhapsody? The original version of the First for clarinet and piano was performed by Messrs. Grisez and De Voto at a Longy concert in 1911, the year after it was composed; composed before Debussy began to rewrite in former Debussian vein, and still had something fresh to say, although this Rhapsody was for an occasion: to test the proficiency of pupils. There are charming bits of orchestral color; there are haunting harmonic progressions. As for the solo part, it was intended to display a pupil's skill in song and his technical proficiency. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Allegra, a virtuoso of the first rank; to hear again in the orchestra true clarinet tones, that had not been heard since the death of that great artist, the lamented Pourteau.

We shall never know what was in the self-torturing Tchaikovsky's mind when he wrote his sixth symphony, which, when it was produced, bore no title. He himself said he would not give the symphony a program, and therefore did not wish to call his work a "Program" symphony. Did his friend Kashkin know what inspired Tchaikovsky? Kashkin is vague in his hints of knowledge; that the symphony is not the legacy of one about to die; that it has more to do with vaster, "more fatal issues" than are contained in a personal apprehension of death; that the finale is a dirge for humanity, or the expression of the abandonment of all human hope.

Tchaikovsky, although he jested about death a day or two before he was a prey to cholera, had death in his mind for years before the end, as is plainly revealed by his letters and diary. In his gloom and despair he sometimes shrieked in his music, whereas Brahms, who feared death, whined lamentably, as in his last pessimistic songs, with Scriptural text.



This symphony was at the first so popular, that some predicted its life would be short. It is still an amazing human document. The Fifth may for some reasons be preferred as a purely musical composition; the Fourth has more of the Russian folk spirit; but when the "Pathetic" is interpreted as Mr. Koussevitzky led it, and performed as the superb orchestra played it yesterday, its sombre eloquence, its pages of recollected joys fled forever, its wild gaiety quenched by the thought of the inevitable end, its mighty lamentation—these are overwhelming and shake the soul.

The concert ended with a brilliant performance of Dukas's familiar Scherzo.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Schumann, Symphony No. 4 D minor; Stravinsky, Suite, "The Song of the Nightingale" (first time in Boston); Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Battle at Kersjemetz" (first time in Boston); Moussorgsky, "Persian Dances from 'Khovanchina.'"

## VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

*Glendale* — Oct. 24, 1925  
Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic"

Vividly Performed

Mr. Koussevitzky has seldom contrived a more varied and a less attractive program than that played at yesterday's Symphony concert. It began with "From the Apocalypse," a "symphonic picture" by Anatol Liadov, hitherto known here as the composer of the "Music Box," a highly popular trifle for piano. Then came Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony," a rhapsody for clarinet and orchestra by Debussy, and Dukas' familiar scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," suggested by Goethe's poem.

Last week's advance program listed Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque," arranged by Mottl for performance at this concert, but it was omitted, thus making the concert shorter than is usual or, as a general rule, desirable.

In Chicago the Chicago Symphony was playing as its final number yesterday "The Beautiful Blue Danube," in memory of Johann Strauss, who was born Oct. 25, 1825. One listener yesterday would have sacrificed the whole of

Mr. Koussevitzky's program gladly if he had been willing to offer us in Boston "The Blue Danube" or "Tales from Vienna Woods," which are certainly much better music than any of the works listed above.

Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" was vividly and eloquently interpreted, without excessive noise or tumult. Many still regard this work as a masterpiece. The applause at the end yesterday was loud and long. But the present writer has never been at once so utterly bored and so actively annoyed in the course of 15 seasons of Symphony concerts as he was yesterday by this symphony. The faults of the music, looked at intellectually, include the strident emphasis upon trite, overworked harmonies, the incredibly monotonous, insistent repetition of themes and rhythms, the crudity and naïveté in style of the whole composition, and the absence of any honest or heartfelt emotion, except in the second movement, the section of which in five-four rhythm has a pretty comic opera spirit and grace.

This is, of course, only one man's opinion.

Liadov quoted in the score of his "From the Apocalypse" verses from the 10th chapter of Revelations about the angel coming down from Heaven with clouds and rainbows, and a little book in his hand. "And he set his right foot upon the sea and his left foot upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth; and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices."

The thunders—one neglected to count them—were rumbling from the kettle-drums yesterday. But instead of the lions roaring, one heard a good deal of what seemed to be quotations from the liturgical music of the Russian Church, which conveyed to Western ears no religious associations, and some miscellaneous sound and fury, cleverly scored for orchestra. One's favorite piece by Liadov is still the agreeably tinkling "Music Box."

Debussy's rhapsody for clarinet, composed in 1910 as a test piece for pupils of the Paris Conservatoire, served yesterday to prove the skill of Mr. Allagra, the new first clarinet, which was no doubt what Mr. Koussevitzky put it on the program for. It is not, as music, of much value. Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," like the rest of the program, was admirably performed, but it, too, is not great music.

Yet there are those who profess musical culture who would have been shocked if anything so popular, so accessible to the man in the street as "The Blue Danube" had been allowed to profane the austere nobility of such a program as yesterday's. Johann Strauss wrote for the public, but what composer doesn't try to do just that? "The Blue Danube" will outlive anything played yesterday. Or failing that, we might have had some Mozart, or Beethoven, or Wagner.

P. R.

# SYMPHONY ELOQUENT IN SIXTH

*Post* — Oct. 24, 1925

## "Pathetic" Engrossing Under Koussevitzky's Baton

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Outshining even his memorable version of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, at the concert of yesterday afternoon, proved the emotional and musical climax, thus far, of the present Symphony season. And a wildly applauding audience seemed so to regard it.

### SERVICE TO COMPOSER

Let those who choose protest the filtration of certain German classics through the conductor's Slavic temperament. There is room here for two opinions. But beyond disputing, Mr. Koussevitzky's Tchaikovsky, as revealed to us more than once last season, and again yesterday, is the true, the quintessential Tchaikovsky.

To have sat through this extraordinary performance of the "Pathetic" with score in hand would have been here and there to find Mr. Koussevitzky oue-Tchaikovskying Tchaikovsky. Gilding the lily, the cynical might call it. Yet, surely for such service, the composer, had he been in Symphony Hall yesterday, would have returned devout thanks.

### Eloquence Is Sound

Would he paint the blackness and

bleakness of desolation and despair, would he cry out in protest against our common fate, would he interrupt the music of wordly pleasure with the reminder that Death lurks ever near, or would he seek release in frenzied gaiety?—then and there did Mr. Koussevitzky, and his seconding thrice eloquent orchestra, sharpen and intensify Tchaikovsky's meaning until the listener was racked or exhilarated, calmed or saddened far beyond the usual experience of hearing music.

And in passing, let it be noted that the sentimental Tchaikovsky was not underscoring. Here Koussevitzky the musician of taste and feeling joined hands with Koussevitzky the dramatizing interpreter.

### Engrossing Performance

To enumerate the arresting details of this engrossing performance would be to run on beyond all reasonableness. Enough, then, to remark upon the poignancy that Mr. Koussevitzky brought to the Trio of the second movement, the overpowering effectiveness of that persisting, boding, drum beat; the gradual assumption of the Allegro pace in the first movement; the suffusing beauty of tone and phrase in which the second theme of this movement returned; the torrential climax of the Scherzo; the last agonized, despairing cry in the Finale, before the music descends into the depths, into the nothingness from which under Mr. Koussevitzky's magic baton it first arose, in sound that was felt rather than heard.

### New Clarinet as Soloist

As preface to these transports and excitements came a short and inconsequential piece by Liadov, by title "Fragment from the Apocalypse." Merely a clever assembling of instrumental effects, grafted upon music of sham impressiveness, this "Fragment" served, at least, to disclose the splendor of the orchestra's present brass choir, greatly enriched in the trombone section.

Following the Symphony came another "first time at these concerts," Debussy's Rhapsody for orchestra and solo clarinet. Here again the music itself proved of slight value, but it afforded Edmond Allegra, the new first clarinet, excellent opportunity to display his unquestionable skill. Finally,

for ending to this programme Mr. Koussevitzky has chosen Dukas's scherzo "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," given yesterday a performance of exceeding brilliance. And after Tchaikovskian melancholy and Debussyan artificiality this ingenious music brought an enlivening, tonic, note.



# Boston Symphony Concert

Monitor Oct. 24, 1925.

**T**HE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its third concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Liadoff  
From "The Apocalypse," Symphonic Picture, op. 66.  
Tchaikowsky  
Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic."  
Debussy  
First Rhapsody for Orchestra, with Clarinet Solo.  
Dukas....."L'Apprenti Sorcier."

Liadoff is known here as a composer of musical miniatures—"Kikimora," "The Enchanted Lake," "Baba-Yaga" and the famous "Music-Box." In the "Apocalypse," which he styles a "Symphonic Picture," he apparently indulged in tone painting on a larger scale; but what a stupendous subject! One for a genius of the first order, and Liadoff was hardly that. A charming talent, surely, a skillful musician, it is true, but without sufficient imaginative or inventive power for the task he set himself. Naturally this orchestral piece falls far short of even suggesting the mighty imagery of the verses from the Revelation of St. John the Divine, which it would illustrate in tones. The music is puerile, even trifling beside its subject.

As a piece of music apart from the text which it would illustrate it is perhaps a good example of sonorous writing for the orchestra, and as such was not ineffective as an opening piece to precede Tchaikowsky's doleful symphony, which was the principal number of the afternoon. Much has been written on this symphony and many would read into its pages meanings which were probably far from the composer's thought when he wrote it. The tragic circumstances surrounding its composition have done much to invest it with an interest far above its musical deserts, but is it not better by far to regard it as music pure and simple? In this light it is perhaps no better nor worse than others which have come from the composer's pen, charged with no more meaning than, say, his fifth, or fourth, nor than his orchestral fantasias.

From it, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Koussevitzky squeezed the last drop of emotion. Not a possible effect was overlooked, not a measure was allowed to pass without its due amount of emphasis, of underscoring. It must be admitted that the music of Tchaikowsky stands such treatment better than that of almost any other symphonic composer. Classic reserve is not one of its qualities and when the attempt is made to invest it with such, failure is almost certain. And Mr. Koussevitzky is eminently suited to such music, as witness not only yesterday's performance but his playing of the fifth and "Romeo and Juliet" last season. To those who enjoy music of this kind, played in this fashion, the "Pathetic" of yesterday afternoon must have been a delight.

Debussy's Rhapsody is an inconsequential composition, and it was evidently placed on the program as a means for displaying the abilities of Edmond Allegra, the new first clarinetist of the orchestra. The clarinet part, however, is hardly more than an obligato one, and while Mr. Allegra made the most of his opportunity, and gave evidence of a beautiful tone and sound musicianship, a better medium for his talents might have been desired.

Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is fast losing its humorous appeal. Like a story retold again and again, it has lost somewhat of its savor, though it must not be forgotten that to many it was undoubtedly new. It was played somewhat perfunctorily. Mr. Koussevitzky's strong point is the intensely emotional, the dramatic, the theatrical. He would read his own feelings into the music he plays. In this regard Dukas's Scherzo afforded him little opportunity.

S. M.

## VISION, HUMORS, A CLARINETIST, AND CHAIKOVSKY

Janus. — Oct. 24, 1925.

### CLEARANCES AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

New Manners for Old—A Virtuoso Affirmed—Fresh Vein for "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"—Clangors and Also Echoes—Mr. Koussevitzky, Excelling Himself, Transforms "The Pathetic Symphony"

**A**S there are clearance-days in the shops, so yesterday came an afternoon of clearances at the Symphony Concert. For one, a minor, but long-standing, mis-statement was removed from the program-book. From time immemorial, the page listing the pieces of the day has announced "an intermission of ten minutes." In recent years it has seldom been less than fifteen. Not yet will the program-book acknowledge such departure from ancient custom; but it is on the way toward discovery. "There will be an intermission," it now says, and leaves duration to the conductor—with whom it has always rested. For second clearance, gone were the variegated postures in which the choir of violins has sat at ease when the music gave it pause. At every such occasion, yesterday, the decorous musicians rested their several fiddles upon their several left legs, midway between knee and thigh; with the left hand grasped their fiddles gently about the neck; with the right pointed bow to floor. "Dignified and stately," as the Duke of Plaza-Toro sings in "The Gondoliers," they awaited the next call of music and conductor. As some would have it, they lately received a little lesson in such decorum. "Position," as the old writing-books used to say, "is everything."

To the music of the day these clearances also extended. A new first clarinet now sits in the orchestra, Mr. Edmond Allegra. In France and in Germany he is a virtuoso of high repute. He deserved a solo-piece by way of introduction to the Symphony Concerts. Yesterday he received it, and by so much the ground was cleared. The choice, however, seemed not too happy. It lighted upon a Rhapsody of Debussy, originally

written as test-piece for the student-clarinetists of the Conservatory. Briefly, it patches together scraps and furbelows out of the Debussyan ragbag; leads the solo-instrument over measures sustained and measures broken; puts it through technical paces from high to low register and back again. The musical interest is nil; the technical interest meagre; while solo-passages in many a repertory piece better display the skill and sensibility of a clarinetist. Before the first Symphony Concert ended there was no doubt of either in Mr. Allegra, or of a notably rich and many-hued tone. Debussy's practice-piece of yesterday did but enlarge these merits or refine upon them. Since the distant days of Pourtaeu no abler clarinetist has served the turn.

Fourth clearance was Dukas's Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Sooner or later Mr. Koussevitzky was bound to play it. Every conductor does, at Symphony Hall—usually once, twice, even thrice. Dr. Muck liked the piece too well; Mr. Rabaud was no stranger to it; Mr. Monteux, after a single performance, discreetly put it by. It emerged yesterday refreshed by four years in retreat; while Mr. Koussevitzky's course with it was also re-furbishment. A staid and routinized conductor will see no more in Dukas's music than a graphic narrative in tones—the air of mystery and magic; the broom as busy water-carrier; the flood and the fear; the final snapping of the charm. Enough if he persuades the audience to good tunes, lively rhythms, a transparent and amusing musical action. A quicker and keener mind, like Dr. Muck's sharpened many a measure; gave it ironic bite and sting.

Mr. Koussevitzky, in turn, played the Scherzo as one who knows the ways of folk-lore and is not disinclined to travesty. He so timed, paced and colored the opening measures of mystery that they sounded like an awesome "listen-my-children"; suggestive and portentous were the charm and the conjuring. In sheer merriment to and fro went the broom; up and up rose the water. Ludicrous were the apprentice's alarms; in a mood close to burlesque ended the magic and the music. A jeu d'esprit again was the Scherzo; while wit and workmanship ran the brighter for this high-humored handling. The childlike strain in every Russian has its uses, especially when, like Mr. Koussevitzky, he has grown also into man of the world.

Clearance, too, in a sense, was Lyadov's Symphonic Picture, "From the Apocalypse." Probably it has lain long in the conductor's baggage awaiting the program into which it would fit. Certainly it lifted out of the composer's bosom a deal of clangorous music. Lyadov read in the Revelation of St. John and saw in tenal



vision the mighty angel with the little book, the angel with one foot in the waters and one upon the land, whom seven thunders also answered. Then he set to the making of a full-throated, sonorous music that should sound with both the richness and the austerity of the Russian liturgy; that should bear his own thoughtful ecstasy; that might be as a fresco in another medium of this great and terrible and beautiful angel. Somehow, too, we listeners should behold the fresco and hear the music, as through a mist of ikons and incense, prayer and praise—the cathedral air of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter." There began Lyadov's besetments; for Rimsky would creep into his music while not too far away lurked Skriabin; nor was Wagner quite absent from the background. In sum, to speak musically, this Angel of the Apocalypse was too well attended; while Lyadov, listening, heard also these ampler and more penetrating voices.

The remaining item of the program was not clearance but reestablishment. The "Pathetic Symphony"—Chalkovsky's "Pathetic"—has returned to the active repertory of the Symphony Concerts, there to stay, and by just title, so long as Mr. Koussevitzky directs them. Dr. Muck signed the decree of banishment; Mr. Rabaud counter-signed it. Shamefaced, Mr. Monteux once evaded it. Now Mr. Koussevitzky leads back the exile, and strange is the semblance, unwonted the voice. Not one of the pits that the music seemed to dig for him entrapped the conductor. Did he batten upon the songful theme of the first movement? Did he turn the ensuing melody lush and slow and sentimental? Far from it. Did he whip the march-scherzo into frenzies of rhythm and furies of climax? Not at all. Did he overstrain the fantasmal web of the second movement or wring "effects" from the black despair of the last? On the contrary, no conductor, undertaking the "Pathetic Symphony" hereabouts, has more justly—and imaginatively—shaped and sounded them. Bound, as some predicted, to smear the "Pathetic Symphony" with sentiment and melodrama, he actually transfigured it into exaltation and austerity.

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and poignant regret—the nostalgia (as the French call it) haunting the Slavic temperament, and not least Chalkovsky's. There were tumults also, or rather the wraiths of tumults, in this first movement—struggle remembered through the grayling veils, across the hollow echoes, of disillusion. Once and again, as well measures that of old passed unheeded, now foretold the doom and despair of the end.

At the conductor's pace, with the conductor's accent, in the play of the instrumental coloring, the second movement tapped deeper this vein of disillusion. The ghosts of pleasures remembered traversed the music while the reiterating drum muttered the measure. (Mr. Koussevitzky has done no more imaginative feat of adjustment, repetition, gradation.) The third movement was no showy and shattering march—"The procession is coming, hooray!"—but a wild scherzo, that in a fever of energy would frustrate and scatter these phantoms. (So heedful technically was Mr. Koussevitzky that the very piccolo had its gleaming point in this frenzy.) Epical was the finale—no individual and separate dread and fate, doom and despair; but the "lamentation large et souffrance inconnue" that Chalkovsky veritably visioned and, by the evidence of yesterday, as veritably achieved.

For it was within the imaginative range and the interpretive power of Mr. Koussevitzky so to transform and exalt this "Pathetic Symphony." It has been debauched into sentimental and mawkish drool. It has been wrenched into nerve-titillating show-piece. It has been played with inner contempt at these morbid Slavs, as of a Chalkovsky afraid and a-whining, in public, with zest, and unashamed. And it has been nicely sandpapered for Parisian, and also Bostonian, consumption. Now, of a sudden, Mr. Koussevitzky thrusts back these veils and curtains; rends apart and flings away these mal-adjustments. Upon a horizon of humanity sounds this haunted music of regret that may not be stilled; of longing that may not be quenched; of dread that broods and is comfortless. Fantasmal is the life and light. Everywhere stalks fate. And all around sinks darkness.

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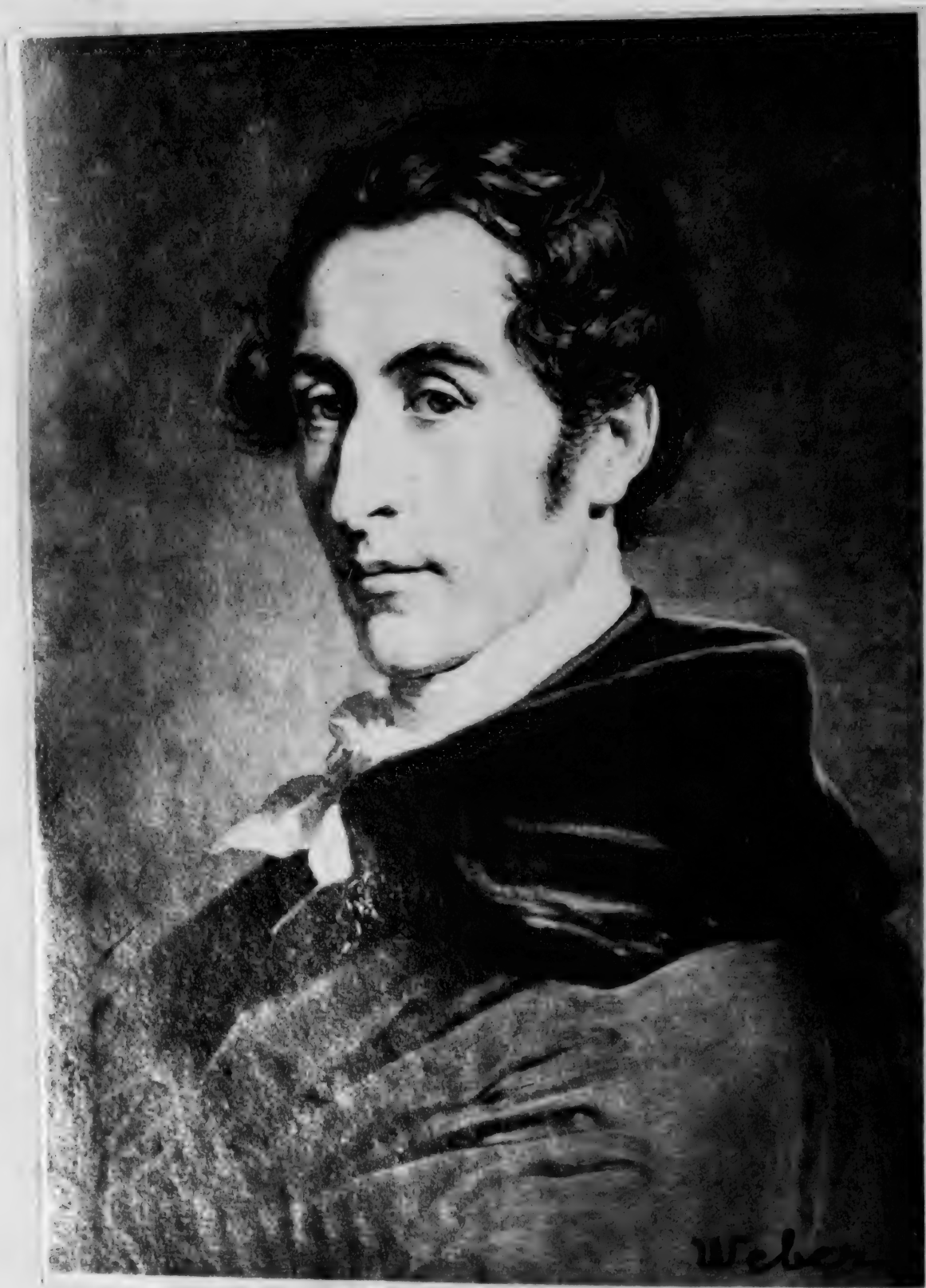
SYMPHONY HALL





Frontispiece From "Robert Schumann," by Frederick Niecks (Dent; Dutton).





65  
FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 30, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 31, at 8.15 o'clock

Weber . . . . . Overture to "Euryanthe"

Schumann . . . . . Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120  
I. Andante; allegro.  
II. Romanza.  
III. Scherzo.  
IV. Largo; Finale.

Stravinsky . . . . . Suite, "Le Chant du Rossignol"  
(First time in Boston)

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . . "The Battle at Kerjenetz" from the  
Opera "Kitesch"  
(First time in Boston)

Moussorgsky . . . . . Persian Dances from the Opera  
"Khovántchina"  
(First time in Boston)

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

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## 4TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Stravinsky's "Song of the  
Nightingale" Has Mas-  
terly Performance

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Schumann, Symphony, No. 4, D minor; Stravinsky, "Song of the Nightingale"; Rimsky-Korsakov "The Battle at Kerjenest"; Moussorgsky, Persian Dances from the opera "Khovantchina." The three last pieces were performed for the first time in Boston.

The orchestra and the audience stood during the playing of a portion of the Funeral March from the "Eroica" symphony, performed in memory of Wilhelm Gerlicke, whose death at Vienna on Oct. 28th was reported and editorially commented on in The Herald of yesterday.

Stravinsky began work on a lyric drama "The Nightingale" in 1909. He completed it in 1914 when it was produced. During the war he turned it into a ballet which was performed at the Paris Opera House in 1920. The title was then changed to "Song of the Nightingale." This ballet was performed as a symphonic poem under Mr. Koussevitzky's leadership at his concert in Paris on Oct. 26, 1922.

It is said that Stravinsky has of late years indulged himself in the affectation of insisting that all his ballets are primarily to be considered as symphonic poems; scenery, costumes, action are all incidental to the music. But surely music of the "Song of the Nightingale," as the music of "Petrouchka" and "Sacre du Printemps," would have far more significance when heard in connection with stage-settings and action than when it is performed in the concert room. Passages that sounded yesterday merely grotesque, purposeless, even incoherent would no doubt have amused, charmed, impressed, when they were played for episodes in the ballet based on Hans Christian Andersen's familiar story.

Stravinsky's idea of the nightingales reminds us of Agesilaus, who when he was asked to hear a man that "naturally counterfeited the nightingale's voice," would not hear him, saying "I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself." No, the ornithological music, the song of the bird and the song of the mechanical nightingale sent as a present to the Emperor of China—this music, we say, is not the most striking feature of Stravinsky's symphonic poem. There is the bizarre Chinese March; there is the burlesque funeral march; but Stravinsky, not wishing for once to startle the hearer by strange chords and harmonic progressions, by singular orchestration, was poetic when he composed the beautiful Song of the Fisherman, admirably played by Mr. Mager, the first trumpeter. As for the two nightingales, they gave Messrs. Laurent, Bladet, Gillet, Allegra and Burgin full opportunity to show their technical proficiency. The whole orchestra was severely tested; it triumphantly stood the test.

Mr. Koussevitzky would have been remiss if he had not produced Stravinsky's symphonic poem. Other American cities have heard it, but not led by the conductor who, in Paris, brought it out in its present form. A work of this nature, more or less perplexing when it is on a program for the first time, should be soon performed again. It is not probable that Boston will know it as a ballet: the more's the pity, for notwithstanding Stravinsky's present belief that his stage music is in reality "absolute" music, "Song of the Nightingale" would beyond doubt and peradventure be more effective, more enjoyable in the theatre, even though the story of the ballet is read in the dim light of Symphony hall.

Little need be said of the other Russian pieces. The "Battle" serves as an entr'acte in Rimsky's opera "The Tale of the Invisible City of Kitesch." This entr'acte is not of great importance, thematically or pictorially. Rimsky orchestrated Moussorgsky's "Persian" dances, which in the opera "Khovantchina" are performed for the pleasure of an irritable and irritated Prince. The slower section is charmingly languorous.

Mr. Koussevitzky caught Weber's chivalric spirit, and gave a legitimately dramatic reading of the overture. We are told that when Mr. Koussevitzky was a boy of twelve, he happened to be in a theatre or a concert hall where the conductor was missing or incapacitated; and then and there Mr. Koussevitzky conducted this overture. The mysterious measures of the Largo were exquisitely played.



Especially noteworthy in the performances of the symphony were the Romanza and the Scherzo. It might be interesting to hear the song in the former movement accompanied by a guitar as Schumann originally intended. We have not heard the haunting Trio of the Scherzo read and played so poetically since the time of Arthur Nikisch. The other conductors in turn treated this music in a perfunctory, matter-of-fact manner.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will visit Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Ithaca and Pittsburgh next week. The program of the concerts Nov. 13, 14 is announced as follows: Tansman, Sinfonietta for a small orchestra (first time in America); Satie-Debussy, Gymnopedies; Chabrier-Mottl, Bourree Fantasque; Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite "Scheherazade."

## GERICKE MOURNED AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

### Funeral March Played for Dead Conductor

Wilhelm Gericke, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1884 to 1889, and again from 1893 to 1906, died Tuesday in Vienna. All who have followed the career of the orchestra from the beginning are agreed that he, more than any other one man, save only Maj. Higginson, made it. At the beginning of yesterday's concert, orchestra and audience stood while the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony was played in memory of Wilhelm Gericke.

Many in the audience and not a few in the orchestra must remember Mr. Gericke vividly. One of a younger generation, to whom he has been but a name, need only record the quiet solemnity of yesterday's tribute as an honor well deserved. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave a performance of unusual beauty, as befitted the occasion.

Yesterday's concert was the best of the Symphony season to date. It began, after the tribute to Gericke, with an admirable performance of Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, in which Mr. Koussevitzky made the ghostly largo and there one even caught echoes of the melodies of his teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov, who certainly succeeded in teaching Stravinsky orchestration, by the way.

mysterious enough to have suited the romantic Weber and set it in a foil of brilliant rhythm.

Schumann's Fourth Symphony is music notoriously of uneven quality and not well fitted to its orchestral medium. Mr. Koussevitzky managed to make most of it interesting and some of it thrilling, which is more than most conductors seem able to do with so baffling a piece.

After the intermission came three pieces new to Boston, all by Russian composers. Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale," in the orchestral version made by the composer from a previous revision for ballet performance of what began life as an opera, was the most important of these novelties.

The composer now says that this piece is to be judged as absolute music, as a pattern in sound. He has, however, authorized a program note outlining the familiar story by Hans Andersen about the Chinese Emperor who discards a real nightingale for a mechanical one, only to realize his error later. Those who attempt to find this story in the music will, however, probably go astray as they read and listen, because there is no consistent use of leading motives in an intelligible dramatic sequence.

Stravinsky during the years 1909-18, in which this music was being written and rewritten, composed works in varying styles. He began with the ravel and rose water of the "Firebird," turned from that to the barbaric vigor of "The Rites of Spring" and to the peasant humors of "Petrouchka." In his more recent work Stravinsky has gone back to Bach, somewhat complicated with jazz, and ceased to tell stories or paint pictures in his music.

This suite is influenced strongly by his early style and also by that of his middle or "Petrouchka" period. Here

it is of course impossible to give more than a general impression of the music from a single hearing. But what one felt about "The Song of the Nightingale" yesterday was that it is the work of a prodigiously clever young man, who had rather be well bred than be earnest, rather be sophisticated than be emotional, rather withdraw to China and make believe than try honestly to tell his hearers what is really at the bottom of his heart as a great composer ought to do.

Perhaps the secret is that nothing is there. Perhaps Stravinsky is only shy. Perhaps his art is chiefly technique. Perhaps he as well as the listener would give a whole aviary full of nightingales like this for a single air by Mozart.

A vivid and remarkably impressive performance of a battle piece used as entr'acte in an opera "Khitesch" by Rimsky Korsakov, and of some ballet music from the fourth act of Musorgsky's "Khovantchina," another unfamiliar Russian opera, brought the concert to a close. Even a listener hostile to hearing fragments of operas at these concerts could not but enjoy these particular excerpts.

## "Rossignol" Suite in Boston

THE fourth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, played yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Weber.....Overture to "Euryanthe"  
Schumann...Symphony No. 4 in D minor  
Stravinsky

Suite, "Le Chant du Rossignol"  
Rimsky-Korsakov  
"The Battle at Kerjenez" from the opera "Khitesch"

Moussorgsky  
Persian Dances from "Khovantchina"

Of course the chief interest of this program centered about Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol," played for the first time in Boston yesterday. Conceived first as a lyric drama, then as a ballet, this music now appears in the concert room as an orchestral suite. The several episodes are played without pause, yet they are clearly defined. The charge will perhaps be made that this music suffers from being heard apart from the dramatic action with which it was originally associated, a charge which is perhaps justified in many similar cases. But yesterday afternoon this suite did not seem incongruous in the concert room. True, it could possibly not hold its own as music pure and simple; that is, without the explanatory program notes which inform the hearer of the details of the story which it is intended to illustrate. This hearer, however, if he is gifted with a modicum of imagination, can easily follow the events of the story, which are graphically delineated in the music, with ease and, it is possible, with more pleasure than if he were obliged to submit to the distractions of singers, dancers and all the accompaniments of the theater.

### Almost Classic Simplicity

As Stravinsky's music becomes more and more familiar its clarity and almost classic simplicity grow more and more apparent, his mastery of form and materials more and more astonishing. In spite of its modern idiom, it seems almost Mozartean, so aptly suited are the means chosen to the ideas which its composer would express. And how wonderfully Stravinsky has succeeded in illustrating in tones Andersen's fairy tale. Never once does he fall into the trap of over-sophistication. All is spontaneous, apparently unpre-

meditated, natural, so that the hearer is conscious only of the fact that the music is the inevitable outcome of the poetic idea. Of novel orchestral effects there are many. New sounds, new colors, but all admirably suited to the composer's purpose, all chosen and employed with unerring good taste. It is only possible to criticize here and there a slight over-elaboration, an occasional unnecessary repetition in some of the episodes, but all is so new, so unexpected in this suite that the unusual strain on the attention many account for this.

### Rimsky's Battle Piece

Rimsky's battle piece is hardly of enough importance for a place on a symphony program. It hardly does more than mark time, and that rather perfunctorily, and the enthusiasm of Mr. Koussevitzky could not rescue it from boredom. As for Moussorgsky's Persian Dances, they are commonplace, even vulgar, without distinction or the saving grace of brilliant orchestration.

The performance of Schumann's fourth symphony was boisterous. If hustle and bustle typify the "romantic spirit" in music, then this performance was "romantic." Of Schumann the dreamer there was little. Of Schumann the poet in tones, again there was little. Of a bombastic, grandiloquent, noisy, turbulent, clamorous, obstreperous, Schumann there was much. This side of his character has heretofore escaped us. Mr. Koussevitzky revealed it in good measure yesterday afternoon. On the contrary, Weber's Overture was played with an almost chaste reserve, quite unexpected; but then, the unexpected often gives pleasure.

The program was preceded by the playing of a portion of the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, in memory of Wilhelm Gericke, conductor of the orchestra from 1884 to 1889 and from 1898 to 1906.

S. M.

### REPEAT 9TH SYMPHONY

As every seat has been taken for the Pension Fund concert at which Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be played on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22, an additional performance will be given on Monday evening, Nov. 23.



# SYMPHONY IN TRIBUTE TO GERICKE

March From "Eroica"  
Played With All  
Standing

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To honor its erstwhile conductor, the late Wilhelm Gericke, the Boston Symphony Orchestra prefaced its concert of yesterday afternoon with a performance of the Funeral March (judiciously curtailed) from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony—orchestra and audience standing, as is now the custom when such memorial rites are observed in Symphony Hall.

Impressive of themselves, these solemn measures seemed yesterday doubly meaningful in paying tribute to the one who, next to Major Higginson himself, was perhaps the Orchestra's chiefest benefactor.

## OLD MUSIC MADE NEW

Divided equally between the old and the new, the concert proper offered Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," Schumann's D minor symphony, Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale," the "Battle at Kerjenezet" from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Kitesch," and the Persian Dances from Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," the three last played

for the first time in Boston.

To an extraordinary degree Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday revitalized both Weber's Overture and Schumann's Symphony, although it may be that those who prefer to have such pieces "railroaded" through, with no marked deviation from the established tempo, will aver that here and there he distorted them. Be that as it may, Weber's thrice-familiar measures came thus as new sensation, aglow with the fire, splendid with the pomp of chivalry. And in haunting beauty sounded the mysterious passage for muted violins.

## Schumann Freshened

As with Weber, so with Schumann. Mr. Koussevitzky's discerning and quickening hand was everywhere in evidence, sloughing off the dead integument with which countless routine performances have encrusted these pieces, permitting the music to emerge fresh and supple, charged with new life. During the intermission voices might be heard protesting the slow pace of the Romanza. Yet the music gained thereby a new note of yearning, a wistful melancholy affecting to hear.

Oddly enough, the novelties of the afternoon seemed more to please the audience than did these refurbished classics. Thus does the public ever and anon disconcert those who would foretell its reaction. To be sure Stravinsky's symphonic poem, made from a ballet that was originally intended for an opera, abounds in piquant details of harmony and instrumentation that prick the ear as some flavor cunningly devised may tempt the jaded palate.

## Lacks Continuity

But as a symphonic piece this "Song of the Nightingale" disappoints in its lack of any clear continuity. Nor on a single hearing did any of its ideas prove immediately arresting in the sense in which the themes of the "Sacre du Printemps" riveted the attention even while the ear rebelled.

The orchestral performance of this strangely colored music was, however, of the utmost brilliance. And this score bristles with difficulties of every sort. Brilliant, too, was the playing of the pieces by Rimsky-Korsakov and Moussorgsky, operatic fragments of no great import but for the moment sufficiently beguiling. Unfortunately the Persian Dances of Moussorgsky brought to mind the Tartar Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," a comparison not altogether flattering to the former composer, who seems often to substitute for true Eastern savor mere cosmopolitan commonplaces.

# TOMORROW IN BOSTON TRILLS STRAVINSKY'S FAMOUS NIGHTINGALE

TO SYMPHONY HALL COMES THE  
TONE-POEM

First an Opera, Then a Ballet in Curious  
and Chequered Course—The Composer's  
Program as Mr. Lawrence Gilman Re-  
ports It—Divisions and Implications of  
the Music—The Wondrous End

STRAVINSKY'S Nightingale—to sing in Boston for the first times at Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and Saturday—is a strangely hybrid bird of Chinese ancestry, Scandinavian birth, and Russian adoption. It has also had a career almost as checkered as its family tree. The Far Eastern songster of Andersen's fairy-tale suggested to Stravinsky and his librettist Mitousov a miniature three-act music drama forty minutes long. Stravinsky began the composition of the work in his "Fire-Bird" days: the first act of "Le Rossignol" was completed in 1909. The music of that portion of the opera is written in the style of Stravinsky's middle period, the period of "The Fire-Bird." Familiar voices may be heard in it: Debussy and Ravel are often within hailing distance; the decorously fantastical ghost of the young composer's master, Rimsky-Korsakov, hovers over certain passages; Musorgsky assists; even Wagner appears on the scene. There is no portent here of the later and insurgent Stravinsky, the heretical innovator of "Le Sacre du Printemps," who was afterward to complete his "Rossignol" in so unforeseen a way. The first act of "The Nightingale" is an enchanting page—it would be hard to name a lovelier thing in the music of the last fifteen years than the opening duet of the Fisherman and the bird. But this page belongs to a closed book in Stravinsky's history—a book that he was soon to close with a decisive and (to many, no doubt) a disconcerting bang, never to open it again.

Stravinsky turned from the first act of his opera to the composition of "The Fire-Bird" (1909-10)—music that belonged, in point of style, to the same transitional period. The far more daring and original "Petrushka" followed in 1910-11; and two

years later, Stravinsky scandalized and rejoiced the Parisians with his revolutionary "Rite of Spring." Scarcely had the Europe of those pre-war days stopped assailing or acclaiming, according to their sympathies, the audacious young Muscovite and his unprecedented spring-song, than he presented them with his completed opera, "Le Rossignol." This "conte lyrique en trois actes, de I. Stravinsky et S. Mitousov, d'après Andersen," was finished in 1914 and produced at the Paris Opéra in May of that year. The five years that intervened between the composition of the first act and the completion of the rest of the work had metamorphosed a gifted and well-bred young gentleman of music, charmingly whimsical and a little eccentric, but speaking a language familiar in all aesthetic drawing-rooms, into what timorous souls have viewed as a creature of mad whims and disconcerting aspect, disturbing the peace of the salon by his perversely violent and incomprehensible speech, and seemingly bent upon tearing the baby grand limb from limb and twining the wires as extemporized vineleaves in his maniacal locks. Less agitated and more inquiring observers, however, perceived the master of a new tonal language—a revolutionist, no doubt, but a creator of new forms and colors, charged with mysterious potencies, and possessing a kind of beauty that was often astringent and perturbing, but incontestably original. They saw "Le Rossignol," specifically, a work full to the brim of humor, poetry, fantasy, imagination, and ironic wit. In other words, an unheralded and individual genius had been born into a world that was soon to be engrossed by an even more perturbing occurrence than the bouleversement of an art.

During the war, Stravinsky converted his opera into a ballet. In adapting the work to this new form, he omitted most of the material in the anomalous first act (the Fisherman's song is preserved, though with a different accompaniment); but the greater part of the second and third acts, comprising the Chinese March, the songs of the real and of the mechanical nightingale, and the mock funeral march, were retained. Stravinsky added some new matter, made certain transpositions, provided connective passages, and revised his instrumentation. The voice parts, both solo and choral, have in many instances been transferred to the instruments. The resultant gain in unity of style is, of course, very great. The ballet, entitled "Le Chant du Rossignol," with scenery by Matisse ("surprisingly sober and classical for a painter of his proclivities"), and choreography by Massine, was produced in Paris Feb. 2, 1920, by the Diaghilev Ballet. The music which serves as foundation for the ballet was published in 1921 under the title, "Chant



du Rossignol, poème symphonique pour orchestre."

The published score of the symphonic poem is without a program. The accomplished Henri Prunières assures us, indeed, that "it is music pure and simple." With due respect to Monsieur Prunières, this is scarcely the case; much of the work is, in fact, unintelligible as absolute music. Happily, we do not need to listen to it in ignorance of its expressive and delineative purposes; for although the printed score hints at only a few of the events and episodes which form the dramatic, pictorial, and poetic background of the music (the Chinese March and the singing of the two nightingales), it is possible to supply this essential program in full from a knowledge of the ballet and of the opera. Furthermore, in corroboration of this, we are privileged to make use in this place of information supplied by the composer.

For performances of the symphonic poem in the concert-room, Stravinsky has authorized the use of the following program, which is not, however, printed in the score. Although this program falls into three main divisions, there are no breaks in the music itself, which is continuous from beginning to end:

I. The Palace of the Chinese Emperor.—Extraordinary preparations had been made for the reception of the Nightingale, whose world-wide reputation as an incomparable singer had won for it a command performance at court. The palace had been elaborately decorated. The walls and floors, which were of porcelain, shone in the rays of a hundred thousand golden lamps. The corridors were adorned with the loveliest bell-flowers, which tinkled merrily in the currents of air stirred by the running about of the excited courtiers through the halls and rooms. The Nightingale was placed on a golden perch in the great hall. A Chinese March announced the ceremonious entrance of the Emperor.

II. The Two Nightingales.—The Nightingale sang so beautifully that tears came to the eyes of the Emperor. Even the lackeys and the chambermaids showed the liveliest satisfaction—which is saying a great deal, for these persons are not easily pleased. A trumpet fanfare announced the arrival of the envoys from the Emperor of Japan, bearing as a gift to the Emperor of China a mechanical nightingale. As soon as the artificial bird had been wound up, it began to sing, at the same time moving its tail, which glittered with gold and silver.

It had quite as great a success as its rival; and besides, it was much prettier to look at, as it was covered with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. But where was the real nightingale? No one had noticed it flying out of the window, back to its green woods by the sea. The Emperor, wishing to compare the two singers, was furious. He decreed the banishment of the real nightingale, and

ordered the mechanical nightingale to be placed on a silk cushion beside his bed. One hears the song of the fisherman, who has recovered his lost friend.

III. Illness and Recovery of the Emperor of China.—The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe. He opened his eyes and saw Death seated beside him, wearing the monarch's golden crown and holding in one hand the royal golden sword and in the other the royal standard. From behind the folds of the heavy velvet curtains, grotesque and spectral heads peered out. They were the Emperor's good and evil deeds. . . . reminding him of things that caused the sweat to run down his brow. "Music! Music!" cried the Emperor, "so that I may not hear what they are saying! Little golden bird, sing! . . . sing!" But the mechanical nightingale was silent. Suddenly from the window came the sound of sweetest singing: it was the real nightingale. As it sang, the ghostly heads became paler and paler. . . . Even Death listened, and begged the Nightingale to continue. The Nightingale consented, but made Death promise to yield up the Emperor's sword, his banner, his golden crown. And Death relinquished each of these treasures for a song, whilst the Nightingale went on singing. It sang of the quiet churchyard, where the white roses grow, where the elder-tree scents the air, and where the grass is moistened by the tears of those who are left behind. Then Death longed to be in his garden and floated out through the window like a cold, white mist. . . . The Emperor fell into a calm and refreshing sleep. The sun was shining in upon him when he awoke strong and well.—Funeral March: The courtiers, visiting the chamber to look upon their supposedly dead ruler for the last time, stood aghast, for the Emperor was sitting up in bed, and greeted them with a cheerful "Good morning!" as they entered.

The Fisherman, whom the Nightingale has rejoined, sings anew his song.

The symphonic poem opens with a passage from the introduction to the second act of the opera which in that place bears the title, "Courants d'Air." It accompanies the excited and air-disturbing activities of the courtiers as they bustle about in preparation for the entrance of the emperor. This rapid introductory section of the tone-poem is practically equivalent to the scene of preparation which in the opera leads to the Chinese march. Even the voice-parts are preserved in the orchestra. This march, which evokes the solemn assembling of the imperial court, is a delightful piece of grotesquerie, written for the most part in the pentatonic scale, with a daring and ingenious superposition of keys and rhythms. The imposing entrance of the emperor, seated in his baldachin, is signaled by a pompous triple fortissimo of the orchestra.

A staccato ascending and descending run for two bassoons, followed by harmonies on a solo violin, introduces the Song of the Nightingale—at first a preluding cadenza for the flute, then a melody for flute and E-flat clarinet, and later for solo violin with accompaniment of harps, piano celesta. The cadenza differs somewhat from that in the opera. The melodies for flute and solo violin that follow the cadenza are based on phrases of the Nightingale's song in the opera. The Presto section that began the symphonic poem is repeated—this time as preparation for the arrival of the envoys bearing the mechanical nightingale; and on the solo trumpet we hear the declamatory phrase to which, in the opera, the Third Japanese Envoy makes his announcement: "L'Empereur du Japon envoie son rossignol rival infime de ce lui de l'Empereur de Chine." There is a pause; and then the mechanical nightingale begins to whirl, and finally to sing, in the piccolo, flute, and oboe. Its aria finished, the Emperor turns toward the other vocalist, eager to arrange a contest of song; but the true nightingale has disappeared. The Emperor, angry at this mark of disrespect, decrees the permanent banishment of the offender, and a muted trombone declaims the phrase which in the opera utters his displeasure. As he and his retinue depart in a huff, muted trombones, flutes, and muted horns, play fragments of the Chinese March.

A solo trumpet, accompanied by muted strings and harps, recalls the Song of the Fisherman that closes the second act of the opera. It is a song of mournful prophecy; for the Fisherman knows that life without beauty means the year without spring, the extinction of "summer's honey breath," the withering of the spirit: an eternal winter. . . .

The section that follows is the introduction to the third act of the opera which prepares us for the spectacle of the dying Emperor stretched upon his huge, carved bed, with Death, who has possessed himself of the monarch's crown and sword and banner, seated beside him. A solo trombone declaims, forte, a harshly imperative phrase that in the opera is associated with Death in the ensuing scene between La Mort and Le Rossignol. There are half a hundred measures of this sombre prelude, and then we hear on the flute, beneath a reiterated E-flat of the piccolo, the voice of the real Nightingale, in compassionate response to the appeal of the anguished Emperor, who, terrified by the spectres of his past deeds, has called for music that he may find distraction. The Nightingale's song (now in the woodwind, now on a solo violin) is of dawns breaking on still gardens and fading stars; and then—in music of strange and haunting beauty—of another garden, the garden of Death. ("Plus loin est un jardin tranquille, clos d'un mur blanc. . . . Les morts en paix y dorment. Ah, tout y est silence; et la rosée des fleurs

tombant va dans la mousse des froides dalles se perdre!") Death, moved and vanquished by the song, yields up his royal prey, and disappears. The Emperor would keep his singing friend forever by him at court, but the Nightingale has had enough of courts and emperors and stem-wound virtuosi, and with gentle tact declines the flattering invitation; but he promises to sing to the Emperor every night from the shadows of the woods, "jusqu'à l'aurore."

The echo of the song dies away on a muted solo violin, and the harps, piano, strings, and a curious glide of the muted trombone begin the funeral march that accompanies the entrance of the dutifully mourning but mistaken courtiers. As a sforzando chord and an upward-sweeping harp glissando break in upon the delicious mock solemnity of the Cortège solennel, the emperor's cheerful "Bonjour à tous!" is uttered by an octave phrase of the harps and timpani.

And then follows the unforgettable epilogue which in the opera accompanies the slow descent of the curtain: the soliloquy of that philosophical mystic, the Fisherman (remembered here in the musing solo of the trumpet, intoned against a background of harps and muted strings), as he sings of his happiness in regaining his friend, and of the deathlessness of beauty and the transiency of death.

Le clair soleil chasse la nuit; galement au bois chante l'oiseau.  
Ecoutez bien, et dans sa voix, reconnaissez la voix du ciel.

[From the Program-Book of the Philadelphia Orchestra.]

## STRAVINSKY'S EXOTIC-LOVELY "NIGHTINGALE"

### A MEMORABLE AFTERNOON AT THE SYMPHONY

The "Rossignol" for Flavorful, Elusive Qualities—Oriental Shadings in Impeccable Performance — Rimsky and Musorgsky for Tid-Bits—Schumann in Renewed Beauty and Grace

THE same paper which on Thursday evening carried an advance account of the famous novelty that was to be played at Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday, carried also an account of the passing—more, of the life—



of the great leader who twice headed the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who first provided the magic that made out of a group of individual players, playing rather well together, that perfect unit for which the term orchestra should be reserved. It was fitting, then, that the memory of that great leader should be honored. And thus the program books that announced the first performance in Boston of Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale," contained also the little black-framed insert announcing that "In memory of Wilhelm Gericke, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra 1884-1889 and 1898-1906, the Funeral March from Beethoven's 'Eroica' Symphony will be performed at the beginning of the program." As is the custom in such cases, band and audience stood at the signal of the conductor. Reverently the orchestra played it, with an infinite and haunting tenderness, solemnly, yet without the feeling of undue gloom. The conductor departed. The assemblage sat. The Friday afternoon members of the Symphony family had paid their last formal tribute to the memory of Wilhelm Gericke.

It was a program in which the word "first" was much in evidence. In addition to the first Boston performance of Stravinsky's "Nightingale," there were also first performances in this city of pieces by Rimsky-Korsakov and Musorgsky—from the former "The Battle at Kerjenez" out of the opera "Kitesch"; from the latter, Persian Dances out of the opera "Khovantchina." But more, the program contained also Mr. Koussevitzky's first Bostonian adventure with the composer Schumann. His fourth symphony, in D-minor, was the chosen work. Again, as novelties filled the last half of the program, so familiar pieces filled the first half—familiar Schumann was preceded by doubly familiar Weber, the Weber of the Overture to "Euryanthe."

The Stravinsky of the Suite, "Le Chant du Rossignol," is in many ways the same as the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre du Printemps"; not for nothing do both date from the same period of the composer's life. There are, of course, the obvious differences, differences due to the two kinds of subject matter. Primordial, life-consuming dances predicate brutal rhythms in "Le Sacre." "The Nightingale" makes equally insistent demands in its own peculiar way. Thus equally well has Stravinsky taken his cue for the underlying ground-mood of his piece about the Nightingale. We are told that the action of the diminutive opera from which sprang this ballet, then this suite, took place in the

palace of the Chinese Emperor, which "had been elaborately decorated. The walls and floors, which were of porcelain, shone in the days of a hundred thousand golden lamps." Surely the cue to the underlying mood which binds together the many effects of grotesquerie to be found in this score is discoverable in the words "which were of porcelain." To be sure, of local "Chinese" color (secured by pentatonic scale formulas) there is plenty. But this is incidental just as the song of the Nightingale itself is a thrice-repeated incident. Beneath it all, through it all, at times in the background, at times almost invisible, yet always there is that feeling of "préciosité" which is the exact counterpart of the porcelain walls. These walls in the story were not always in the foreground of the mind, yet they set the atmosphere for the whole thing; exactly so with the music. If the piece survives it is safe to say it will be because of the fact that Stravinsky has been so hugely successful in bringing into musical captivity, in then setting free, this highly elusive, this finely attenuated mood. Consider: there is scarcely a full fortissimo in the whole piece, from end to end; all the cacophany, all the musical "wise cracks," all the realism—attempted or successful—all the eeriness, all the nihilism, is steeped in this atmosphere of the (no other word will fit) "precious."

Second only to this wonderful unifying element is the variety of incident, but second most decidedly it is, in spite of all the descriptive comment that has been given to it. What need to go into detail about the noisy bustling preparations for the emperor, the pentatonic Chinese march that marks his entry, the beautiful songs of the nightingale or the quackery of her imitation, the song of the fisherman or the description of the Emperor's anger, or of his tears, the funeral march or the harp's "Good morning"? The admirable and much-quoted Mr. Gilman has already done all this. And particularly why at this late date comment on the now known idiom of a piece over a decade old?

As to performance suffice it to say that it left nothing to be desired. If Stravinsky captured an elusive mood, Koussevitzky and a hundred and ten others made it real to their hearers; if he arranged the lines and the colors for the portrayal of the many unusual incidents, they flashed the picture. In a sense very specific, many of the men were soloists—the song passages of the nightingale alone required solo violin as well as solo flute, and some others; even the first contrabassist had his rather grateful solo passage. So that after continued applause, Mr. Koussevitzky, not able to bid the bevy of soloists to rise repeatedly, allowed his outstretched hand to rove past the whole orchestra.

It was clearly the misfortune of Rimsky-Korsakov's and Musorgsky's pieces to be

played as novelties on the same program with the "Nightingale." Public interest, concerned with Stravinsky, recognized no other new pieces. In themselves these two pieces are but fragments taken out of operas. Mr. Koussevitzky has already played from the "Khovantchina" in Boston; "Kitesch" has remained entirely unheard. The title "The Battle at Kerjenez" must have aroused suspicion with many a music lover. For the experienced concert-goer knows that "battle music," even from the very best composers, is apt to be somewhat below the usual standard. Any who thought thus must have been agreeably surprised at this concert. For Rimsky did not stoop to the trickery or the realism that spoils such pieces. True, his music is the music of tumult, ascending in long cumulative waves, approaching a magnificent climax, receding therefrom. But it remains within the realm of the purely imaginative, it is recognizedly legitimate program-music. But after Stravinsky's music it seemed especially tame for battle music. In the opera it occurs while the city of Kitesch, hard pressed by the Tartars, is miraculously being lifted into the clouds. When the curtain is raised again after the battle, Kitesch has become for the Tartars the Invisible City, while for the two lovers about whom the opera revolves, it has become the Celestial City.

The Dances of Persian Women from the fourth act of "Khovantchina" are used in the opera merely as distraction for Prince Khovantski, who is seated at a table. They begin slowly, with sensuous languor; they maintain this mood, they rise to a point approaching frenzy, recede again, finally reach greater heights. The hand of Rimsky-Korsakov, who completed Musorgsky's work, is evident in them. They are full of Rimsky's suavity rather than Musorgsky's barbarities. Their Orientalism is that of "Scheherazade." Both pieces apparently lose much from dissociation with the operas to which they belong. One can see that they fit their place admirably. Separate, as self-contained pieces, they—especially the battle scene—are none too significant. Splendor of performance scarcely rescued them.

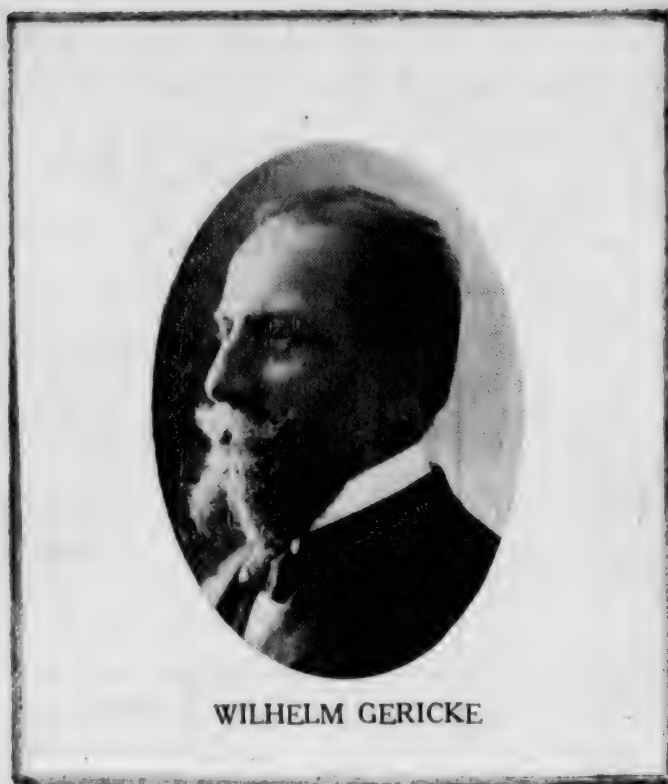
Again, all the artistry that Mr. Koussevitzky lavished upon Schumann's fourth symphony in D minor, could not hide the fact that at times Schumann's inventive power is not equal to the task of filling in a complete symphonic form. All too often do the joints creak, all too often is mere figure repetition substituted for thematic development. No performance can alter this. But there are compensations in the beauty of some of the themes, there were compensations yesterday afternoon in the beauty of Mr. Koussevitzky's readings. In-

deed, it was to the conductor rather than to the composer that chief honors must go for the pleasures derived from this symphony. With clear intent did he drive his band to provide continuity where Schumann was disjunct. And who can ever forget the mood he established with the chief theme of the Romanza? The program book calls it a "mournful melody," and so it has always seemed. But with Mr. Koussevitzky, playing it very slowly as is often his wont, adjusting its rhythms after his own fashion, it cut far, far more deeply than that. An indescribable pathos, the calm of infinite resignation was in it. So also the original and exhilarating rhythms of parts of the Scherzo were transformed through the power and insight and musical feeling of the conductor. The formal scheme of the whole, new with Schumann who was experimenting in the direction of the symphony in a single movement, stood clearly exposed. The bite of some of the harmonies that must have sounded over-dissident to the ears of its first hearers, was brought fully into relief. Conductor had given composer every possible service, and more, too.

And at the beginning stood a glorified "Euryanthe." Flashing, tearing rhythms began it; with pomp and circumstance it was brought forth. It rose to the familiar crashing chord with the following cataclysmic strokes of the drum at the point of transition. And here Mr. Koussevitzky avoided one of the most dangerous pitfalls of the work. The second theme, often trivial, more often banal and trite, almost always taken light-heartedly, came forth with touching tenderness and seriousness, a thing of new and living beauty. And the measures of mystification were more uncanny than from many a hand. Again the extremely slow tempo, again the extremely soft pianissimo; but also the form of the conductor, creeping over it all, making the string chords slide all but imperceptibly into each other; all working toward the creation of perfect illusion. Then the final return with all its gorgeousness and splendor redoubled. Mr. Koussevitzky feels deeply what music is intended to mean. His resource often adds to that meaning—almost always without altering its essential content—almost always enforcing it marvellously upon his hearers.

A. H. M.





WILHELM GERICKE

## Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 13, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14, at 8.15 o'clock

Tansman . . . . . Sinfonietta (for small orchestra)  
 (First time in America)

- I. Allegro molto.
- II. Mazurka.
- III. Notturmo.
- IV. Fuga et Toccata.

Satie . . . . . "Gymnopédies"  
 (Orchestrated by Debussy)  
 (First time at these concerts)

Chabrier . . . . . Bourrée Fantasque, Piece for Pianoforte  
 (Orchestrated by Felix Mottl)

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . . Symphonic Suite "Scheherázade" (after "The  
 Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35

- I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.
- II. The Story of the Kalandar Prince.
- III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
- IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces on a  
 Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion.

MASON AND HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

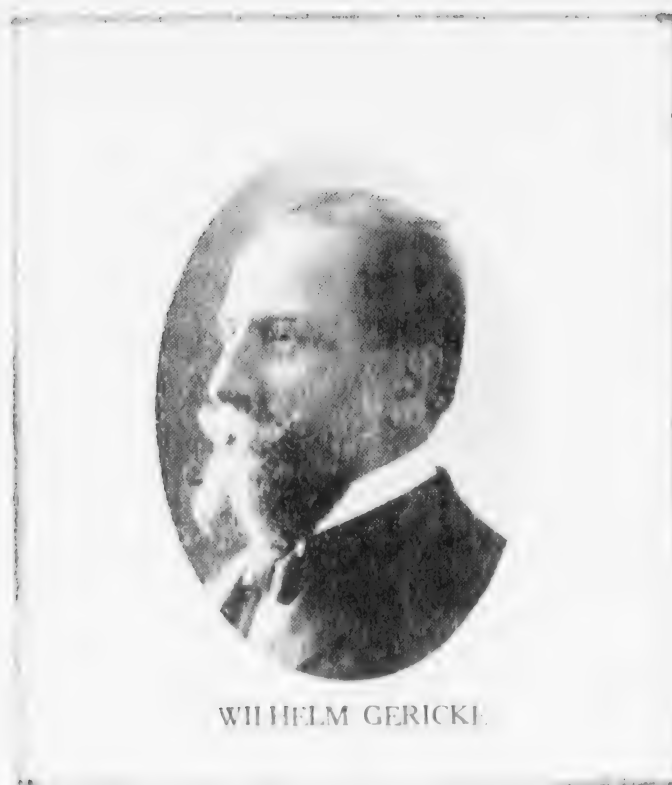
There will be an intermission after Chabrier's Bourrée Fantasque

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
 the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
 the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators.  
 it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
 Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
 of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





77  
 FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

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Mr. Koussevitzky Presents a Parisian-Polish Composer

From a Snap-Shot by Madame Tansman



Alexandre Tansman

## SYMPHONY GIVES FIFTH CONCERT

*Herald* — Nov. 14, 1925

Sinfonietta by Tansman  
Played First Time in  
This Country

### OTHER NOTABLE PIECES PLAYED

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Tansman, Sinfonietta (first time in this country); Satie-Debussy, Gymnopédies (first time at these concerts); Chabrier-Mottl; Bourrée Fantasque; Rimsky-Korsakov, "Scheherazade."

Tansman is in his 29th year. He has not been idle. One sees him writing music night and day, and with both hands, for the list of his compositions is already long. This Sinfonietta, in four movements, written in 1924 and first performed last March in Paris, is for a double quintet of wind and string instruments, piano, trumpet, two trombones and some percussion instruments. The movements are short. (Not long ago a Sinfonietta by Tchereprine performed in London lasted 50 minutes. The question naturally arose: How long would a symphony by this composer last?)

If the movements are short, they, nevertheless, contain many ideas worthy of respectful consideration. The composer has lived in Paris for the last five years. No doubt he learned there by hearing the later works of Stravinsky and those of the younger Frenchmen that surprising results could be obtained from the skilful use of a few instruments; but Tansman has not followed blindly in the footsteps of these men. He has his own scheme; he can speak with his own voice. The first Allegro, the second movement (in Mazurka form) and the finale (Fugue and Toccata) are amusing in the larger, more liberal meaning of that word. While the expression is decidedly free, the music

is not merely a rambling succession of sounds; it is not simply experimental; there are definite ideas and they are interesting in themselves, however curiously they may be clothed at times. There are pages that might be considered as thought out for the piano, rather than the orchestra, but there is also an audacious use of instruments, solo, and in combination, that is not displeasing. The third movement, a Nocturne, is charming, though no doubt the ultra-conservatives will not agree to this. It is hard for some to pay attention to any music that is out of the well-worn ruts in which so many composers, especially those of low degree, have contentedly plodded, knowing that they will be regarded as not dangerous to the community; not realizing that they have not the courage (perhaps not the ability) to strike out new paths for themselves, nervous if they should stray, though a little, from the long-trampled, dusty road.

Debussys orchestrated with exquisite taste the two Spartan dances of that strange being, Erik Satie. Remember that at the Gymnopaedia, the festival of "naked youths," there was homage paid to the Spartans who had fallen in battle at Thyrea; but in these sacred dances of Satie there is no beating of the breast, no shedding of tears, no shrieks in lamentation. There is a classic serenity, the beauty of a Grecian frieze depicting the last rites. Simple as this music is, it is more impressive than many elegies for swollen and resounding orchestra. Would not the performance, beautiful as it was, have been still more noteworthy if the chords for the harps in the second dance had been plucked with greater emphasis, to set firmly the rhythm, to establish the stately mood? These chords yesterday were hardly audible. Furthermore, a slightly quicker pace for the second dance might have been of benefit.

The highest compliment that could be paid the late Felix Mottl as a transcriber of Chabrier's Bourrée is that he orchestrated it as the brilliant and audacious Chabrier might have done. A year ago the eminently respectable Charles Koechlin orchestrated this Bourrée. It was said that he endeavored "to disengage the essentially musical element of the work without emphasizing the comical." There is nothing so comical in the Bourrée as Koechlin's endeavor. Should he be praised for his courage in putting Mottl aside? Then let us praise the daring man who is announced as an illustrator of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," ignoring the fact that Gustave Doré had done this in marvelous fashion; let us praise the rash American who followed Tenniel as an illustrator of Alice's adventures. The performance of the Bourrée yesterday was one of dazzling virtuosity inspired by Mr. Koussevitzky's fiery, yet always musical reading.



As eloquent and as remarkable was his interpretation of "Scheherazade." How sensible, how shrewd it was of Rimsky-Korsakov in not giving an interlinear translation in tones of this or that tale from "The Thousand Nights and a Night"! He intended at first to give only the title "Scheherazade" to the Suite, and Prelude, Ballade, Adagio, Finale to the four movements. As it is, one can find what one pleases. One can find the Princess Budur, the princess of radiant beauty and the astonishing practical joke, or any princess borne off by Jinnyah or Ifrit. One can descend into the crypt with one Kalandar or enter the fatal chamber high on the mountain with the most unfortunate Kalandar of the three.

Some have complained of "Scheherazade" that it is too heavily scented; music that cloy with "Strange spice and flower, strange savor of crushed fruit, And perfume the swart kings tread underfoot For pleasure when their minds wax amorous, Charred frankincense and grated sandal-root."

This reproach could not be brought against Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation. Intensely dramatic as a whole, it abounded in contrasts that were not too episodic, but were essential to the general conception and the gorgeous musical picture of the Orient. An interpretation that was elastic, yet firmly knit. The performance, both in solo work and in ensemble, was one long to be remembered.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 4, B Flat Major; Copland, Music for the Theatre (four movements; Mss; first performance); Wagner, Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

## "SCHEHEREZADE" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

George — Nov. 14, 1925

### Rimsky Korsakov's Suite Delights Audience

The chief number on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert was Rimsky Korsakov's familiar symphonic suite "Scheherazade." The audience was greatly pleased with a performance in which every point was overemphasized. The novelty of the afternoon, a Sinfonietta for small orchestra by Alexander Tansman, played for the first time in America, proved uninteresting, not especially well written in a rather

acid modernist idiom. Satie's "Gymnopédies," orchestrated by Debussy and very romantically interpreted, had a substance as well as a glamour one would not expect from a professed ironist, the composer of other music to be played, according to his directions, "like a nightingale with the toothache," or "with hands in the pockets." But Satie presumably won the respect of his Parisian contemporaries such as Debussy and Ravel by something more musical than irony. Chabrier's "Bourrée Fantasque," the remaining number, again seemed a noisy and not amusingly vulgar piece.

Tansman is a Pole, not yet out of his 20s, who has migrated from his native Lodz to Paris. He seems to have written almost as much as Schubert had produced at the same age. The Sinfonietta heard yesterday lacks salient and individual themes. The development is occasionally ingenious, more often loose jointed and careless. It is clumsily scored, at least by comparison with such works for small orchestra as Richard Strauss' "Buerger als Edelmann" suite. Why overwork the piano in a small orchestra, with which its tone does not blend? M Tansman might profit by careful study of the orchestration of Ravel and Stravinsky. If he would write less and polish more, his work might amount to something.

Satie's "Gymnopédies" are brief elegiac slow movements, with beautiful if rather shapeless melodies. Debussy's orchestration is miraculously skillful. The original piano pieces were written in 1887, so that unless Debussy tampered with the harmonies in this version, they prove that Satie's harmonic originality must have influenced the composer of "The Afternoon of a Faun" strongly. The performance, at a tempo notably slower than Mr Mason used at the People's Symphony the other day, was impressive. But no doubt Koussevitzky was as usual making the indication "Lento" (slow) synonymous with a snail's pace.

Koussevitzky's version of "Scheherazade" is different from those of Muck and Monteux. He stresses the languors and emphasizes the frenzies of the music. He makes Rimsky Korsakov melodramatic, almost hysterical, in Tchaikovsky's vein. The finale at his hands becomes an orgy of rhythm, a brutal assault on the nervous system. The effect is thrilling, but is it art?

One had thought of this music as artificial, as hardly more emotional than the figures on a Chinese vase. But instead of charmingly sophisticated light music one heard yesterday a slice of life from "Arabian Nights." One prefers the less emotional and more graceful way of taking this music.

Chabrier's "Bourrée Fantasque," written for piano and orchestrated noisily but effectively by his friend, the noted conductor Mottl, was presumably intended to recall to the hearer's mind pictures, almost caricatures, of rustic peasant revelry, after the fashion of the scherzo in Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." But the piece is a mere tour de force, full of sound and fury.

Next week the program announced includes Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Copland's "Theatre Music" and the prelude and "Love Death" from Wagner's "Tristan."

P. R.

## Boston Symphony Concert

Monitor

Nov. 14, 1925

THE fifth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:—

Tansman

Sinfonietta for small orchestra

Satie

"Gymnopédies" (orchestrated by Debussy)

Chabrier

"Bourrée Fantasque" (orchestrated by Mottl)

Rimsky-Korsakov ..... "Schéhérazade"

Tansman's Sinfonietta was played for the first time in America. It runs in four short divisions—Allegro molto, Mazurka, Notturmo and Fuga et Toccata. In this Sinfonietta Tansman, in spite of his heralded "modernity," does nothing to offend the taste of the most conservative so far as the actual sound of his music goes. To be sure, those who demand "melody" in music will perhaps find fault with the composer's somewhat slender material, but the work as a whole is so gracefully conceived and written and contains so many pleasing orchestral effects that even they will hardly fail to take pleasure in the greater part of the piece.

### Shows Good Taste

This Sinfonietta is not in any sense a work to thrill an audience. In fact its intimacies might better be appreciated in surroundings less vast than those of Symphony Hall. Unfortunately many judge of the importance and value of a work by the size of the orchestra employed and oftentimes by its length. To these again this Sinfonietta will perhaps seem an agreeable trifle and nothing more. In reality, it seemed (to us at least) full of delightful combinations of color, harmony and rhythm; the work of a composer who has not perhaps fully decided on his style, but one giving evidence of that supreme essential in musical composition, good taste in the selection of materials. It is also the work of a well grounded musician who is master of the resources of his art, and one which is in no sense experimental. Mr. Koussevitzky has not always been so fortunate in his choice of novelties, but in this case he is thoroughly justified.

The two "Gymnopédies" of Erik Satie (orchestrated by Debussy) were doubtless played as a tribute to the composer's memory. These graceful pieces exhibit none of the eccentricities of that more than eccentric genius, who withal exerted

such an important influence on the musical tendencies of his time. Alas for poor Satie; he will live in musical history rather for this influence than for any intrinsic merit to be found in his compositions. Chabrier's "Bourrée Fantasque" brought the first part of the program to a brilliant close.

Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations, as time goes on, seem to group themselves into three classes: those which are musically impossible, as the "Fantastic" Symphony of Berlioz; those which are possible but not altogether probable, as many of his readings of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert, and those in which he so accurately touches just the right note that any other reading would seem absolutely impossible, as his readings of Tchaikowsky, the Brahms symphonies and yesterday's "Schéhérazade."

### Rimsky Eloquent

Never has it been our good fortune to assist at so remarkable a performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's masterpiece. Never within recent recollection has the orchestra played with such rare virtuosity, with such glowing tone, with such intelligence and verve. It would seem that each individual member of the band played with all his heart, and the result was a performance of "Schéhérazade" which it would be extremely difficult to equal, let alone surpass.

The credit for this overwhelmingly beautiful performance is due to Mr. Koussevitzky, for he played upon the orchestra with the freedom of a virtuoso playing upon an instrument. Of course, this music is pre-eminently suited to the qualities of his talent. Here was free play for that exuberance of imagination with which he is gifted and which is so often out of keeping with much of the music of the classical repertory. Here he allowed it free rein, and never once did it gain the upper hand of the music. For so often is the music greater than Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of it that many a time he cannot mold it to his fancy. Yesterday, however, composer and conductor were one and the result may hardly be overpraised. Orchestra and audience were warmed by the conductor's enthusiasm as rarely happens at a symphony concert.

S. M.



# FULL MEASURE, LIVELY METTLE, AMPLE PLEASURE

Jeans. — Nov. 14, 1925  
CONDUCTOR, COMPOSERS AND AN  
ORCHESTRA

Mr. Koussevitzky Presents Mr. Tansman Favorably — From Satie and Chabrier Extremes of the Dance — "Scheherazade" at Last Full-Flavored — Other Incidents of a Spirited Symphonic Day

**A** DISCRIMINATING, a considerate, conductor is Mr. Koussevitzky—man of the world as well as musician, perhaps discoverer in his turn that here in America undue earnestness is bane to the practice and the enjoyment of the arts. From time to time he shapes a Symphony Concert as pleasant entertainment—to the irritation of those that take their music as education and inspiration. Putting on their most serious "front," they call him a "charlatan" and demand that a Herr Kapellmeister, if possible a Herr Doktor, be summoned forth with from darkest Stettin. Almost to their faces, the audience mocks these alarmists. It is pleased and makes no secret of its pleasure. Gleefully it claps its palms together and—quite as significantly on a Friday afternoon—hears the concert through. It is the more exhilarated when, as happened yesterday, the agreeable pieces also disclose the new quality of the orchestra as a delicate instrument of tonal poetry, a vigorous instrument of tonal power, an instrument withal of unfailing pliancy and precision.

Not above a whisper sounded many of the measures of Satie's imaginary Spartan dances; yet this wisp and gossamer of tone sustained line, rhythm, euphonies, color. In Mottl's orchestral arrangement of Chabrier's "Bourrée Fantasque," the choirs shouted the motifs; whipped them into motion; tossed them hither and thither; outflung them in climax. Exuberance of rhythm and ardor of progress might not further go—both clear-voiced; sensitive, besides, to every stroke with which composer and arranger would set contrast to these tumults. In turn, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" was a hey-

day for virtuosi. Every instrumental group, almost every "first desk," proved its general and particular mettle. Seldom in Symphony Hall has this coat of many tonal colors shone with such clear and manifold lustres. Nor was the orchestra content with Rimsky-iridescent. It laid on his thicker textures, his sharper edges; kept a tone and a rhythm that could be as sensuous or as acrid as this music of The Arabian Nights. Before long, Philadelphia may not be the sole seat of orchestral perfections.

At the outset enjoyment—not to say levity—was in the air. The audience heard cheerfully and applauded warmly a new and unknown modernist. For a young man of twenty-eight, Mr. Alexander Tansman of Warsaw and Paris has written a superfluous quantity of music—as though there were not enough already in the world. He has also written at least one amusing piece—the Sinfonietta for Small Orchestra played yesterday. The suspicion increases that it passes for a virtue with these young modernists to be amusing; that in their lesser work they deliberately cultivate that desirable end. The romantic generation descended from Wagner and tutored at the knee of Strauss was over-serious. With a sigh, it would bind into a single tone-poem a vision of the cosmos—by, large and also thick. The altar-boys of the Debussyan chapel lingered over-long in silvery mists and dipped their fingers twice too often in water of roses.

Reaction from both neo-romantics and neo-impressionists was bound to come, and the younger modernists, with a backward and trustful glance toward Stravinsky and Ravel, made speed to improve the opportunity. They swore an oath against the three deadly vices—sentiment, pretence and conformity. They cultivated a pretty skill, brevity and wit. As they wrote, high spirits hid their pains. If they eschewed sentiment they were not strange to humor, fantasy and mood by no means shallow. With a nod and a smile they went their way. We that listened—they intimated—might like or dislike their music; but we were not to take it too seriously; enough that we found it interesting and amusing; a good—not a sloppy—job.

Tansman's Sinfonietta neatly fulfills these prescriptions. He writes for a small and shrewdly balanced orchestra, less than twenty strong. Separately and with individual savor he prefers to use these voices. The form is proportioned and compact; the expression concise; wander or waste Tansman will not. The germinating motifs stand clear; the ear readily follows them in their courses. Soon it is interested and alert. There are arabesques skilfully manipulated; bold, brave

intervals that may be discordant but are also arresting; harmonies that are not imitated, no more than the customary disdain of related keys; unfailing rhythmic life; a plain sense of design, logic, and progress. Tansman would not be of his time and kind did he not crave a Fugue and Toccata for finale. Grant the modernism, and the Sinfonietta is a notably well-made music. Instinctive as well as cultivated; a natural, if ripened, self-expression seem the modernist ways.

More to the purpose of the casual listener the Sinfonietta is animated and entertaining, fanciful and piquant. The ear knows not what to expect—and is seldom left ungratified. The first Allegro gains body, warmth and rhythmic motion; lingers gracefully over less ardent matter; harks back to the earlier vigors. The Scherzo tosses about the phrases and makes play with their rhythms of a Mazurka. A Polish sensibility turns the music now gay and now dreamy; a Parisian fancy adds light sting to the harmonies; playfully the instrumental timbres bite. Wit nips at the moodiness. Night visions haunt the slow movement; restless, it stirs and coils and will not be still. Fantasmal sounds pierce these sleep-chasings; a most a-tonal wail disperses them, which is not to say that the music lacks fantastic imagination.

Sharp-set modern rhythms and a light hurly-burly of keen-edged counterpoint keep Fugue and Toccata in lively motion, gathering substance as they go. This, that and the other scrap is caught into the whirlpool and flung up again. To pages of exuberance—any romantic and half the academics could write them—Tansman prefers a "snappy," sonorous concision. With a free hand, but also a cool head, he whips up pleasant excitements; a final seethe and swell and he makes a good end. . . . An ingratiating and amusing fellow, this Monsieur Tansman. He knows his job and he feels it, choosing out of his day and generation the particular means. Nothing too much; everything to the point; music that is both modernist and his own. Fancy here; high spirits there; in a slow movement, even imagination.

As it seemed to some ears, Mr. Koussevitzky over-hushed Satie's Spartan dances; held them too sedulously in a twilight of tone; subdued them at moments to an almost imperceptible motion. They are music of chiselled line; but that line, like the reliefs that may have suggested it, will bear the light of tonal day. Otherwise the beauty is veiled. The rhythm pulses gently; yet stirs with grave and antique rite. Silvered, not shadowed, is this music of mourning—measured not muted, Greek austerities, serenities and simplicities touched Satie in his younger

days; prompted him to these remote, transparent dances, reticent and bare. After such "Gymnopédies" and other "Gnossiennes," the freakish humors, the mediocre extravagances of his middle years, possessed him. Toward the end of his life, the vista opened anew; down it he looked; saw Socrates; in tones also carved him. Already his middle numbers are nearly forgotten; by these Grecian pieces he may endure. For no other composer has wrought these reliefs in tones as the Greeks wrought them in marble. With either, there need be no color.

The Chabrier of the Bourrée Fantasque is a hearty, full-voiced, free-handed composer very much alive. Give him an exuberant folk-dance; set him between music-paper and piano; and he could flood both with a fine frenzy of rhythm. Neither, however, could quite contain it. As his friend, Mottl, knew, he needed a full orchestra on which to wreak himself even as in "España" Chabrier had never found the time; Mottl seized and improved the opportunity. The outcome were pages that no conductor with fire and flare long overlooks. With him and with the orchestra, the audience also rejoices.

A Russian for the "Pathetic Symphony" if we are to believe Mr. Koussevitzky's version; by the same token a Russian also for "Scheherazade." Not that by his race he dims or brightens that many-hued music; more or less excels with rhythms, sonorities and other trappings; infuses more or less body into the manifold and not too substantial motifs. A Russian rather because he may, like Mr. Koussevitzky, give to the whole Suite an atmosphere and suggestion with which Rimsky surely clothed it. The music is plainly a virtuoso-music; as such conductors have often worried it. Plainly also it is an oriental music; as such conductors have often drenched and drugged it. Hereabouts and in these days, only Mr. Koussevitzky has distilled from it the fickle flavors of the Arabian Nights.

In spite of her lengths, Scheherazade was an impetuous story-teller. Once embarked, she could not long keep to a text or to a mood. Now in her tales she was gay and frolicsome; again she mocked and was bitter; she could be cruel and she could be kind; she sopped up the wonders and the magics of the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters that roll between; yet she could play on the street-corners and keep most questionable company. Half the wonder, half the pleasure of the Arabian Nights is this perpetual shifting through a thousand and one moods. Rimsky's Suite is as fitful and various, as alive to each fresh-coming fancy. Yet until Mr. Koussevitzky played it yesterday, scarcely a conductor has caught this diversity, this jostle, this high pitch—ever changing.

H. T. P.



# SYMPHONY AT ZENITH OF POWERS

Post Nov. 14, 1925

Dazzling Virtuosity Is  
Displayed in Playing  
"Scheherazade"

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With the portentous announcement of the opening phrase of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" at the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon, it became immediately clear that something out of the ordinary in the way of orchestral performance was about to come to pass. And come to pass it did.

Surely never before had a Boston audience heard so brilliant, so fanciful, so gorgeously colored a performance of Rimsky's palace of enchantments as that of yesterday, a performance in which conductor and players gave all they had to give—and then, it would seem, more besides!

## CAUSES WONDER

Already this year there had been reason to believe that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now at its tonal zenith. Yesterday in "Scheherazade" that belief was made a certainty. The singing strings, vibrant

and full-throated, the dazzling, piercing trumpets, the horns that were as gold and steel, the plangent sonority of the trombones, the acid sweetness of the reeds, the stirring beat and beguiling tinkle of the percussion; these were things to make the listener to marvel alike at the mind which could conceive such sounds, at the conductor who could call them forth, and at the orchestra that, responding, could produce them.

And no less remarkable than the orchestral virtuosity, the sheer tonal splendor of this performance, was its power of suggestion. As Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra realized to the full the gold and silver, the purple and crimson of Rimsky-Korsakov's marvellous instrumentation, so did they likewise call into being the rich imagery that lies within this music. Whether it was the mighty, swelling, sun-lit sea that bore the ship of Sinbad, the colors and odors of the bazaar where the mumbling crowd listened to the words of the narrator, the beauty of Kamar-al-Zaman and the Princess Budur, the riotous revelings of Bagdad, the crash of the ship against the rock or the poetry of the final closing, slow and reluctant, of this book of wonders, Mr. Koussevitzky divined them in the score and brought them to wholly satisfying realization.

"Scheherazade" and the concert ended, the audience thrice recalled Mr. Koussevitzky, who bade the orchestra as a whole, and in particular Mr. Burgin whose violin had been voice to Scheherazade herself, share in the applause.

A "Sinfonietta" for small orchestra, practically a chamber-orchestra, by the Parisianized Pole, Alexander Tansman, a composer new to Boston, begins the programme of this fifth pair of Symphony Concerts. Between it and Rimsky's Suite come, for the first time in Symphony Hall, the two of youthful Satie's unpretentious Gymnopédies, judiciously orchestrated by Debussy, and after them Mottl's orchestration of the brilliant and diverting "Bourree Fantasque" of Chabrier.

Refreshingly spontaneous, skilfully fashioned, daringly yet not perversely dissonant in harmony, abundantly melodious in the modern acceptance of the term, the four movements of Tansman's "Sinfonietta" gave immediate and decided pleasure. If M. Tansman has made more music of this calibre, by all means let us have it.

Trans. — Nov. 12, 1925  
Mr. Koussevitzky Presents Monsieur Tansman in a Sinfonietta—From Warsaw to Paris and Now to Boston and New York Goes a Composer in His Twenties—A Word About His Recent Music

SUCH INFORMATION as is available about Alexandre Tansman, composer of the "Sinfonietta" that is to be played at the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra this week, must be gleaned from reviews of his works as performed in Paris. No other account of his life and style and music, no score, is at hand. The new Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians states laconically, "Polish composer, born Lodz, 1900. Has published piano-pieces and orchestral compositions in a bold, modern style. . . . Lives in Paris." Though this dictionary is recent, much water has flowed under the bridge, as far as Tansman is concerned, since the above was written. For he is surprisingly prolific; has composed much since the publication of the dictionary, including all his "mature" works.

At the beginning of 1923 Tansman is apparently living in Poland, for "La Revue Musicale" contains a contribution signed by him, giving an account of recent musical life in Warsaw. His name next appears as composer of an "Intermezzo Sinfonico," which receives a first performance in Paris. As the Warsaw news at this time is signed by Karol Szymanowski, one may conclude that Tansman was in Paris for this first performance. The reviewer found the work "not entirely successful, but interesting" (he insists on this word) because it shows "an effort toward new forms, research for new formulas of musical construction." In April Tansman again signs a note from Warsaw, and thereafter evidently takes up his residence in Paris. The early summer of '23 sees a performance of his "Scherzo Symphonique" at the Concerts Koussevitzky, at which time he is hailed as "one of the most gifted among the young generation in France. For while of Polish origin (which is often evident) this composer almost belongs to the modern French, having developed under the joint influence of Stravinsky, Ravel and the masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth century."

Works follow at almost the rate of one in two months. In December, 23, we learn that the "young composer is freeing himself little by little from the influences to which he has been subjected." Also that he is writing in a medium of "systematic and real bi-tonality." In 1924 there are performed a String Quartet, "La Danse de la

Sorcière," a Sonatina for piano, a Legend for orchestra (which, we learn, sounds as if it had been conceived for piano rather than for orchestra), a sextet. To these the year 1925 has added the Sinfonietta, a Sonata for Violin and Piano, a Sonatina for Flute and Piano. The August number of "La Revue Musicale" also reports a performance of "La Danse de la Sorcière" at Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts last summer. As a result of this performance Tansman was credited with being one of the largest of "les jeunes."

The Sinfonietta was heard first in a four-hand version for piano at the Caméléon, on Jan. 7, 1925, in a concert devoted entirely to the music of Tansman. It was again played last spring at a concert of the "Société de Musique de Chambre de Paris." In reviews of these concerts as well as in the reviews of the other recent works, it is said that Tansman has progressed from his "systematic bi-tonality" to a chromaticism "quasi atonal through the superposition of several well-defined tonalities." For this young musician is credited with being an innovator—even in the days of Stravinsky!—in the fields of harmony and of rhythm, where he most flourishes. One reviewer finds the Ravel-Stravinsky formula far too simple to account for "the acoustic phenomenon" of Tansman; for after mentioning the fact that Tansman is a Pole, he goes on to say, "Vienna—the Vienna of Schubert, Ravel and Schönberg—Paris—at least the city where one encounters Debussy, Ravel (again), Milhaud and Stravinsky, appear nearer the heart of Tansman than Warsaw." But he continues, "Of the Slavic world, this musician has beyond doubt preserved a taste for the fairy-like, a very lively sense of rhythm, a need for very heavy harmonic coloring." Another reviewer sees a slight influence of Skriabin. The latest work to be reported in the French papers, the Sonatina for Flute and Piano, introduces a fox-trot as one of the movements and it is "full of fantasy."

Beginning with the Sinfonietta, reviewers cease mentioning any traits that may be charged to immaturity. "Up to the Sinfonietta Tansman's style was one of juxtaposed phrases; further, he frequently went astray in the details of his work. But in the Sinfonietta, as also in the Quartet, there is a certain terseness of thought, a flight of the imagination which while developing in a continuous line, shows diversity, and blossoms into new richness. It seems that Monsieur Tansman will always retain an attachment for forms short and compact. But the first two parts of the Sinfonietta show definitely that with Tansman this brevity is often accompanied by a richness of thought which loses nothing because of its conciseness."



The Sinfonietta is scored for five strings, woodwinds, piano, trumpet, two trombones, kettle-drums, and percussion. It comprises an Allegro, a Mazurka, a Nocturne and a Finale made up of a Fugue and a Toccata. "In the Allegro Molto the flute and oboe sing their graceful little phrase in thirds to the metronomic pizzicato of a viola and the ostinato of a clarinet. Bell-figures of horn and trumpet are interrupted by tutti. In the Mazurka wood-winds develop supple and expressive arabesques. The Nocturne flows on in a sombre atmosphere produced by the tremolo of low strings. The poetic note of a horn is answered by an oboe. After a short development there is a return to the beginning. A cymbal sounds forth the mystery of night. . . . In the Fugue and Toccata the Violoncello exposes a theme based on intervals of the fourth; strings, woodwinds, brass join in the general polyphony, written freely but with great concentration."

A. H. M.

**Trans. Nov. 14, 1935**  
**Lugubriousness Into the Discard**

AS the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky set forth the Sixth Symphony of Chaikovsky in Cambridge last evening at the second in the course of the Sanders Theater concerts, it seemed a little hard to realize just why this work, dubbed "Pathetic," should have attained a place in popular esteem almost equal with Beethoven's Fifth or Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. Remembering the interpretation given by conductors usually—even the clammy Dr. Muck followed the accepted fashion—a natural inference is that the popular mind makes a fetish of sadness. If we cannot be made to laugh, we like next best to be made to cry. Are joy and sorrow after all so closely akin? Must we obey Heine's dictum and ever bid joy speak low lest grief in the adjoining chamber of the heart be disturbed?

About Chaikovsky's Sixth Symphony has grown up a tradition of lugubriousness. Chaikovsky himself did not name it "Pathetic." That was done, we are told, by his brother Modest on the morning after it had made a failure, when Chaikovsky conducted it for the first time in St. Petersburg in 1893. Only a few days later the composer died, before a second performance had scored a distinct success. Thus the tradition that has clung to it was well and plentifully launched. Since then when it is performed we have come instinctively to expect to have our heart-strings tugged at. With the help of the average conductor we try to read into it a program of tragedy and heartbreak, of thwarted hope and clamorous woe, a dance of despair, an atmosphere of sadness.

The composer left no record that this was what he intended. He liked it best of all his symphonies—which does not in the least bind us to do likewise—and he felt

that he had put himself into it completely. It is doubtful if he believed that here was an expression of utter pathos and stark tragedy. It requires a considerable wrench of plausibility to imagine that Chaikovsky had foreknowledge of his death and that in this score he summed up his hopes and achievements, his disappointments and his failures. Why must we try to make music express itself in terms of another language? Why the ceaseless and fruitless effort to translate musical ideas into ethical or historical or political phraseology? And yet a "Breaking Home Ties" still draws the crowds that brush by unseeing a Monet river scene to reach it; a sugary ballad stirs the handclappers who close their ears to a Brahms song, and the effort is ever to strengthen the grip of the material on the spiritual.

Mr. Koussevitzky last night broke a lance with tradition when he led the orchestra through this symphony. He went on a little adventure in interpretation apparently with the intent of clearing away certain mists that have gone up from the ground of popular fancy and of showing this symphony not as a titillator of emotion, but as a robust outpouring of musical feeling with no more "program" to be found in it than in Beethoven's Seventh, for instance,

or Brahms's First. In fact he leaned the other way in his emphasis on structure rather than refinement, and in his disregard of sentimentality he overlooked sometimes legitimate shadings. But he did a real service in setting this symphony along with Chaikovsky's Fourth and Fifth, so that one might make a just appraisal unhampered by fog of tradition. Thus played, it seems to belie the composer's estimate of it and takes its place a little lower than the Fifth and a little above the Fourth in point of musical value.

The program began with Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" and included Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice." In the overture Mr. Koussevitzky turned his orchestra into an assemblage of virtuosi of the pianissimo. The changes in the personnel made this season have mostly been for the better, as the superior acoustics of Sanders Theater show clearly. The strings are noticeably improved and the refinement of shading which Mr. Koussevitzky drew from them in the overture had the quality of detached tone which floats and echoes even after the bow has been lifted. Weber, like Poe, compels attention not so much by what he says as by how he says it. Pagan delities seemed most plausible in Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and the comic tale unfolded by Dukas Mr. Koussevitzky again treated as gay burlesque.

C. M. S.





## Sixth Programme

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 20, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21, at 8.15 o'clock

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Mozart . . . . . Overture to "The Magic Flute"

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 4 in B-flat major, Op. 60  
 I. Adagio; Allegro vivace.  
 II. Adagio.  
 III. Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno, allegro.  
 IV. Finale: Allegro, ma non troppo.

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Copland . . . . . "Music for the Theatre"  
 (First Performance)  
 I. Prologue.  
 II. Dance.  
 III. Interlude.  
 IV. Burlesque.  
 V. Epilogue.

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Wagner . . . . . Prelude and "Liebestod" from  
 "Tristan and Isolde"

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MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

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There will be an intermission after the symphony

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City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
 the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
 the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
 it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
 Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
 of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



## Of This Day and Land



Aaron Copland

New Talent and Temperament in American Music, Discovered and Applauded at the Symphony Concerts

## SYMPHONY GIVES COPLAND SUITE

"Music for the Theatre"  
Is Played Here for  
First Time

### YOUNG COMPOSER IS WARMLY APPLAUDED

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mozart, Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Copland, "Music for the Theatre" in five movements (first performance); Wagner, Prelude and "Love Death" from Tristan and Isolde.

Beethoven's Fourth Symphony was produced at Vienna in 1807. Those who are now dismayed, not to say, disgusted when they hear contemporaneous music of an unusual character may like to know what was said about this symphony by men of a certain authority before Beethoven died.

The first movement wrote one disgruntled person is "full of short detached ideas without relation one to another—three or four notes every quarter hour, which is interesting! Then a muffled drum-roll and mysterious viola phrases all ornamented with a crowd of general pauses and rests; then after the hearer is resigned by long waiting, the Allegro, a ferocious movement in which especial care is taken that no principal thought is exposed."

Who wrote so absurdly? He was not a reactionary; he was not a poor devil of a music critic, a hack reviewing concerts for a daily newspaper. He was no less a person than the great Carl Maria von Weber, who was not a bit of a Philistine.

When this symphony was played at Cassel in the season of 1815-16, an accomplished critic thus freed his mind: "It seems to me that the great master, in this as in several of his new works, is extremely bizarre and makes himself unintelligible and even an object of terror to even cultivated dilettanti."

This leads us to consider the case of Mr. Copland of New York, whose

suite was performed for the first time and from manuscript. The movements are entitled: Prologue, Dance, Interlude, Burlesque, Epilogue. Mr. Copland says that he had no play, no literary idea in mind when he composed the suite. "The title simply implies that, at times, this music has a quality which is suggestive of the theatre." The suite is for a small orchestra, curiously composed.

Mr. Copland is a young composer of indisputable talent. He has the great gift of imagination. He can be realistic in a wild way; he can be tenderly poetic. If his "Dance" reminds one of Walt Whitman's line: "Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards! with mirth-shouting music and wild-flapping pennants of joy!" in his "Prologue," "Interlude" and "Epilogue" is the admirable expression of a contemplative mood, music of pure beauty without the taint of sensuousness, without an incongruous episode of churned-up emotion.

This suite is a more important work than his symphony for orchestra and organ played here last season. The material has greater significance; the treatment is firmer, less experimental. In the Suite Mr. Copland has much to say and he knows how he should say it. His instrumental combinations as well as his harmonic schemes were not put together at random; they were deliberately, knowingly planned.

But some one may object to the entrance of "jazz" in a symphonic concert room. American life with its restlessness, its haste, its snapping-of-fingers at ideals and spiritual things, its extravagance is "jazz." Why should not one movement in a suite be symbolic of American life as it now is? As for the "Burlesque," it is what its name implies.

"Music for the theatre," one of the most interesting of the modern works that have been produced here, severely taxes the players in the matter of entrances and by the frequently shifting rhythms. It makes unusual demands on solo players and on the ensemble. One might mention by name and in turn Messrs. Gillet, Mager, Allegra, Speyer, Laus, Battles, Vannoni, the busied player of percussion instruments and so on, but this would be invidious, for the small orchestra was collectively a virtuoso. Mr. Koussevitzky had taken infinite pains at rehearsal to ensure a brilliant performance, for he thinks highly of the Suite and the composer's future. The audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Copland was called to the platform several times; he, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra shared alike the long-continued applause.

The overture was played in a masterly manner, as was the symphony. Even the most confident hearer who knows how Beethoven wished his music to be played, even the hearer in whose breast the spirit of Beethoven dwelt



lovingly and informingly, could not have found fault with Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation. There is chatter, we believe, about "objective" and "subjective" readings of the classics. Give us a man who first of all imparts fresh interest to that which is familiar without having recourse to extravagance or willful vagaries.

An eloquent performance of Wagner's music brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of Dec. 4-5 will be: Brahms's "Academic Festival," overture and piano concert. No. 1 (Mr. Bauer, pianist); Loeffler, symphonic poem, "Memories of My Childhood" (first time here); Ravel, Suite No. 2 from "Daphnis and Chloe."

# COPLAND JAZZIFIES SYMPHONY

Ingenious Music Without Rhythmic Banality

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Perhaps as preliminary sop to the elderly and conservative, Mr. Koussevitzky began the symphony concert yesterday afternoon with two classics: Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute" and the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven.

Then, with the youthful and musically impertinent Mr. Aaron Copland's "Music for the Theatre," the conductor exploded a tonal bombshell that left in its wake a mingling of surprise, perplexity, indignation and enthusiasm. And

finally, by a glorious performance of the prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," young and old, adventurous-minded and academic alike, were sent home well content.

## A SORT OF SUPER-JAZZ

Since both pieces are up to the musical minute in harmony and texture, and since both are scored for the minimized small orchestra or, if you prefer, the chamber-orchestra so popular with contemporary composers, comparisons between Mr. Copland's suite of yesterday and Mr. Tansman's *Sinfonietta* of a week ago inevitably come to mind.

To be sure the composer's premise was not, in both cases, exactly the same. The Pole of last week would fill the classical form with modern content; the American of yesterday in his five loosely connected episodes would write music that has "at times," to use his own words, "a quality which is suggestive of the theatre."

## Effects Without Saxophones

Over Mr. Copland's discordant symphony for organ and orchestra played here last season this, his latest music, unperformed publicly until yesterday, marks a clear advance. Relish them or resent them, the jazz-like dance and burlesque represent the most ingenious and sophisticated treatment of the current popular idiom that a Boston audience has yet heard. Better than any other Mr. Copland seems to have distilled the very essence of jazz, while at the same time avoiding its rhythmic and melodic banality. And from his saxophone-less orchestra of a handful of strings, piano, two trumpets, trombone, seven woodwind and an array of percussion instruments, he now and then extracts effects that should turn our professional jazz-arrangers green with envy.

Bostonians when greatly shocked in the concert-room do not publicly protest the music that has offended them. Otherwise, we may be sure, not a few hisses might have been mixed with the applause that yesterday brought the smiling Mr. Copland to the stage, where Mr. Koussevitzky bade him take all to himself the continuing plaudits.

## Wagner All Excelling

To return to more familiar concerns, the Overture of Mozart and Beethoven's Symphony were nobly played. Especially notable in the Overture was the firm brass tone of the celebrated Masonic music. With the Symphony, surely the least entertaining of the nine, its delightful first movement to the

contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Koussevitzky might hardly make the effect that last year he achieved with the "Eroica," the "Pastoral," the Fifth Symphony and the Seventh. Obviously, however, many in the audience were glad to have this or any Beethoven symphony again, since piece and performance were enthusiastically applauded.

Lastly, of Mr. Koussevitzky's "Tristan," did space permit, much might be said. His eloquence with this music, still unapproachable in its glowing beauty, its gripping intensity, was to be foreseen. Within these many years Symphony Hall has known no such performance of these fragments. In our theatres only the readings of Mahler and of Toscanini may be mentioned in serious comparison with Mr. Koussevitzky's. And even these performances had hardly the seething passion, the volcanic emotional force, of that of yesterday.

## COPLAND SUITE AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Public Performance of "Music for the Theatre"

Aaron Copland's suite, "Music for the Theatre," was given its first public performance at yesterday's Symphony concert. No piece by an American composer has made so vivid an impression, seemed so certain a work of genius, as this, in 15 seasons. Only Griffes' "Kubla Khan" and Schelling's "Victory Ball" among the many American pieces heard, have seemed of merit at all comparable to this suite.

The composer was recalled to the stage several times by vigorous applause from a minority of those present. He is a native of Brooklyn, now 25 years old. He has studied composition under Rubin Goldmark in New York and under Nadia Boulanger in Paris. His organ symphony, heard last season, and a passacaglia for piano, played the other day at Denoe Leedy's recital, have previously represented Copland's music in Boston concert halls. The title "Music for the Theatre," in Mr. Copland's own words, "simply implies that, at times, this music has a quality which is suggestive of the theatre. The composer had no play or literary idea in mind when writing." There are five movements, entitled, Pro-

logue, Dance, Interlude, Burlesque, Epilogue. The suite is effectively scored for small orchestra, only two first and two second violins, and other instruments in proportion. Yesterday the string parts were doubled, because of the size of the hall. A prominent part is given to the pianoforte. Trumpets using jazz mutes part of the time caused a sensation yesterday among the audience, which had never heard the distinctive tone quality they give at a Symphony concert before.

Mr. Copland said the other day to an interviewer that when he was influenced by other composer's music he made it all his own, so that jazz, Stravinsky, Mozart and what not all became Copland. Yesterday's music justified the implied boast. There is a good deal of jazz, some Stravinsky, some Debussy, a little Ravel and many classics back of the composition of "Music for the Theatre." But it has all become Copland. One notes influences, yet one cannot trace in "Music for the Theatre" any imitation of any other music.

When Copland borrows the rhythms and the tone color of jazz as played by Paul Whiteman's orchestra he makes them his own. He has studied the modern Frenchmen and the elder classics. The study has taught him to write clearly, concisely, with a happy blending of form and content. But he never parodies these models unintentionally.

Other American composers too often seem to sugar from either excessive, or at least ill-digested, study of European models, or from a feebly fastidious avoidance of everything savoring of popular music. Mr. Copland is never academic, never seeks sterile refinements, is not afraid of being called vulgar.

He speaks as one with authority in his music, not as a follower of fashions and schools. He has not set out to revert to Bach, or to write a "jazz suite." But when he wants to write a rhythmic allegro he can use jazz rhythms to the purpose.

He does not think too highly of popular music. The burlesque in this suite is a delicious parody, full of gusto, of all the common types of American popular pieces. From the humor of that, he can turn to a poignantly beautiful epilogue, written it seemed for a tragedy, not a farce, just as earlier in the suite from the spirited dance, he turned to an interlude which is pure poetry. He refuses to tell us what he means by the music in each case. But it is plain that he means intensely and that what he says in his music will bear repetition.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with what seemed unusual and sympathetic painstaking. One hopes he has more American novelties of this calibre in store for his audience. The other numbers were Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, played with astonishing virtuosity, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, and the prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Koussevitzky did well with the Beethoven, but was over-vehement at the climaxes in the Wagner.

P. R.



## Boston Symphony Concert

*Monitor Nov. 21, 1925.*  
**T**HE program of the sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Mozart—Overture to "The Magic Flute."  
 Beethoven—Symphony No. 4 in B flat major, Op. 60.  
 Copland—"Music for the Theater."  
 Wagner—Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde."

Copland's "Music for the Theater" was played for the first time. It runs in five divisions—Prologue, Dance, Interlude, Burlesque and Epilogue, and is written for a small orchestra of a flute (interchangeable with piccolo); oboe (interchangeable with English horn); clarinet (interchangeable with clarinet piccolo); bassoon, two trumpets, trombone, two first violins, two second violins, two violas, two violoncellos, double bass, pianoforte, one percussion player playing xylophone, glockenspiel, wood block, snare drum, bass drum and cymbals. The number of strings was slightly augmented at yesterday's performance. It was the first composition by an American Mr. Koussevitzky has played this season.

There is little in this music that calls for extended comment. Mr. Copland has assimilated certain formulas of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors to considerable advantage. It is possible to discover here and there certain modes of expression which may perhaps be characterized as peculiarly his own. The principal defect in this work is its lack of invention. There are melodic fragments to be heard now and again, but it must be confessed that they are of no great charm. In noisy and more boisterous moods, the composer is most successful.

### Orchestral Effects

Also he has contrived occasional orchestral effects which may hardly be qualified as charming, or even startling, but which are none the less of a certain degree of novelty. When he would pass to a quieter, more poetic and imaginative mood, however, his themes are short winded and fragmentary and his harmonic scheme is more often than not trite

and obvious. In the sections labeled Dance and Burlesque a degree of rhythmical life was to be expected, but the composer in this matter as well again lacks invention.

But this composition marks a distinct progress over the Symphony for organ and orchestra by Mr. Copland played here last year. It is less complicated. What Mr. Copland has to say he says with much more simplicity and directness, and if the matter of this "Music for the Theater" is not particularly arresting, the manner of its presentation is much more logical and less inexperienced. Again, it must be conceded that to write for a small combination of instruments is much more difficult than to compose for a large orchestra, although many would judge of the worth of a piece by the number of instruments employed in its performance. In thus restraining himself Mr. Copland shows good judgment.

### A Musical Reading

Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony was by far the most sympathetic of any of his interpretations of this composer's music he has done up to the present. Yesterday he seemed content to let Beethoven himself take the center of the stage. The music was allowed to take its natural course unhampered, and it was possible to realize without too great an exercise of the imagination just what he was attempting to express. There were moments of exceedingly beautiful playing, notably in the Adagio, and there were life and gayety in the Scherzo and Finale, without rhythmical distortion. Excellent too were the mysterious opening measures. In short, it was a reading eminently sane and musical, a reading to delight those who are content with Beethoven's music for its own sake and who do not see in it simply a medium for this or that conductor's peculiar interpretation of it.

So also was Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of Mozart's Overture, which, save for the slightly rough tone of the brass, was played as one fancies the composer would have liked to hear it. S. M.

## MODERNIST WITH SONG; MUSICIAN KEEN WITH JAZZ

### THE SINGULARITIES OF AARON COPLAND

His "Music of the Theater" Releases a Temperament and Talents—The Ways and Works of the Hour Yet in Poetic Mood Goes Melody—Jazz Unaffected and Unhesitating — Mozart, Wagner and Beethoven Through a Symphony Concert in Compartments

**L**IKE the sages of Scripture, Mr. Koussevitzky remembers the young men. He does the duty and takes the pleasure of middle age, which is to encourage them. If he chose, he might follow the standard piece with standard piece at the Symphony Concerts; for while no one would demur. Seeking a fresher matter, he might turn persistently to established composers guaranteed to hand him music neatly cut and trimmed to their several lasts. The playing would set him no problems; audiences would receive gladly the harvest of familiar fields. Mr. Koussevitzky chooses the other, more difficult, infinitely more rewarding course. He has at disposal an orchestra capable of all things; he may shape his programs at will; he is assured of audiences; the prestige of his post and his past hangs about him. Armed and well-prepared, he forthwith goes a-seeking among the younger composers. From Honegger in Paris he borrows, say, "Pacific, 231"; from Roland-Manuel, over the way, he takes a sprightly overture. Reaching across the Rhine, he tucks into his portfolio a manuscript of Hindemith. Glancing again about Paris, he picks up a Sinfonietta of Tansmann. Returned to America, he receives gladly Mr. Copland's "Music for the Theater," as six months before he had welcomed Mr. Copland's Symphony for Organ and Orchestra.

Not only are these composers young, little known, relatively unestablished; they also follow their own lights, walking candid and unashamed in the newest ways of music. There are those that chide Mr. Koussevitzky for such predilection and adventuring. They would have him safe, sane, polished and standardized till he cracked. Rather, he deserves the warmest praises. Since middle age has the power

to bestow, it is its obligation to foster. When it discovers young abilities and sees them wax and flourish, it knows as deep satisfaction as the daily round may give. In the faith and the works of youth lies with music, as with every other art, promise, progress, fulfillment. It is more than the obligation, the pleasure, the prestige of the high-placed conductor to find room for youth in his concerts. It is his "sacred honor"—his vow to the mistress whom he serves. There are lightly cynical moods in which men play with their own epitaphs. One for Mr. Koussevitzky might read: "He remembered the young men."

The proof of this sentimental pudding (which it is high time the waitress removed) was the first performance, yesterday afternoon, at these concerts, or any other, of Mr. Copland's "Music for the Theater." He began and he finished it last summer. He wrote it for an orchestra less than twenty strong, wherein he included a clarinet piccolo, for exceptional instrument and bade the percussion-player set a wood block between xylophone and glockenspiel. Plainly the five pieces had been diligently rehearsed with the composer not far from the conductor's ear. As plainly, the music interested and pleased many in the audience. But was it quite good form to applaud? The candid and the courageous clapped their hands lustily; others took cue; before long, the composer—a lanky, spectacled, sharp-featured youth—was on the stage; only to be called again while to louder plaudits, the little orchestra rose as men who had "done themselves proud." (Yes, my children, the first trumpet used a jazz-mute, while as naturally as though Mr. Whiteman were giving the word, the percussion-player hammered rhythmically at the wood block.) By the signs of Tansmann a week ago, of Copland yesterday, this audience of Friday no longer glares at these young modernists and thrusts them away. The little beasts are actually amusing.

More than that handy virtue abides in this "Music for the Theater." It further discloses Mr. Copland as an American composer, still in his first youth, who absorbs eagerly but imparts individually; who practises ably current ways and means of music-making; but among them also arrays his own invention and imagination. Modernist he certainly is—but not because he is also songless. Sportive he can be with the best of the young Parisian brood; but better than it, he knows the poetry of musing and melancholy—that foolish quest with which we mortals will never have done, "for old, forgotten far-off things."

All that the hearer expects to find in the "Music for the Theater" leaps to his ear—the fanfare at the beginning from those jazzed and choking trumpets; the rhythmic dart, leap, fling and verve of the Dance,



which is second piece; the play there on every other nervous page of vivid, vigorous, intricate and driving rhythms; the wit, the humor, the pranking and the freakishness of the piece that is Burlesque, tossing and mocking all the holy or unholy devices of present music-making—Mr. Copland's own included. Similarly acrid harmonies, sharp juxtapositions, the under-scoring of individual timbres are all in the day's work. Not so concise as some of the new generation is Mr. Copland; at a single hearing, the Burlesque seemed over-written; but he can be as direct as the best of them, as sharp-edged, acid and shrill. A clear discretion, however, guides him. Here, as in his Symphony of last February, his dissonances, angularities, jarring rhythms and jangling keys are means to an imparted end—no frenzy of modernity, no kiddish thumbing of the nose at ancient orthodoxies.

Rarer are the attributes and abilities that in this "Music for the Theater" individualize and isolate Mr. Copland. If the residue of jazz in play of rhythms and timbres, in immediate and insistent effect upon the ear, is to ascend to the "higher spheres" of music, and there leaven the common stock, the doer of the deed must be a composer to whom this jazz is natural expression. The polite blandishments of Professor Hill or Mr. Carpenter will not take it very far; no more will the studious meditations of Mr. Sowerby, Milhaud, Stravinsky, the minor European crew, merely play with a condiment when they shake over their music the pepper-box of jazz noted or remembered. Only to Mr. Gershwin and in a single piece for the concert-hall, is jazz both a spontaneous and cultivated means of expression, an impulse within as well as a practice without. Beside Mr. Gershwin on this score now stands Mr. Copland of the Dance, the Burlesque and sundry pages of the Prologue in this "Music for the Theater." Neither cheap nor common, neither timid nor flaunting, his jazz is a musician's jazz. The larger mood outflinging, the spur of the instant pricking, prompt and invigorating it. The hand is ready with the means. Mr. Copland ransacks no memories, consults no note-books. As instinctively the hearer feels the impact of the real thing. And Mr. Copland's musical background is wider and deeper than Mr. Gershwin's.

The best, however, is yet to come. Mr. Copland can invent, conduct and enrich melody; infuse it with mood; overlay it with the graces and the poignancy of instrumental song. There is imagination in the gentle theme, the quieter progress, of his Prologue. The Interlude he properly names a "song without words." It is equally without effusion or excess. Preparatory phrases traverse the little orchestra: in the voice of the clarinet they

coalesce into song. It is wistful and fragrant, tender and melancholy. A mood, an emotion, find outlet in a brief, passing, yet reiterated beauty. In the Epilogue, the musing temper returns. Again Mr. Copland stirs with the moods and the melodies of Prologue and Interlude. As one who remembers and is touched, he re-sorts and re-glamours them. In wisps they flutter away. . . . A young modernist ready and unashamed with melodic invention; a young American composer neither repressing nor sentimentalizing poetic mood. Wonders are still possible; even Brooklyn may give them birth.

With Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner must Mr. Copland consort; but throughout, the concert was a concert in compartments. The first enclosed the Overture to "The Magic Flute," played with the spacious and recreating energy that Mr. Koussevitzky bestows upon the vigors of eighteenth-century music. He used a large orchestra; the chorde and intervening brass laid on and spared not; the strings raced the air, incisive and gleaming. So dressed, sped and sounding, Mozart became a magnificent Mozart indeed. The chords at the beginning, the chords at the interruption, were of epical breadth and sonority. The Fugue seemed a fine frenzy of improvisation. Mozart in seven-league boots from that well-known four nisseur, Monsieur Serge Koussevitzky; (in association with the Boston Symphony Orchestra); Mozart making music-drama. Behind the theater-curtain Papageno and Papageno might have heard and wondered where their fun came in. Tamino and Pamina, lovers both, would have gone a-sighing down the wind. Only the celestial wrath of the Queen of the Night, the lordly solemnities of Sarastro could possibly have kept pace with Mr. Koussevitzky's preluding.

Upon Beethoven's Fourth Symphony—the "placid and serene" Beethoven of all the orthodoxies—the conductor likewise laid an energizing, if lighter, hand. Possibly he was thinking of that first performance in 1807, when there were no commentators to spur the listening ear, and the music must stand or fall by immediate impression. That day, Beethoven was presumably conductor. As likely as not he prepared as carefully as did Mr. Koussevitzky the transition from the gentle introduction to the keener-rhythmed first movement; chiselled with equal care that intricate ascent to the full chord of B-flat; was at equal pains to define the changeful pace and contrasting accents of the Scherzo. Since Beethoven was sometimes heavy handed, it is within belief that his Finale may have missed Mr. Koussevitzky's light flow, curling arabesques and mock-monstrous chords; while quite certainly he could not have better poised the slow movement in tranquil

beauty unsentimentalized. Replaying Beethoven's less familiar music, the conductor works upon his hearers the illusion of a first time. It is a rare and singular faculty.

Once again, as Mr. Koussevitzky played the Prelude and Closing Scene from "Tristan," between him and Wagner seemed to stand some temperamental bar. As the fragments from the third act of "Die Meistersinger" last winter sounded curiously un-Wagnerian, so now came and went these excerpts from the other music-drama. There were transition, cumulation, climax. Every modulation, accent, progression fell into place. The matter was luminous, the design held clear and firm. There was passion and plangency, surge and ebb; from nothingness racked sprang the lovers; into nothingness vanished in glory. Nowhere could listener and conductor specifically quarrel. Yet this time the tragedy of Tristan and Isolde was close-pent in a hot-house chamber; while from an oriental lattice rose and fell a death-song strangely tintured.

H. T. P.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Herald — Nov. 10, 1925

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave the first of its concerts for young people this season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Jacchia conducted the great orchestra. Thomas W. Surette wrote the notes for the following program: Massenet, overture to "Phedre"; Beethoven, Allegretto from the Seventh Symphony; Berlioz, Minuet of the Will-o'-th-Wisps from "The Damnation of Faust"; Saint-Saens, the Swan (Mr. Bedetti, cellist; Mr. Sanroma, pianist); Tchaikovsky, Marche Slave; Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser." This was a good program for children from a tender age up to say, 80 or 90 years; a program well contrasted, interesting throughout. As for the performance it was well worth hearing. The children, who filled the hall—there were very few empty seats—seemed to enjoy especially the orchestral music by Massenet, Berlioz and Tchaikovsky, and were so pleased by Mr. Bedetti's beautiful interpretation of "The Swan" that they insisted on a repetition. Mr. Jacchia, excellent players, force and taste in his readings. The concert will be repeated this afternoon at 4 o'clock. No adult will be admitted unless accompanying one or more children.

P. H.

"Made in America"

Transcript  
Nov. 23, 1925.

FOREIGN CONDUCTORS—the professional patriots of music sometimes say—have "always" controlled the Symphony Concerts. Yet they have hardly closed their ears to American composers; nor have they failed to do American music some service in their time. It has been their custom, however, to search, sift and discriminate among American pieces; whereas to the true-blue patriot of the concert-hall, the birth-certificate is enough. Once upon a time, a young American composer, Griffes by name, sought hearing for an orchestral piece, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," suggested by Coleridge's fantastical vision. This and that conductor returned the manuscript. At length Mr. Monteux received it; played the tone-poem in Boston and New York—and American music was the richer for a rare and subtle talent, by envious Death cut off untimely. Last winter, Miss Nadia Boulanger, dispatched to the United States on French propaganda, would have audiences hear the Symphony for Orchestra and Organ of her American pupil, Aaron Copland. She carried it to Boston and forthwith Mr. Koussevitzky discovered and would foster the young composer's ability. The first occasion came when at the Symphony Concerts of last week he played Mr. Copland's new "Music for the Theater."

At the repetition of the five pieces on Saturday, no less intent was the audience; while hardly less warm and sustained was the applause. The conductor beamed upon the composer; both beamed upon the orchestra; while hands were clapping for all three. In every respect, moreover, a second hearing confirmed and deepened the impression of the first. Better-knit seemed the whole music; more compact, in particular, the Burlesque. Mr. Copland's ear and hand were more distinctive, imaginative and adroit with the instrumental voices—throughout with the piano; in the Prologue with the distant trumpet and the hushed oboe; in the Interlude with the English Horn and clarinet; in the Burlesque with the humorous brass; in the harmonies suffusing the Epilogue. The Prologue, as well as the Interlude, now affirmed Mr. Copland's ability to invent melody flowering into beauty; the Epilogue renewed its testimonies. As for the jazz in the dance and elsewhere, at least one fellow-composer, Mr. Henry Gilbert, heard in Mr. Copland's music his own ambition accomplished. Praise may hardly be more generous.

H. T. P.



## Copland is Indubitably of America

A Composer Out of Brooklyn Takes  
His Place Among Composers  
—Art as Distinct from  
Talent

Trans. Feb. 13, 1926.

**A**ARON COPLAND seems destined to surprise. A young American possessed of a vibrant impulsion toward music, he shows a momentum more matured and concentrated in every fresh work.

Some of the material in his new suite for chamber orchestra, *Music for the Theater*, is of a cast familiarized by him. The pastoral Interlude recalls the mood of the plaintive first part of the symphony. One associates the two crass movements, *Dance* and *Burlesque*, riotous with sidewalk parody, with the scherzo of the symphony and the *Dance of the Streetwalker* in the ballet. In none of the older compositions, not even the balanced, fluid *Passacaglia*, is the attack as direct and keen as in this piece of last summer, the material as tactfully, judiciously deployed, the form as roundly fixed. Music which had a perceptible tendency to wander into space has been shaped and returned to earth. The strongly accented, hiccupping trumpet-cry leading on the work establishes a pregnant atmosphere resolved only with the final measures of the Epilogue. An individually breathing, brilliant little music forms the trajectory, a terse unsentimental sound-poem of fateful pauses, abrupt accents, and solitary song for the woodwind, the stuff of a youthful American growing by its own law.

The artist's relation to life, letting a vital impulse, a living rhythm coming as from the soil pass through him, remains the sole medium of wonders. Four ultra-modern Europeans surrounded Copland on Koussevitsky's programme introducing *Music for the Theater*. Utter was the confusion of Europe. The Tansman sinfonietta proved salon-music, orchestrally less interesting than *La Danse de la Sorcière* given by

Mengelberg. Honegger's concerto for piano with orchestra is perfectly crapulous. Prokofiev's quintet appears the expression of a musician in whom something is at work; there is a keen ear for melodic quonesses, thematic chocolates with centers of acid; but inarticulacy loses all. Ravel's settings of three poems by Mallarmé, *Soupir*, *Placet*, *Futile*, *Surge de la Croupe et du Bond*, of the ideality of blue silk, are not new even to New York. Copland was the hero.

□ □ □ □ □

A few evenings after the Koussevitsky concert for the League of Composers, Walter Damrosch introduced another keenly anticipated work by another American of talent, the piano concerto of George Gershwin. Still, Copland's figure stood firm and sharp as the line of his own music. His work's position amid the new music of the fall is not debatable. A plume, solitary as the peacock feather in the hat of the emperor of Trebizond, adorns the bonnet of the League of Composers. It is the production given his works, and the encouragement his great talent.

Now Gershwin's talent, for its part, is unmistakable. Many of his ideas are startlingly genial. The piano and the band possess a spontaneous attractiveness for him. He is a natural musician. His concerto merely displays no unity of impulsion or conception, no abstract underlying element. The feeling for style is completely inevident. Gershwin serves a ragout of many flavors, multi-colored little pieces of not too fine a quality. The instinct of the showman is not readily suppressed. Opening choruses of musical comedies, closing choruses of musical comedies mix and mingle with Gershwin, Liszt and Chaminade, all very smartly treated. Jazz beats and shuffles. Blues add the Yiddish to the darky wall. Brassy sudden climaxes recall the dance-palace and the moments when the band suggests the swoon of love, pink girls just lying down and swooning amid their tulle. Then in the midst of familiar moments appear ideas of a bewitching shape, delicate and racy germs of music asking a worthier setting. The inexpert hand which assembled the themes is equally apparent in the presentation. Gershwin has a pathetically maladroit way of introducing his thematic material. He cannot, once he has stated his motif, refrain from repeating it instantaneously two tones higher. Many of his charming bits strike one as Petrarchian sonnets with faults of grammar in every line. He is merely not the artist.

Art is Copland's distinction. When he wrote his *Passacaglia*, his symphony and

ballet, this young Brooklyn man was still feeling through the Franckian forms of Europe. With *Music for the Theater*, he is seen in direct relation with the American soil, particularly with New York, treating his material in a free, fitting way. Perhaps all the music for his imaginary play is not equally important. The *Dance* and the *Burlesque*, intentionally jazzy, in all their diablerie and vigor, do not gratify very deeply. Time's quarrel with these movements will not, we are assured, be founded upon the essential quality of the material. Your American composer has to use the musical material amid which he grew. That is not folk-songs, generally, but second-rate expression, rag-time and Foster-songs. It is not to be denied that the intrinsic inferiority of the material renders his chances for freedom smaller than the European's. Utilize it none the less he must; but in a first-rate fashion. We do not anticipate the future will much concern itself with the circumstance that Stieglitz used gaslight paper, no more than with the fact that Brancusi often employed "detective" blocks of wood and stone. For the reason neither of them stooped to the making of jazz, either innocently or parodistically. Jazz is too exclusively the product of second-rate feelings. Fullness does not speak so disproportionately.

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Copland in this very suite has shown the first-rate method of using native material by the side of the inferior. His Interlude, with its two muted trumpets moving exquisitely in major sevenths, pathetic and naturally perfumed in its tone, is actually based upon a fox-trot rhythm radically slackened. The very individual trumpet motto of the Prologue, recalled in various moods throughout the work, sprouts from the jazz repertory, and behind that from our manner of speech. What weight the bright little suite possesses rests on the backs of the movements bare of the formal intention of jazz and jazzy in quite unconscious fashion—upon the Prologue with its Attic suggestion of fate, upon the Interlude with its shy, lonely feeling of life through and beyond the sidewalks to New York, real poetry of the city streets, and on the Epilogue with its patient resolution of the tragic conflict stated by the overture. Certainly these three movements would stand well-nigh meaningless without the *Dance* and the *Burlesque*, with their captivating crassness. *Music for the Theater* is as a whole, very clear, positive, and well balanced in structure. One merely suspects that in the three caryatid movements the composer has found the first, early state of his personal idiom, while in the two jazz episodes he is still moving toward an ironic, barbaric scherzo-style equally true to his clear balanced sensibility.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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SANROMÁ

## Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 4, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5, at 8.15 o'clock

Brahms . . . . . "Academic Festival" Overture, Op. 80

Brahms . . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1 in  
D minor, Op. 15

- I. Maestoso.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Rondo: Allegro non troppo.

Loeffler . . . . . Symphonic Poem, "Memories of my Childhood"  
(Life in a Russian Village)  
(First time in Boston)

Ravel . . . . . Orchestral Fragments from "Daphnis et Chloé,"  
Ballet in one act (Second Suite)  
Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

SOLOIST  
HAROLD BAUER

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





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Ballet in one act (Second Suite)  
Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

SOLOIST

HAROLD BAUER

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



## Quarter-Century of Fulfillment

Harold Bauer



Returning This Week to the Symphony Concerts to Mark the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of His  
First Appearance in America

He Then Played with the Boston Orchestra the Piano-Part in Brahms's Concerto in D Minor.  
On Friday and Saturday He Will Repeat It.

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without fear of contradiction, "I have been faithful to thee, Johannes! in my fashion." This fashion, we hasten to say, has always been musically admirable. Since 1900 he has played here at Symphony concerts, Brahms's second concerto twice. Yesterday's performance of the first was the fourth in all. It is true he has strayed at times from the Brahms fold. He has gamboled on the green with Liszt and d'Indy; he has served Tchaikovsky and befriended Emanuel Moor; he has been appropriately serious with Beethoven and Schumann; but Brahms, apparently, is his other self. He plays the music extremely well, but we remember noteworthy performance by him of Schumann's and Cesar Franck's music in recitals and chamber concerts; noteworthy performances of music by Handel, Bach, Debussy. Of late he prefers to summer and winter with Brahms. We are anxious to know how he chooses between the first and second concertos when he is to play in Boston. Does he toss a penny in the air or does he draw a piece of paper from a hat? As yesterday was his 25th anniversary it was meet and proper that he should have chosen the first. He and Mr. Koressewitzky joined in giving a brilliant performance of a concerto that is not inherently brilliant, and is often uninteresting. Mr. Bauer, received warmly, was applauded heartily. Flowers and a wreath were also his reward.

Knowing Mr. Loeffler, one did not fear acquaintance with his "Memories of my Childhood," because it was awarded a prize in 1924. Prize compositions, nine times out of ten, are to be avoided, but it is not Mr. Loeffler's habit to be pontifical and dull, and he could not change his nature even in a competition. Was it from a desire to thumb his nose at the judges, "all rang'd, a terrible show," that he introduced mouth harmonicas in his score? Writing this symphonic poem, Mr. Loeffler, as he says in the little preface to his work, recalled the peasant songs in the Russian village where he spent years of boyhood, the Litany prayer, airy tales and dance songs he heard, and at the end he paid tribute to the memory of an old teller of stories, who played strange tunes on a willow pipe, remembering all this, and youthful impressions are fresh in the later years. Mr. Loeffler has written charming music, varied in expression, grave and gay, music that makes a direct appeal and is yet not too obvious. While he is a master of harmonic schemes and enchanting orchestration, in "Memories of my Childhood," he is subtly simple, not sophisticated, but artistically simple, as a master alone can be. The music was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Loeffler was called to the platform.



Quarter-

Returning T

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## 7TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

*Herald* — *Dec. 5, 1925*  
Loeffler's "Memories of  
Childhood" Feature  
of Afternoon

### HAROLD BAUER HEARD AS PIANIST

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Brahms "Academic Festival" overture and Piano Concerto, No. 1 D minor; Loeffler, Symphonic Poem "Memories of My Childhood; Life in a Russian Village" (first time in Boston); Ravel, Second Suite from the ballet, "Daphnis and Chloé." Harold Bauer was the pianist.

For once Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture was not played in a smugly academic manner. Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was a stirring glorification of college songs. Some who speak as if they had enjoyed a close friendship with the late Johannes may say that Brahms never intended his overture to sound so gloriously. If Brahms had not this intention he should have had it. Ten to one if he had been in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon he would have rushed to the platform after the final chord and embraced Mr. Koussevitzky. For not only was the performance magnificently sonorous; but details which in previous performances had seemed padding, or as if Brahms were merely keeping step wondering when he should march forward and where, now had charm and significance. The performance richly deserved the enthusiastic applause that followed.

Mr. Bauer played for the first time in the United States on Dec. 1, 1900. On that occasion he played Brahms's first piano concerto with the Boston Symphony orchestra in Boston. It was the first performance of the concerto at these concerts. Then and there he declared his undying devotion to Johannes Brahms. This devotion has not flagged.

"I have been faithful to thee, Cy-nara! in my fashion." Mr. Bauer can lay his hand on his heart and say

without fear of contradiction, "I have been faithful to thee, Johannes! in my fashion." This fashion, we hasten to say, has always been musically admirable. Since 1900 he has played here at Symphony concerts, Brahms's second concerto twice. Yesterday's performance of the first was the fourth in all. It is true he has strayed at times from the Brahms fold. He has gamboled on the green with Liszt and d'Indy; he has served Tchaikovsky and befriended Emanuel Moor; he has been appropriately serious with Beethoven and Schumann; but Brahms, apparently, is his other self. He plays the music extremely well, but we remember noteworthy performance by him of Schumann's and Cesar Franck's music in recitals and chamber concerts; noteworthy performances of music by Handel, Bach, Debussy. Of late he prefers to summer and winter with Brahms. We are anxious to know how he chooses between the first and second concertos when he is to play in Boston. Does he toss a penny in the air or does he draw a piece of paper from a hat? As yesterday was his 25th anniversary it was meet and proper that he should have chosen the first. He and Mr. Koussevitzky joined in giving a brilliant performance of a concerto that is not inherently brilliant, and is often uninteresting. Mr. Bauer, received warmly, was applauded heartily. Flowers and a wreath were also his reward.

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The concert ended with a gorgeous performance of Ravee's suite, beautiful in the first sections, wildly exciting in the third.

All in all, a remarkable concert, which rebounded to the glory of conductor, orchestra and pianist.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise a Sonata in G major by J. E. Galliard (not Dalliard as the announcement in the program book has it) transcribed freely for a small orchestra by Steinberg. Bloch's Suite for viola and orchestra (Mr. Lefranc, viola) and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony.

## BAUER SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

*Rec'd. — Dec. 5, 1925*  
Plays Concerto He Played  
at Debut in 1900

Harold Bauer, as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, played the piano part in Brahms' D minor concerto. A quarter century ago, almost to a day, Bauer made his American debut at these concerts, in the same Brahms concerto. The precise date was Dec 1, 1900. Curiously enough, another pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitch, celebrated within a few weeks the 25th anniversary of his American debut by playing with the Philadelphia Orchestra the same concerto he had played at his debut in 1900. Mr. Bauer's admirable performance of this exacting music was very warmly applauded. He was given a laurel wreath and a large bunch of chrysanthemums, handed him by an usher as though he were a prima donna.

The only novelty on the program was Charles Martin Loeffler's symphonic poem "Memories of My Childhood." Mr. Loeffler, when he came on the stage after the performance, received an ovation from orchestra and audience.

It is curious that Mr. Koussevitzky should have neglected this delightful work last season. Never before has music by Mr. Loeffler failed to come promptly to performance in this city, in whose suburbs he lives, and by this orchestra, of which he was long a leading member. Yet "Memories of My Childhood" was given last season in Chicago and Cleveland, and has already been played in New York this year. Meanwhile how many futile Parisian and Slavic novelties by composers of not a tithe of Mr. Loeffler's ability and distinction have we had at these concerts?

Mr. Loeffler's memories in this music are of a sojourn in Russia, where he spent three years of his boyhood. The themes savor of Russian folk music. The treatment of them is simpler, more full blooded, more immediately ingrati-

ating than some of the composer's earlier work would lead one to expect.

This music may not prove in the long run to be Mr. Loeffler's masterpiece, but few living composers of any Nation have written more tastefully and more agreeably than he has here done.

The instrumentation includes parts for four mouth harmonicas, which aid in conveying the rustic atmosphere needed in the dance section of what is really rather a suite than a tone poem.

Mr. Koussevitzky began the program with Brahms' "Academic Festival" overture. He treated this piece, which, as the composer remarked, is nothing but a potpourri of student songs, as a bit of hilarious youthful exuberance. The orchestra blared away with the gusto and the lack of tonal balance of the average student band. Mr. Koussevitzky's splendid gift of rhythm made the performance highly effective. But Dr. Muck made this music clearcut, refined in outline, and yet no less brilliant, as one listener recalled.

Mr. Loeffler's piece was also played with more emotion than restraint, vividly enough, but without delicacy of touch. The accompaniment to the concerto sounded turgid at times, but here the fault was probably partly Brahms'.

Mr. Bauer, who was the first to play this work in Boston, has given it at these concerts in 1914 and 1920. The symphonic proportions of the music, which is not a mere excuse for a display of fireworks by the pianist but a grave and finely wrought work have no doubt repelled other soloists. The piano part is difficult, but not with the obvious sort of difficulty that makes the player's triumph visible to those who listen chiefly with their eyes. It commends his musicianship that Mr. Bauer should have been so faithful to this concerto. He has long been admired here by those who like their pianists to be musicians as well as virtuosi.

The other number, the second suite from Ravel's music for the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe," brilliantly played, made a deep impression. Ravel after all is not always a miniature painter in tones. Here he is more than a mere technician and ironist. He has something to say, and says it superbly. P. R.

## LEFRANC TO PLAY VIOLA AT SYMPHONY LECTURE MONDAY

Jean Lefranc, new first viola player of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has consented to play at the lecture next Monday in the university extension course on the Symphony programs the suite by Ernest Bloch, which is the chief item of interest on the next Symphony programs. Arthur Fiedler will play piano accompaniment.

This lecture, to be given Monday at 5 in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, will be open to the public free of charge. Seats will be reserved for those regularly enrolled in the course. The rest of the program to be discussed includes Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," and a transcription by Steinberg of a sonata by Dalliard. The lecturer is to be R. G. Appel.

# PERSONAL HOUR WITH SYMPHONY

*West — Dec. 5, 1925*  
Bauer and Loeffler as  
Soloist and Com-  
poser

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

One of the most interesting and most enjoyable Symphony Concerts of the present season, that of yesterday was also an afternoon of personalities.

First, Harold Bauer as soloist played the D minor Concerto of Brahms and, since the performance marked the 25th anniversary of his first appearance in America when he played the same piece with the same orchestra, there were floral tributes in addition to the expected applause. And the initial Boston performance of Loeffler's "Memories of My Childhood," brought the composer, likewise warmly applauded, to the stage.

## MADE DEEPLY ENGROSSING

However tedious and long-winded this Concerto of Brahms may seem in a less eloquent, less inspired performance, there was yesterday no thought of the music's limitations. On the contrary, with such vitality, sympathy, discernment and musicianship was the piece then played—and the achievement was one in which pianist, conductor and orchestra seemed equally to share—that

for once it was continuously and deeply engrossing. Rarely in Symphony Hall has any concerted piece been brought to so consummately beautiful, so impeccably finished a performance.

With reason did Mr. Bauer and Mr. Koussevitzky publicly extend to each other their felicitations, the while the audience fervently applauded both.

## Loeffler's Prize Poem

With wisdom has the management of the orchestra of late eliminated the superfluous or inconsequential "assisting artist" who with too great frequency once clogged and cluttered our symphony concerts. But when a Bauer comes to take part in a performance such as that of yesterday the orchestra is neither incommoded nor undeservedly relegated to second place: it is enriched.

Written in the recollection of early years spent in a village of Russia, Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem was first heard at a North Shore festival in Evanston, Illinois, in the spring of 1924, when it received the prize of a thousand dollars annually awarded by the Chicago North Shore Festival Association. Looking back over more than five decades Mr. Loeffler has remembered the incidents of a few years' sojourn in Russia. He recalls the chiming bells, the music of the Russian Liturgy, the playing of village musicians; he is moved afresh by the death of an aged peasant who was story-teller and friend.

## Agreeable and Significant

At the outset this music seemed no more than agreeably and ingeniously pictorial, deftly made and effectively scored. But ere long there enters a deeper, graver, more personal note, and in eloquence and in exaltation the music ends. Once again Mr. Loeffler has written not only adroitly but also significantly.

To begin this memorable concert came Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture," in a performance not merely gone-through-with in cheerful, sentimental and lusty fashion, but one that set the music in a new light, one upon which Mr. Koussevitzky had expended his usual pains and to which he brought his customary fervor and imagination. And as notable in kind was the concluding performance of the afternoon, that of the Second Suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe." Ravel has here stretched a larger canvas than is his wont; he has written with sweep and stride. Yesterday his music had more than usual breadth of utterance, warmth of phrase and glow of tone, and the final dance was played with a surpassing brilliance.



# LOEFFLER HAILED, BAUER REWARDED, BRAHMS SALUTED

Trans. — Dec. 5, 1925.  
MEN, MUSIC AND A SYMPHONY  
CONCERT

Delights and Discoveries—The Hungry  
Fed, Anniversary Noted, Subscriptions  
Counted—A Concerto for Pleasure and  
Patience—Ravel When He Beats Highest  
—Tone-Poem of Memories Into Beauty  
Decanted

IN A WEEK of Sundays there has been no more amusing Symphony Concert. No sooner had one and all taken their places than they drew from the program-books a blue slip. Anxiously they scanned it: "Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Kous . . ."; but a lowering day had brought no such mischance. Not even a change in the program—far lesser mishap—did the ominous slip record. Rather, it bore a cheerful message: "For the convenience of those who wait in line on Friday afternoons light refreshments will be served in the first balcony foyer." For weeks past they have intimated that while they listened to immortal music gladly; yet also did they listen mortally hungry. By ten o'clock some of them assemble; not until four-twenty do most of them depart. Stomachs as well as souls cried for sustenance, and a considerate management has now made it twofold. It is simple and by no means costly; the bar (so-called) of The Pops provides it; at the tables roundabout it may be eaten. Subscribers also seemed nothing loth to bite, sup and chat so stipulated; but no one as yet walks about with his sandwich more Teutonic, much less extracts it from a paper bag. It is Symphony Hall; it is Friday afternoon; there are proprieties.

The trustees, as it were, also entertained. Upon the middle pages of the program they announced that \$69,531 had been subscribed, thus far, to meet the deficit for the current season; that the several Endowment Funds now stood at \$230,000. Better still, they filled six columns with a list of those guarantors. Since the Concerto of Johannes Brahms for Piano-forte and Orchestra, Number One in D-minor, Opus Fifteen, is not without lengths,

some perused these names diligently. By count the number of subscribers was well above three hundred. So widespread and so warm is interest in the Symphony Concerts under the present conductor. The thought bred content; the creative Johannes might continue his works of expiation.

Besides, the afternoon overflowed with "personalities." There was Mr. Koussevitzky the usual but also the inexhaustible. There also was Mr. Loeffler, composer of the symphonic poem, "Memories of My Childhood," which was novel piece upon a familiar program. No sooner had the music ceased than the clapping began. Mr. Koussevitzky ran a discovering eye over the left-hand balcony; vanished, reappeared, thrust the smiling Loeffler before him; patted him encouragingly, added his own plaudits, while audience and orchestra swelled theirs. The familiar ceremonies to the last detail; the familiar pleasure on stage and floor, in balcony and gallery, once more renewed. . . . Mr. Bauer also had his inning. Twenty-five years ago almost to a day he played the solo-part in this Concerto of Brahms with the Symphony Orchestra—as pianist newly come to America. Yesterday, as pianist long established and for the eleventh time returning to Symphony Hall, he repeated it. Before he began, after he ended, long and loud were the plaudits. A wreath was handed up to him, and a bunch of chrysanthemums. By the signs of the afternoon not less than two thousand persons rejoice to hear him play. Yet when his "anniversary recital" befalls in January, he will be fortunate if half that number sit before him. One gathers laurels—and also chrysanthemums—while one may.

As though all this was not enough, the "Academic Festival Overture" of the self-same Johannes was vehemently discovered. True, he wrote it in 1880; true also, it has been repertory piece these forty years; true, finally, Dr. Muck wore it threadbare by overmany performances; while Mr. Montoux by no means overlooked it. Yesterday, however, the assembled company chose to regard the Overture as some strange new thing. There was no stilling the applause; twice and thrice Mr. Koussevitzky returned to acknowledge it; even the orchestra must rise to receive the reward of prowess—with a straightforward music. The reason was not far to seek. It pleased Mr. Koussevitzky to transform this homely potpourri of German student-songs (as Brahms himself called it) into a portentous show-piece. That honest old tune

Wir hatten gebaut  
Ein statliches Haus

near burst with sonorous magnificence and stately tread. The "Foxsong" of the French

men gained a mountainous gayety; in and out of "Gaudemus Igitur" pealed the climax. Mr. Koussevitzky would have none of Brahms's heartiness and jollity. No beard should he wag as he drank his stein, exuding gemütlichkeit the while. "Immensely effective" became this simple old overture as the conductor transformed it into nothing less than a pageant-music sounding before a Rector Magnificus and a full-robed Academic Senate. Sometimes a sense of humor seems not the liveliest of Slavic virtues.

Neither conductor nor pianist laid a transforming hand upon the ensuing Concerto. There it was four-square, long-breathed and, in the first movement, also thickish. No one may reasonably demur to the slow division when Mr. Bauer plays it. His unfolding of the pattern is crystal clear. The limpid beauty of his tone eddies into euphonies with the orchestra. A grave sentiment, a gently elegiac mood, clothe the music Brahms is musing, not pondering; the workmanship seldom wizens into dryness. If these be measures of grief—for the dead Schumann—they are chiselled and chastened. Not once does Mr. Bauer stretch the reticence or trouble the mood. Into the Finale, he also carries this poise and measure. Again he is crystal-clear over many an intricacy; again tone, pace and rhythm miss not an impress of the composer; while a rapt and studious Brahms receives the light, heat and motion of the stirred pianist. Yet with the first movement there is no abating the Brahmsian preoccupations. No doubt it is a weighty and abstruse music; quite certainly it is born in endless reflection and ripened under an exhaustive workmanship. As likely as not, it repays a like contemplation. Yet in the concert-hall it comes and goes on the instant—while Bauer or no Bauer, the impression persists of mental process upon itself dryly feeding. Bite into it, say the unflinching Brahmsites. Even so, there is no compensating flavor upon the palate.

The more, then, the pleasure of the unregenerate in the second part of the concert. Ravel and Loeffler shared it—the Parisian with those "fragments" from the ballet of "Daphnis and Chloe" that yet rise in coordinated, contrasted and cumulated whole; the Bostonian with the tone-poem of childhood memories that his own city has waited a year to hear. Once more this Second Suite seemed Ravel's topmost achievement in theater or concert-hall. Indeed the stage of the imagination better mounts it than did the stage of Monsieur Fokine. The tremulous stir of the dawn ripples the earlier pages; a hundred ingenious details (as they seem) deepen and diversify a single impression. The waxing light discovers Chloe upon the scene in the glow of the risen day glows also the passion of Daphnis. An elate and full

throated music is stilled and stripped into the miming of the loves of Pan and Syrinx.

With a few hushed voices, by a single flute, Ravel may gain an illusion not less penetrating. A hint of stage or program and page upon page stir with suggestion. Heard "absolutely" the felicity and the certainty of every note give pleasure. The shepherd-folk throng the glade and the orchestra; the "joyous tumult" begins—and with it Ravel's whirl of rhythm and flare of color. Write music of mere sound and energy and it will achieve such a close. Write it as goes Ravel, with every chord, interval, modulation, timbre contributing to a single end, and from energy measured upheaps frenzy unchained. The mastery is as complete as the sensation.

Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem no less exemplified this mingling of designing mind and imagining spirit. As flawless are the means, concentrated the impression. His ear still treasures the sounds that it heard, fifty years and more ago; in a Russian village; the dreams that bells and litanies, folk-song and folk-dance awakened, yet open before him. Freely he would suffuse them with music, simply withal. The distant bells sound upon the air; the child forgets them for the nearer voice of plaintive folk-melody. He listens again, and in the church priests and congregation are chanting. There are merry-makings as well when the peasant songs were gayer and the villagers snapped through dances; a day that is elation to remember and a day when the old story-teller, whom the lad loved, lay dead and was buried. The remembrance darkens—the snow, the steppe, the monotony, the weariness, the pulse of life that strains and drags through the song of the Volga bargemen. The remembrance clears and brightens; in sunset light the music dissolves and fades.

Mr. Loeffler writes briefly, linking impulse to impulse as they stirred within him, yet giving each free play. At every turn isolates and intensifies—as the child might listen grave-eyed to the litanies; as bright-eyed he would follow the dance; while for the separate his world contained naught but chanting voices or flicking feet. The joy of one day, the grief of another possess the music, childlike. Down the vista of the years the gathering shadows scatter into the sunset glow. A musician in rich and ripe maturity finds the means to recall these sounds, and sensations treasured; in other ears and spirits to awake semblance and response. Mr. Loeffler transmutes subtleties into simplicities; he sifts and chooses until each measure is as the image or the mood caught and conveyed; he takes thought and it brightens or deepens candors of recollection and affection. From length of days finely touched he lures the beauty of memory; into music transuses and distills it.

H. T. P.



## Boston Symphony Concert

THE program of the seventh concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Brahms—Academic Festival Overture  
Brahms—Concerto for Piano No. 1 in D minor  
Loeffler—Symphonic Poem, "Memories of My Childhood"  
Ravel—Orchestral Fragments from "Daphnis et Chloë" (Second Suite)

Up to the present Mr. Koussevitzky's readings of the music of Brahms have been uniformly pleasing. To be sure they have not perhaps entirely conformed to the notions of many accustomed to the music of that master as played by German conductors, notably Dr. Muck, who no doubt was in possession of the correct "tradition." But if Mr. Koussevitzky shattered many a preconceived theory as to how this music should be played he often succeeded in relieving the somewhat tiresome austerity of many of its pages and infused it with a romantic life and vigor far from distasteful.

Strange, then, that he should have labored under such a misapprehension as seemed to govern him yesterday afternoon in his playing of the "Academic Festival" Overture. According to the testimony of the program book Brahms spoke of this overture as a "very jolly potpourri on students' songs à la Suppé." Why then this gloomy, grandiose, almost stragic (at least portentous) mood of yesterday afternoon? Is it possible that Mr. Koussevitzky has no sense of humor? It was all very thrilling and exciting, but was it really in the mood of this merry piece?

### Harold Bauer's Anniversary

On Dec. 1, 1900, Harold Bauer made his first appearance in the United States at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, playing Brahms' first Concerto in D minor. Yesterday afternoon, 25 years later, almost to a day, he again played the same work with the same orchestra. With Mr. Bauer at the piano, leading and governing, there was a return to the style of playing Brahms which was current previous

to the advent of Mr. Koussevitzky. Not that Mr. Bauer's conception of this music is dry and academic. Not that it is old-fashioned; but it must be confessed that it lacks the Koussevitzkian ardors and is perhaps none the better for it. But if somewhat cold by comparison, it is none the less sane, logical and well-balanced!

Mr. Bauer belongs to a school of pianists which is, alas! all too rare. If he does not always glitter and scintillate, he is always poetic, imaginative, a pianist for reflective moods and music, delighting in delicate half tints, in implications rather than forthright statements. And so was his playing of this concerto a thing long to be remembered with pleasure, to be lovingly coned, an interpretation not altogether to be grasped in its full significance at the actual hearing. And what great artistry can be demanded? Truly in these days of effect at any price, such playing, such a noble conception of the art of music is doubly welcome.

Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, in which he recalls years of childhood, brought him a prize offered by the North Shore Festival Association. But it must have brought him a much greater satisfaction in the thought that he had succeeded in producing a work of exceeding beauty wrought with a complete command of the resources of his art. Here the means which he employs are admirably suited to the end. Here virtuosity in the command of the orchestra is happily united with musical ideas which are interesting and original. Here all tends to the adequate and apt expression of an underlying thought which stirs the imagination and which arouses enthusiasm for the sterling artist who conceived it.

All Mr. Loeffler's music is intensely personal and no piece of his more so than this symphonic poem played yesterday. The flow of his melodic outline, the clarity of his orchestration have never been more in evidence. For this reason it almost seemed that a more sympathetic

playing of his music might have been desired. With music of the past, music with which the individuality of the composer has become more or less disassociated, Mr. Koussevitzky's methods are more in harmony. With this music of Mr. Loeffler's (perhaps rightly, perhaps wrongly) we felt that his individuality seemed to clash.

### Much Brilliant Playing

The playing of the orchestra was not of uniform excellence throughout the afternoon. The brass was occasionally so strident as to drown out the strings and there were now and again moments of untunefulness in the winds. Nor can it be said that the attacks were always noteworthy for their precision, particu-

larly in the concerto. Mr. Koussevitzky is a virtuoso of the baton and naturally does not always accommodate himself readily to another virtuoso on the platform.

But the playing of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloë," showed the orchestra at its best. Mr. Koussevitzky seized upon the mood of this music and deftly transferred it to orchestra and audience. There was much brilliant playing on the part of individual members of the orchestra, there were many startlingly beautiful effects obtained by the whole orchestra. Both Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Bauer were given ovations by an audience which was enthusiastic throughout the concert.

S. M.

Mr. HAROLD BAUER was born at London, April 28, 1873. (His father was German by birth, his mother English.) He began his career as a violinist, a pupil of Pollitzer, who formed him in many ways. He played in public when he was nine years old, and for several years he gave concerts with his sisters, Ethel, a pianist, and Winifred, a violinist. The *Musical Times* reviewed a concert given April 17, 1888, and spoke of him as an "efficient pianist; but his ability chiefly displays itself on the violin." In 1892 he decided to be a pianist, and as such he is almost wholly self-taught; for the lessons from Paderewski were few, and Mr. Bauer does not call himself Paderewski's pupil. In 1893 Mr. Bauer made his début as a pianist in Paris, which for a long time he called his home. He journeyed through Russia with the singer Nikita. He gave recitals in Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, Sweden, Brazil, and other countries of South America, and in Australia; chamber concerts in Europe and America, and he played with many orchestras.





## Boston Symphony Concert

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Brahms—Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1 in D minor  
Loeffler—Symphonic Poem, "Memories of My Childhood"  
Ravel—Orchestral Fragments from "Daphnis et Chloë" (Second Suite)

Up to the present Mr. Koussevitzky's readings of the music of Brahms have been uniformly pleasing. To be sure they have not perhaps entirely conformed to the notions of many accustomed to the music of that master as played by German conductors, notably Dr. Muck, who no doubt was in possession of the correct "tradition." But if Mr. Koussevitzky shattered many a preconceived theory as to how this music should be played he often succeeded in relieving the somewhat tiresome austerity of many of its pages and infused it with a romantic life and vigor far from distasteful.

Strange, then, that he should have labored under such a misapprehension as seemed to govern him yesterday afternoon in his playing of the "Academic Festival" Overture. According to the testimony of the program book Brahms spoke of this overture as a "very jolly potpourri on students' songs à la Suppé." Why then this gloomy, grandiose, almost stragic (at least portentous) mood of yesterday afternoon? Is it possible that Mr. Koussevitzky has no sense of humor? It was all very thrilling and exciting, but was it really in the mood of this merry piece?

### Harold Bauer's Anniversary

On Dec. 1, 1900, Harold Bauer made his first appearance in the United States at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, playing Brahms' first Concerto in D minor. Yesterday afternoon, 25 years later, almost to a day, he again played the same work with the same orchestra. With Mr. Bauer at the piano, leading and governing, there was a return to the style of playing Brahms which was current previous

to the advent of Mr. Koussevitzky. Not that Mr. Bauer's conception of this music is dry and academic. Not that it is old-fashioned; but it must be confessed that it lacks the Koussevitzkian ardors and is perhaps none the better for it. But if somewhat cold by comparison, it is none the less sane, logical and well-balanced!

Mr. Bauer belongs to a school of pianists which is, alas! all too rare. If he does not always glitter and scintillate, he is always poetic, imaginative, a pianist for reflective moods and music, delighting in delicate half tints, in implications rather than forthright statements. And so was his playing of this concerto a thing long to be remembered with pleasure, to be lovingly conned, an interpretation not altogether to be grasped in its full significance at the actual hearing. And what great artistry can be demanded? Truly in these days of effect at any price, such playing, such a noble conception of the art of music is doubly welcome.

Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, in which he recalls years of childhood, brought him a prize offered by the North Shore Festival Association. But it must have brought him a much greater satisfaction in the thought that he had succeeded in producing a work of exceeding beauty wrought with a complete command of the resources of his art. Here the means which he employs are admirably suited to the end. Here virtuosity in the command of the orchestra is happily united with musical ideas which are interesting and original. Here all tends to the adequate and apt expression of an underlying thought which stirs the imagination and which arouses enthusiasm for the sterling artist who conceived it.

All Mr. Loeffler's music is intensely personal and no piece of his more so than this symphonic poem played yesterday. The flow of his melodic outline, the clarity of his orchestration have never been more in evidence. For this reason it almost seemed that a more sympathetic

playing of his music might have been desired. With music of the past, music with which the individuality of the composer has become more or less disassociated, Mr. Koussevitzky's methods are more in harmony. With this music of Mr. Loeffler's (perhaps rightly, perhaps wrongly) we felt that his individuality seemed to clash.

### Much Brilliant Playing

The playing of the orchestra was not of uniform excellence throughout the afternoon. The brass was occasionally so strident as to drown out the strings and there were now and again moments of untunefulness in the winds. Nor can it be said that the attacks were always noteworthy for their precision, particu-

larly in the concerto. Mr. Koussevitzky is a virtuoso of the baton and naturally does not always accommodate himself readily to another virtuoso on the platform.

But the playing of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloë," showed the orchestra at its best. Mr. Koussevitzky seized upon the mood of this music and deftly transferred it to orchestra and audience. There was much brilliant playing on the part of individual members of the orchestra, there were many startlingly beautiful effects obtained by the whole orchestra. Both Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Bauer were given ovations by an audience which was enthusiastic throughout the concert.

S. M.

Mr. HAROLD BAUER was born at London, April 28, 1873. (His father was German by birth, his mother English.) He began his career as a violinist, a pupil of Pollitzer, who formed him in many ways. He played in public when he was nine years old, and for several years he gave concerts with his sisters, Ethel, a pianist, and Winifred, a violinist. The *Musical Times* reviewed a concert given April 17, 1888, and spoke of him as an "efficient pianist; but his ability chiefly displays itself on the violin." In 1892 he decided to be a pianist, and as such he is almost wholly self-taught; for the lessons from Paderewski were few, and Mr. Bauer does not call himself Paderewski's pupil. In 1893 Mr. Bauer made his début as a pianist in Paris, which for a long time he called his home. He journeyed through Russia with the singer Nikita. He gave recitals in Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, Sweden, Brazil, and other countries of South America, and in Australia; chamber concerts in Europe and America, and he played with many orchestras.





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JEAN  
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## MEMORANDA OF MUSIC

Jan. 30, 1925  
Bettered Bostonians

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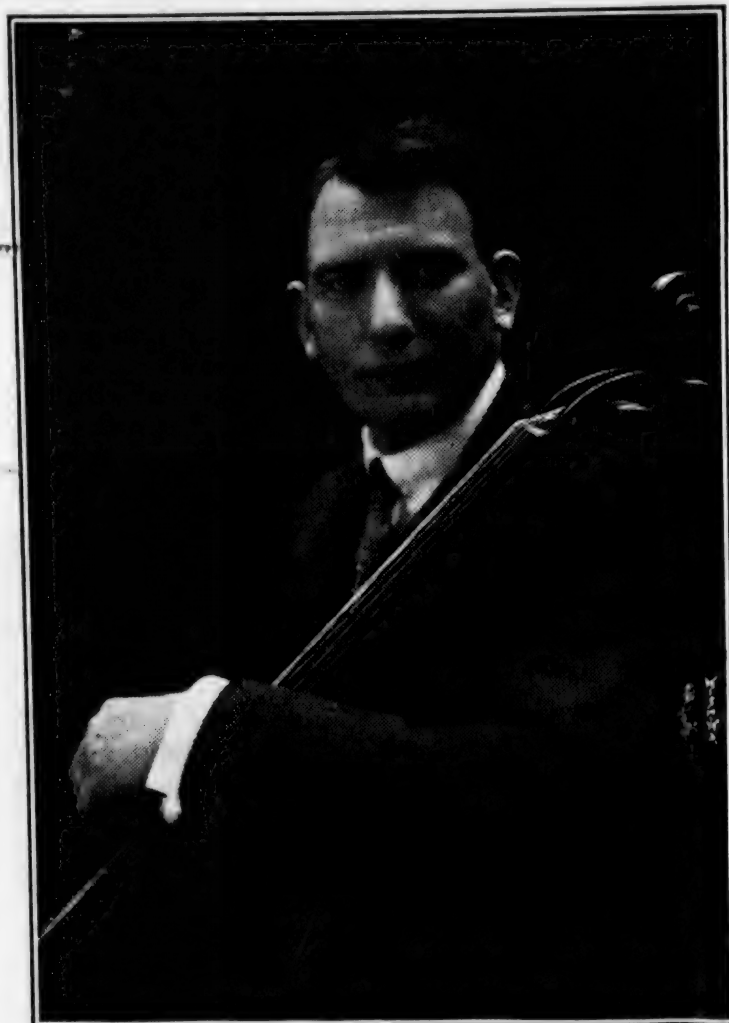




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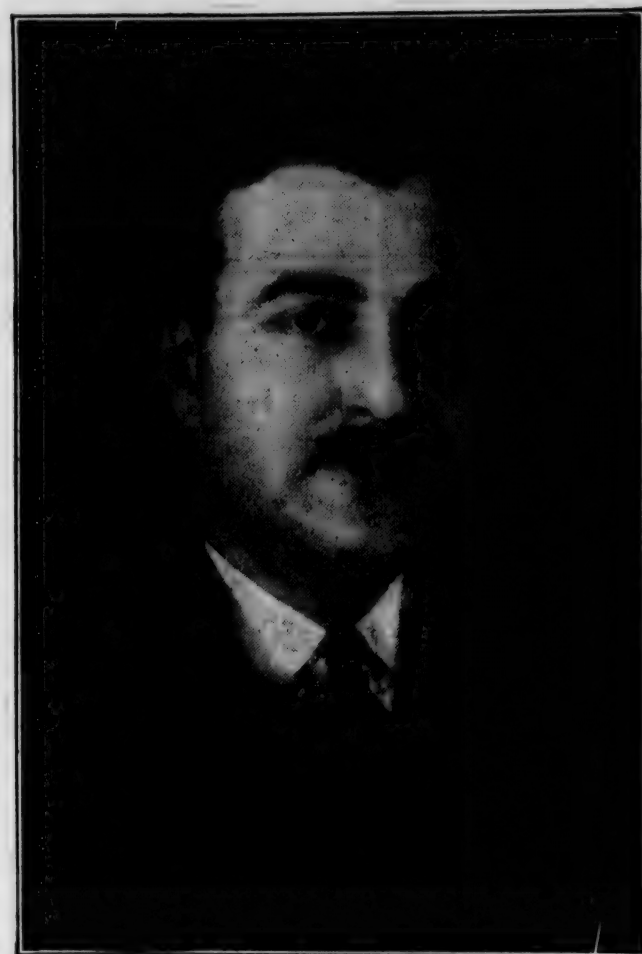
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## FOX - BURGIN - BEDETTI TRIO







ARTHUR  
FIEDLER

113

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 11, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12, at 8.15 o'clock

Galliard . . . Sonata in G major (Freely Transcribed for Small  
Orchestra, by Maximilian Steinberg)  
(First Performance)

Bloch . . . Suite for Viola and Orchestra  
Viola Solo — JEAN LEFRANC

- I. Lento — Allegro — Moderato.
- II. Allegro — ironico.
- III. Lento — molto vivo.

(First Performance with Orchestra in Boston)

Mendelssohn . . . Symphony in A major, "Italian," Op. 90

- I. Allegro vivace.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Con moto moderato.
- IV. Saltarello: Presto.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
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ARTHUR  
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# SYMPHONY GIVES EIGHTH CONCERT

Herald — Dec. 12, 1925

Transcription of Galliard  
Suite Presented for  
First Time

## FIRST VIOLA FINE IN BLOCH SUITE

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Galliard, Sonata, G major, freely transcribed for small orchestra—flute, oboe, bassoon and strings by Maximilian Steinberg; Bloch, suite for viola and orchestra (Jean Lefranc, viola); Mendelssohn, "Italian" symphony. Steinberg made this transcription in 1925 for Mr. Koussevitzky. Yesterday's performance was the first. Steinberg took one of Galliard's six sonatas for the bassoon (or violoncello) with a thorough bass for the harpsichord. This Galliard, born of French parentage in Germany, was a fine fellow in the 18th century, highly esteemed in London, where he was busy until he died early in 1749. He was a famous oboe player, and Handel valued him in this capacity. Galliard wrote a great deal of music for the theatre, but he is known today chiefly by his annotated translation of Tosi's golden book, "Observations on the Florid Song."

It is not easy to say how much Steinberg added to Galliard's four movements, how he tinkered them, for these six sonatas are not in the Boston Public Library, and we doubt if they are in any private library in Boston. It is not likely that Steinberg changed the inherent character of the original music. In whatever way he worked, the result is a fresh and delightful Suite, gay in the lively selections, gay without trivialities and in the slow movements of a captivating serenity peculiar to the 18th century. Nor is Galliard's music merely a faint echo of the superb Handel's; Galliard had a mind and an expression of his own. In the joyous movements we find the composer whose hunting song, "The Royal

Chace," was long famous. When he wrote it—if he did write—"ténérante" over the third movement it was not an idle indication of the music's character or of the manner in which it should be played. Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked heartily for bringing the Suite to a hearing, and leading so sympathetic a performance.

Mr. Lefranc, the first viola of the orchestra, proved himself to be not only a master of his instrument technically, but an intelligent and romantic interpreter. He understood Bloch's purposes; he shared for the time the moods that controlled and inspired the composer; he was one with him in the expression of them. (He had already played the Suite with piano, also with orchestra, in Paris.)

He also displayed artistic courage in choosing this work for his first appearance here as a soloist. The Suite is not for the general public; it is for a select audience, made up chiefly of musicians, and even then there would be differences of opinion. The Suite was performed in Boston at a Flonzaley Quartet concert five years ago by Messrs. Bailly and Bauer. It then excited hot discussion, if not angry words, nose-pulling and bloodshed.

Paul Rosenfeld wrote a rhapsodic description of this Suite, so remarkable, so Asiatic in style, that the editor of the Program Book reprinted it. He found that the pungent, wild, subtle music evoked the desert and the tropical swamp, the lushness of nocturnal forests, the spice and heat of the Straits. Mr. Rosenfeld heard not only "The white-robed prophet speaking; he listened attentively to the 'hairy ape.'" There is "corkscrew shrilling of fifes" at the beginning; tones of "blindly groping, bleeding life." There is "an insect swarm in May," there are "steel bobbins and shuttles," nor did Mr. Rosenfeld fail to surprise "a tribe of little brown men at a phallic feast." In fact, the Lord only knows what Mr. Rosenfeld did not see and hear in the Suite.

They that are acquainted personally with Mr. Bloch, a composer of indisputable talent, are perhaps better able to understand his music and appreciate it at its full value. This Suite is a personal expression; it is a musical photograph of the man himself; or let us say that it is a musically psychological document. It reflects Ernest Bloch's mind and soul as certain works reveal the self-torturing Tchaikovsky, with his fits of depression, suffering from the obsession of inevitable death, at times shrieking his despair.

Bloch has known poverty, suffering, lack of recognition. And in him the Hebraic spirit that blazes and mocks and rages and inspires to lofty poetic strains in the books of the old prophets in his heritage and his inspiration.



There are noble measures, there are scornful pages; there is wildness and there is peace in this strange rhapsodic Suite. Whatever one may think of it, may say, it is not music to be carelessly dismissed with an "I don't like it," much less is it to be ignored, for it is the music of a man who feels deeply, has worked out his own idiom, has invented his singular but often effective, impressive orchestration. The performance led by Mr. Koussevitzky was a triumph of virtuosos.

The smug and happy Mendelssohn, also a Jew, fortunate in his birth and in his early surroundings, was not inspired by thought of his people in the desert and later in the ghetto, cruelly abused and persecuted by those calling themselves followers of Christ. He wrote his music as he looks in his picture, smiling and with a stick-pin in his ruffled shirt. Nevertheless, the "Italian" Symphony, a cheerful, sunny work, without depth of feeling, is pleasing to the ear, and provokes in the hearer the "gentleman-like joy" that Athenaeus notes as the mission of music. The interpretation was beautiful in every way, technically and aesthetically.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week consists of Bach's Suite in D major (the one with the famous "Air") and Richard Strauss's "Alpine" symphony, which will be heard here for the first time.

## SUITE FOR VIOLA AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

*Globe* — Dec. 12, 1925  
Jean Lefranc Heard in  
Bloch's Music

Two novelties and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony filled yesterday's Symphony program. Ernest Bloch's suite for viola and orchestra served to enable Jean Lefranc, new first viola player, to display his abilities. A "free transcription" for small orchestra of a sonata by Galliard, made for Mr. Koussevitzky by Maximilian Steinberg, was played for the first time anywhere. Audience and reviewer enjoyed Mendelssohn's thoroughly Victorian symphony more than the clumsily refurbished 18th century piece, or than the Bloch suite.

Mr. Lefranc is an excellent viola player, fitted for the distinguished position he now fills in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Bloch's suite when heard here

in March, 1920, at a Flonzaley Quartet concert, in the original version for viola and piano, left no vivid impression. Like all his music it is too personal in utterance to be truly great. Every measure in harmony, in turn of melody, and incidental polyphony is stamped with the individuality of Ernest Bloch.

Now, individuality degenerates into eccentricity quite as easily as it transmutes itself into genius. On this the history of the romantic movement in the 19th century in all the arts is evidence. Paul Rosenfeld, whose remarkable commentary on this music was reprinted in the program books, is a striking specimen of eccentric romanticism.

Bloch's music is no such tissue of absurdities as Mr. Rosenfeld perhaps unintentionally makes it out. One could not find in the suite the "pungence, wildness, a subtlety which evokes the desert and the tropical swamp, the lushness and terrible of the forests of the night, the spice and heat of the straits." Nor did "The white robed prophet and the hairy ape both speak" to one listener, as they did to Mr. Rosenfeld.

But Bloch sometimes gets as far from musical common sense, clarity, order and beauty as his expounder goes in the rhapsody of which a brief specimen is produced for the reader's edification in the preceding paragraph.

He writes music as he feels, trusting his instincts wholly, and other men's experience not at all. Beethoven and Wagner, not to mention Bach and Mozart, never of set purpose ignored the past experience of musicians. They were supremely individual in their music, not because they wanted to be, strove to be, but simply because they could not help it.

John Ernest Galliard, an obscure figure in the history of music, but in his day one of the leading musicians in London, where Handel then reigned, wrote among other things six "sonatas for the bassoon or violoncello." Maximilian Steinberg, to whose zeal for arranging old music Mr. Koussevitzky has been on numerous occasions indebted, has laid heavy but loving hands on one of these sonatas. The original probably resembles but slightly his "free transcription for small orchestra," heard yesterday for the first time anywhere. There are four brief movements, simple, stiff jointed, but not devoid of grace and tenderness. This is music heard without difficulty and without difficulty forgotten.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony seemed yesterday an even greater masterpiece than it is by contrast with the rest of the program. Sneerers long since pointed out its defects, its thinness of instrumentation, its tiresomely regular phraseology, its occasional diffuseness of structure. Yet Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were not wrong to dote on Mendelssohn. His somewhat anaemic, somewhat saccharine grace is perfectly genuine, never eccentric, and no more naive and colorless than most Victorian art. This music has now acquired the fascination of the antique, and will be heard at intervals gladly. P. R.

# SYMPHONY IN VARIETY OF BEAUTY

*Post* — Dec. 12, 1925

Lefranc, First Viola  
Player in Band,  
the Soloist

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The three pieces that made the programme of yesterday's Symphony concert offered a striking illustration of wide diversity in musical beauty.

For there was beauty alike in the ancient Galliard's 'Cello Sonata as transcribed for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg, in Ernest Bloch's suite for viola and orchestra, which introduced as soloist Jean Lefranc, first viola-player of the orchestra, and in Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony." But how different in each case was the expression, although the form of all three was substantially the same.

## GALLIARD'S MUSIC MADE NEW

Hitherto unperformed, Steinberg's masterly transcription of Galliard's Sonata, prepared especially for Mr. Koussevitzky, reminded the hearer afresh that all the worth-while music was not written by that select circle of composers whom we call the "great." Here, for example, was a contemporary of Handel whose very name was probably unknown to the majority of yesterday's audience, the author of a piece that Handel himself might have been proud to sign. Especially notable

was the Andante teneramente, a movement deep in feeling for all its classic contour. Beautifully played, this Sonata was yesterday warmly received.

New in its orchestral form although already heard here in its original estate as Suite for viola and piano (the guise in which it was awarded the Coolidge Chamber-Music Prize in 1919), the music of Bloch, to judge by the more than one comment overheard, must have proved for many in the audience a less self-evident example of musical beauty, although it be in fact a no less worthy one.

## Lefranc a Virtuoso

In his performance of the solo-part Jean Lefranc, one of this year's newcomers to the orchestra, proved himself a virtuoso and a musician who adorns the organization with which he has associated himself. He was heartily applauded yesterday, but no doubt less heartily than would have been the case had he chosen a piece at once more showy, more direct in its appeal.

That throughout the Symphony Mendelssohn's peculiar virtues as orchestrator were done the fullest justice in yesterday's performance may not honestly be said. At times in that performance the first movement seemed a little heavy-handed. Better by far went the remaining three divisions, while in the final Saltavello the woodwind choir, not to mention the rest of the orchestra, was made to exhibit genuine, even breath-taking, virtuosity.

## Boston Symphony Plays Bloch's Viola Suite

*Monitor* — Dec. 12, 1925

The eighth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Galliard... Sonata in G major freely transcribed for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg

Bloch... Suite for viola and orchestra  
Mendelssohn... Symphony in A major  
"Italian" op. 90

Galliard's Sonata in G major is like hundreds of other similar compositions of the eighteenth century. Were they not labeled as the work of this or that composer they would hardly be distinguishable one from the other. Now and again there is a slight modification which suggests the individuality of the composer, but such moments are rare indeed. Hearing the music of one of these minor composers well shows why the music of those of more outstand-



ing and lasting value has survived. But all this does not imply that the music, taken by itself, is not often interesting and appealing, apart from its historical significance. This was quite true of Galliard's Sonata, played yesterday. It exhibits no great depth of emotion, yet it is light-hearted, merry music; facile it may be, but not without charm. It comes, it goes, and if the hearer is not greatly impressed, yet he derives a certain pleasure and is placed in a receptive mood for what follows on the program. In short, an excellent opening piece.

Bloch's Suite for viola and orchestra, which followed, may hardly be classified among the compositions designed to lull the listener into pleasant forgetfulness. It is forbidden, uncompromising music, difficult to listen to, far from ingratiating, yet withal music of sharply defined character, individual music. Like it or not, it must be respected. As for the solo viola part, despite the excellence of Mr. Jean Lefranc's playing, it seems for the most part superfluous, a fifth wheel to the coach.

After it Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony sounded unusually well. Here is music which after all must be admired for its perennial freshness, its natural grace, its unaffectedness, its sincerity; which here and there may be a little shallow, but which is for all that genuine. Perhaps we are just beginning to appreciate Mendelssohn at his true worth. Only a few short years ago this symphony would have been dubbed old-fashioned, out of date, hopelessly faded and worn. We were then running after new musical fashions and our enthusiasm for novelty somewhat distorted our musical perspective. Yet it is not good altogether to forget or despise the past in our enjoyment and enthusiasm for the new, and Mendelssohn's symphony recalls that there was much good music written before Stravinsky, music which has not altogether lost its savor.

The playing of the orchestra was unusually good. The attacks were cleaner, the intonation better than on many a past occasion, and there was real orchestral virtuosity in the playing of the first and last movements of the symphony. S. M.

## MENDELSSOHN BRIGHT, GALLIARD FOR CHARM, BLOCH FOR BROODING

*Trans. — Dec. 12, 1925.*

### SYMPHONY CONCERT OVER THREE CENTURIES

By Sheer Craftsmanship, the "Italian Symphony" Keeps Fresh Life — An Old Sonata Sings Pleasantly in the Ear—The Suite for Viola as It Releases and Enchains the Singular Temperament of Ernest Bloch — Many-Sided Conductor

**B**LESSED be craftsmanship! It is preservative quality in all the arts. Many of our youngsters will not believe as much, because by nature or choice they prefer to send their fine phrases sprawling over fair white paper; to let the painting go hang so long as the fashion is followed; to splash about in the wealth that a modern orchestra affords. However, it is their boast that nothing happened in their world before 1914 (or is it 1918?) which notion rather excludes length of days and length of life from their purview. If any of them were sitting in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and turning the pages of the program-book—of course, in the intermission—they may have chanced upon the date of Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," which is 1832-33. "Old hat," they may also have said to themselves as they made this discovery, and wondered whether they would see it through. If they did hear it through, they may have passed to further and more significant enlightenment—that the "old hat" sounded both fresh and animated; that it had an apt trick of doing exactly what it set out to do; that to ears, usually at odds about music, it gave equal pleasure.

Nobody in these days will contend that the "Italian Symphony" so lives and pleases, because Mendelssohn abounded in ideas or teemed with passion like one, Ludwig van Beethoven, dead a few years before over

the way in Vienna. Mendelssohn's "subjects" are graceful, fanciful, especially in the Andante and the Finale; but at his Victorian apogee, few set them down as imposing "musical thoughts." As for passion, the sleek and smiling Felix had no mind to such a breach of the proprieties. Yet he did know how to write music. By that craftsmanship his "Italian Symphony" is good hearing anywhere in this present December—especially when it is played, as it was yesterday, in its own voice and manner. Mr. Koussevitzky and his virtuoso-orchestra forced no measure; by the same token they left none unpolished.

In these times we pat our young modernists on the back, because they are so economical of means after the torrential Wagner, the luxuriant Strauss, the arabesque Debussy. Observe also that some ninety-three years ago, it was the custom of Mendelssohn neither to waste nor to misplace a note. He modulates because the moment is apt for modulation; his harmonies seldom sound thin because they are so finely knit and transparent. We bless those same young modernists because they do not clutter their instrumental voices; because they seek out and use directly the particular timbre that they desire. Listen to the woodwinds and to the horns through this "Italian Symphony." There are only pairs; yet Mendelssohn's hand and fancy upon them is unerringly sensitive and felicitous. Our youngsters, making their orchestral studies, are forever conning Rimsky and Ravel, Stravinsky or Strauss. With profit, they might now and then open the "orchestral works" of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. After a deal of rummaging, the music-shops can usually turn up a full score.

Obviously Mendelssohn is a formalist. None of us escapes his own nature, though the self-deceiving Stravinsky may imagine himself next neighbor to Clementi and Czerny and on visiting terms with Handel and Bach. From the first measure of the "Italian Symphony" to the last, there is not a departure from orthodox prescription as it went in the thirties. Yet who, listening to the music, thinks twice of this "subservience," these "limitations," unless he is some despicable pedant of a reviewer? In fact, for Mendelssohn they are perfect and unconscious freedom. In these groves of Academe he can send his fanciful subjects along their graceful course, never hesitating, never meandering, never sitting down for breath. The ancients would have smiled upon his clear and flowing counterpoint, his unfailing readiness, his happy, unobtrusive dexterities. At every turn, besides, this "science," as the learned name it, serves also what they call "poetic design." Through the Finale, the dancing beat of the music pleasantly excites the ear—with Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra as

light-footed. A pleasing melancholy breathes out of the Andante. The glow of Italy upon a Northerner warms the first movement. It is the sensation of Strauss through the beginnings of "Aus Italien." Mendelssohn concentrates and distills this reaction; whereas the ebullient Richard must outspread and shout it—and the earlier music is none the worse for the charm of reticence. Across a century, less seven years, sheer craftsmanship preserves this "Italian Symphony," and in the Bostonian consulship of Koussevitzky it is alive and refreshing.

To another music of yesterday, charm was also preservative and through almost twice the Mendelssohnian years. Somehow, somewhere, Mr. Koussevitzky came upon a Sonata of Galliard—London musician in Anne's and George's day—for Violoncello or Bassoon; persuaded the ingenious Steinberg of Leningrad to transcribe it for small orchestra; played it on Friday for the first time in the new dress. It was not a remarkable music when Galliard ruled the final double bar; nor is it such today. Those "cheerful" Allegros of the first half of the eighteenth century run in an unescapable similarity. Even Bach or Handel did not too often thrust through it. Ordered sound routined, they make as many courtesies as Don Basilio in "The Barber." Until a Mozart and a Haydn came along, no one quite dared to show them the door. For a minor composer, like Galliard, the necessary two are all in the day's work—perhaps with a whiff of the spring air of England blowing through the window to freshen them.

Yet out of the two slow movements breathes the perpetuating charm. These ancients of the eighteenth century invented a melody as easily as "we moderns" set in a rhythmic figure—and it still sings down the years. And how apt they were at the handling! Galliard is next to nobody in the count of time; but he charms with the unfolding of his Andante. It soars and sings; yet is there a bass beneath. Good also to hear is the statelier, less sentimental, grace of the introductory Lento. Mr. Koussevitzky warms to this music of the ancients. Conductor of imagination, he can fancy Galliard at his elbow, even as in bodily presence, stood Aaron Copland, the other day and from Brooklyn.

Between the eighteenth and the nineteenth century, it pleased Mr. Koussevitzky to set the twentieth—in the Suite for Viola by Ernest Bloch, played for the first time in Boston with the original piano-part become orchestral enrichment. Unlike Mendelssohn, Mr. Bloch writes with passion; while quite unlike Galliard, he promptly turns the key of his darkest closet upon charm. Over sundry pages the Suite writhes through orchestral dissonance.



nervous and shrill. Semi-songfully, the viola sets to a groping in the dark; gradually pushes it away; pursues the phantom of a melancholy dance-tune ever receding. The viola woos it plaintively; the orchestra reaches for it more strenuously. Neither may persuade it to linger; evasive, it slips away. Then Mr. Bloch borrows a phrase from Liszt and begins an "Allegro Ironico," restless, derisive, plain release of a harassed spirit at odds with the prickly world in which it is cast. The viola runs an acid gamut. The orchestra—Mr. Bloch is Hebrew—gnashes its sharpest teeth. Next the sensuous voice—the viola squeezed to its songful utmost; the orchestra a-throb, dusky, golden. It is a hothouse music close-pressed, drugged, sultry. This Lento smothers into silence and the finale upsprings. The viola looses its brightest voice; the rhythms leap; the phrases prance and whirl; the orchestra spurs and snaps. . . . Yet the viola soon remembers. For close it lapses into the shadowed song of the beginning "Eheu fugaces."

Mr. Bloch is a Hebrew of the Hebrews; "Jewish Poems," settings of Psalms, the rhapsody of "Schelomo," who is Solomon, the symphony of "Israel" are numbered among his music. He builds an "Oriental Symphony" upon Jewish themes; never quite puts by a Jewish opera about Jezebel. It is easy process to discover in his more "absolute" pieces—string quartets or this Suite for Viola—the play of this racial spirit. Undoubtedly it is there, but beside it, and more impregnating the music of yesterday, runs a singular individuality—both sensual and acrid, both brooding and outflinging, at odds with itself, at odds with the world around, sometimes in its bitterest moods more than a little inarticulate. Technically even, Mr. Bloch must war within himself and upon his hearers. Dowagers shuddered at those introductory dissonances; yet in a Straussian luxuriance sang the hothouse music. At the beginning of the Suite Mr. Bloch is as one that gropes toward an ideal of intense personal expression. He pursues it in the first movement and it escapes him. He fancies that the world sits mocking by; flings at it the edged ironies of the Scherzo. He seeks the sensual consolation, and it is only opiate. He tosses into the gayeties of the Finale; yet that first groping impulse ever constrains him.

The viola falls anew to its brooding; once more the quest has failed—and the world will not understand. Yet must it be resumed though mocker's haunt and impotence writhe as it seems, has doomed, Mr. Bloch to write more than once a m. s. while upon us listeners by sheer force of

temperament he imposes his gropings and strivings, his angers and so'aces. At the end of the Suite, wearier than he, we also crave his day of full release and free attainment, inner illumination and outer understanding. And may Mr. Jean Lefranc, first viola of the Symphony Orchestra, be here to share. For he played yesterday with technical mastery and musical understanding in closest union. H. T. P.

### BLOCH'S NEW-OLD MUSIC

Trans. — Dec. 10, 1925

To the Symphony Concerts Comes the Orchestral Version of His Suite for Viola —A Praising Word for Both Substance and Surfaces—Widely Ranging Moods

THE PROPHET of Ernest Bloch composer, is Paul Rosenfeld, essayist about music. On Friday and Saturday Mr. Bloch's Suite for Viola and Orchestra is to have place, for the first times, at the Symphony Concerts. Therefore, it is in order to cite Mr. Rosenfeld in exposition and in praise. He writes in a chapter of his "Musical Chronicle": "The Suite is one of the most masterfully achieved of Bloch's works. . . . It has his vitality and sincerity. It has the harshness and directness, the warm penetrating melancholy, the deep, dark Oriental sensuousness, of his characteristic idiom. The melodic line is bitter-sweet; the rhythms lift heavy limbs in frenetic dance; the piled-up fourths pierce the ear with cruel brilliance. The texture and timbre of the sounds are eastern; eastern not with the sugary Orientalism of Rimsky and his fellowship, but with pungence, wildness, subtlety. The white-robed prophet and the hairy ape both speak."

"And the work is more complex and developed a conception than any of Bloch's earlier compositions, the quartet not excepted. A grimacing irony and a light irresponsible gayety hitherto absent from his moods manifest themselves for the first time in the suite, the four movements, homogeneous although they are, show four distinct faces. The first, after the introductory page, with its corkscrew shrilling of fifes, its grave bitter brooding of the solo instrument, its many lamentful tones of blindly groping, bleeding life, is a sort of gigue triste. Through the second movement, the allegro ironico, an ape-like mockery whinnies. Cocoanuts are shied at all the four corners of the world. An acrid trio divides the two sections of the scherzo proper, and concludes the movement. The third is briefer even than the second. It is a lied; perhaps the

simplest page which Bloch has written. Dark passion throbs on Musorgsky-like chords of the harp. A nightingale-like cry of the English horn prepares the return of the proud, luxuriant theme; the sensuous hymn dies away again. And the movement which follows on this slow, lovely page springs out like a force released.

"The fourth movement of the suite is the expression of one of those moods of rapturous gayety, one of those visions of 'le pays du soleil' which has been given to agonizing composers before Bloch, to Handel and to Beethoven; and which appear to result not so much from any wending of life itself, as from the victory of their strong minds over their personal griefs. The music of this Allegro Giocoso patters with reckless feet. There are two climaxes. And after the latter, the introductory soliloquy of the solo instrument returns; this time, in clarified and transfigured aspect. In these released and yearful tones, the savorsome little work concludes.

"Bloch's orchestration is exceedingly sparing and net and pointed. The dynamics of the band, in accordance with the lightness of the musical design, are seldom called into play; the sign ff appears only a few times in the score. Nevertheless, the orchestra is felt in its many-mouthed power and variety. Both extremes of coloration are reached. The score brings into play both the shrillness and the somberness of the orchestral sound, and plays them the one against the other. But for all the green flames of flutes traversing the musical texture, the darker colors predominate in the orchestra; perhaps in deference to the timbre of the solo instrument.

"The difference between the orchestration of Bloch, and that of Debussy, with which it has some affinity, is much the difference between the alto and the soprano voices. There are browns and purples and ancient golds in Bloch's score deeper than those which appear in any of Debussy's. The bass tones of the harp, the nasal baritone of the English horn, the old gold of the solo viola, prevail. Moreover, the use of the instruments of percussion made by Bloch gives his score a sharpness and a briskness quite different from the general character of the tenderer, creamier Debussy's. The Genevan uses the snare-drum as robustly and as effectively as does Stravinsky. There is a memorable passage in the allegro ironico composed of a melancholy recitative of the viola over curious dry taps of the drum. A small wooden box adapted from the jazz lands is employed; in the last movement, in conjunction with the celesta, it cracks over the orchestral mass like a whip."



RICHARD BURGIN







## Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19, at 8.15 o'clock

J. S. Bach . . . Suite in D major, No. 3, for Orchestra

- I. Overture.
- II. Air.
- III. Gavotte No. 1; Gavotte No. 2.
- IV. Bourrée.
- V. Gigue.

Strauss . . . An Alpine Symphony, Op. 64

Night — Sunrise — The Ascent — Entering the Woods —  
Wandering by the Brook — At the Waterfall — Scenery —  
On Flowering Paths — The Mountain Pasture — Off  
the Path through Thicket and Underbrush — On the  
Glacier — Vision — The Fog Rises — The Sun is Gradually  
Obscured — Elegy — Stillness before the Storm — The  
Thunderstorm; Descent — Sunset — Sounds — Night.

(First time in Boston)

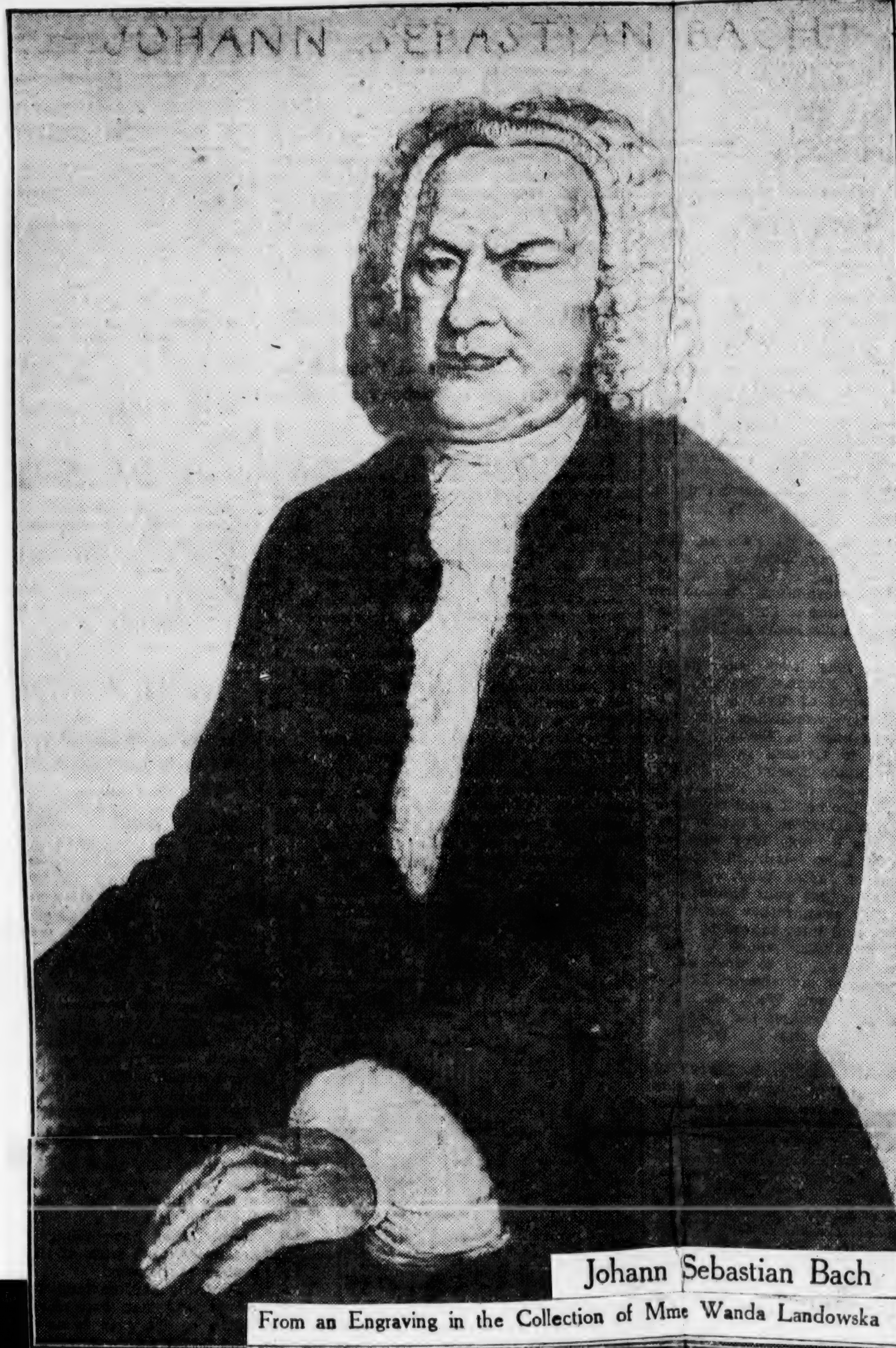
There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators.  
It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Johann Sebastian Bach

From an Engraving in the Collection of Mme Wanda Landowska

## SYMPHONY GIVES SS 'ALPINE'

Dec. 19, 1925  
Concert Is Eloquent  
Brilliant Per-  
formance

### QUITE ALSO THE PROGRAM

#### PHILIP HALE

Concert of the Boston  
Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky,  
place yesterday after-  
noon in the hall. The program  
was Suite, D major, No. 1  
and Strauss's "Alpine"

It was first produced at  
Boston. Although it has  
been in several cities of the  
East (three in 1916), it was  
yesterday for the first

time, the hero of the  
story "Pyrotechny,"  
ordinarily skilful young  
man of a common clasp-  
ing he could make from  
dogs, cats, etc. "He  
soldiers also."

His masterpiece," says  
"Napoleon crossing the  
Alps." It critically, I should  
say, short of Alps. An  
would have improved  
it was a wonderful  
and what a wonderful  
a wooden man, when  
are all right."

extraordinarily skilful  
use of an orchestra;  
Symphony short of

did he attempt to ac-  
complish?

of a panoramic, musi-  
cal of the Alps. The  
used to climb, person-  
good Mr. Strauss as  
the audience is not  
him. It starts in time  
as if the guide and  
ld never come out of  
the brookside, enjoys  
the waterfall, admires  
the mountain pasture  
bells, plunges through

underbrush, sees from on high a glorious  
view, is alarmed by the hush of nature  
before a terrific thunderstorm, descends,  
arriving safely below in time for the  
evening meal, looking at the setting sun,  
and, later, hearing the voices of the  
night.

Strauss neglected, unfortunately, to  
allude musically to the celebrated Edel-  
weiss, nor did he, like Baedeker, point  
out places of rest and refreshment on  
the way that are "well recommended,"  
with moderate prices.

In a way this symphony reminds one  
of "The Plains: Ode Symphonie," by  
Jabez Tarbox, which was reviewed at  
length by the late John Phoenix. He  
began his masterly article: "The sym-  
phonie opens upon the wide and bound-  
less plains in longitude 115 degrees W.,  
latitude 35 degrees, 21 minutes, .03 sec-  
onds and about 60 miles from the west  
bank of Pitt river. These data are beau-  
tifully and clearly expressed by a long  
(topographically) drawn note from an  
E-flat clarinet. . . . A few notes on the  
piccolo calls the attention to a solitary  
antelope picking up mescal beans in  
the foreground."

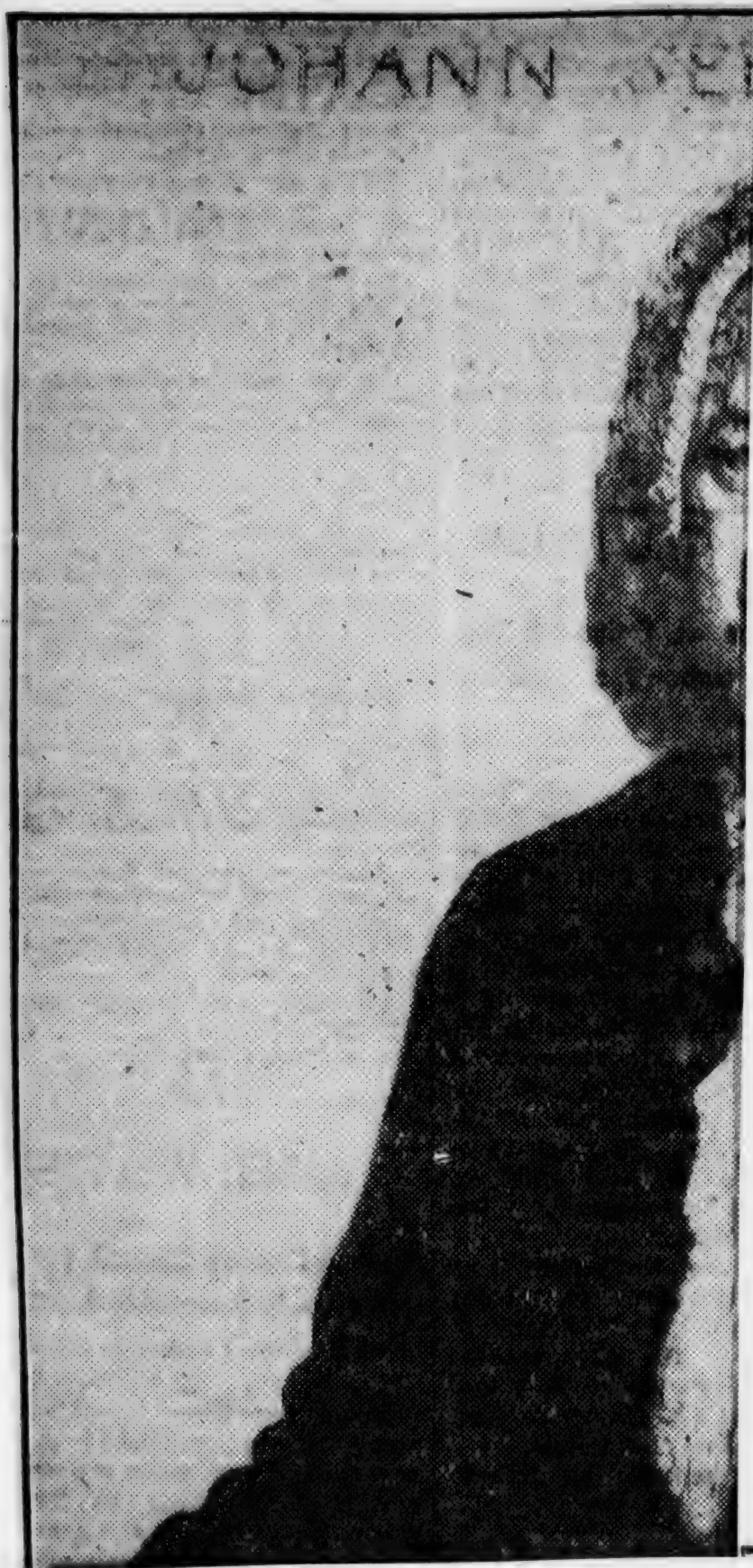
The "Alpine" symphony is a curious  
mixture of the ideal and the realistic;  
of the lofty and the commonplace; of  
platitudes thinly hidden by gorgeous  
orchestral dress; of passages conspicu-  
ous for genuine beauty; of pages that  
are mere padding. As is not uncom-  
mon with Strauss, the thematic ma-  
terial is often common, or vulgar, if  
one prefers that word.

Yet what composer living but Strauss  
could have written the superb pages of  
the "vision" by which the hearer looks  
from the summit towards the four quar-  
ters of the earth? Or the exquisite  
measures, simple measures, given to a  
few strings?

Mr. Finck thinks that Strauss may  
have caught the idea of his "Waterfall"  
music from hearing "the Cascade of  
Jewels" in the opera "Ariane and Blue  
Beard." We have no proof that Strauss  
ever saw the opera or the score. He is  
wholly competent to find music for any  
waterfall. (It is strange that he has  
never written music for Niagara or for  
the wonderful African falls.) His thun-  
der storm is impressive, if one cares  
for that sort of thing; it is thunderously  
amusing, and one likes to see the man  
turning the crank of the wind machine;  
but the ominous hush before the temp-  
est, with the suggestion of frightened,  
questioning birds, is, indeed, poetic and  
at the same time musical. Nor should  
the fanfare of horns announcing "the  
entrance into the forest" be forgotten,  
though this fanfare might be for any  
chase, forest or no forest.

Strauss for once wrote his own pro-  
gram. What does he think of an earn-  
est commentator, the writer of a guide-  
book to the symphony, who pointed  
out that "the cold air of the glacier is  
indicated by a transformation of the  
"waterfall" theme, with new material?"





## SYMPHONY GIVES STRAUSS 'ALPINE'

*Herald* — Dec. 19, 1925  
Ninth Concert Is Eloquent  
and Brilliant Per-  
formance

### BACH'S SUITE ALSO ON FINE PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Bach's Suite, D major, No. 3, and Richard Strauss's "Alpine" Symphony.

This symphony was first produced at Berlin ten years ago. Although it has been performed in several cities of the United States (in three in 1916), it was heard in Boston yesterday for the first time.

Reuben Pettingill, the hero of the Artemus Ward's story "Pyrotechny," was an extraordinarily skillful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife, with which he could make, from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. "He carved excellent soldiers also."

"I remember his masterpiece," says Artemus; "it was 'Napoleon crossing the Alps.' Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps. An Alp or two more would have improved it; but, as a whole it was a wonderful piece of work, and what a wonderful piece of work is a wooden man, when his legs and arms are all right."

Strauss is an extraordinarily skillful elderly man in the use of an orchestra; is his "Alpine" Symphony short of Alps?

In other words did he attempt to accomplish the impossible?

He has composed a panoramic, musical moving picture of the Alps. The audience is supposed to climb, personally conducted by good Mr. Strauss as guide—though the audience is not securely roped to him. It starts in time to see the sunrise, enters the woods—yesterday it seemed as if the guide and his followers would never come out of them—wanders by the brookside, enjoys the sight of a pretty waterfall, admires the scenery, enters the mountain pasture and hears the cow bells, plunges through

underbrush, sees from on high a glorious view, is alarmed by the hush of nature before a terrific thunderstorm, descends, arriving safely below in time for the evening meal, looking at the setting sun, and, later, hearing the voices of the night.

Strauss neglected, unfortunately, to allude musically to the celebrated Edelweiss, nor did he, like Baedeker, point out places of rest and refreshment on the way that are "well recommended," with moderate prices.

In a way this symphony reminds one of "The Plains: Ode Symphonie," by Jabez Tarbox, which was reviewed at length by the late John Phoenix. He began his masterly article: "The symphonie opens upon the wide and boundless plains in longitude 115 degrees W., latitude 35 degrees, 21 minutes, .03 seconds and about 60 miles from the west bank of Pitt river. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E-flat clarinet. . . . A few notes on the piccolo calls the attention to a solitary antelope picking up mescal beans in the foreground."

The "Alpine" symphony is a curious mixture of the ideal and the realistic; of the lofty and the commonplace; of platitudes thinly hidden by gorgeous orchestral dress; of passages conspicuous for genuine beauty; of pages that are mere padding. As is not uncommon with Strauss, the thematic material is often common, or vulgar, if one prefers that word.

Yet what composer living but Strauss could have written the superb pages of the "vision" by which the hearer looks from the summit towards the four quarters of the earth? Or the exquisite measures, simple measures, given to a few strings?

Mr. Finck thinks that Strauss may have caught the idea of his "Waterfall" music from hearing "the Cascade of Jewels" in the opera "Ariane and Blue Beard." We have no proof that Strauss ever saw the opera or the score. He is wholly competent to find music for any waterfall. (It is strange that he has never written music for Niagara or for the wonderful African falls.) His thunder storm is impressive, if one cares for that sort of thing; it is thunderously amusing, and one likes to see the man turning the crank of the wind machine; but the ominous hush before the tempest, with the suggestion of frightened, questioning birds, is, indeed, poetic and at the same time musical. Nor should the fanfare of horns announcing "the entrance into the forest" be forgotten, though this fanfare might be for any chase, forest or no forest.

Strauss for once wrote his own program. What does he think of an earnest commentator, the writer of a guide-book to the symphony, who pointed out that "the cold air of the glacier is indicated by a transformation of the 'waterfall' theme, with new material?"



The "Alpine" symphony is not a "masterpiece." As a work of art it is not to be compared with "Till Eulenspiegel," "Salome" or "Rosenkavalier." Some of the pages of the symphony might take the place of a lecturer in a "Travel Talk of the Glories of the Alps," though the audience would then recognize the fact that no music can reproduce the emotion of one gazing on the awful majesty of the Jungfrau or the wildness of the Diablerets; nor can one paint in tones sunrise and sunset, whether he employs ingeniously an ascending or descending scale.

No, Strauss, like Reuben Pettingill with his jack-knife, is extraordinarily skilful in the use of an orchestra; but his "Alpine" symphony is a little short of Alps.

The performance, with a slight exception which probably few noticed, was eloquent and brilliant.

Bach's Suite was played delightfully. The overture is stirring and at times grand music. Mr. Koussevitzky did not sentimentalize the lovely and familiar Air. The Gavottes, Bourree and Gigue, except for those who believe in the plenary inspiration of a composer, are hardly worth playing, much less hearing.

The concerts next week will be on Thursday (not Friday) afternoon and Saturday evening. Purcell-Wood, trumpet voluntary; Block, Concerto Grosso for strings and piano obligator; Wagner, prelude to "Parsifal"; Saint-Saens, Symphony, C minor, with organ.

## STRAUSS NOVELTY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Given — Dec. 19, 1925

"An Alpine Symphony"

Heard for First Time Here

Richard Strauss' tone poem, "An Alpine Symphony," published in 1915, was played at yesterday's Symphony concert for the first time in Boston. The war kept us from hearing this music until Stravinsky had definitely taken Strauss' place as the leading purveyor of orchestral novelties and representative of the latest thing in music in the minds of that dilettanti always eager, like the Athenians of old, for some new thing.

A brilliant performance, of deafening sonority, was greeted with remarkably enthusiastic applause. The audience waited at the end of the concert to recall Mr. Koussevitzky thrice and bring the players to their feet.

Since Strauss' piece lasts about three-quarters of an hour, played without pause, Mr. Koussevitzky put only one other number on the program, Bach's beautiful suite in D major, the one containing the familiar air, wrongly known

as "for the G string." This music was charmingly played, but the audience, like all popular audiences, did not like Bach, and applauded tepidly.

"An Alpine Symphony" is not a symphony in the usual sense of the word at all; it is not a motion picture in tones, constructed musically after the fashion of an act in a Wagnerian music drama, with recurrent "leading motives." The story told by the descriptive titles put by Strauss above the separate sections of the printed score is of a day spent by a hero (possibly the composer himself) in climbing among the Alps. The ascent is begun while it is still night. Sunrise, wandering through woodland, up to the beautiful mountain pastures which are in the strict sense of the word the "Alps," venturing on a glacier, the summit, a mist, and then a thunderstorm during the descent, sunset, and again night, complete the picture.

Strauss' other and earlier tone poems have taught one to expect of him a megalomaniac passion for sheer volume of tone, and a thoroughly Teutonic attention to every detail in the complex pattern of his score. With the exception of a single theme in "Don Juan" and a couple more in "Till Eulenspiegel," he has never hit upon the unforgettable bits of tune out of which a Wagner can spin and weave his grandiose musical structures.

Strauss has every musical gift save only the one most needful, thematic originality. There is not in "An Alpine Symphony" even a single really great theme. The musical ideas in the work are all derivative and often commonplace.

Strauss, by his marvellous use of harmonies, and his uncanny control of all the possible sonorities and novel tone blendings in instrumentation, manages to suggest with genuine poetic power some of the sights and sounds he would depict. His thunderstorm is more imaginative, as well as more lifelike, than the one in Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. The music intended to deal with Night is also vividly imagined. By flooding the ear with slow sustained harmonies from full-voiced brass choirs, and turning his phrases majestically, he stimulates adroitly at climaxes genuine musical sublimity. But the true sublime is not in his power to attain.

It is curious how clearly this music composed in the year of Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring", dates from the 1890s. Strauss marks definitely the end of an epoch, whether or not Stravinsky turns out to mark the beginning of another period. The epoch of which Strauss is the last notable figure is, of course, the post-Wagnerian. Schoenberg has escaped from Wagnerian influence only by inventing an entirely new musical language. Strauss, not nurtured on Wagner, came to his music as a young man with all the proverbial fervor of the convert, and has never recanted.

But it is plain that Beethoven and Wagner between them ruined most of the lesser 19th-century composers, just as Michelangelo and Raphael ruined most of the lesser painters who came after them in Italy. Strauss might have achieved greater things if he had never heard a note of Wagner's music. He might, for instance, have trusted his gift for honest Teutonic sentimental melody, shown in the song, "Mit dem Blauen Augen." But it happened otherwise.

P. R.

## "Alpine Symphony"

Played in Boston

Monday — Dec. 19, 1925

Bach's Suite in D major No. 3 and Strauss's "Alpine Symphony" op. 64 filled the program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston.

The Strauss, played for the first time in Boston, belongs to a well-recognized class of musical compositions. Our grandmothers delighted in the "Battle of Prague," which was succeeded by the "Battle of Waterloo," and there are innumerable specimens, ancient and modern, of "descriptive" music. This symphony is by far the most elaborate of all such pieces it has been our good or ill fortune to hear, but in spite of the swollen orchestra it demands, in spite of the often ingenious effects Strauss contrives to produce, it is essentially of the character of the pieces above mentioned. It reminds one irresistibly of the couplet about the King of France marching up the hill and then down again, for although the program supplied by the composer carefully informs us of the progress of his ascent it seems impossible to believe that after all his trouble he really succeeds in attaining any summit of musical inspiration.

There are many realistic touches. Cow bells are introduced into the orchestra. A wind machine and a thunder machine also play their part in the ensemble, yet we recall several more effective and imaginative orchestral storms, produced by far simpler means. For example the storms in "Rigoletto," in the Overture to "William Tell," in Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony.

It must be conceded that Strauss handles his mammoth orchestra with his accustomed mastery, but the "Alpine Symphony" may hardly be considered worthy of its composer, nor worthy of the time and trouble expended on its performance. Aside from its pictorial effects, it is but poor stuff musically. The character of the musical material employed by Strauss in his other works often borders on the vulgar, but this inherent weakness is usually atoned for by the clever use made of it by the composer. Then too, Strauss' earlier

works are full of imagination, poetic imagination at that, while here little of this quality is to be noticed. In any event, this musical monstrosity has been heard, we now know Strauss at his worst as well as at his best, and after all its performance has enabled us to realize the greatness of his best work if only by comparison.

Bach's Suite formed a sharp contrast. It too, perhaps, does not represent its composer at his greatest, yet it is music which still has charm, which still moves the hearer, particularly in the eloquent "Air." Were not the Gavottes, the Bourrée and the Gigue taken with a somewhat heavy hand by Mr. Koussevitzky? Bach was a keen student and admirer of the French and Italian clavecinists and sought to incorporate the grace of their music in his dance tunes. It was somewhat of a surprise, therefore, to hear them played yesterday with a touch of bombast which seemed contrary to their nature. But then, everyone has his own taste and it is easy to disagree in such matters. The Suite was played with more than customary euphony and precision.

S. M.

## COURTLY MUSIC, MOUNTAIN MUSIC, SET IN CONTRAST

Trans. — Dec. 19, 1925

BACH AND STRAUSS DIVIDE THE SYMPHONIC DAY

A Familiar Suite Overweighted and Thickened — The Day's Work Even Among the Ancients—"An Alpine Symphony" for the First Time—For the Most Part, Hearing Is Believing—Mountain-Secrets and Virtuoso-Wealth

A LITTLE SUITE of Bach—the Suite in D major, written at Cöthen in his younger years—began the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. Not furiously, as the French say, but placidly, it gave the listener to think



There are sixty-seven players in the string choir of the Symphony Orchestra. They generate a proportionate body of tone. Mr. Koussevitzky has schooled them to fine precisions and large vigors, to both warmth and incisiveness. Laid upon this Suite, that weight and these qualities of tone are more than the frame and the progress of the music may bear. Adroit, measuring, discreet was the conductor; yet thickened and stayed was Bach. His dances waxed high in tonal flesh and heavy of rhythmic foot. His Air flowed sluggish and clouded. The pattern of his Overture stood none too clear; blunt-fingered seemed not a little of the counterpoint. Distinctly, the transitions rounded corners. Only in the ascending sonorities of the end did the force of the music warrant the power of the orchestra. The supplementary instruments were well-balanced to the tonal mass; in the strings, and the strings only, lay the excess. The moral seems clear—the reduction of this pulse

## "Stop, Look, Listen"

A Christmas Change — Lagging Deficiency Fund

TO AVOID collision with Christmas Day, the afternoon concert, next week, of the Symphony Orchestra is set back from Friday, Dec. 25 to Thursday, Dec. 24. The evening concert will fall as usual on the following Saturday, Dec. 26.

By report of the Trustees in the program-book, the fund to meet the deficit in the operating costs of the Symphony Orchestra for the year 1925-26 now stands at \$72,441. By hardly more than \$1500 a week does it increase. There is room, and to spare, for additional, speedier and larger pledges.

sant choir when the lighter music of the ancients is in hand. Else will it seem thick-waisted and heavy-footed, as did Bach's little Suite, choked and no more than half articulate; whereas from time to time "the fathers" wrote nimbly, transparently, in finely scaled tone.

Besides, there are degrees even among the saints. It is absurd to contend that there is anything remarkable about the Gavottes, the Bourrée, the Gigue, of this Suite in D major. They are all in the day's work of Bach and the day's work of these seventeen-thirties and forties and

fifties. He himself often bettered them; while twenty contemporaries, now nameless, could have written them similarly and as well. As many a yellowed page attests, they did. The Air, arranged and rearranged for this, that and the other instrument, has become a convention of music. Think back to the slow movements of sundry suites and concertos of Bach, to the slow divisions in the concertos and sonatas of Handel, to the lentos and adagios of secondary ancients—and discover how ordinary are the substance and course of this celebrated tune, perhaps for that reason renowned. Only the Overture saves the present day for the Suite in D major. The earlier periods unfold largely and well-propelled; the Fugue (when the strings are not too heavy) is light and lively; into full voice and striding ascent marches the close.

Now all this is not to discourage Mr. Koussevitzky's zeal for eighteenth-century music or the recurring pleasure of his audiences as they hear. He abates a long-standing neglect when he restores it—abundantly—to the Symphony Concerts. Upon the public that frequents them he bestows a new delight. With such music few conductors excel him in vitalized counterpoint, warmth of song, zest of rhythm, re-creating and communicating fire. Yet all eighteenth-century music is not equally necessary or desirable. A Gaillard on occasion (as the concerts of last week proved) may sound more freshly and durably in modern ears than Kapellmeister Bach of Cöthen taking exercise in D major. There are times also, and seasons, for a weight of strings.

These twenty-five minutes of Bach were but prelude to a full fifty-five of Strauss—the Strauss of "An Alpine Symphony" played for the first time in Boston. Even when it was nearly lost in the confusions and exclusions of the German war, it was no music of good report. After ten years Strauss had returned too belatedly to the composition of tone-poems on the grand scale. Manifestly his vein had dried. Having written through his middle years a symphonic music of characterization, he would now—for the first time since "Aus Italien"—write a symphonic music of nature and of sensations by nature awakened. In a composer's fifties new courses are new courses. They may even send his mind drifting back to an available phrase from "Das Rheingold" or "Die Walküre," especially when he has also been conductor at the opera house. And who before had ever caught Richard for an instant reminiscent? As Napoleon threw out a stout rearguard to cover his retreat from Russia, so did Strauss now amass his hugest orchestra. No less than 125 strong, the Dresdeners set forth to play "An Alpine Symphony" to Berlin. If the conductor can find them, there may be twelve horns "off-stage."

Scrutiny of the score fed these suspicions and mistrusts. The motif of the mountain, the motif of the ascent, the motif of obstacle and besetment, were no fruits of invention. Rather they seemed hand-me-downs from the top-shelf in Strauss's thematic closet. Often enough the purists could reproach the treatment as "tricky." Strauss manipulated a descending figure and it was night before the dawn. He re-manipulated it, and it was night after twilight. The sun rose, the sun set in night, the dawn, the twilight, and the similar juggleries of "identical" musical matter. Up went the motif of ascent, and down it went—inverted—when descent had begun. As for the delineative virtuosity, arpeggios, glissandi, tinkling harps, glockenspiel and triangle were "old stuff" for cascading waters. Berlioz had fully orchestrated a tempest in "The Trojans," to say nothing of Beethoven's modest storm in the "Pastoral Symphony."

Look back upon Strauss himself! The sun had risen, once and for all, at the outset of "Zarathustra." After the beat of sheep and the whirr of windmills in "Don Quixote," we must now hear cowbells and herdsmen's horns across a mountain-meadow. As for "Summits," "Visions" and such like, what was left after the surge and splendor of the middle movements of "Eln Heldenleben" and "The Domestica"? For end to his symphonic days, Strauss had written a music, warmed-over, calculated, soulless. By all odds, "An Alpine Symphony" was a machine.

Yesterday came the experience of actual hearing to be test, purgation and correction of these impressions; while this evening, for further enlightenment, it may be repeated. And there is no questioning the performance. "An Alpine Symphony" is music to tempt any conductor. It invites Mr. Koussevitzky's faiths and practice. In understanding and ardor, in the freest play of graphic powers, he flung himself upon it. The orchestra bent to the conductor's will. If Strauss wrote for virtuosi, for him virtuosi now played. At the end a few doubts and scruples still lingered; more were as wisps of mist blown down the mountain-wind.

Strauss's powers as composer of far-flung tone-poems are not wizened. Rather, he elects to simplify his use of them. The whiff of "Das Rheingold" that blows across a few measures seems chance rather than recollection. Strauss saw in imagination the pranks of Eulenspiegel and sounded them in tones. He now sees in memory the aspects of nature and into another music weaves them. There is an emotion before a world outspread below a summit gained as truly as there is a passion of creation. The one throbs out of "An Alpine Symphony" as the other throbbed out of "The Domestica." The spring of many a mea-

sure in "Eln Heldenleben" pulses again, though for briefer moments, along the mountain-path.

The motifs of "An Alpine Symphony" are insignificant in themselves; yet they generate the delineative and emotional design, fertilize the play of color and suggestion; while in vivid and fruitful figures they seem perpetually reborn. The "trickiness" of divers procedures is a paper-impression. Hear them in the music of the dawn, the twilight, and the beauty of the illusion dispels other sensation. The tempest is din, but hardly down it went—inverted—when descent had begun. The storm-music at the beginning of "Die Walküre," less strenuous in itself, more seizes the imagination. The delineative water-music is "no great shakes" as such delineation goes. Schumann was much less elaborate and quite as glamorous with the mists and the fay in "Manfred." Here and there Straussian formula and routine seem tediously re-applied as in the long progress "Through the Woods." Familiar Straussian powers are now and then re-heated to new tasks. More than offset is the sensation and emotion of mountains, evoked in sound by one who has felt and remembered, upon those who also recall and know. A calculating skill, an inexhaustible resource, may have written many a page of "An Alpine Symphony"; yet this virtuosity is also a virtuosity of the imagination.

Various and widespread are this mountain-glamour, this virtuoso-wealth. In the first music of night dwell the depth and breadth of darkness like canopy upon mountain-ridge and height. The sunrise pierces and disperses it mountain-wise. The music of the mountain-meadow echoes with the vague sounds that drift across such heights from distance advancing to distance receding, remote, uncanny always. The rhythmic vigor, the upward thrust, the rough surface, the mounting exhilaration of the music that scales the summit is thrill to those that have known these final yards. In musical sound, by musical means, imagination achieves sensation remembered. The up-sweeping, wide-curving melody of "Vision" swells out of space and horizons; in the light and color of a world outspread is bathed and drenched. Even the stillness haunts it, when reverie comes. The "Elegy" sounds—and there stands (as a ulk remembrance has suggested) the rude cross for the mountain-leader. The furies of the storm may leave not an echo behind. The descent may be exceeding brief and precipitous; but into the renewed beauty of the twilight and the night, the tone-poem deepens and is pushed. . . . No "soulless" music so opens he secrets of mountains.

H. T. P.



# STRAUSS'

## "AN ALPINE SYMPHONY"

Post — Dec. 19, 1925

First Hearing of Tone  
Poem Written in  
1915

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

"An Alpine Symphony," the last to date of the tone-poems of Richard Strauss, makes the bulk of the programme of yesterday afternoon's and this evening's Symphony Concerts. With it for preface and judicious contrast Mr. Koussevitzky has placed Bach's Suite in D major, that of the beautiful and familiar air for violins.

### AMAZINGLY SCORED

More than a decade old is this "Alpine Symphony," and, although it is hardly one of its composer's more important productions, it was high time that we of Boston made its acquaintance. To Mr. Koussevitzky, then, all praise both for his initiative and for the enormous pains that he must obviously have taken to bring this long and elaborate score to so finished and so eloquent a performance.

To speak first of the more successful portions of this colossal tone-poem, both the passage, of a fine breadth, that occurs when the traveller who is protagonist of the piece has reached the mountain-top, and the long and musing epilogue are of the greater if not the greatest Strauss. Highly effective as tone-painting, though of

a lower order of musical invention, are the beginning and the end of the work, respectively suggestive of sunrise and sunset, the coruscatingly brilliant music of the waterfall and the exciting, dynamically overpowering storm in which such extra-musical aids as wind-machine and thunder-machine are employed to swell the tumult. Between times come numerous other episodes; some of passing interest, others that represent Strauss at his feeblest.

An amazing exercise in instrumentation, remarkable in this respect even for Strauss, and for the most part agreeable and occasionally stimulating to hear, the "Alpine Symphony" must yet be placed upon a somewhat lower level than any of the preceding tone-poems, with the possible exception of the early "Macbeth." And, oddly enough, its harmonic idiom represents a regression, not an advance. Strauss here writes with an almost classic simplicity that at its best results in breadth of utterance and elevation of mood, and at its worst in bald ingenuousness.

Yesterday the "Alpine Symphony" was well received, although there was hardly the extraordinary enthusiasm that is said to have greeted the piece at its first performance in Berlin, 10 years ago last October.

Mr. JEAN LEFRANC, first viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was born at St. Quentin, France, in 1884. He attended the Conservatory at Paris, from which he was graduated with a first prize in 1907 as a pupil of Laforge. The other first prizes were Monfeuilland and Bouyer. In the same year he became viola soloist of the Opéra Comique Orchestra. Since 1911 he has been viola solo at the Concerts Colonne. Mr. Lefranc has also figured conspicuously in the performance of chamber music in France, having been a member for a number of seasons of the Quartet Tournet. He played the viola in the first performance in France of Bloch's Suite for Viola and Orchestra at a Colonne concert on October 25, 1924. The programme also included the overture to the "Master-singers," Saint-Saëns's "Spinning Wheel of Omphale," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Gabriel Pierné conducted. This Suite for Viola and Piano was performed by Mr. Lefranc and Nadia Boulanger at a concert of the Société des Amis de l'Orient on May 5, 1922, in the hall of the Conservatory. The programme included L. Boulanger, Vieille Prière Bouddhique; Migot's "Paravent de Laque aux Cinq Images"; fragments of Ravel's "Sheherazade," and Florent Schmitt's "Antony and Cleopatra" and songs by Grassi and Roussel. Yvonne Daunt danced to Schmitt's music.

## SYMPHONY SERIES HAS WIDE APPEAL

Three-Fourths of Subscribers  
Live Out of Town

Herald — Dec. 16, 1925

An examination of the subscription lists to the newly added series of Tuesday afternoon concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony hall, shows intense interest outside of Boston.

The hour for this new series was set at 3:15, largely for the convenience of out of town patrons. Before the

opening concert on Dec. 1, the series was within a few seats of being fully subscribed.

### MANY FROM OUTSIDE

A classification of the records yields the following results: subscribers living in Boston, 26 per cent.; subscribers living in the suburbs of Boston, 59 per cent.; subscribers from outlying cities and towns, 15 per cent.

In other words, three quarters of this new public of the Boston Symphony orchestra live outside of Boston, and a considerable number of this visiting public come from about 75 cities or towns of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

Certain of these towns have been visited by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in seasons past, but the increasing demand in Boston, and the larger auditorium, have made feasible and necessary a curtailment of the orchestra's New England itinerary.







## Tenth Programme

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 26, at 8.15 o'clock

Purcell-Wood . . . . . Trumpet Voluntary  
(First time in Boston)

Bloch . . . . . Concerto Grosso, for String Orchestra with  
Piano Obbligato  
(First time in Boston)

Prelude.  
Dirge.  
Pastorale and Rustic Dance.  
Fugue.  
(Piano—JESÚS SANROMÁ)

Wagner . . . . . Prelude to "Parsifal"

Saint-Saëns . . . . . Symphony in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78  
I. Adagio; Allegro moderato; Poco adagio.  
II. Allegro moderato; Presto; Maestoso; Allegro.

(Organ—ALBERT W. SNOW)

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# SYMPHONY GIVES TENTH CONCERT

*Herald* Dec. 25, 1926

Feature of Its Program Is  
Bloch "Concerto Grosso"  
for Strings and Piano

PLAYED FOR FIRST  
TIME IN THIS CITY

BY PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Purcell-Wood, Trumpet Voluntary for trumpets, trombones, drums and organ; Bloch, Concerto Grosso for strings and piano obligato; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Saint-Saens, Symphony, C minor, No. 3.

The pieces by Purcell and Bloch were played for the first time in Boston. Some were surprised to find on the day before Christmas the Prelude to "Parsifal" on the program; music that is associated with the Passion of our Lord rather than with the Divine Birth and the rejoicing of the heavenly host. The music itself seemed very old, if not stale. Hearing it yesterday—the performance was not an impressive one—one could not help recalling the answer of George Moore, who was asked at Bayreuth years ago how he liked the opera as a whole: "Holy water in a German beer-barrel."

It would be interesting to know where Sir Henry Wood found the theme of Purcell's Voluntary or Prelude, or Interlude. Sir Henry has a way of selecting pages from the great English composer's works, "editing" them, and putting them together for a Suite. This Voluntary is short and stirring; music for the entrance of a Tsar about to be crowned, a warrior returning triumphant and exulting in his chariot; a royal banqueting hall, as when "Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his Lords, and drank wine before the thousand." The solo trumpet passages were brilliantly played by Mr. Mager.

Bloch's Concerto was composed in 1924-5, and first performed in Cleveland last June. It is described as written in 18th century form, but "modernized." Is it possible that this composer is harking back to the old form of Corelli, Handel, Bach, just as Stravinsky has of late forsaken Russia and its folk tunes, foresworn the paganism that inspired "Sacre du Printemps" and is adapting himself, or trying to adapt himself, to formulas and the idiom of the 18th century.

Felicien David was so fascinated by the Orient—witness his "Desert" and his "Lalla Rook"—that as he persisted in this vein, Auber wished that the worthy David would dismount from his camel. Is it possible that Mr. Bloch no longer recalls the ghetto and the pogroms, the glory of Solomon's court and the waters of Babylon? That he no longer is interested in Jezebel as the heroine of an opera? Much of his music, perhaps the best of it, has been charged with the Hebraic spirit. At times he has been as eloquent and impassioned as any wild and shaggy prophet denouncing the cities of Israel's foes; or crying "Woe," as he saw the haughty daughters of Zion walking with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing and making a tinkling with their feet.

Only in the Dirge of this concerto do we find the Bloch of the "Jewish Cycle," and to us this Dirge is the most original, the most compelling portion of the work. The first movement seems a rather labored imitation of old masters. The Finale, in fugue form, has chiefly academic interest. The Pastorale is charming, not at all in the conventional manner, that wishes to remind one of lush meadows, shepherds piping, happy farmers with ribboned hats and rakes dancing with milkmaids (see the first act of many operettas). But in the Dirge we hear, as in other music by this composer, the wailing of an oppressed race, not any selfish expression of individual grief. Here is music that at times is the cry of agony, as of the persecuted, weeping and groaning by the historic wall, mourning the past glory.

It is the fashion now for the lions of the London press, old and young, to roar their contempt for Saint-Saens and all his works. It is true that this composer was an eclectic; he had a great gift for assimilation; he could write at will in the manner of any preceding musician of genius; but he, too, was endowed with great gifts; notably a singular clarity in thought and expression; a keen sense of logical construction and development, also of the value of economy in the use of orchestral resources; a fine taste and an elegance peculiar to him. This symphony with the organ is surely among the best of his many compositions. Though it is nearly 40 years old, it is still fresh and



vigorous. While musicians may well admire its structure, though they may wish that the last section were not so long drawn out; that there were not an anticipation of the one great climax, the people hear this music gladly. The performance was engrossing by its beauty and strength. The concert will be repeated on Saturday night. The program for the concerts of next week, as it is now announced is as follows: Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Haydn, Concerto, D major, for violoncello (Pablo Casals); Strauss An Alpine Symphony.

## HOLIDAY MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post — Dec. 25, 1926  
**Purcell Gets Place on  
List for First  
Time**

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although no music specifically related to Christmas appears upon it, the programme that Mr. Koussevitzky made for the Symphony concerts of yesterday afternoon and tomorrow evening is by no means inappropriate to the holiday season.

### PURCELL'S TRUMPET PIECE

For truly joyous beginning there is a Trumpet Voluntary of Purcell, transcribed by Sir Henry Wood, while a note of fitting solemnity is sounded in the Prelude to "Parsifal," and each of these moods is further emphasized in Saint-Saens' Symphony, for orchestra with organ. Nor is Ernest Bloch's Concerto Grosso, for string orchestra

with piano obbligato, a modernizing of an ancient form and style, unsuited to the occasion.

Yesterday for the first time the name of England's greatest composer appeared upon a programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This noisy arrangement of Sir Henry's, for three trumpets, three trombones, kettle-drums, side-drum and organ, is less to be admired than Mr. Stokowski's version of this or of a markedly similar piece played last season by the Philadelphia Orchestra and more discreetly scored for three trumpets, oboes, bassoons and strings. Be that as it may, however, the music itself was good to hear yesterday and in the brilliant first trumpet part Mr. Mager was granted rare opportunity to display his skill in florid playing.

### Bloch's Concerto Pleases

Likewise heard for the first time in Boston, Bloch's Concerto Grosso proved a very different piece from that composer's Suite for Viola and Orchestra performed here a few weeks ago. In this later music Bloch is more outspoken, less cryptic and introspective. He has, in fact, successfully recaptured the Handelian largeness and stride. Even the Dirge has a certain breadth and vigor, and the final Fugue is at once intellectually stimulating and emotionally stirring. It may be said again that Bloch is a contemporary composer whose every utterance is masterly.

With Jesus Sanroma to carry the piano part the Concerto was finely played by all concerned.

### Saint-Saens' Organ Symphony

Following upon this honest, forthright music and upon the Prelude to "Parsifal," which yesterday received a profoundly impressive performance, the huge machine that is Saint-Saens' C-minor Symphony seemed more than ever a contrived and artificial music. Nevertheless, for all its smug religiosity that smacks of Gounod and its grandiloquence that out-Liszt Liszt, this Symphony, especially when played with the euphony and brilliance that marked the performance of yesterday, is not unagreeable to hear. Saint-Saens in this particular instance had nothing of great moment to impart, but he says his say with an adroitness, a sureness of touch, an infallible sense of musical and instrumental effect that, even after nearly 40 years, may not be resisted.

And such is the power of sheer sound, although no great thought lie behind it, that the effulgent close of this Symphony provoked yesterday a storm of applause conspicuous even in these Koussevitzkian days.

## BLOCH CONCERTO AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Purcell, Saint-Saens and  
Wagner Also on Program

Ernest Bloch's Concerto Grosso for strings, with piano obbligato, was the chief novelty on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert. A trumpet voluntary by Purcell, arranged by Sir Henry Wood; Wagner's Prelude to "Parsifal," and Saint-Saens' symphony with organ, were the other numbers.

This afternoon concert in the regular series shifted to Thursday to avoid falling on Christmas Day, was heard by an audience including an unusual number of occasional visitors to these affairs. Subscribers had obviously given away tickets with unwonted prodigality. The rush seats were not all taken.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with less zest than usual until the sonorous climax in the last movement of Saint-Saens' symphony, which he made vividly rhythmic.

The Purcell voluntary proved noisy and ineffective. The fault lay not in the music itself, which is an interesting specimen of 17th century routine, but in the arrangement for orchestra and the conducting. The trumpet part is apparently of almost unplayable difficulty, as is the case with the original trumpet parts to many works by Bach and Handel. It was performed yesterday with obvious and painful effort. The organ failed to blend gracefully with the other instruments. All the lines of the music were blurred. Mr. Koussevitzky tried to redeem the performance by harsh accentuation and crude volume of tone, which only made matters worse.

Bloch's concerto grosso, composed last year and lately published, is an interesting free treatment of old musical forms. The piece is less original in harmony, less intense in mood than most of Bloch. Much of the music is derivative, not a little of it perilously near banality. But it is cleverly and attractively written. The performance was satisfactory, hardly more.

Nor was Mr. Koussevitzky in the vein for Wagner. The Prelude to "Parsifal" is a feeble thing than that to "Tristan" or than that to "Die Meistersinger." Yesterday it was dragged out, and occasionally the orchestra was overdriven, not merely at the climax. Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting varies with his moods, and yesterday was not one of his good days.

Saint-Saens' C-minor symphony he no doubt intended, when he wrote it, for his masterpiece. And that is what it has turned out to be. It holds a place in the orchestral repertory, something only the symphonies of Franck and of Chausson among his compatriots and

contemporaries have done. This music is smoothly written, facile, yet not without solidity, and in an acceptable imitation of the grand manner.

Saint-Saens does not go in for extended development, he prefers to write more as Brahms wrote variations. There is a main theme which in various transformations keeps recurring. He has eliminated many of the conventional repeats. His orchestra, beside the organ, includes most of the instruments Wagner had used which are not found in Beethoven's scores. It appears that he was the first symphonic composer to venture to extend the orchestra beyond what Beethoven had employed. So great and so stupid is the force of tradition.

One felt again yesterday that the present seating of the orchestra is not as effective as most of the former arrangements. The second violins are often inaudible, for one thing. One felt again that Mr. Koussevitzky does not care as much as one wishes he did for quality of tone. He strives not so much for purity of tone as for sonority. The brass especially is allowed and even compelled to play far too throatily, and far too loudly. As an instrument the orchestra now often resembles a fine piano which is at the mercy of a relentless virtuoso. P. R.

### Purcell and Bloch on Boston Symphony Program

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the tenth afternoon concert of the season on Thursday in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program, which will be repeated tonight, follows:

Purcell-Wood.....Trumpet Voluntary  
Bloch.....Concerto Grosso for String  
Orchestra with Piano Obbligato  
Wagner.....Prelude to "Parsifal"  
Saint-Saens.....Symphony in C minor,  
No. 3, Op. 78, with organ

It was good to have Purcell, who has been called the greatest of English composers, represented on the symphony programs, and this "Voluntary," as arranged by Sir Henry Wood, and played for the first time in Boston, proved a delightful expression of the mood of the season. Scored for three trumpets, three trombones, kettle-drums, side drum and organ, the piece is short, and throughout maintains the vein of a hymn of joy. It was splendidly performed, and the conductor called upon the little band of players to accept their share of the plaudits.

The other number included, presumably, in honor of the Christmas holidays, was less successful. The "Parsifal" prelude represents the tedious, sentimentalized Wagner, and is the sort of music to bring out Mr. Koussevitzky's least admirable qualities as a conductor.



The so-called "Last Supper" theme was so long drawn out as virtually to lose its melodic quality, and the later dynamic extremes between brass and strings quite destroyed the unity of the number. As a result, perhaps, of these peculiarities of interpretation, the performance was noticeably ragged.

The Bloch Concerto Grosso was another item heard for the first time in Boston, having been performed originally at the Cleveland Institute of Music last June. It consists of four movements: prelude, dirge, pastorale and rustic dance, and fugue. The prelude is vigorously rhythmic, with attractive melodic material. The fugue is intricate, and is worked out in a thoroughly musicianly manner. Yet neither of these movements seemed on a first hearing to add anything individual to what had been said by the eighteenth-century masters of this form.

But in the two middle movements Bloch emerges. The Dirge is a Jewish lament, marked by the composer's characteristically biting blends of tone. The Pastorale, after a dirge-like introduction, passes on to a Siegfriedian scene, which is followed by the dances, powerfully rhythmic. Suddenly in a curious interlude the dancers appear to break off for the purpose of going to church; afterward they resume their merrymaking. Altogether, an impressive central pair of movements, which perhaps would be heard to better advantage still if played by themselves.

The lively, lovely, noisy Saint-Saëns symphony, if performed with insufficient lightness in the allegro passages, was lovely enough in the adagios, and certainly was as noisy as it could be at the close.

L. A. S.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS ROMANTIC MUSIC

Second Tuesday Concert  
Draws Large Audience

The second symphony concert of the Tuesday series took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged a program of what is called "romantic" music, which ranged from

Weber's Euryanthe overture through Schubert's unfinished symphony, the Sylphs' dance and the Rakoczy march from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," music, excerpts from Schumann's "Carnival," played by Jesus Sanroma, to Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes." The audience was very large.

Before the concert Mr. Walter R. Spalding spoke for 10 minutes—they seemed not so long—about "romantic" music. Speaking right to the point, he cleared the atmosphere for those in the audience who, their heads confused from having perused Mr. Cecil Gray's spirited book, had lost such ideas as they once might have had as to the meaning of the term. Mr. Spalding made everything clear once more.

But was Mr. Spalding giving voice to his own views or to those of Mr. Koussevitzky when he intimated that Schumann, because of his lack of skill at writing for orchestra, might better be represented by a piano piece? Schumann, if you like, was not past master at orchestral writing—though indeed he did contrive, for a man so clumsy as good judges will have him, to turn out some very tolerable music.

If nothing he wrote, however, was fit to keep company yesterday with, say "Les Preludes" by Liszt, it might have been wiser to leave his name off the program. To play at an orchestral concert those scraps of the Carnival did neither composer nor performer justice.

If justice, though, comes into question, was it just to any one of yesterday's composers to place them all in a row? The worth of a historical concert is of course another matter. It may have been their very romanticism, expressed in terms of the picturesque, of gorgeous color and of emotionalism, that made them, in each other's company, lose lustre.

If only, for instance, the lovely symphony had followed, not Weber, but Bach, or any of those early masters Mr. Koussevitzky deals with so happily! If Brahms at his ruggedest, not Schubert, had paved the way for those wanton sylphs, they would have danced the more enchantingly. Mendelssohn and his clowns and fairies would have felt more at home with Beethoven than with any of his companions yesterday. And the cruelty of making Liszt sound his noisy march after Berlioz (and Mr. Koussevitzky) had roused a furore with his!

It all could not be helped; the concert was chronological. But the concert proved once more the futility of a "period" program. Too much romance itself can clog, let alone an overdose of romanticism. A page or two of late Stravinsky can never have sounded so well in its life as it would have sounded yesterday afternoon, a dash of bitter or sour to do away with too much sweetness.

R. R. G.

## PURCELL OVERBLOWN, BLOCH FREE-VOICED, WAGNER IN EXCELSIS

Trans. — Dec. 26, 1925  
SAINT-SAENS ALSO, BRINGING UP  
THE REAR

Mr. Koussevitzky Assembles a Ranging Program—The English Master Mishandled—The American Composer Breaks Through Restraints—The Prelude to "Parsifal" Carried High—Loud Applause and Shameless Doubts for a Symphony

THE BUSY QUIDNUNCS may possess their tongues in peace. The "Trumpet Voluntary" arranged by Sir Henry Wood, conductor in London, from unspecified pages of Purcell, little resembles the "Trumpet Prelude," arranged by Mr. Stokowski, conductor in Philadelphia, from a manuscript likewise of Purcell. The proof was the playing of the Voluntary at the Symphony Concert, Thursday afternoon. True, the Prelude has never been heard in Boston; but it is known by report; while Mr. Gilman, who prepares the Philadelphian program-books, described it informingly. Mr. Stokowski worked from a manuscript in the British Museum about which he could ascertain no particulars. Sir Henry, who has a habit of burrowing into Purcell, gives no hint of his source. Both pieces are in the key of D-major; some professed to discover an underlying resemblance in the matter. Within belief the two transcribers may have set their respective hands to the same pages of Purcell. In treatment, however, they are far apart.

Mr. Stokowski re-scores for trumpets, oboes, bassoons and strings. Sir Henry discards the strings and wood-winds altogether, finding trumpets, trombones, drums and organ better suited to his purpose. He is all for the poms of sound—swelling sonorities, striding progressions, a welkin unceasingly reverberant. Seventeenth-century fashion, he carries the trumpets into the highest possible registers, wherein on Thursday, Mr. Mager did feats of breath

and agility; though, true to tell, this piercing shrillness is none too agreeable to present ears. The deeper trombones are like a bass to the trumpets; the drums beat out the rhythm; the organ is in recurring swell; tonal mass, tonal stride and Sir Henry is content.

So "transcribed" Purcell writes a big-wigged, pot-bellied, thick-ankled music; whereas it was his custom to be spirited as well as sonorous. It is quite possible to believe that Mr. Stokowski's transcription is the more Purcellian. Even so, neither Voluntary nor Prelude may speak too characteristically of the master whence each proceeds. He wrote a deal of such ceremonial music for whatever occasion invited it and commissioned him. Most of it he forgot on the morrow. Besides, what composer may disclose his mettle in a semi-prescribed piece, hardly five minutes long? Out of suites that Mr. Coates, Mr. Holst and Sir Henry himself have assembled from the stage music Purcell speaks in truer, more individual voice. To purpose Mr. Koussevitzky might open them, and in Symphony Hall. The Voluntary of Thursday was the merest introduction—in the doorway as it were.

On the other hand, in his new Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra with Piano Obligato, Mr. Bloch expressed himself with a freed voice, an achieving hand, a mind and a spirit unchafing that are rarely his composing lot. Usually he is in travail of invention; his means fall short of his design; his moods harass him; he persuades himself that he is speaking to unresponsive, even derisive, ears. So ran the other day "at these concerts" his Suite for Viola and Orchestra; while in a new freedom coursed the later-born Concerto. As usual Mr. Bloch is plastic and fertile within the chosen form, which the eighteenth-century pieces of Handel and Corelli readily suggested. As usual, he fuses classical, modern and modernist practice so that they seem continuous growth, unfolding and enrichment. As usual, he hears and treats the assembled instruments in his own fashion and with distinctive outcome. In his first movement, for example, he gains depths of tone not always to be plumbed by a string choir. Laying key over key in the succeeding Dirge, he writes poignantly as well as discordantly. The metallic timbres that he draws from the piano accent the peasant dances. Often dividing the strings, he attains both pungency and propulsive power. Now and again writing chromatically, he haunts the ear.

By such means and in this new freedom, the moody and imaginative quality of the Concerto bit home. It is the temper of Mr. Bloch to cultivate vigors of rhythm and rigors of expression. He draws his music tense; with energy he paces it; lean-bodied and sinewy it strides. So moves his Prelude, as drivingly, as decisively, as



though an eighteenth-century master had written it for twentieth century string choir. A native wildness is also characteristic of Mr. Bloch. He reaffirms it in the chromatic descents that begin his Dirge. The music mourns plangently and unashamed. He hushes it into a melody of the grief that remembers; while juxtaposed keys pierce to the quick of the emotion. The pastoral introduction to the third movement breathes what the French call la nostalgie du pays. For everyone of us there is some spot on this earth that in our secret hearts and inmost minds we cherish and forget not. It may be the mill-pond in New England where in the summer heats—and in a great Mexican hat—we played as children. It may be mountain-buttress or storm-thrashed cliff whence—to young imagination—half the world of land or sea lay outspread. Or it may even be no more than city-street—and mean street at that—a thousand times retraversed.

From such deep-set remembrance rises upon Mr. Bloch's imagination the vision of the Swiss fields and villages that his boyhood knew, and of the folk that danced among them. Into his "Pastorale," he infuses the emotion—recollection in longing; while with the folk-dances he evokes a more graphic imagery. Hearers share his mood and see his picturing; for once he frees himself and holds them fast. But—Heaven forgive him!—Mr. Bloch has been well-nigh sentimental. Forthwith he springs to a final Fugue; flings out the subjects sharp-set and taut; whips them hither and thither among his choirs but with method in his madness; regains the energies of the prelude; rounds into firm-set close. With reason Mr. Bloch—did his temperament permit—may stand content. In these latter days, he speaks out again, and in three "capitals of music" within a single month, audiences have answered.

By the side of Purcell and Bloch Mr. Koussevitzky laid the Prelude to "Parsifal"—and there is no fathoming conductors' minds when they set to program-making. Yet soon the proclamation of the performance whisked away the mystery of the choice. In the Metropolitan Opera House, twenty-three years ago, upon this very Dec. 24, "Parsifal" was heard for the first time outside Wagner's own Bayreuth. Though Mr. Hertz was conducting, though the orchestra was not what it has now

become, in the straining ears of many an excited listener, the Prelude sounded as it never had before, as it never has since—until Mr. Koussevitzky on Thursday renewed those sensations. Uneven as he is with excerpts from Wagner he now wrought without flaw; while the orchestra was his instrument, many voiced, no less unerring, above even its present self. His pacing, phrasing, coloring, at every turn enhanced the music and intensified the illusion. Deep-voiced and rapt, the orchestra sounded the mysteries of the Eucharist, of the Grail. To the "Dresden Amen," become motif of the holy cup, the heavens opened and shone. The measures of anguish cried and the very entrails of agony—cried and pierced and stilled itself away. Upon the close descended the measures of the divine suffering and the divine compassion. Unclouded and undiminished rose the Prelude as a speech of tones. With each several emotion was it charged. No other sound stirred across the hall. Through instants at the end, the spell persisted. The sheer precision of the matter and the passion—and both of unearthly things—are Wagner's final wonder.

Fortunately for the late Charles Camille Saint-Saëns, sometime of Paris, a long intermission cleared the air and diverted minds and ears to his "Organ Symphony." Since the Prussian Muck revived it, to the outspoken admiration of the Gaelic composer, it has been stock-piece and show-piece at the Symphony Concerts. The plaintive and "soulful" slow movement still sighs its way into countless sentimental hearts; while twice two thousand quivering hands clap the clamorous "majesty" of the end. Yet in holes and corners shameless ears dare to count that Adagio no better than a perfumed whine and to listen to that monstrous close as so much pseudo-Lisztian blaa-blaa. Even the celebrated workmanship of the illustrious composer's beginning to stale. Forty years after, when Ravel and a score of others have also written, it passes for granted. These, however, are the days for the bearing of gifts, and great was the joy over the big Christmas bonbon of Monsieur Charles Camille Saint-Saëns. Besides, as chief confectioner, Mr. Koussevitzky spared no eloquent pains. H. T. P.

## Eleventh Programme

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 2, at 8.15 o'clock

Berlioz . . . . . Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23

Haydn . . . . . Concerto for Violoncello in D major  
I. Allegro Moderato  
II. Adagio  
III. Allegro

Strauss . . . . . An Alpine Symphony, Op. 64

"Night—Sunrise—The Ascent—Entrance into the Forest—Wandering Beside the Brook—At the Waterfall—Apparition—In Flowery Meadows—On the Alm (Mountain Pasture)—Lost in the Thicket and Brush—On the Glacier—Moments of Danger—On the Summit—Vision—Elegy—Calm Before the Storm—The Thunderstorm—The Descent—Sunset—Night."

SOLOIST  
PABLO CASALS

There will be an intermission after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

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—EUGEN YSAYE.

*He is the greatest  
musician that has  
ever drawn a bow.*  
—FRITZ KREISLER.



## PABLO CASALS

*World's Greatest Violoncellist*

## CASALS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Michael Press to Conduct  
Concerts of Jan 15 and 16

Pablo Casals as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert played the 'cello in a Haydn concerto with the marvellous artistry that has long caused him to be universally regarded by all persons qualified to judge as one of the few living performers of the very first rank.

No other 'cellist equals him, no performer on any instrument surpasses him, not even Kreisler, not even Paderewski. It is curious that the general public has never fully realized the esteem in which Casals is held by musicians.

The rest of the program included a repetition of Strauss' "Alpine Symphony" played at the concerts of Dec 18 and 19, and a curiously noisy and ineffective performance of Berlioz' overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

The programs carried the announcement, not hitherto released for publication, that Michael Press will conduct the next pair of Symphony concerts, as "guest." Next week the orchestra visits New York, so the dates will be Jan 15 and 16.

"And who is Michael Press?" The question is pardonable, and the only discreet answer is that we shall know after we have heard him conduct. From 1901 until the Russian Revolution he was professor of violin playing in the Moscow Conservatory. It is said that he has since conducted in Sweden and elsewhere, but nobody hereabouts seems to have heard much of it or of him. He conducted as guest a single concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Philadelphia not long ago. This orchestra is not to be confused with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor.

The only apparent reason for asking a musician practically unknown as a conductor to lead the Boston Symphony is Mr Koussevitzky's desire and need for two weeks' vacation. Eugene Goossens, well-known English conductor now leading the new Rochester, N Y, Orchestra, was long ago engaged to conduct the Boston Symphony concerts of Jan 22 and 23.

This was announced in November. But Mr Press' engagement was not announced until now. It is to be assumed that his abilities as conductor deserve the high and unprecedented compliment the trustees of the orchestra have paid him. The only guest conductors at these concerts have been Vincent d'Indy, Bruno Walter, George Schneevoght and Henry Hadley, in 45 seasons. It is to be noted that Maj Higginson, except when d'Indy conducted a program chiefly of his own compositions, in 1905, permitted no guest conductors.

Mr Casals yesterday played Haydn's music with elegance of phrasing, subtlety of nuances, the utmost polish of style, and yet with a relish. One hoped the local singers and players in the audience noted as a model of perfect musicianship this performance.

When the orchestra repeated phrases of Haydn that Mr Casals had just previously played the undistinguished character of the interpretation it gave was somewhat of a shock to those who still vividly remember how the whole Boston Symphony Orchestra, before it became a casualty of the World War, once played Haydn and Mozart under Dr Muck. The whole orchestra then played almost as musically as Casals did yesterday, in such music.

Mr Koussevitzky's qualities shone to far better advantage in the swelling rhythms and almost megalomaniac sonorities of Strauss, whose "Alpine Symphony" again seemed to be a work with every musical quality save melodic, or, more precisely, thematic, invention.

One wondered why a conductor capable he has repeatedly shown in his two seasons here of remarkably brilliant performances of Berlioz should have made such a noisy botch out of the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture. But the trouble probably is that Mr Koussevitzky, who puts tremendous nervous energy into his work, is tired and in real need of the vacation the two weeks of guest conductors will afford him.

P. R.

## SYMPHONY GIVES 11TH CONCERT

"Benvenuto Cellini" Overture and Haydn's Concerto Well Performed

"ALPINE SYMPHONY"  
AGAIN WINS FAVOR

The eleventh symphony concert yesterday was an occasion of unusual euphony, which began with the opening bars of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, that piece of music one longs to find beautiful if only out of response to Berlioz's persuasive words about it, and also from sympathy for his struggles to get his opera produced. It still sounds well; yesterday M. Koussevitzky, with his nicest taste to the fore and his finest cunning, saw to that.

It is well he did. The overture had yesterday little more than many varieties of beautiful sound to grace it; its force seemed spent, its stirring rhythm,



too; its brilliancy. But who will forget the sound of it, above all the oboe solo, the splendor of the trumpets near the end? A fine sense of proportion can accomplish much.

Much that was exquisite Mr. Koussevitzky accomplished in the accompaniment to Haydn's concerto in D major for violoncello, for he made it, especially the first movement, as agreeable in sound as though it were being played where Haydn meant it to be played, in a small hall. Thus, free from harshness and not swollen up like the ambitious frog of the fable, the concerto could make its charm felt. Charm it has in plenty.

Pablo Casals played the solo part. In his strict adherence to the doctrine, he evidently holds that a performer when playing a classic should let the composer speak for himself. Mr. Casals throughout the first movement all but leaned over backward; though he played with lovely tone—very small, to be sure—and the utmost niceness of phrasing, he kept himself so modestly in the background that the performance lacked all life. As for the finale, it is hard to believe that Haydn imagined it so void of snap and bounce as Mr. Casals fancied it.

But in the adagio Mr. Casals proved the soundness of his doctrine. Putting firmly behind him the 'cellist's temptation to whine and sob and roll slow melodies in sugar, Mr. Casals, trusting confidently in Haydn, played the movement with a noble simplicity that in very truth "let the composer speak for himself." The grace of Haydn's music as Mr. Casals drew it from his instrument, the amazing beauty of Mr. Casals's tone, these are not to be soon forgotten. The artist was cordially applauded.

For a quite different sort of magnificent sound Mr. Koussevitzky had his golden opportunity in Richard Strauss's "Alpine Symphony," wisely repeated to let people really come to know it. The symphony may be very long; it may use in its length some themes that are ordinary, indulge in some episodes too obvious—those cowbells could not fail to sound silly to people who live in the country, nor could country folk ever be impressed with wind that comes from a churn, let it howl as loud as it likes.

Hats, nevertheless, should come off before Richard Strauss, who at the least of it was stirred to write of mountain tops and sunrise, brooks, forests, wide open spaces, storms, and who has so complete a mastery of his means that he can do it. How well he knows the advantage a climax has if it is properly prepared! How fully he understands the value of contrast! How rich and satisfying he makes his music sound.

(The superb performance yesterday had a hand in that!)

Strauss must feel deep in his heart the appeal of mountain country. A

sense of exhalation, when the ascent began and the summit rose in view, swept over many a listener yesterday. The symphony gains much on acquaintance.

Michael Press will conduct the 12th pair of concerts, Jan. 15 and 16. There will be Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, Sibelius's first symphony, and Jacques Thibaud will play Brahms's violin concerto. R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY. REPEATS STRAUSS

Casals, Master Cellist,  
New Year's Day  
Soloist

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An altogether welcome repetition of Strauss' "Alpine Symphony," the appearance of that excellent 'cellist, Pablo Casals, as soloist in Haydn's D major Concerto, and an electrifying performance of Berlioz's Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"—such was the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon.

WORTH GROWS ON HEARER

To record a personal experience and opinion, a third hearing of the "Alpine Symphony" deepens first impressions of the music's worth while it lessens those of the music's weakness. To this end, yesterday, the performance itself, a performance truly magnificent, brilliant and eloquent beyond all praise, not unnaturally contributed; for remarkable as the original performances seemed, that of yesterday surpassed them at every point. But the truth of the matter is that a piece of the length and the complexity of the "Alpine

Symphony" may scarcely be justly appraised upon one or even upon two hearings. To be sure, Strauss' melodic and harmonic idiom are, in the light of later musical developments, eminently simple and straightforward, but only when something like familiarity with it is attained may such a bulk of music be heard to full appreciation.

As on other occasions Strauss seemed yesterday in this "Alpine Symphony" to be least successful when he would be realistic. The cow-bell episode is overdone, unduly prolonged; the music of the waterfall, scintillating though it is, is inherently empty; the fanfares of hunting horns, heard yesterday from behind the stage, are a bit incongruous; the storm, for all its terrifying racket, is less truly suggestive of the wildness of the elements than is that in Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. To say nothing of the tempest that begins Wagner's "Die Walkure"; it is indeed hardly more than the storm of Rossini's "William Tell" Overture, tremendously inflated. But, broadly considered, the "Alpine Symphony" contains a deal of noble and beautiful music, its architecture is superb, its instrumentation nothing short of marvelous.

Truly, as conductor, Mr. Koussevitzky is inexhaustible. From the orchestra yesterday he obtained a performance of Berlioz' Overture that Hector of the flaming locks would himself have rejoiced to hear, a performance rich in dramatic contrasts, now warmly songful, now of blinding brilliance. Yet from this feat of conductorial virtuosity he could turn to Haydn's gentle Concerto and give to Mr. Casals an accompaniment as poised and balanced, as delicate and finished as that master's own playing.

PRESS, GUEST CONDUCTOR

Michael Press will be guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra at the regular Boston concerts, and at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on the previous Thursday evening. At the concerts in Symphony hall on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, he will conduct Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Brahms's concerto in D major for violin and orchestra, with Jacques Thibaud as soloist; and Sibelius's first symphony in E minor.

Michael Press is a native of Russia, and began his career at the age of 17, conducting opera and ballet in Moscow. In his own country and subsequently in the other principal countries of Europe, he has attracted considerable attention by his abilities as an orchestral leader. Likewise a noted violinist, he held for a time the position of head of the violin department of the Moscow Imperial Conservatory of Music.

Herald—Jan. 16/26

## CONDUCTOR GOES, VIRTUOSO COMES, FAMILIAR MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF PABLO  
CASALS

The Violoncellist in the Prime of His Powers Upon a Classic Concerto—For a Month Mr. Koussevitzky Takes Leave—Strauss's "Alpine Symphony" Repeated, Quickened and Intensified—Other Incidents

NOT UNTIL the end of January will Mr. Koussevitzky return to a symphony Concert of Friday afternoon. With the captains in the arts as well as with the captains of commerce, "winter vacations" are now becoming the custom in America. As the head of his profession on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Stokowski set the example in Philadelphia. Now, in degree, his brethren follow it. Either, like Mr. Koussevitzky, they arrange their own holiday or, like Mr. Damrosch, conduct through but half a season. Only a few old-fashioned souls, blessed with routinized temperaments, like Mr. Stock in Chicago or Mr. Monteux through his years in Boston, may now bear the brunt of an unbroken round of concerts from October even unto April. No doubt conducting is becoming, in these days, an increasingly nervous business. If it happens to be "very personal," as it is with Mr. Koussevitzky or Mr. Stokowski, the strain of in-taking from the music and out-going upon orchestra and audience, tells, and relaxation becomes advisable, not to say imperative.

Certainly the conductor of the Boston Orchestra earns and deserves such release. Mr. Koussevitzky is not the man to husband himself upon any piece or upon any occasion. Besides, a hundred-odd concerts in seven months make a task of which, as European itinerant, he would never have dreamed. Yet with this mid-winter holiday he accomplishes it and ends the season by no means stripped and spent. His orches-



tra, as well, needs "the rest and change"; for he lays no light and sparing hand upon it; whereas the passing "guest" is strange and therefore in measure forbearing. At least he is "different" and the "personnel," though the program book but baldly lists it, remains intrinsically human. No doubt, it will make the best of Mr. Michael Press and Mr. Eugene Goossens who are to be substitutes at the subscription concerts for the absent leader. As for the audiences, being docile by nature and habit, they will take what is set before them asking few questions. At the least, Mr. Goossens is notable figure in the younger English generation—as conductor or composer a musician of spirit.

In no respect did Mr. Koussevitzky signalize his impending departure while the assembled company quite forgot that for a month it was farewelling him. He began the concert with Berlioz's Overture to the opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," and he ended it with Strauss's "Alpine Symphony," repeated within a fortnight. By the Overture the conductor did exactly what there was reason to expect. That is to say, at every turn he vivified and dramatized it, loosing his own spirit, intensifying Berlioz's design. The first measures sounded in mounting tumult; the sombre and stately melody of the Cardinal ascended from the orchestral depths and moved like a cavalcade of prelates. The wood-winds sang the amorous melody at a languorous pace and in the utmost richness of tone. So forth and so onward, alike with the succeeding tumults, the recurring chants d'amour, the returning Cardinal. Berlioz's imagining of a clamorous and sensuous Rome of the Renaissance stood revealed; he himself could hardly have kept the music at intenser beat. Yet only the more clearly the hearer perceived that he was setting down one tonal episode after the other rather than fusing and intertwining them; while the habitual detractors of Mr. Koussevitzky could sit content with their usual comment: "Every thing that is slow, he takes more slowly; while every thing that is fast, he whips and speeds"—which in their chaste view is not the whole art of conducting.

Thrice and four times blessed among composers is Strauss. Before he puts pen to music-paper, he seems to know exactly what he wishes to say; to abound likewise in the means wherewith he will say it. When he has filled those staves with many notes, but with few "stage-directions," neither conductor nor orchestra, nor yet again the audience, may mistake the music. There opens the design unfolded and up-built; there are the tonal signs and symbols precisely distributed; thence outspring the mood and the suggestion, the picture or the passion, unescapable. By that rare virtue Strauss's tone-poems sel-

dom miscarry in the concert-hall; while upon the remembering hearer they do but confirm the impression gained, retained and anticipated.

Consequently at a third hearing "An Alpine Symphony" sounded much as it had at a first or a second—save only where the personal equation of bettered performance entered. Yesterday, for example, those measures for the trumpets, which are as the very streaks of dawn upon mountain-slopes, sounded more clearly and characterizingly. Mr. Koussevitzky seemed to quicken and vary the pace of that lengthy journey through the woods, so speeding and savoring it. To the music of the final ascent he gave a more spirited, rhythmic life, a more vivid clangor of tone, and by both it gained. More pungently sounded the individual instruments and the melodies that they sing, as the "Vision" upon the summit recedes, as the "Elegy" takes course, as an ominous calm descends and enwraps the height. Yet so bettering the performance, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra only drew the nearer to Strauss's declared intent. With reason they take their "Alpine Symphony" on their next journey.

For interlude—and also for crown of the concert—Mr. Casals played the solo-part in Haydn's Concerto for Violoncello; familiar piece, like nearly every other worth the playing, in the symphonic repertory of cellists; yet enduring repetition and recollection better than do most. The Concerto, indeed, sits high among the more reticent and aristocratic of Haydn's music. Not even in the final Rondo does he merely babble; often he is more adept than genial; while his slow song is no pretty tune of knitters by the cottage door. Such music—and "in the ancient style"—invites the finer attributes, summons the deeper powers, of Mr. Casals as musician and virtuoso; while yesterday, with them, he was superlative master undiminished.

The program-book descanted upon the "passage-work" and the "show-measures" of his first movement. Mr. Casals clothed them in a twofold beauty: of warm and lucent instrumental song, of the deeper lights and shadows of his tone. If he chiselled this "passage-work" into high relief against the orchestral background; yet did he warm each carven line and undulate every inwrought curve. The distilled essence of measured and transfigured musical sound flowed through the slow song—most of all in the euphonies of the violoncello with the shading strings or the attendant wind choir. In this Adagio, Haydn (as his time and circle might have said) wrote "elegantly." Informed by Mr. Casals's spirit and at his touch upon bow and frets, this "elegance" becomes a lambent serenity. Haydn wrote also with the sentiment of his time and style. A century later, Mr. Casals replays—and almost re-writes—it as a lyrical

poetry of tones for the instant of hearing almost beyond compare. And with what lightness he carried the quick-paced, outflinging Finale! For once a flute might have envied such a violoncello. There is a newly fashioned and uncouth term—"musicality." Yet it is the word of words for Mr. Casals and his playing when as yesterday the divine fire—it is nothing less—plays about his bow. H. T. P.

## Casals Soloist With Boston Orchestra

The program of the eleventh concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Berlioz—Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"  
Haydn—Concerto for Violoncello in D major  
Strauss—"An Alpine Symphony"

Pablo Casals was the soloist.

For some undiscoverable reason Mr. Koussevitzky chose to repeat Strauss' "Alpine Symphony," which he gave here for the first time two weeks ago. He has played other novelties here this season which were much more worthy of repetition; music, as that of Tansman's Sinfonietta, containing much which could not be wholly seized and comprehended at a first hearing; music, as Loeffler's "Memories of My Childhood," which is so inherently charming that a second hearing could hardly fail of giving renewed pleasure. And then there is so much new music, as yet unheard here, crying for performance, that the time spent on this repetition of Strauss' dreary Alpine impressions seems little better than wasted. This second hearing then served little good purpose. It merely confirmed the impression of two weeks ago that this symphony is perhaps the weakest of the composer's productions, that it shows more of his defects than of his good qualities and that although it is orchestrated with his customary mastery, the musical thought to be conveyed is trivial. The performance was in most respects smoother than the preceding ones.

Of Casals and the Haydn Concerto there is little new to say. Mr. Casals is not only remarkable as a player of the violoncello; he is even more remarkable as a musician. It is impossible to refrain from enthusiasm when listening to his playing; enthusiasm for its technical perfection, enthusiasm for its supremely musical characteristics. But unfortunately for those unable to be present at the concert, it is impossible to describe it in words.

Berlioz's Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" is hardly one of his most effective works, although the brilliant performance of yesterday afternoon lifted it greatly. Thus did Mr. Casals and "Papa" Haydn save the day yesterday, and serve as the sole redeeming feature of an otherwise dull afternoon. S. M.



# Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 15, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16, at 8.15 o'clock

MICHAEL PRESS will appear as guest conductor  
at this pair of concerts

Wagner . . . . . Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"

Brahms . . . . . Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77  
I. Allegro non troppo.  
II. Adagio.  
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

Sibelius . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39  
I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.  
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.  
III. Allegro.  
IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.

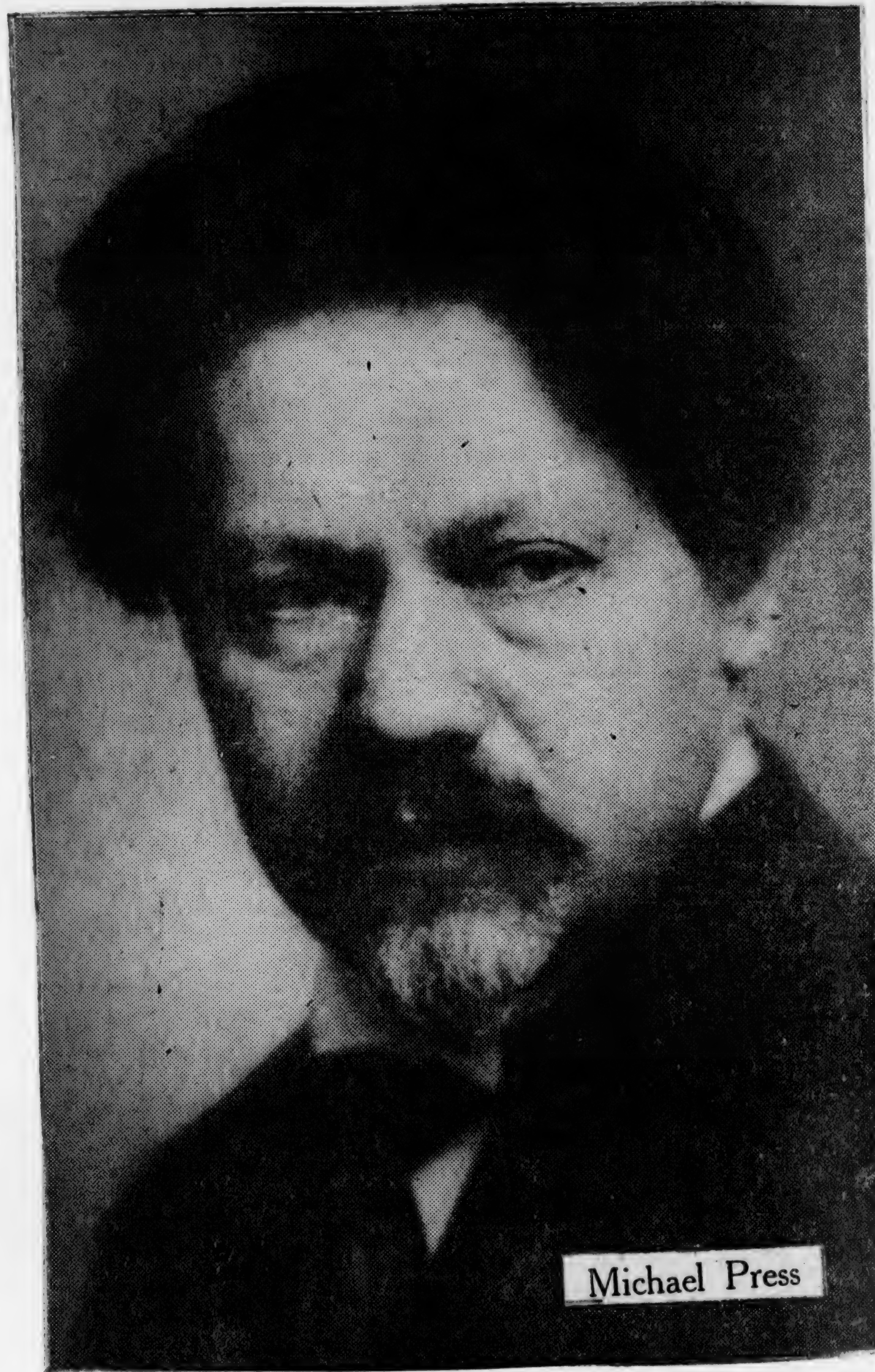
SOLOIST  
JACQUES THIBAUD

There will be an intermission after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement  
Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Michael Press

## PRESS CONDUCTS FOR SYMPHONY

*Herald*—Jan. 16, 1926

Wagner's Overture to 'The  
Flying Dutchman' Is  
Presented

### THIBAUD, VIOLINIST, IN BRAHMS CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

The twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. As Mr. Koussevitzky has begun his vacation of two weeks, Michael Press, a Russian, a distinguished violinist, and a conductor of much experience, who came to this country not long ago and now makes Philadelphia his home, conducted yesterday as a guest. The program was as follows: Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman;" Brahms, violin concerto (Mr. Thibaud, violinist); Sibelius, Symphony, E minor, No. 1.

Mr. Press, who facially resembles somewhat the late Arthur Nikisch, has indisputable gifts as a leader of musicians. He knows what to demand of them in order to make his interpretation of a work effective. They agree gladly to his wishes. His authority is not too demonstratively asserted. His gestures are not superfluous, not merely for the audience. In this he is like Mr. Koussevitzky. His beat is clear and decisive, but the performance is elastic, not marred by military and soulless precision. It would not be judicious, perhaps, to judge his interpretative ability from one concert. His reading of the familiar overture was intelligently, remarkably dramatic. We doubt if a more stirring performance of this music has been heard in Boston, either in opera house or concert hall during the last 45 years. The overture yesterday was not a fantasia on airs from Wagner's opera; it was a condensation of the opera itself, with Erik and Daland, fortunately, thrown overboard, with Vanderdecken

and Senta before one. The doom of the Dutchman thundered from the angry sky. Senta inspired to save him, and, the only relief from the supernatural, the chorus of sailors. Played as it was yesterday the overture is more dramatic than the opera. Mr. Press succeeded in presenting the various sections as operatic scenes without breaking the continuity, the flow of musical thought. Even the pauses had their significance. A performance intensely dramatic, but not for a moment theatrical in the evil sense of the word.

Sibelius's symphony demanded a different treatment. The work itself is irregular with a splendid wildness, but there are pages in which the inspiration of the composer flagged; there are other pages, especially in the second movement, when thematic, harmonic and orchestral treatment shows unmistakably the influence of Tchaikovsky. Mr. Press wisely made no attempt to sandpaper and polish. He let Sibelius wall and scream when the mood was on him; he sympathized with the composer in his more lyrical and tender moments, nor did he fail to appreciate the pages that are recklessly fantastical. And so as the conductor of music by Wagner, Brahms and Sibelius, composers of a widely different nature, Mr. Press, who was warmly received by the audience, made a most favorable impression.

Probably no violinist is content until before his death he has played in public the concerto of Johannes Brahms. The music appeals to some; the difficulties to more; to some the performance is a solemn duty. They all say to themselves: "I shall not be reckoned among the great unless this concerto and Bach's Chaconne are in my repertoire." (There are orchestral conductors who insist on leading symphonies by Bruckner and Mahler.)

Mr. Thibaud, as a violinist and a personality on the platform, is the aristocrat among his co-mates. No one has his elegance of bearing and interpretation. Nor is it rash to say, now that Ysaye is seldom heard in public, no violinist of the present day possesses in so marked a degree the supreme attributes of the ideal virtuoso-musician, master of the instrument. There is no higher praise than to say that by his art Mr. Thibaud made the concerto tolerable and to be endured. He did not too evidently endeavor to soften the rugged granitic nature of Johannes, nor did he sentimentalize when Johannes was in a softer vein. There are Brahmsites who believe that if interpreters of the violin concerto and the piano concertos lend beauty to that which is not so beautiful, they work incalculable injury to the composer. The worse the music sounds the more these Brahmsites enjoy it. "Ah, that is the real Brahms; only Germans should be, can be, his interpreters." But here comes



Mr. Thibaud to show how this violin concerto can be played without wearying the flesh and spirit of the hearer. The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Eugene Goossens will conduct as a guest. He has arranged this program: Weber, Overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Brahms, Symphony, E minor, No. 4; Goossens, Sinfonietta; Delius, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring"; Debussy, "Iberia."

## SYMPHONY UNDER NEW CONDUCTOR

Post — Jan. 16, 1926

### Michael Press Shows to Advantage With Sibelius

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In accordance with the custom now gaining vogue among conductors of the major symphony orchestras, Mr. Koussevitzky is at present enjoying a brief midwinter holiday and the directing of the Symphony concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening has fallen to Michael Press, Russian violinist and conductor, for the time established in Philadelphia.

#### PARTIAL TO VIGOROUS MUSIC

Apparently in sympathy with music of elemental vigor, Mr. Press chose for his purely orchestral numbers Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture and the First Symphony of Sibelius, while as assisting artist, Jacques Thibaut played the solo part in Brahms' Concerto for Violin.

Of medium height and stock build, with a shock of pointed beard that suggest a little the late Arthur Nikisch, Mr. Press conducts authoritatively, with expressive though not exaggerated gesture. The first bars of Wagner's overture showed Mr. Press to be no mere time-beater. His interpretation of the piece, though in no way exceptional, was nevertheless individual. It was, however, in the passages of storm and stress rather than in the music of Senta's musing or of Senta's exaltation that Mr. Press was happiest.

#### At Home With Sibelius

More consistently successful was he in the reading of Sibelius' Symphony, a work that had been too long unheard here. Although the influence of Tchaikovsky and even of Wagner may be here and there detected, this symphony is, in the larger sense, Sibelius' very own. And a masterly and beautiful symphony it is, full of Northern wildness and bleakness, rising at times to epic breaths, and in the andante touched with a songful beauty the more affecting for its simplicity.

Of this score Mr. Press disclosed an intimate knowledge and a sympathetic understanding. Especially to be commended was his treatment of the broad, unswelling second theme of the finale, which was at his hands happily freed from all suggestion of banality.

#### Mr. Thibaut's Playing

The orchestral performance both of the overture and of the symphony was brilliant. Nor would it be fair to Mr. Press to say that this great orchestra in its present estate would necessarily appear to advantage under any conductor: it is through its conductor that any orchestra must both think and feel.

A violinist of extraordinary sensibility, a master musician, Mr. Thibaut seemed nevertheless miscast in Brahms' Concerto. His tone, pure and lovely as it is, often lacked needful breadth and solidity and only intermittently in this over-long concerto of compelling interest. Yet if continuance and fervor of applause be any criterion, Mr. Thibaut achieved yesterday a notable success. Only toward him and his playing, indeed, was there on this occasion any marked show of enthusiasm. But then a soloist is a soloist, and in these days they are not over-plentiful at the symphony concerts.

## SIBELIUS RETURNS, THIBAUD RE-ENTERS A GUEST-CONDUCTOR

Trans. — Jan. 16, 1926

### MR. PRESS LEADS THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Competence Here, Imagination There,  
Again Excess and Oversight—Northern  
Lights Re-kindled—Brahms's Violin Con-  
certo Illumined—Wagner, for Once, by  
the Way

JAN SIBELIUS, composer of music, returned to Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Michael Press, guest-conductor at the Symphony Concert, led him thither to an audience that received him with welcoming warmth. In substance and in spirit he had been absent longer than the date-books actually specified. Through a year and a half Mr. Koussevitzky has never found room for him. Since it was Sibelius's misfortune to be neither classic German nor approved Parisian, Mr. Rabaud, of course, had never heard of him. Mr. Monteux occasionally opened the door; entertained him as became his rank and reputation; but hardly flowed with fellow-feeling. In fact, Dr. Muck's years were the hey-day of Sibelius at the Symphony Concerts. Mr. Fiedler—or was it Mr. Gericke in his second term?—had introduced the Finn; but Dr. Muck materially widened the acquaintance. He arrayed all of his playable symphonies; to them added known and unknown tone-poems. With Sibelius's music Dr. Muck excelled. The conductor's imagination went more than half way to meet the composer's; as the one molded his measures, so had the other molded his orchestra. Through the workmanship and the coloring, the substance and the spirit of Sibelius's symphonies emerged in Dr. Muck's performances. His skill clarified them; his sympathy intensified them. Until Mr. Press came unexpected and unheralded on Friday, the Finn has lacked both diviner and apostle.

The guest-conductor's choice, in both Boston and Cambridge, lighted upon Sibelius's First Symphony, now nearly a quar-

ter-century old. There are disciples and prophets who find the more recent Fourth and Fifth the crown of Sibelius's work. Therein, as they say, he has rarefied his medium to an extraordinary economy and sensibility; while he has similarly distilled and concentrated his tonal imagery. Less studious and devoted hearers find this later idiom hard to grasp; those inwrought moods difficult to penetrate. The First and Second Symphonies more stir and content them. Awaiting the return of Mr. Press from the intermission yesterday, they caught their memories travelling back to the rhythmic tumult of the Finals and to the melody that, like a shaft from the sun, pierces the tossing darkness. Or they remembered the introductory clarinet which is as sound walling out of silence; or the wild rattle of drum-beats that would have a Scherzo also tempest. Or the eyes of their imagination saw again the white glow of the slow song or the autumnal transparency of measures elsewhere scattered and as cool and gentle.

It may be that this Symphony in E minor is Mr. Press's stalking horse to bear him as occasional conductor into the concert-hall; or for it he may have some practised idiosyncrasy; certainly, it sounded under his hand with a most Sibelius-like voice. The orchestra answered to his vigorous, flexible pace; gave him back his energies of rhythm and sonority; sprang to the stark progressions; laid the tonal colors dark, clear or fitful. Mr. Press gained the abruptness and tenseness of Sibelius's musical speech; the tumult and outcry, the whirls of chromatic figures; the melodies that are as calm suffusing confusion. As in a gale-swept progress, the first movement unfolded; the second brings the light—sadly, Sibelius remembers; but he will not sentimentalize the memory as he spins the tune. Mr. Press did not linger in song; nor passing to the Scherzo, did he stay pace or dull rhythm. Yet it remains an impatient, evasive music. Not willingly is Sibelius playful or merely fanciful, though the symphonic succession enjoin these moods. Wildly he thrusts into them with his drum-beats; dons the graces, only to wear them ruefully.

As Sibelius writes in these latter days he might count the Finale turgid but the impetuosity of the music knows no flagging. Before it is done, it has well nigh driven down the wind the burden of the world. For it is within reason to sit before the symphonies of Sibelius and find in them few reflections of northern lands and lights. The tradition—for it has become such—refers to environment all his unlabelled music. The essayists, the analysts, can never have done with this Finland about which most of us are prepared to believe anything. Yet quite as plausibly may not this First—and for that matter the succeeding symphonies—be the release of a temperament oppressed and restless, brooding and seething, gaining peace only to lose it, and re-



member. No doubt, Sibelius's work-table looks out upon the Finnish scene; yet may the matter and the manner of his music more engross him.

Mr. Press was not so fortunate with his version of the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman." In the pursuit of vividness and power he forced tone till it became blunt and harsh. Whipping the orchestra too hard, he dulled the progress he would sharpen and cumulate. Curiously, for a musician of his imagination with Sibelius, he missed essential salliances—like the return toward the close, as in apotheosis, of Senta's saving melody. For once, as the climax sounded, the Dutchman went almost unredeemed. Nor was Mr. Press too apt with the Overture as music of the sea. He was turbulent too a fault in the measures of storm; but there and elsewhere he seemed to miss the essential and characterizing rhythm. In Sibelius's Symphony he searched out and flung up the music; whereas in Wagner's Overture, he misjudged surfaces and mis-measured tone. In Brahms's Violin-Concerto—the middle piece of the day—Mr. Press was the willing victim of his antecedents. He became, as he is, the violinist who also conducts. He "read" the Concerto with a careful competence; he was unobtrusively and adroitly considerate of the violinist. Never once would he have the music a symphonic piece into which the solo-violin is oftener threaded than enlarged. From beginning to end, he was the conductor as accompanist.

The violinist was Mr. Thibaud, warmly greeted by a remembering public, again by his works justifying admiration and goodwill. For the first time in Bostonian hearing, he played the solo-part in Brahms's Concerto—not a piece that French violinists often choose unless, like Mr. Thibaud, they are also devoted, open-minded musicians. There are Teutonic purists—in New England as well as in Germany—ready to say that no Latin should attempt the Concerto, since for him, like most of Brahms's pages, it is an alien music. They forget that another Latin—Mr. Toscanini—has been known to invigorate and illumine the symphonies of Brahms; that another Frenchman nearer home—Pierre Monteux by name—was not exactly impotent or stupid upon them; while with their own ears, yesterday, they might have heard Brahms in spirit and in truth from a third Latin gossamer, this same Thibaud. Teutonic violinists, pur sang, essaying the Concerto, will sometimes have it a massive musical structure, and with hammer and nails proceed to rebuild it before reverent ears. Other Teutons, untainted by the world, the flesh and the devil at large, are all for the rigors of the Brahmsian game. Pedanti-

cally they repeat the letter of the music; stiffly they follow its course; the more abstruse, sour-faced and heavy-footed they may make it, the deeper—as they fondly believe—is their homage to Johannes.

Now Mr. Thibaud happens to be a musician of fine perceptions as well as a finely accomplished violinist. He happens also to seek the beauty and the poetry of tones, so far as he may discern them and his violin may bear them. Hence lightness and brightness of voice through the Finale, grace of line, spur of rhythm, fancy even and also charm—a Brahms idealized as intuition prompted. Hence likewise an Adagio in which phrase melted into phrase, period curved into period, euphony whispered into euphony; while over all was the twilight beauty, that is Brahms's peculiar possession, his poetry, so to say, of contemplation. From other violin-pieces Mr. Thibaud has drawn a kindred beauty; for it touches his own spirit. In the Concerto he had only to deepen it. Hence yet again a first movement in which "passage-work" became a weaving of arabesques; the cadenza as fine-spun rhapsody; while measure upon measure, often running glumly by, of a sudden smiled into song. All of which—it is respectfully submitted to the guardians of the Teutonic temple—is what "unser liebe Johannes" devised and wrought. Witness: the divining and revealing violin of Jacques Thibaud, musician Français.

H. T. P.

## THIBAUD SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Jan. 26, 1926  
Michael Press Appears as  
Guest Conductor

Jacques Thibaud's admirable performance of the solo part in Brahms's violin concerto was the most enjoyable feature of yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr. Thibaud's artistry, which at its best has a distinction, an exquisite quality to be found in very few of his contemporaries, has long been admired here.

Mr. Koussevitzky, exhausted by his arduous labors as conductor, has gone on a vacation for a couple of weeks. Michael Press, from 1901 to 1917 professor of violin playing in the Moscow Conservatory, and known chiefly as a teacher and a concert violinist, appeared as his substitute. Next week Eugene Goossens, well-known English conductor, now in America to lead Mr. Eastman's new Rochester Orchestra, will conduct.

Mr. Press chose as the purely orchestral numbers Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" and Sibelius's First Symphony. Himself a violinist, he subdued the accompaniment of the Brahms concerto so that much of the time it was a discreet orchestral murmur against which Mr. Thibaud's solo stood out effectively. This, though possibly what a solo violinist wants as an orchestral accompaniment, is certainly not at all what Brahms meant the orchestral portion of his concerto to be. When Thibaud was not playing Mr. Press speeded up the orchestra, and let it put forth a great quantity of tone, of poor balance.

His management of the accompaniment for Thibaud was distinctly unsatisfactory to all concerned. The orchestra members were many of them at fault. Whatever they may have felt about Mr. Press's conducting, they should certainly have done their best to aid him and to aid Mr. Thibaud under trying circumstances.

Since Mr. Press's previous experience as conductor has been limited to occasional appearances as guest with minor orchestras in Moscow, Sweden and Philadelphia, according to the biographical note in yesterday's programs, it is obviously unfair to expect of him the mastery of conducting one has hitherto expected of men conducting the Boston Symphony. The invitation from the trustees put him in an awkward position. And, except for the lamentable accompaniment to Brahms's concerto, it can be said of him that he acquitted himself as well as anyone could reasonably hope to do when first conducting a great orchestra.

He plainly has a feeling for dramatic music, an instinct for climaxes, a liking for sudden contrasts, a personal way with each piece which sharply separates him from the plodding dull correctness of the German Kapellmeister school of conductors. Neither as a man nor as a musician did Mr. Press strike one as a mediocrity. Of Sibelius's symphony he made a series of tone pictures, often vividly though never subtly imagined. This music, especially in the slow movement, is near if not over the edge of banality. The andante is diluted Grieg, the scherzo crude when it tries to be jocund. Sibelius has since written much better works, too seldom heard here in the past few seasons.

Mr. Press made of the "Flying Dutchman" overture a series of violent contrasts, between allegro furioso, fortissimo; and a lachrymose, very subdued, adagio. He has no notion of establishing and adhering to a tempo for any length of time. The attacks were poor in this number and the tonal balance often distorted.

Mr. Press was coldly received by the audience, which like everyone else hereabouts, was probably wondering why the trustees saw fit to invite an inexperienced conductor when they might have easily obtained such men as Respighi, Dohnanyi, Casella, or perhaps even Toscanini if their arrangements had been properly made far enough ahead.

Mr. Press, in a very hard position, behaved with such unassuming modesty and personal dignity as to conciliate the favor of the persons not well disposed toward him. Judged as a beginner in conducting he showed many signs of promise. Only the audience at these concerts has been in the habit of expecting something more.

## Michael Press Conducts the Boston Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its twelfth Friday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday, with Michael Press as guest conductor, Jacques Thibaud as soloist and this program:

Wagner—Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

Brahms—Violin Concerto in D major  
Sibelius—Symphony No. 1 in E minor.

Any subscribers who had viewed with alarm the incursion, during Mr. Koussevitzky's midwinter vacation, of a guest conductor so unheralded by fame as Mr. Press must have had their apprehensions promptly dissipated. For the moment he stepped upon the stand he was obviously commander of a band eager to follow his bidding.

The overture revealed him at once as no dull academician, repeating unimaginatively a conventional reading, but as an authoritative musician, who knew precisely how he wanted the music to speak and was able to obtain eloquent response from the players. Master of his score, he set about with assurance the task of recreating it as living, pulsing music. Every detail was set forth with clarity and all the elements grew into an organic structure of beauty and stirring life.

To the eye, Mr. Press is not wholly lacking in those statuesque effects which mark the virtuoso of the baton; but he is by no means in the "prima donna" classification. His gestures are forceful though not ungraceful, and they are manifestly used for musical rather than personal ends. He achieves not only sonority but balance, plasticity and, above all, vitality. With all due credit allowed to the orchestra and to Messrs. Monteux and Koussevitzky, praise must go in good measure to Mr. Press for a splendid performance of this overture.



The Finnish Pathetic Symphony likewise had a brilliant interpretation, and if it seemed a shade over-Tchaikovsky, that may well have been due to its coming at the end of a long afternoon. Here Mr. Press had full play for his evident love of rhythm, and plangently came the livelier themes. It was in the andantes that one felt a slight over-emphasis on northern gloom.

Mr. Thibaud is one of the outstanding violinists of his day, and a favorite in Boston. He is always sure of his welcome here, and it was particularly warm yesterday. But why did he elect to play the Brahms concerto? Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, Lalo—so go the compositions for violin and orchestra. But last year Mr. Burgin played Prokofieff's, and made it so interesting that one would have liked to hear it again; probably it was not possible to prepare it.

Mr. Thibaud seemed remarkably ill at ease as he began. Apparently he suspected that his instrument and those of the orchestra were not quite in accord as to pitch, for he played a goodly portion of the orchestral introduction with the fiddles, and tinkered with his tuning-pegs at every resting period in the first movement. At least one auditor shared his misgiving; and as his characteristic tone is sweet rather than robust, the musical result was not altogether satisfying. But after all, this concerto, like the others, is primarily for display, and the only thing that makes its far stretches endurable is the technical expertness of the player; this demand Mr. Thibaud can meet amazingly, as the applause of a Friday afternoon audience bore witness.

L. A. S.

## SYMPHONY TO BE PUT ON AIR

Herald Jan. 15, 1926

Broadcasting Made Possible by \$12,000 Gift from W. S. Quinby

Beginning a week from tomorrow, and continuing for 11 successive

Saturday evenings, the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be broadcast from radio station WEEL, the Edison Electrical Illuminating Company, of Boston.

This series will be the first in the history of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The trustees of the organization have refused heretofore to permit the broadcasting of the music of this orchestra in its entirety. Hundreds of thousands of music-loving radio fans in New England will enjoy practically the same privileges as the fortunate season-ticket holders to the symphony concerts.

### QUINBY TO GIVE \$12,000

The broadcasting is made possible by the generosity of Winfield S. Quinby of Brookline, music enthusiast and prominent in civic betterment and New England business and industrial development enterprises. He will give \$1000 a week for the 12 weeks, which will cover the greater share of the expense of the broadcasts. The remainder will be contributed by WEEL.

For the last two years, the public has had little opportunity to attend the Boston symphony concerts, seats at Symphony hall being occupied by the season-ticket holders and their guests. The trustees have long agreed with Charles W. Burton, manager of WEEL, that the broadcasting of the concerts would bring great pleasure to a very large number of persons who have often wished to listen to the Boston Symphony orchestra, but pointed to the expense of such an enterprise and to the deficit at the end of each concert season.

According to Mr. Burton, it was only recently that the Symphony trustees decided that the broadcasting of the Saturday evening concerts would be a good way in which to meet the annual deficit of the concert season; but they had long wished that they could afford to give the general public an opportunity to "listen in." All that stood in the way was the expense, and now Mr. Quinby has bridged this difficulty. But the radio public can thank the trustees, too, for their courtesy and WEEL for making it all possible.

Winfield S. Quinby is president of the W. S. Quinby Companies of Boston, New York and Chicago, dealers in tea and coffee, and a director of the Waldorf System, Inc., and the Atlantic National Bank; incorporator of the Home Savings Bank and a trustee of the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene, Inc.

### Trans.—Jan. 15, 1926. Mastery in Measure

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra played its fifth concert of the current season in Sanders Theater last evening. This performance marked the first appearance hereabouts of Mr. Michael Press as conductor. Mr. Press will conduct the concerts of the orchestra through the present week-end. He is a Russian; has conducted in Russia, in Sweden, in Philadelphia. He is a violinist and a teacher of advanced violin playing. For Cambridge he had assembled a program which traversed Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman," his own arrangement for strings of a set of variations by Beethoven on Mozart's air "La ci Darem la Mano," out of that composer's "Don Giovanni," the first orchestral suite drawn from Bizet's incidental music to Daudet's "L'Arlesienne," Sibelius's first symphony.

Mr. Press, though not a Koussevitzky or a Muck, is an admirable conductor. His beat lacks the definiteness that draws the maximum of precision from his men. Once or twice—and no more, he it said to his credit—he allowed the tone of the brass to coarsen slightly. These two qualifications noted, he maintained a very high degree of control over the forces under him, both tonally—in the balancing of choirs and voices, and rhythmically—in the manipulation of tempi and the maintenance of ensemble. He has not, however, indeed it was not to be expected, the imagination of a Koussevitzky or a Nikisch.

Of the works played, Sibelius's great symphony fared best. This music of haunting themes, of the great misty, frozen North, of passion amid bleakness, away from the sunny warmth with which it is generally associated, took hold upon Mr. Press and through him and the orchestra communicated itself to the audience. Though the third movement was paced a trifle slow, though now and again a theme came forth just short of completely fulfilling the promise that is in it, nevertheless conductor and men had captured the spirit of the music in such degree that audience clapped loud and long, that Mr. Press was recalled to the conductor's stand repeatedly, finally to bid the men rise in response to such applause.

One is forced to wonder what can be the raison d'être for the arrangement of the variations on the Mozart theme. Mr. Press showed himself a highly skilful orchestrator in them. He has used his orchestra in every last detail of the score so that it "sounds" and sounds exceedingly well. Yet the piece itself is hardly one that one would expect to hear at a symphony concert. Grant the greatness of Beethoven, his resourcefulness in handling variations, the fact that the present set is but little known, it still remains true that these variations did not draw out in very high degree such resource of Beethoven, that many

another composer of the time of Beethoven occupied himself similarly and as well at the little game of variation-making. A large proportion of the virtue that resides in this orchestral piece is due to the masterful manner in which Mr. Press has scored it.

With Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" Mr. Press was less fortunate than with the symphony. True, many of the tunes in it were beautifully molded, well colored. True, Mr. Press made the sea rage and the characters of his opera sing. But somehow, the full thrill of the thing eluded him. Climaxes came and went and remained merely climaxes, became neither intensifications of a living music, nor stimuli to make the blood run a little warmer, the heart beat a little faster. But after all, what avails music-making as music-making if it does not stir mind and heart, if it does not have the germ of life within it?

With Bizet's music about the Woman of Arles Mr. Press achieved many fine effects. Few passages in the field of orchestral music come so warmly, so richly, so pungently from the full strings of the orchestra as the opening theme of the overture. The now enlarged string section of the orchestra was most excellent instrument for the playing of these measures. Throughout these four movements, as in many another moment throughout the evening, Mr. Press showed himself possessed of a good ear for coloristic effect. The piquancy of the minuet, the quiet smoothness of the Adagietto, the stirring rhythms of the Carillon all gave opportunity for a brilliant performance of this music.

A. H. M.

## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky is on a vacation. Michael Press will conduct the concerts this week. He was born at Vilna in 1872. A student of the violin at Moscow, he conducted there at the age of 17. He was conspicuous for his talent at the Conservatory of that city, but he left Russia in 1918. Having conducted, in 1920, orchestras in Sweden, he came to the United States, and last year appeared as a guest conductor of the Philadelphia Philharmonic orchestra. In New York he is known as a violinist. He has chosen for his program the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Brahms's violin concerto to be played by the excellent Jacques Thibaud, and the first symphony of Sibelius. Truly a safe and orthodox program. No composers of ultra-modern tendencies need apply.



MICHAEL PRESS was born in Vilna, Russia, in 1872, and began his artistic career as a violinist at the age of ten. When he was seventeen, he conducted opera and ballet orchestras in Moscow. In 1901, he became professor of violin in the master class of the Moscow Imperial Conservatory of Music. Subsequently he was appointed head of the violin department, and in 1910 was awarded first prize in the Moscow competitive series of concerts, at which twenty violinists participated. For several years Mr. Press made concert appearances in Russia and other European countries, while still holding his position as master violinist of the Moscow Conservatory. He left Russia in 1918, and in the seasons of 1920-22, conducted symphony orchestras in Sweden. He appeared as guest conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on December 21, 1924.

Mr. JOSEPH JACQUES THIBAUD, violinist, was born at Bordeaux, France, on September 27, 1880. Until he was thirteen years old, he was taught by his father. Entering the Paris Conservatory he took lessons of Martin Marsick, and in 1896 was awarded a first prize. (First prizes were also awarded that year to Messrs. Sechiari and Monteux, pupils of Berthelier, and Soudant, pupil of Lefort.) Thibaud's brother, Joseph Charles, born at Bordeaux on February 25, 1875, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory for piano-playing in 1892. Another brother, Henri Bernard, a violoncellist, and a student at the Paris Conservatory, was born at Bordeaux on July 8, 1877.

In his twelfth year Mr. Thibaud had played in public at Angers. In Paris he had become known by his brilliant solos at the Café Rouge in the rue de Tournon, frequented by Conservatory pupils, who were in the habit of playing there in ensemble and as soloists. He joined Colonne's orchestra in 1897 and in 1898 became the solo violinist of that orchestra. In 1899-1900 he appeared as a virtuoso in towns of France, and at Brussels, Mannheim, and Geneva; in 1901 at Berlin, Amsterdam, Lisbon; in 1902-03 in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Roumania, Italy, Spain.

His first appearance in Boston was on November 7, 1903, when he played César Franck's sonata with André Benoist, and pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, and Wieniawski. A second visit to this country was made in 1913-14 and on December 28, 1913, Mr. Thibaud gave a concert with Mr. Bauer in Symphony Hall. He gave a concert with Carlos Salzedo, harpist, in Jordan Hall, January 31, 1914.





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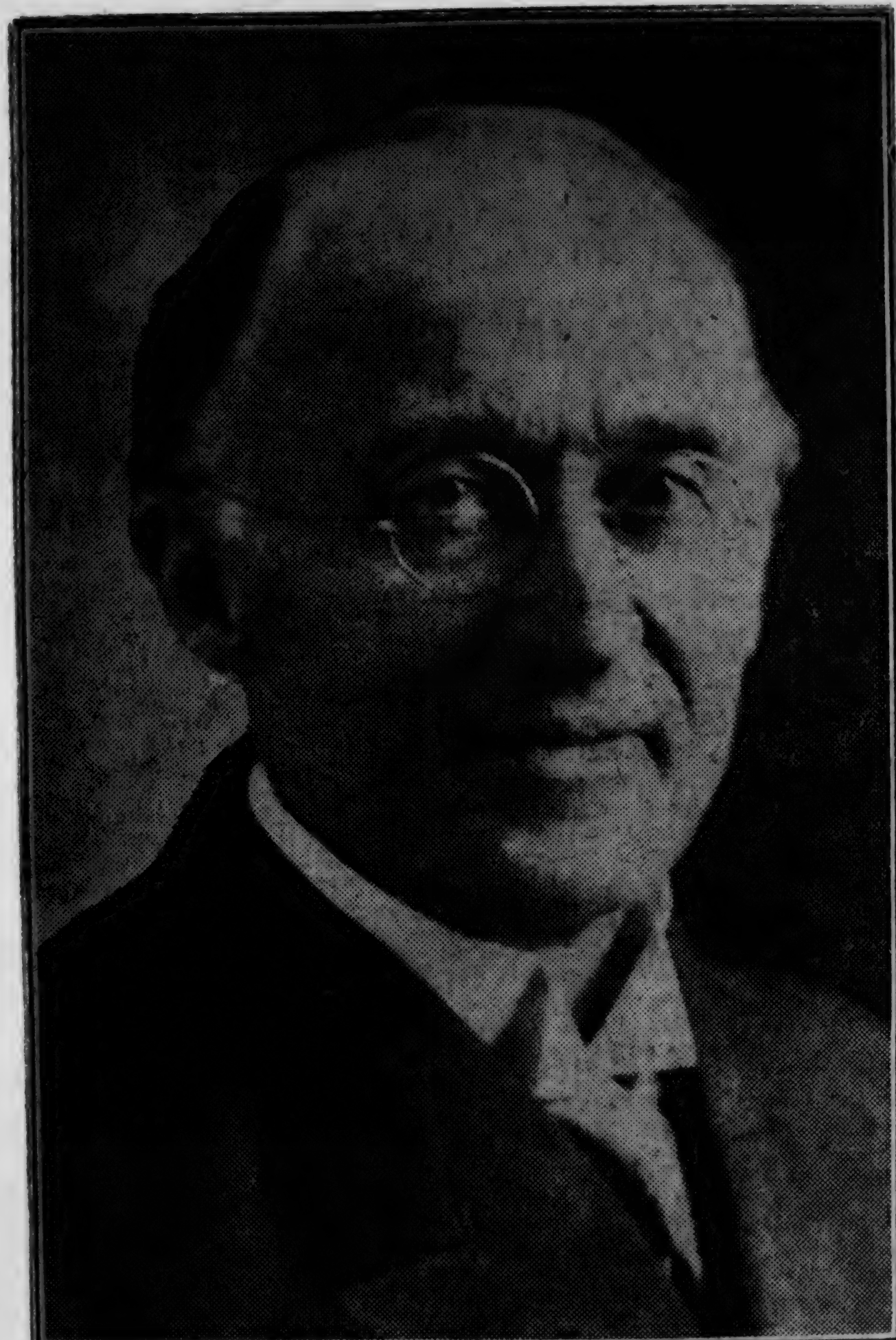
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*Frederick Delius*

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## Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 22, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, at 8.15 o'clock

EUGENE GOOSSENS will appear as guest conductor  
at this pair of concerts

Weber . . . . . Overture to "Der Freischütz"

Brahms . . . . . Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andante moderato.
- III. Allegro giocoso.
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

Goossens . . . . . Sinfonietta  
(First time in Boston)

Delius . . . . . On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring  
(First time in Boston)

Debussy . . . . . "Iberia": "Images" for Orchestra, No. 2

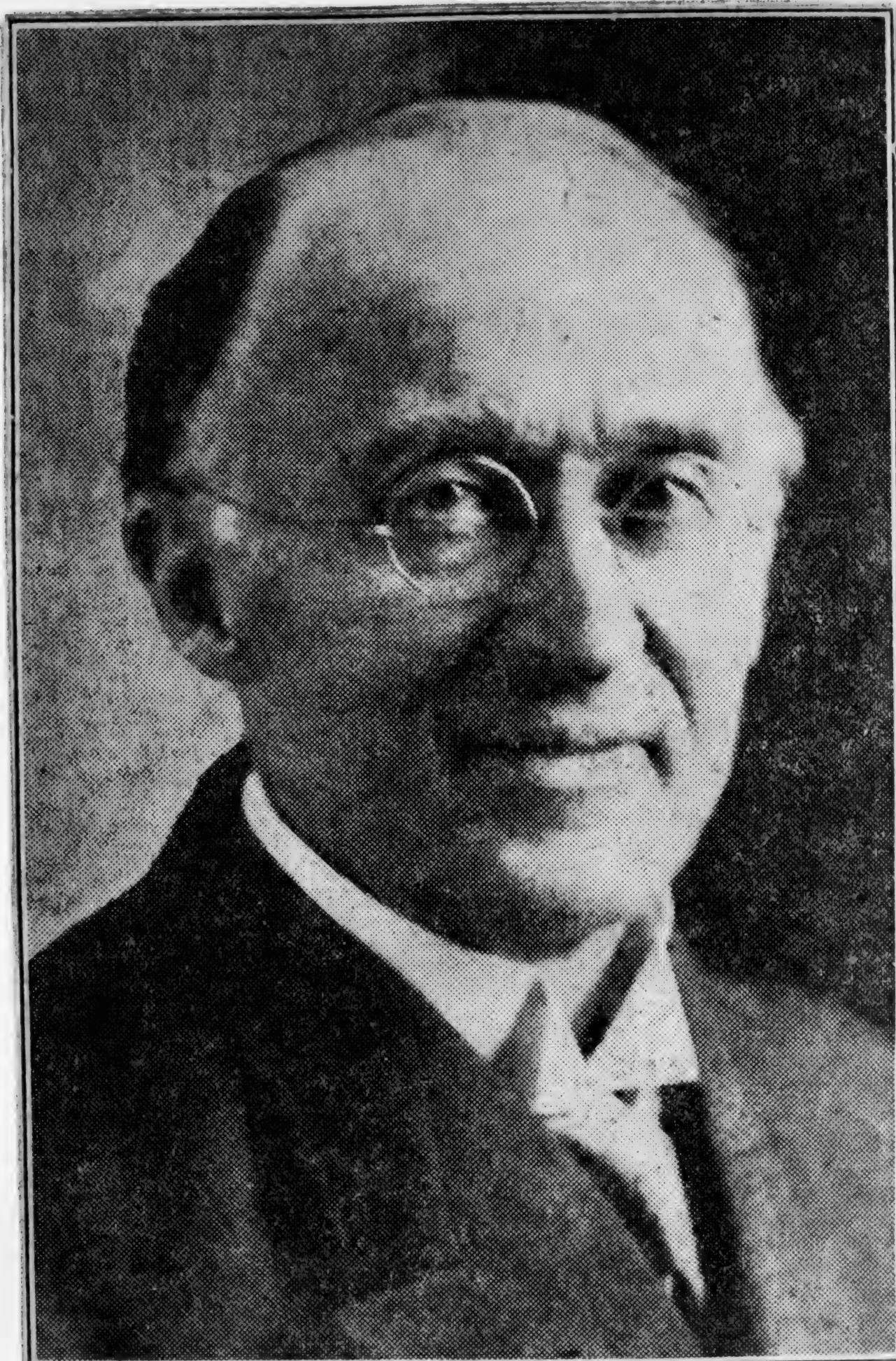
- I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and by-ways).
- II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night).
- III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day).

There will be an intermission after the symphony

A lecture on the above programme will be given on Monday, January 18,  
at 5 o'clock, by Mr. Penfield Roberts in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public  
Library.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





*Frederick Delius*

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765  
FORTY-FIFTH SEASON. NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

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Eugene Goossens

## GOOSSENS AT SYMPHONY HALL

*Herald* — Jan. 23, 1926

Conducts Orchestra as  
Guest—Gives Brilliant  
Concert

### PROGRAM TESTS HIS VERSATILITY

By PHILIP HALE

Eugene Goossens, as a guest, conducted the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. He visited Boston this week for the first time. For his program he chose two unfamiliar works: his own Sinfonietta, produced in London in February, 1923, and performed at Rochester, N. Y., under his direction in the season of 1923-24; "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," by Delius, which was brought out in London two years ago. The program also included Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz," Brahms' Fourth Symphony and Debussy's "Tberia."

The enviable reputation of Mr. Goossens as a conductor had long preceded him. Born in a family of musicians, he has had wide experience, having conducted operas, ballets, symphony concerts in England and on the European continent. It was said earlier in the season that, in coming to Boston, he would like to be judged first of all as a conductor, not as a composer, yet the list of his works is a long one, embracing music for the stage and the orchestra, chamber music, songs and piano pieces. He has been known here for some years as a composer of chamber music. His Scherzo "Tam o'Shanter," was played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in March, 1923.

His earlier compositions, by a certain audacity, by his not conforming to the august traditions of British academicians and doctors of music, were described in London as the musical excursions and adventures of an "enfant terrible." Of late, solemn writers about music in London have commended him for turning from the error of his ways.

They have patted him on the head. We doubt if his conversion is so complete as these regards of the rigid law and the aged prophets fondly believe. We certainly hope for his future that it is not.

The Program Book contained a short and modest description of the Sinfonietta by the composer. He ended by saying that he was "a poor estimator of his own work." Thus he did himself injustice. Though he may not look at all that he has done and pronounce it good, he shows in this music that he can criticise himself, that he is not verbose, that he is not intoxicated by his facility. The Sinfonietta is singularly compact, without superfluities. The first movement is practically a fantasia on a persistent little rhythmic figure, which, constantly occurring, is by ingenious treatment free from monotony. The second movement, introduced by a solo for the English horn, has original beauty. Mr. Goossens speaks of this movement, in an almost deprecatory manner, as "very sentimental." True, it has sentiment, but the expression is not too obvious; it is far from being mushy. By its poetic quality it is a charming interlude between two fiery sections. Mr. Goossens refers to the Finale as "hectic"; but the fever is soon over. Let us add that the orchestration of the Sinfonietta is ingenious.

Some regard Frederick Delius as the outstanding figure in the musical world of today. To many his idiom is foreign and unsympathetic. Boston knows only four of his orchestral works. It is not acquainted with his remarkable opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," his concertos, or his great choral works, "Sea Drift" (after Walt Whitman), "A Mass of Life" or his "Requiem" in memory of all young artists fallen in the war.

The short piece played yesterday is not an ornithological rhapsody. Like other music by Delius that we have heard, it has a strange reticence, sadness suggested, not emphasized; the music is acid-sweet; it is music that would grow on one, nor would the dangerous approach to monotony by the maintenance of subdued coloring be so noticeable as at a first hearing. Here is an example of how an indisputable impression may be made by the skilful use of the simplest orchestral resources. Mr. Heseltine, the biographer of Delius, reminds the hearer that spring is not to the composer a season of rioting nature and budding hope, but a sweet and tender vision so that "the old unrest of the soul is put to sleep. A pretty burst of rhetoric, but there is a quality in this music that is not so easily defined."



The concert was a brilliant one. The program tested the versatility of Mr. Goossens as a conductor. The romanticism of Weber, which is frank and dramatic, is not the romanticism of Brahms, which is tempered with austerity as perhaps befitted the last great composer of the German academic school. The moods of Delius and Debussy, as they were represented yesterday, are far apart. Yet Mr. Goossens in each instance interpreted as if for the time being he was the sworn champion of that particular school. His technical equipment was at once manifest; his clean and commanding beat, his ability to gain precision of attack in every choir of instruments, his skill in presenting dynamic gradations, stirring contrasts, and in preparing climaxes. More than this, he caught the spirit of the composer, was imbued by it, nor in his varied interpretation was he conscious of himself. The members of the orchestra played as if they rejoiced in being led by him.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the concerts of next week. The program will be as follows: Moussorgsky, "A Night on Bald Mountain"; Prokofieff, Third Piano Concerto (Mr. Prokofieff, pianist); Scriabin, Third Symphony; "The Divine Poem."

Tonight, the concert will be broadcast for the first time in the history of the orchestra.

## GOOSSENS COMES, CONDUCTOR AND COMPOSER BOTH

Trans — Jan. 23, 1926

### THROUGH A SYMPHONY CONCERT MANY-SIDED

Youthful, Pleasurable and Distinctive Figure—Fervors and Glammers Through an Overture of Weber—Power Oftener Than Beauty Upon a Symphony of Brahms—The Missing Sense of Poetry—Contrasts of Debussy's "Iberia"—Mr. Goossens's Own "Sinfonietta" and a Little Tone-Poem of Delius

**B**EFORE he had stirred his stick or drawn a note from the orchestra, it was pleasure to see Mr. Eugene Goossens upon the conductor's stand, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall.

Being in his thirty-third year, slim of body and unpouched of face, he is still youthful; whereas most Symphony Concerts seem the gathering place of middle and advancing age. Londoner by birth and taxable residence, he is cosmopolite by habit, wearing the air of a man of the world; while this and that conductor of the Symphony Orchestra has never quite escaped the French or German provincial backgrounds whence he sprang. (Let us call Gericke, Nikisch, Dr. Muck and Mr. Koussevitzky the exceptions that prove the rule.) As director of the music—to revive an old phrase—Mr. Goossens has equally agreeable idiosyncracies. Though he has worked often in the concert-hall, he has also worked much in the opera house. There he has sat or stood semi-shrouded in a pit. There few curious glances have followed him since the stage already held them fast. There, finally, he might use his body without let or hindrance to convey his music-making or dramatizing intent. Yesterday 2600 pairs of eyes gazed upon him across Symphony Hall. Sometimes they watched energies of body that, while they undoubtedly gain an expressive end, more become the sheltered orchestra-pit than the exposed concert-platform.

Mr. Goossens's left hand is also sign-manual of his interpretive will—from the alert signalling of a cue, after the manner of operatic conductors, to the smoothing of a transition or the clinching of a climax. To his orchestra the beat of his right hand must be a joy—both precise and plastic, vivid and firm-willed. Indeed there was no doubting, yesterday, its response to him. The personnel of the band at Symphony Hall still stands a little in awe of Mr. Koussevitzky. They wonder what he will do next; since he is a strict disciplinarian, in degree they also dread him. With Mr. Goossens they seemed to play more freely as man to man and musician to musician. Moreover, being new and able comers, he was also stimulus. The horns outdid themselves in golden depths of tone at the beginning of the Overture to "Der Freischütz"; the clarinets soon kept them company. The chords of the Passacaglia in Brahms's Fourth Symphony moved in sombre splendor of massed or parted voices. Rainbow-tinted from the wood-wind choir were the street-scene and the march-movement of Debussy's "Iberia." For the first time since the visit of Mr. Casella, a young conductor had come as guest to the Symphony Concerts; for the first time, outside Mr. Walter and Mr. Schnéevoigt as well, he was not a mediocrity. The orchestra understood as much.

At the end of the Overture to Weber's opera, there was no questioning Mr. Goossens's abilities with music of the theater or music dramatic and romantic, warm of color, large of stride, impassioned of voice.

After the final chords the curtain should have risen upon "Der Freischütz," with Symphony Hall and Boston blotted into an opera house and a Germany of the folk. Not a measure missed the dramatic significance within or the romantic color without; yet none seemed manipulated or overdone. The transitions were strokes of music—and the theater; for Weber, in the orchestra-pit, loved the rhetorical thrill. The conductor had ear for riches of tone when the four horns sang; for subtleties of tone when the voice of the clarinet haunted the strings; for rhythm in the demonic measures long since faded; for fervors of progress and energies of climax through the Finale. Over all was the romantic ardor—the flame and the flourish—which is half the battle for Weber. It is hard to remember when the perdurable old Overture has so sounded out of the theater for which it was written. Dr. Muck gave it no more operatic voice; while operatic conductors, Gericke, Nikisch, Muck, Monteux, have been the pillars of the Symphony Orchestra.

The ensuing Symphony of Brahms—the Fourth, in E minor—continued to amplify and began also to limit Mr. Goossens. His sense of music as motion, his rhythmic alertness, his keenness for contrast, transition, manifold and changeable moods, served well the first movement. Vividly and without labor it went, propulsive and many-voiced. On the other hand, in the gentler, tenderer, more songful measures—as the melody in B major, reiterated and returning—the conductor put by sentiment, poetry and their derivative, which is beauty. Beyond a well-considered and by no means inexpressive prose, Mr. Goossens did not go. With suspicions thus excited, the listener discovered, or believed he discovered, the same shortcoming through the Andante. The song of the violoncellos indeed spoke for itself. Johannes in the prime of his fifties did not fail to see to that. But this is the day of Toscanini, Stokowski, Koussevitzky and a lyric Brahms. Therefore the ear and the imagination craved these measures in an intensive beauty that Mr. Goossens either missed or withheld. He is young and sensitive, free-minded and modernist; yet somehow he seemed to be playing this Andante in the old Anglo-German leading-strings of the days when a conductor proved admiration for Brahms by crabbing his music. Even repeated figures wore a matter-of-fact, not to say a stencilled, air.

Through the remainder of the Symphony, however, Mr. Goossens was more responsive and more Brahms-like. There was no quarrelling with the vigors of tone, the zest of rhythm, the give-take-and-return that he flung into the Scherzo. If it barked back to Brahms rugged, it also evoked Brahms hearty. After all, in Mr. Goossens's just view, he could write such a Ger-

man Scherzo with the best of them, which are Beethoven and Bruckner. In the Passacaglia, moreover, the conductor was on his own ground. For it is the sign and wonder of this Finale to the Fourth Symphony that Brahms has taken an old and intricate variation-form and not only worked it but dramatized it. Mr. Goossens struck large the opening chords; sped and sharpened the cadences; set the successive variations in tumultuous course; lightened and darkened the tonal colors; plied pace and accent as means to power; cut deep with the transition into E major; spread wide the pean of the end. There are those that find sublimities in these final measures. If so, Mr. Goossens was full halfway up the heights. His thought, skill, schooling, experience, plainly work when he is playing Brahms; but now and again his sense of musical beauty, which is imagination with tones, seems rather to have gone on a journey.

In similar fashion, Mr. Goossens fell short with the slow division—"Perfumes of the Night"—in Debussy's "Iberia"; whereas in the introductory movement and the finale, he and the orchestra dazzled the ear and set the temples beating. Agreed that the conductor was in haste and perceptibly nervous. The powers that be—it seemed—feared the length of a program that was no more than an hour and forty minutes long and which held the audience—with scarcely a departure—to the end. From the "Cuckoo" piece of Delius, the conductor sprang almost without pause into the "Image" of Debussy; seemed to quicken the pace of the street-music and to spur the course of the awakening fête. Between stands that wondrous interlude—the last music of Debussy before the decline began—pulsing with the warmth and lustres of the Spanish night; into oboe, clarinet, wood-winds and strings concentrating and poetizing the hush and the pungency, the stilled sweetness, of what seems an immortal hour. Again Mr. Goossens missed beauty; overlooked poetry; sketched an impressionistic tone-picture and passed on. Not even the siren-call of Mr. Gillet's oboe or Mr. Allegra's clarinet might stay him.

In the retrospect comes a more general, a deeper, questioning. To his honor and his praise, Mr. Goossens, composer or conductor, is an open-minded and enlightened young modernist, "croyant et pratiquant," as the Parisians neatly say. Like all his tribe he has praiseworthy distaste for excess of sentiment, for romantic flummery and sham. Yet as it seemed with Brahms's Andante and Debussy's Interlude, these just antipathies push too far and then hedge too closely those that hold them. Like Mr. Goossens, they tend to forget the beauty, the poetry, even the sentiment, of tones when these are the very essence and burden of the music. Of course, there are



compensations: the rhythmic spring and the tonal glint that Mr. Goossens and the orchestra gave to the dawning fête tingle in memory; while they flicked the street-music with glint after glint of rhythmed, sensuous sound.

Two shorter pieces, new to Symphony Hall, also stood on the program—a Sinfonietta to disclose Mr. Goossens as composer; the little tone-poem, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," to recall Frederick Delius, these many years over-neglected composer at home and abroad. The Sinfonietta is not only a Little Symphony, as the title implies but also a condensed and compressed symphony, a tabloid symphony, as current verbiage might call it. There is an unmistakable first movement, say five minutes long; a slow division as brief in development; a finale, of no more length, that seems a scherzo to new usages converted. A motto-motiv ties all three together. The persisting concision gives the music pith as well as moments; clearly discoverable motifs gain and hold the ear; a ready skill, a fertile fancy, work them. The harmonic background sounds piquant; the scoring is terse and ingenious. The first division upsprings; the chromatic second dallies with that sentiment which Mr. Goossens is presumed to abhor; the third teems with his rhythmic zest, his light, sure touch alike upon "ideas" and voices. In sum, a Sinfonietta that is a pleasing bit of studio-work; a pleasant and profitable exercise, to both composer and hearer, in the subduing of orthodox forms to innovating practice. That way lies one road to musical progress.

Now upon Delius, hearing—or remembering—the first calls of the cuckoo as winter wanes, came home-sick longing for northern spring. In memory it stole falteringly upon the earth it would release; softly it melted the binding chains; over the land it spread a loveliness as gentle and serene as that which Parsifal saw, and Gurnemanz, upon the meadows of the Grail. And Delius was wistful and melancholy with the remembrance and would write music. So he invented a motiv that recalled the singular interval in the cuckoo's song and to it joined the melody of a Norwegian folk-piece. Out of them he spun a simple, sad-voiced, musing tune, that returns upon itself like a haunting memory. He harmonized it in pale grays and with subdued instrumental timbres laced it. Presently it sighed itself away and the spell vanished; but not until simplicity was nigh to sterility, and dreamfulness close too wool-gathering, and the cuckoo thrice too often had echoed its call. For the while bird voices hardly charm in symphonic music—from Mr. Delius's distant cuckoo to Mr. Respighi's too present nightingale.

H. T. P.

# SYMPHONY PLAYS OVER RADIO LIST

Fast Jan. 23, 1926

Goossens as Conductor Gives Brilliance to Pieces

WILL BE BROADCAST  
FIRST TIME TONIGHT

Music Lovers Over the  
Country to Hear  
Concert

Tonight the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be broadcast by radio through station WEEI. It will be the first time in history that this world famous organization has been heard over the air, and is therefore an event of tremendous importance.

Listeners have the unique privilege this morning of reading the Post music editor's criticism of the concert, this being possible because of the Friday afternoon "rehearsal." Mr. Smith's article follows.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be wafted

through the air, that of this evening, had what once would have been called its "Public Rehearsal," yesterday afternoon.

Eugene Goossens, Belgian by blood, British by birth, a notable figure in present-day music, making his first appearance in Boston, and conducting this week in place of Mr. Koussevitzky, led the orchestra through Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz," the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, his own Sinfonietta, Delius' "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," and Debussy's "Iberia."

It is said that Mr. Goossens prefers to regard himself as a conductor who composes rather than as a composer who conducts. But he cannot thus dismiss the fact that he is one of the most interesting figures among the younger creative musicians of today. And it is generally acknowledged that composers, at least those whose individuality is at all pronounced, are no more likely to prove versatile interpreters than they are apt to make open-minded critics.

As composer, Mr. Goossens is a modernist, if not of the most advanced tendencies. As conductor he has long been held to excel in the interpretation of contemporary music, particularly that of Stravinsky. Yesterday he was most completely convincing in Debussy's "Iberia," which received a performance marvellously imaginative, one that will not soon be forgotten. Again, with entire sympathy, he read the little piece of Delius, while it is altogether reasonable to suppose that his own Sinfonietta was done the fullest possible justice.

## A Capable Conductor

Beyond disputing, too, there was dramatic quality in the "Freischutz" overture. The performance of it, like that of every other piece on the programme, was to the last degree brilliant, technically and musically finished, judiciously balanced and finely proportioned—for this tall, spare, alert young man is not only a sound and clear-headed musician but a conductor who both knows what he wants and knows exactly how to get it. Nevertheless, there have been times when Weber's overture had more of romantic glow than was the case with it yesterday, and while the performance of Brahms' Symphony was both vital and lucid, it seemed somehow not to penetrate beyond the more explicit directions of the printed page.

To no appreciable degree did Mr. Goossens "read between the lines." Nor is it necessary to go to the lengths of the partly Russianized Brahms of Mr. Koussevitzky or the

markedly Italianate Brahms of Mr. Toscanini to disclose in this, or in any of the Brahms symphonies, a poetry, an emotional warmth, which yesterday measurably escaped Mr. Goossens. In this performance, an admirable one in so many ways, there was yet more light than heat and the true, the complete Brahms needs both.

## Beauty in "Sinfonietta"

Although the admirers of the composers set much store by it the piece of Delius, heard here for the first time, seemed of no great consequence. Toward the end come measures of haunting half-melancholy, but viewed as a whole the piece seems no more than a pleasant pastorate, a bit monotonous of rhythm and, like so much of Delius' music, depending over-much on sheer harmonic coloring.

Of greater interest is Mr. Goossens' Sinfonietta, also heard here for the first time yesterday. It is an unpretentious affair, even for a piece of that unassuming title, yet in its chromatic second section, which Mr. Goossens describes as "very sentimental," there is genuine beauty, and the other divisions of the piece compel by their nervous vitality, their characteristically modern terseness and directness of utterance.

Music lovers all over the United States are awaiting what will undoubtedly prove the outstanding radio event of the year, when at 8 o'clock tonight the first Boston Symphony Orchestra broadcast will go on the air from WEEI.

These programmes direct from Symphony Hall will continue on the following Saturday nights: Jan. 30, Feb. 13, 20, 27; March 6, 20, 27; April 3, 17, 24, and the final Symphony broadcast on May 1.

Sitting comfortably in their homes, hundreds of thousands of people will tune in on WEEI to hear beautiful strains of music played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the enjoyment of which has hitherto been confined to those who have been able to attend personally the concerts at Symphony Hall.

It is impossible even approximately to estimate the far-reaching and uplifting effects of these broadcasts upon the musical culture of America. Through the wizardry of radio, what is unquestionably the world's finest orchestral music will go out over the air to bring enjoyment into homes throughout the land. And the matchless artistry of one of New England's proudest institutions will thrill the hearts of countless people who never expected that such a musical opportunity would be theirs.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is at the peak of perfection. Established by Major Henry L. Higginson in 1881, it now reflects, under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, the constructive efforts of himself and such eminent past conductors as George Henschel, Wilhelm



Gerike, Arthur Nikisch, Emil Paur, Dr. Karl Muck, Max Fiedler, Henri Rabaud and Pierre Monteux.

This monumental broadcasting feature has been brought about through the co-operative efforts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra trustees, WEEI station, and W. S. Quinby. He has ever been a believer in the traditions and traits of character which have made New England great, and has given liberally to the movement that is carrying to the world messages of opportunity held out by New England to all who will meet and maintain the standard of quality for which this section of the country is noted.

When the first programme goes on the air this evening at 8 o'clock, everything possible to insure the best broadcast will have been done. During the past week, engineers from WEEI, the Western Electric Company and the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company have spent 15 hours daily trying out proper microphone locations. At the rehearsal of the symphony on Thursday and Friday mornings, final tests were made. The engineers claim that everything has been done to eliminate foreign sounds from the audience, so that a perfect broadcast should be possible.

## Koussevitzky Stays

Without Rhyme or Reason Is the Tattle to the Contrary

IT IS high time to make an end of current gossip about Mr. Koussevitzky's departure from the Symphony Orchestra. To squelch the whole rumor briefly and bluntly, he has no intention of quitting his post either at the end of the present season or at the end of the season next to come. He will fulfill his contract, which still has several years to run. He has not asked to be relieved of it or meditated such a request. All this report, surmise and innuendo is wholly unwarranted. Yet for a fortnight or more the town has buzzed with it until everyone was asking his neighbor whether it was true, and half-believing it at that. On the fullest authority every such rumor is groundless and not to be endured.

its high place among the great classes. But many in the radio audience are sure to find a first hearing of Brahms' Fourth Symphony a stiff dose. They would probably like Schubert's "Unfinished" or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony far better.

Brahms has divided his symphony into the customary four sections or movements, with a brief pause between. The first is rapidly moving, with its chief idea at the very beginning, followed a little later by a second theme or idea. Brahms has woven these two bits of tune, with several others, into a very intricate tonal pattern. The listener had best let his imagination drift with the music if he can, as nobody not a born genius could disentangle this first movement at a first hearing.

The clue to the musical labyrinth is, in each of the four parts of this Brahms symphony, to be sought in the first few measures, which are the germ out of which Brahms makes the whole thing grow. The only connection between the four sections of this symphony is in the mood. The music for the different sections is all different.

## Modern Composers at Close

After this number there is an intermission of 10 minutes. The next piece is a new Sinfonietta, or quarter of an hour symphony, written by Mr. Goossens, who conducts it effectively. This all grows from one bit of tune which Mr. Goossens is said to have picked up from somebody who whistled it casually in the street.

Mr. Goossens has worked it out elaborately in modern musical language which those who dislike daring harmonies will find annoying. He is a good musical craftsman, but the piece seemed uninspired and therefore boring as one listened yesterday.

The next number, also short, is by another living Englishman, Delius, and new to Boston. It begins with low shifting harmonies which lead up to a Norwegian popular tune against which one hears clearly the repeated call of the cuckoo. This piece, though not without a certain charm, will probably not prove in the end to be a masterpiece.

The final number is Debussy's "Iberia." The title is the Roman name for Spain. This was written in 1907 by the most noted of modern French composers, now dead. He said that he was trying to convey by means of music his notion of what Spain was like. He had never been more than just over the border from France, but he imagined Seville, Granada, Andalusia with great vividness. The rhythm of a Spanish dancer runs through most of the three sections of this number.

Debussy called the first part "Along the Streets and By-roads," the slow section "Perfumes of Night" and the lively last part "A Holiday Morning." Use your imagination in listening. This piece is one of the best composed since 1900, and will probably become a classic. It has been heard in Boston many times.

The orchestra under Mr. Goossens played yesterday with great brilliance and imaginative power. The program, except to a musician, was not of the most attractive, but the first-rate performance made amends.

## Goossens Appears as Conductor in Boston

Monitor Jan. 23, 1926

The thirteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, with Eugene Goossens as guest conductor, was:

Weber.....Overture to "Der Freischütz"  
Brahms.....Symphony No. 4 in E minor  
Goossens.....Sinfonietta  
Delius—"On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring."  
Debussy—"Iberia"; "Images" for Orchestra, No. 2.

Yesterday at Symphony Hall there was a return to musical standards which have been unfamiliar there for some time. There was naturally curiosity as to the "guest" conductor, but this curiosity, once Mr. Goossens had taken his place at the head of the orchestra and had commenced the Overture to "Der Freischütz," gave place to interest in the music

itself. Also, there may have been a quite natural speculation as to what he would "do" with the various items of his program; and again, as soon as the music began, these speculations gave way to delight in listening to the music for its own sake, without preoccupation as to "readings" of this or that piece or movement.

But this does not mean that Mr. Goossens is a conductor without individuality. His skillful hand was felt at every turn, but always with the object in view of bringing out the composer's intention. He made no attempt to Goossensize Weber, Brahms or Debussy. So naturally did he make his effects, so unobtrusive was his way with the music, that each interpretation seemed the inevitable outcome of the composer's thought.

Although the hearer yesterday felt the presence of the conductor, he never did so to the detriment of the composer, and each piece on the program partook of the particular mood of its author and period. There was never an unnecessary gesture to disturb the continuity of the musical thought. There was never an exaggeration, a mere seeking for effect for its own sake to startle the listener from complete enjoyment of the music as such.

Mr. Goossens' Sinfonietta, played for the first time in Boston, may hardly be said to be music which arrests the attention. Neither does it show any marked individuality of style. It is notable for the logical



# WHAT THE SYMPHONY BROADCASTS TONIGHT

Globe

Jan. 23, 1926.

## Weber, Brahms and Modern Music Conducted by Goossens Will be Repeated

The subscribers to the Friday concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra heard yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall the program which will be broadcast from WEEI when it is repeated for the Saturday subscribers tonight.

The regular conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, is on a brief midseason vacation. This week's program is in charge of a guest conductor, Eugene Goossens, a young English musician whose composing and conducting have already won him a considerable reputation in London and New York. Mr. Goossens' Boston debut was a great success.

The program to be repeated tonight begins with the overture to Weber's opera "Der Freischütz." The other numbers are Brahms' Fourth Symphony, a Sinfonietta by Mr. Goossens, a short piece by Debussy, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," and Debussy's "Iberia."

These numbers were not chosen with broadcasting in view. Nor is this concert as interesting or as beautiful as others the orchestra has given and will give this season.

What should the radio audience be listening for tonight? The reviewer can perhaps best answer that question, sure to be in many minds, by trying to point out briefly what a person unaccustomed to Symphony concerts and unfamiliar with the chosen pieces may hope to hear.

### Weber's Famous Overture

The first piece is an overture written a century ago for a romantic German opera by Weber. Like every piece of music this "Frieschuetz" overture is built up out of a few brief and simple musical ideas, most of which are frequently repeated during the piece. The first of these is a song, played by the horns, after eight measures of introduction. To many listeners this is an

old friend. It is used as a hymn tune, often to words beginning "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt." It does not come back in the main body of the piece, which begins with rapid agitated music rising to a climax associated with the crucial "Wolf's Glen" scene in the opera. Notice the drum beats, repeated in groups of three.

The other chief ideas are an expressive bit of tune for clarinet, associated in the opera with anxiety and longing on the part of the hero, and a lively half sentimental tune, which might have come out of almost any comic opera of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan sort, which characterizes the heroine of the opera, an old-fashioned German girl.

Two-thirds of the measures of Weber's overture are used again in his opera, and are associated with persons or places in it. But if the listener will regard the piece as a flow of melody, grave and gay, with plenty of variety in the tone of the instruments used, and a vivid imagination behind it, this overture should prove the easiest piece on the program to enjoy. It had to be repeated at the first performance of the opera in 1820 and has ever since been a great favorite with concert goers as well as in the opera house.

### Brahms' Austere Symphony

The next number is probably the most complex and austere symphony in the entire orchestral repertory. Brahms' Fourth in E minor. When the present Symphony Hall was opened in 1900 a joker complained that the fire escapes should have been labeled, "This way out in case of Brahms." Up to that time the audience, or most of it, left before or during each Brahms' symphony performed.

The subscribers of today applaud Brahms heartily enough and show no signs of wishing to escape his music, because to most of them it is by this time familiar, and converted to the view of many of the best judges as to

its high place among the great classes. But many in the radio audience are sure to find a first hearing of Brahms' Fourth Symphony a stiff dose. They would probably like Schubert's "Unfinished" or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony far better.

Brahms has divided his symphony into the customary four sections or movements, with a brief pause between. The first is rapidly moving, with its chief idea at the very beginning, followed a little later by a second theme or idea. Brahms has woven these two bits of tune, with several others, into a very intricate tonal pattern. The listener had best let his imagination drift with the music if he can, as nobody not a born genius could disentangle this first movement at a first hearing.

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Monitor Jan. 23, 1926

The thirteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, with Eugene Goossens as guest conductor, was:

Weber.....Overture to "Der Freischütz"  
Brahms.....Symphony No. 4 in E minor  
Goossens.....Sinfonietta  
Delius—"On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring."  
Debussy—"Iberia"; "Images" for Orchestra, No. 2.

Yesterday at Symphony Hall there was a return to musical standards which have been unfamiliar there for some time. There was naturally curiosity as to the "guest" conductor, but this curiosity, once Mr. Goossens had taken his place at the head of the orchestra and had commenced the Overture to "Der Freischütz," gave place to interest in the music

itself. Also, there may have been a quite natural speculation as to what he would "do" with the various items of his program; and again, as soon as the music began, these speculations gave way to delight in listening to the music for its own sake, without preoccupation as to "readings" of this or that piece or movement.

But this does not mean that Mr. Goossens is a conductor without individuality. His skillful hand was felt at every turn, but always with the object in view of bringing out the composer's intention. He made no attempt to Goossensize Weber, Brahms or Debussy. So naturally did he make his effects, so unobtrusive was his way with the music, that each interpretation seemed the inevitable outcome of the composer's thought.

Although the hearer yesterday felt the presence of the conductor, he never did so to the detriment of the composer, and each piece on the program partook of the particular mood of its author and period. There was never an unnecessary gesture to disturb the continuity of the musical thought. There was never an exaggeration, a mere seeking for effect for its own sake to startle the listener from complete enjoyment of the music as such.

Mr. Goossens' Sinfonietta, played for the first time in Boston, may hardly be said to be music which arrests the attention. Neither does it show any marked individuality of style. It is notable for the logical



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clarity of its construction and skillfully colored orchestration. It is not outlandishly "modern;" neither does it affect an unnatural simplicity. On the contrary, if Mr. Goossens has nothing startlingly new to say he is never obvious and above all never pretentious. He has written graceful, agreeable music in a manner which betrays complete mastery of his resources on every page. Surely such music has its place and is welcome.

The best part of Delius' "On hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," also played for the first time in Boston, although it has been heard here in a version for piano solo by Percy Grainger, is its poetically suggestive title. It is meditative music, hardly calculated to arouse the imagination to great flights.

In Weber's overture Mr. Goossens was dramatic without exaggeration; in Brahms' symphony he was as sympathetic as this forbidding music would allow. In Debussy's "Iberia" greater delicacy might have been desired, more might well have been left to the imagination of the hearer, for Debussy seemed strangely full-blooded and boisterous. Yet the several compositions were sharply differentiated and never once did they become mediums for the self-expression of the conductor. Let us once again salute Mr. Eugene Goossens, a musician of delicate sympathy, fine discrimination, and outstanding intelligence, and a conductor and composer of extraordinary skill and understanding. S. M.

WHEN "E. F. A.'s" familiar voice comes over the air at 8 o'clock this evening, announcing from Symphony Hall and giving a preliminary discussion of the music to be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, thousands of radio listeners, not only in New England, but in other sections of the East, will sit back in their chairs to enjoy one of the outstanding events in broadcasting history. Probably the most interested person will be W. S. Quinby, president of the W. S. Quinby Company, to whose generosity the listening public owes this concert and the eleven others which are to come.

The others will be broadcast on Jan. 30, Feb. 13, 20, and 27; March 6, 20, and 27; April 3, 17, 24 and May 1. Mr. Quinby feels that the Symphony broadcast, which he spent several months in helping to arrange, will be the outstanding achievement of his efforts to spread the fame and

opportunities of New England in other quarters.

During the last week, engineers from WEEL, the Western Electric Company and the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company have spent about fifteen hours each day trying out the correct locations for microphones and their work received a thorough test at the rehearsal of the orchestra on Thursday. It is claimed that everything possible has been done to eliminate foreign sounds from the commotion always caused by an audience in a large hall, so that an almost perfect broadcast will result.

A room at the rear of the Symphony Hall stage has been reserved for the radio control room. Two expert control operators will be stationed there, as well as Arthur F. Edes, the announcer, who will describe the various selections played. Mr. Quinby will be present at the hall and is expected to make a brief statement to the radio audience.

#### Koussevitzky May Follow Suit

It is to be hoped that Mr. Koussevitzky, who is keenly interested in the expansion of his audience, due to the radio, will follow such a course as that of Mr. Damrosch and the others. He has expressed regret at not being able to conduct his orchestra on the first night's broadcast but will hold the baton in the second concert on this coming Saturday. He has complete authority to arrange his programs in such a manner that all of the selections may be broadcast and his decision in the matter will be anxiously awaited by all New England.

Although the break in last Saturday's program was of short duration, it might easily have been longer had the particular selection banned been like one on the next concert program, requiring forty-two minutes to play. And should more than one score be forbidden there is no doubt that for most of the audience the attraction of the concerts would be greatly decreased.

Among the many letters of appreciation received both by the Edison company and Mr. Quinby are many from invalids and persons otherwise unable to hear fine music than through their head phones or loud speakers. It does not seem as if permitting these and the thousands of others who cannot buy tickets to the Symphony concerts, to hear the copyrighted pieces would injure the sale of sheet music or prove otherwise unprofitable to the publishers unless one agrees with the line in a current popular song which runs, "a book's no good when once you have read it."

## Copyrights Present Symphony Problem

Trans Jan. 27, 1926  
Protests Against Deletion of Exclusively Owned Numbers in Broadcasts May Lead to Their Omission from Future Programs

By Richard D. Grant

THE frequently-encountered problem involving the broadcasting of musical numbers held under exclusive copyright had a practical demonstration during the first radio concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when listeners were forced to stand by fifteen minutes during the playing of a score which WEEL was forbidden to put on the air. Such a situation proved annoying to everyone, including Eugene Goossens, composer of the music and guest conductor of the orchestra, who was anxious that his piece, "Sinfonietta," be made available to the radio public as well as to the audience in the hall.

The difficulty arose through the refusal of G. Ricordi & Company, New York music publishers, who hold the American rights to the selection, to grant the request of Mr. Goossens and officials of the Edison Company station.

As a result, thousands of letters have been received from listeners expressing regret that the entire symphony program was not broadcast and asking if some arrangement cannot be made for future concerts so that there may be no break in the music. It happens by chance that Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Symphony, has arranged a program for the next broadcast on Saturday evening, which includes only numbers to which there are no exclusive rights. This being purely accidental, however, there is the possibility that repetitions of last week's incident may occur in the future unless the programs to come are arranged with the idea of obviating the difficulty.

#### How Damrosch Handles Situation

Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which radio fans heard on Sunday evening during the Atwater Kent hour, was faced with the same problem but, when permission to broadcast certain scores was not forthcoming from the publishers, he merely omitted all such music from his concerts. Orchestras in Philadelphia and Cincinnati have followed his example when playing for the radio audience and perhaps Mr. Koussevitzky may do likewise.

About a year ago there was a great stir in the radio world because of the efforts of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers to prevent matter controlled by them from being broadcast. Stations in all parts of the country urged listeners to write to their studios and to Washington, to protect against a ruling that would favor the society. Many did so, but the petitioners won their point and now it is not unusual to hear announcements made from radio stations that

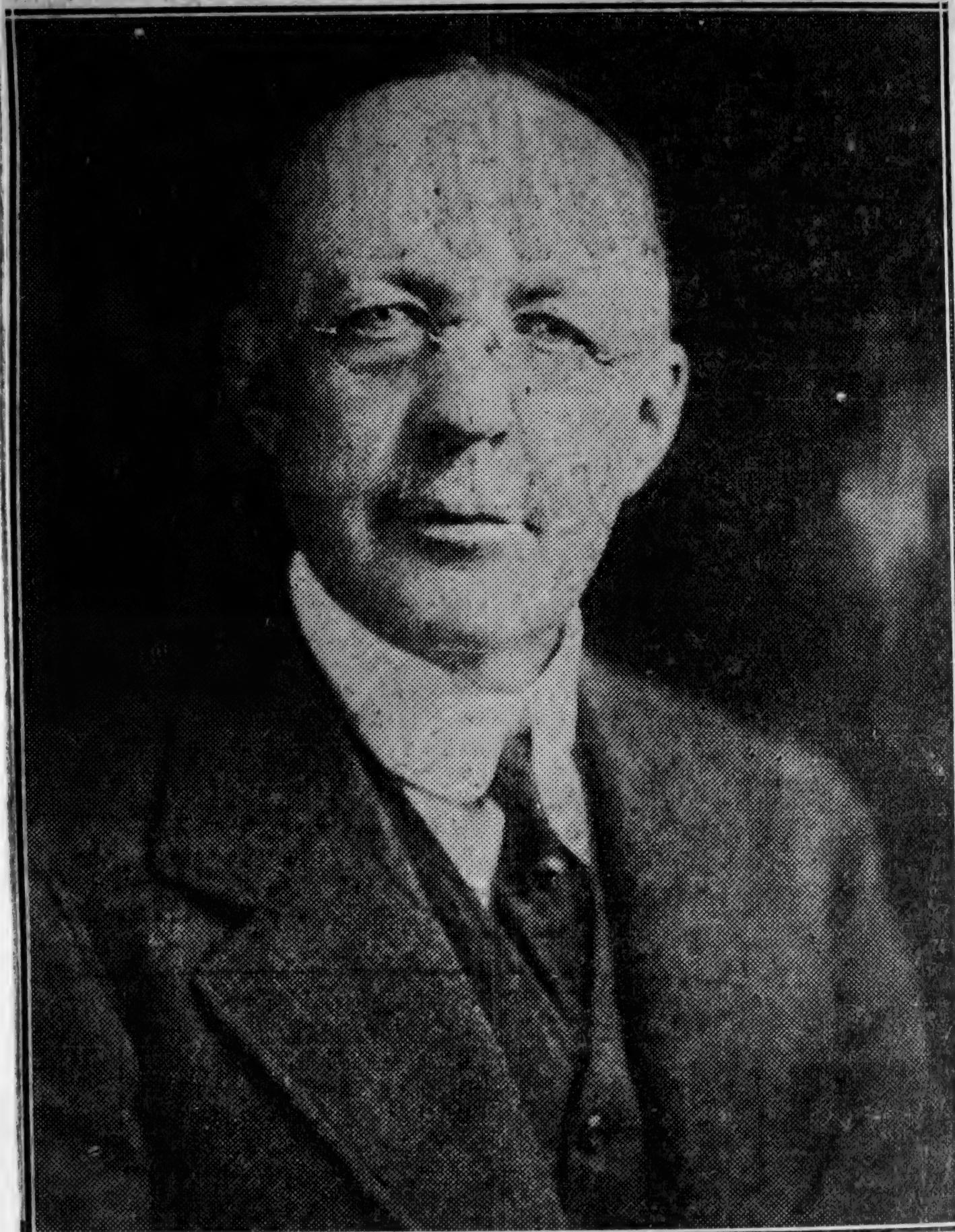
the selections on the program are broadcast by the consent of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers.

This, of course, makes it necessary to obtain such consent and when it is refused, as in the case of "Sinfonietta," there is nothing that can be done except shut off the microphone while the protested piece is being played or sung.

A good many of the best compositions by foreign composers are controlled by G. Ricordi & Company, and the officials of the Edison Company radio station feel that, when these are included in the Boston Symphony programs, the radio audience deserves to hear them. Superintendent Charles W. Burton of WEEL, W. S. Quinby, donor of the concerts, and others interested in their success made every effort to bring about an understanding with the New York music house that would be agreeable to them as well as to radio listeners, offering to pay considerable fees for the permission to broadcast, but were unsuccessful.



## His Gift Marks Epoch in Radio



**W. S. Quinby**

President of the W. S. Quinby Company, Who Will Speak Over the Air Tonight  
in Connection with WEEI'S Broadcast of Concert by Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 29, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, at 8.15 o'clock

Moussorgsky . . . "Une Nuit sur le Mont Chauve" ("A Night  
on Bald Mountain"), Orchestral Fantasy

Prokofieff . . . Third Concerto for Piano, Op. 26

- I. Andante — Allegro.
  - II. Theme — Andantino.
  - Variation I. Listesso tempo.
  - Variation II. Allegro.
  - Variation III. Allegro moderato.
  - Variation IV. Andante meditativo.
  - Variation V. Allegro giusto.
  - Theme Listesso tempo.
  - III. Allegro, ma non troppo.
- (First time in Boston)

Scriabin . . . Third Symphony, "The Divine Poem," Op. 43  
Lento; Luttet — Allegro; Voluptés — Lento; Jeu Divin — Allegro

SOLOIST  
**SERGE PROKOFIEFF**

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Prokofiev

## KOUSSEVITZKY IS WELCOMED

*Herald Jan. 30, 1926*  
He Leads Symphony Orchestra After Two Weeks' Rest from Labors

### CONCERT WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

If Mr. Roussevitzky had any doubt concerning the respect and affection in which he is held by the great musical public of Boston, that doubt must have been dispelled by the glowing tribute paid him yesterday afternoon when he came on the platform of Symphony hall after his vacation of a fortnight.

The program was as follows: Moussorgsky, "A Night on Bald Mountain," Prokofieff, Third Concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Prokofieff, pianist), Scriabin, Symphony No. 3, "The Divine Poem." The concerto was played for the first time in Boston.

Apparently there are two Prokofieffs: one the composer of the splendidly barbaric "Seythian" suite, which was heard here in 1924; the other the composer of the Third Piano Concerto, a work in comparatively more academic form, but without a trace of academic rigidity and dullness. The music is refreshingly individual. One does not find in it the influence of any school nor of any other composer, past or present. Thematically, harmonically, it is Mr. Prokofieff's own, as is his employment of orchestral instruments. While the music has not the engaging and engrossing wildness of the "Seythian" suite, it is music of the East rather than of the West. Here and there one finds the melodic and rhythmic repetition dear to Orientals rejoicing in the consequent hypnosis. When this repetition gains little by little in intensity, the effect is exciting and at the last overpowering, so that the coolest hearer is seized with rhythmic fever and, like the inhabitants of ancient Abdera, is haunted by a simple melody. The theme of the second movement—we believe it to be original with Mr. Prokofieff, for no contrary state-

ment has been made—is of exotic beauty, while the postlude of a few measures, ingeniously varied after each one of the set variations will long haunt the memory, the more so by its simplicity. These variations are ingenious, free from pattern work. The fourth, marked Andante meditativo, is unaffectedly poetic. Throughout the concerto there is no effort to stun or dazzle the hearer. It is as if Mr. Prokofieff had composed it for his own pleasure, without thought of possible audiences, indifferent to words of praise or blame.

It is often said disparagingly of a musician playing his own composition for the piano: "He plays like a composer." This sneer cannot be directed against Mr. Prokofieff, any more than it is true of Mr. Rachmaninoff. Mr. Prokofieff in the most modest manner in the world played like a virtuoso who was not thinking first of technique, not trying to impress hearers by technical proficiency, conscious, but not too self-conscious of his own ability. He played as if he were a member of the orchestra, displaying sufficient fluency, a command of nuances and of sentiment, emotion and brilliance. He was recalled several times.

Whether Scriabin is great or not great among composers is a legitimate subject for discussion. This discussion will not in all probability shatter friendships and divide households as was the case long ago in the Beecher trial. Whether Scriabin is great or not, it can be safely said that Mr. Koussevitzky is his Prophet. This "Divine Poem," whatever may be thought of it as a whole, is to us preferable to "The Poem of Ecstasy" and "Prometheus," which, it is said, have a theosophic mission. One attends a concert to hear music, not to hear theosophic teachings disguised by music. Dr. Eaglefield Hull who is a fanatical Scriabinite, is of the opinion that the "Divine Poem" expresses "the spirit's liberation from its earthly trammels, and the consequent free expression of purified personality." It is a pity that this "personality" helped itself freely from the music dramas of the unpurified Wagner. There are measures that are as direct quotations. It is also singular that the most striking, most emotional section of the work is entitled "Sensuous Pleasures." Like other orchestral compositions of Scriabin there is thematic material not always significant; there are pages of sheer bombast: a succession of climaxes that destroy any effect of one great and irresistible culmination of force. Yet one, not a fervid admirer of Scriabin, remembering the genuine beauty and poetic feeling of the section "Voluptes" might say of "the Divine Poem" that it is the least objectionable of his three chief orchestral works.

The witch music of Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" is amusing.



though one is disappointed because the professional and amateur demons are not still more hellish in the celebration of their Sabbath. More might reasonably be expected of these Spirits of Darkness glorifying their great god Tchernobog. But neither Berlioz nor Boito, neither Gounod nor Cesar Franck were more fortunate in portraying Satan and his hosts in tones. Moussorgsky's music that follows the notes of the church bell in the village is of charming quality and it was wonderfully played.

The orchestral performance throughout the concert was brilliant, and again Mr. Koussevitzky was revealed as a most eloquent interpreter.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for the 15th pair of concerts, Feb. 12th, Feb. 13th will be as follows: Vivaldi, Concerto, E Minor for strings; Lekeu, Fantaisie Contrapuntique sur un Cramignon Liegeois; Respighi, Symphonic Poem, "The Pines of Rome"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 1. The music by Vivaldi (edited by Mistrovski), Lekeu and Respighi will be played in Boston for the first time.

## RUSSIAN DAY WITH SYMPHONY

Post — Jan. 30, 1926

Mr. Koussevitzky Given Cordial Welcome on Return

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The return of Mr. Koussevitzky to an audience that welcomed him with unmistakable enthusiasm and the first public appearance here of Serge Prokofieff, as pianist in his own third Concerto, provided the element of personal interest in yesterday's Symphony Concert.

### CONCERTO A NEWCOMER

As for the music, of the three pieces that make this week's all-Russian programme only Mr. Prokofieff's Concerto is actually new to Boston. Yet although the other two items, Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" and Scriabin's Third Symphony, "The Divine Poem," have both been played at the Symphony Concerts within the last five years, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that they were yesterday heard here for the first time, such was the illumination shed by Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting of them.

None too readily may the later music Prokofieff, as exemplified in the Violin Concerto of last season and the Piano Concerto of yesterday be described. Less radical than the earlier "Scythian Suite," these pieces have a certain brittle quality; from the shines forth, not a warm and ruddy glow, but a clear white light. Yet they are by no means lacking in their share of surface charm.

#### Composer Cordially Received

Of the three movements of the Piano Concerto the second, a set of ingenious Variations on an exotic theme, gave the most decided pleasure. As pianist this modest young Russian makes no parade of technique. He plays as composer and musician rather than as virtuoso, yet it is none the less evident that for him mechanical difficulties do not exist. Whether as pianist or composer or both, yesterday's audience gave him a more than ordinarily hearty reception.

Hardly one of his more important works, Moussorgsky's tone-poem of the Witches' revel dispersed by the sounding church-bells seemed yesterday, thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky, pictorial, suggestive, genuinely imaginative music.

#### The "Divine Poem"

Of greater moment, however, is the "Divine Poem," which makes, with its successors, the "Poem of Ecstasy" and "Prometheus," the musical ritual that, in the words of Paul Rosenfeld, was to call the soul through the gate of the sense of hearing, to lead it, slowly, hieratically, up through circle after circle of heaven, until the mystical gongs boomed and the mass emotion reached the father of souls and was become God.

"Struggles," "Sensuous Pleasures," and "Divine Activity" are the titles affixed to the three movements of this so-called symphony which spiritually and technically may be said to stand somewhere between Liszt's "Les Preludes" and Scriabin's own "Prometheus," in which at last his personality becomes completely emancipated from outside influences.

### Serge Prokofieff Soloist With Boston Symphony Monitor — Jan. 30, 1926

The fourteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Moussorgsky, "A Night on Bald Mountain"  
Prokofieff, Third Concerto for Piano  
Scriabin  
Third Symphony, "The Divine Poem"

Mr. Koussevitzky resumed his baton yesterday after an absence of two weeks. His return was greeted by applause prolonged somewhat longer than usual. The program was composed entirely of Russian music, of which Mr. Koussevitzky is quite naturally fond. To begin with, there was the orchestral fantasy of the crude and overrated Moussorgsky, to be sure smoothed over by the expert Rimsky-Korsakoff. Then there was the Piano Concerto of the forward-looking Prokofieff, and lastly the inflated "Divine Poem," a monument to the industry and self-confidence of its composer, who succeeds in saying nothing portentously, in a strange musical speech partaking overmuch of the Wagnerian idiom.

It would seem that in this program all the qualities which endear the music of the Russians to lovers of symphonic music were lacking. Only the defects of this school of composition were in evidence. Even the more expert hand of Rimsky failed to soften entirely the crudities of Moussorgsky or to conceal the amateurishness of his methods of composition. "A Night on Bald Mountain" quickens the imagination by its program, but as actual music it falls far short of satisfying fulfillment.

The piano part of Prokofieff's concerto was played by the composer. There was natural curiosity to see and hear him, and thus some attention was drawn from his music.

Yesterday's concerto had no program to illustrate. Presumably it was to be heard as music pure and simple. As heard for the first time, it seems to consist of repetition rather than development. Rhythmically it is not without interest. Nei-

ther is the playing of a good drum corps. This is merely a personal impression. Others, no doubt, will find another appeal in this music.

Mr. Prokofieff played the piano part in unrelenting fashion. He rushed up and down the keyboard with apparent security. Beauty of tone, nuance, color were not considered of importance by him. Of rhythmical life and vigor there was much. But one is tempted to ask, "Is rhythm the sole end and aim of music?"

S. M.

## COMPOSER PLAYS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Prokofieff Soloist in His  
Own Piano Concerto

Rehe — Jan. 30, 1926

Serge Prokofieff, the noted Russian composer, whose "Scythian Suite" and violin concerto roused much discussion here last season, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. He played the piano part in his own concerto in C major. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted, after two weeks of absence on vacation. The audience applauded him vigorously for several minutes at his first appearance. The program included two other modern Russian works, Musorgsky's fantasy, "A Night on Bald Mountain," and Scriabin's "The Divine Poem." The performance of all these numbers was unusually brilliant. In such music Mr. Koussevitzky is at his best.

Prokofieff is a tall young man, slight in build, with not a trace of the poseur in his unassuming manner. He has the short-sighted, stoop shouldered appearance that one associates with graduate students of such financially unprofitable subjects as Assyriology or mathematical logic. The audience greeted him politely and applauded his concerto with something approaching warmth.

This concerto is full of interweaving rhythmic figures, strongly marked, and repeated until they grow monotonous. There are also several lyric passages, especially in the fourth variation of the slow movement, which are romantically emotional.

The music is written with conscious and wilful originality. But back of it a listener hearing it for the first time, could feel a genuine creative imagination, a sense of form, some degree of thematic invention. This piece is not written merely to startle the conven-



tionally-minded. Prokofieff has something to say and says it with not a little coherence and a good deal of emphasis.

The workmanship, however, seems facile. Like all Russian composers, Prokofieff is repetitious and fundamentally nave.

The first hearing of this new work proved interesting enough so that one would like to hear it again and hear still more pieces by the same author, such as, for example, his "Seven, They Are Seven." Mr Prokofieff, incidentally, is a very clever pianist, with a mastery of rhythmic effects and a tendency to exact nothing else of his instrument, which would qualify him for a job in a jazz band.

Skriabin's "Divine Poem" is another attempt to express in music a personal philosophic attitude. The three movements are entitled "Luttes," "Voluptes," and "Jeu Divin." The first French title means "Strivings," the second "Joys of the Senses," the last "The Play of Divine Force," to translate freely words which have no exact English equivalents.

The composer was a mystic, a pantheist, who thought God and energy were identical. His music is strongly influenced by Wagner, but personal in style, to the point of strangeness. The agonised strivings of a soul in torment breathe through it and redeem to some extent its diffuse and often bombastic style. The motto theme for trumpets and the motive for basses linked with it are vivid and expressive at their first occurrence and impressive in their final transfigured form. But much of the music is, to at least one hearer, only a lot of disagreeable noise.

The performance, on which Mr Koussevitzky has plainly lavished his best energies in preparation, was probably as fine as could be given by any orchestra or any conductor. Musorgsky's fantasy about witches on a mountain top was also vividly played, without recourse to rhetorical exaggeration.

This program, through Mr Quinby's generosity, will be broadcast tonight at 8:10 from WEEL, conflicting, unfortunately, with the Chicago Opera broadcast of "Masked Ball." The radio audience will probably find all three numbers pretty heavy. Those who use earphones, or who have first rate sets, should be able to get a good deal of Musorgsky's and Prokofieff's music and find out what modern music at symphony concerts sounds like. But they must not expect tuneful or notably harmonious numbers on this program.

The next program to be broadcast will be given Feb 13. There are no symphony concerts next week in Boston. The chosen pieces are Beethoven's First Symphony, and shorter numbers by Vivaldi, Lekeu, and Respighi, whose "Pines of Rome" will be played for the first time here. That program should prove of greater interest than this week's to the average listener. P. R.

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(Born at Sontsovka, in the Ekaterinoslav government, Russia, April 24, 1891; now living)

In an article signed "W. B. M." and published in the *Boston Evening Transcript* before the Armistice, V. G. Karatygin, then professor of music at the Imperial Conservatory in Leningrad (this was before the Russian Revolution), was quoted as follows:

"There is no musician who does not recognize the originality of Prokofieff's music, daring as it is, turbulent and full of vitality. True it is that many musicians cannot accept his music because of its unbridled power, and because Prokofieff's sparkling and brilliant genius often overflows all academic rules of harmony and counterpoint. Yet in spite of this violation of academic rules the composer is ever logical, and his music is stamped with truth and with moments of revelation. He eschews all trodden paths; instead he prefers to force his way through virgin forests, overthrowing every obstacle with a masterful hand, breaking down trees and jumping over broad and deep streams. Much noise and rumbling accompany him in his wanderings towards new shores. Splashes, splinters, and débris fly in all directions. But this does not mean sauciness and mischief. Always does his daring spring from a strong, convincing logic. The course of his ship is straight and determined: his goal the sun, the fulness of life, and the feasting joy of existence."



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## Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 12, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13, at 8.15 o'clock

Vivaldi . . . . . Concerto in E minor for String Orchestra  
(Edited by A. Mistovski)

- I. Vigoroso.
- II. Largo.
- III. Allegro.

(First time in Boston)

Lekeu . . . . . Fantaisie Contrapuntique sur un  
Cramignon Liégeois  
(First time in Boston)

Respighi . . . . . Symphonic Poem, "Pini di Roma" ("Pines of Rome")

- I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese.
- II. The Pines near a Catacomb.
- III. The Pines of the Janiculum.
- IV. The Pines of the Appian Way.

(First time in Boston)

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante cantabile con moto.
- III. Menuetto: Allegro Molto e vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace.

MASON AND HAMLIN PIANOFORTE  
Orthophonic Victrola from M. Steinert & Sons

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators.  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Ottorino Respighi

Composer of "Pines of Rome," Outstanding Piece at the  
Symphony Concerts of Yesterday and Today

## SYMPHONY'S 15TH CONCERT

Orchestra Gives Program  
of Great Variety  
and Interest

### PERFORMANCE IS DELIGHTFUL

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows:

Vivaldi, Concerto, E minor, for strings (edited by A. Mistovski); Lekeu, Contrapuntal Fantasia on a Cramignon (folk tune) of Liege; Respighi, Symphonic Poem, "Pines of Rome"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 1. The first three pieces were played for the first time in Boston; the first two probably for the first time in this country.

Who Mistovski is, and whether he chose for his editing a trio by Vivaldi, a sonata, or one of the many concertos for various instruments, we know not. This particular concerto was published not long ago by the Oxford University Press. This is certain: Whether Mistovski acts as editor for this house or is an outsider, he did his work well, even if he found the material little in need of tinkering or additions. The concerto is in traditional form with responses of the full choir to a few instruments with solo violin. The music is graceful in the lively passages and with beautiful episodes; the slow movement has character, as have the slow movements of Handel, without unnecessary notes. The performance was delightful. We doubt if any orchestra anywhere has so excellent, so euphonious a body of strings.

A cramignon is a Walloon folk tune. The dance is somewhat like a farandole; often the dancers sing or are accompanied with song by the bystanders, acting, to use the Gilbertian phrase, as a "friendly chorus." This Fantasia, we are informed, was intended for an amateur society. Would Lekeu—he died when he was 24 years old—have allowed the publication? We do not believe it. It is not reverential for friends, even when they are publishers, to ransack a

dead man's waste basket, nor should they give importance to trifles written for a slight occasion or for one's amusement. There is in this Fantasia an episode for wind instruments which is not without charm, reminding one of the Lekeu whose early death was deplored as a grave loss to the musical world. The strictly contrapuntal part of the Fantasia is only school-work.

Respighi wrote "Pines of Rome" as a companion piece to his "Fountains of Rome." He may yet write "Hills of Rome," but it would have to be in seven movements. "Pines of Rome" has four, and they are performed without a pause. In "Fountains of Rome" he set no bird a-singing. In the third section "Pines of the Janiculum" he introduces a nightingale. Perhaps he had in mind the reply of good King Agestilaus, who, when a man was recommended to him as a skilful imitator of that justly famous bird, replied: "I have heard the nightingale itself." So Respighi obtained a gramophone record of a nightingale which he heard singing. Of course there was curiosity in the audience, as agog to hear the song as was the young woman in Boccaccio's tale. The movement would not have suffered, if there had been no nightingale in the orchestra. The bird seemed shy, as if it were in a canary's cage, disturbed by the public attention.

In "Pines of the Villa Borghese" children are supposed to be playing games, darting to and fro, shrieking, emitting loud squeals or joy. Here the instrumentation is unusually brilliant, effective, original. One finds more poetic feeling, more imagination in "Pines Near a Catacomb," with the sombre opening, the solemnity of the double basses, the mysterious song which swells and dies away. Yes, there is more poetic feeling in this movement than in "Pines of the Janiculum," with the moon full and the gramophone turned on for the faint voice of the nightingale.

The finale, "Pines of the Appian Way," is in march time. At first there is the rhythm of innumerable steps that De Quincey might have heard at the beginning of his "Dream Fugue" in "The Vision of Sudden Death." There is the vision of past glories, of soldiers victorious making their clashing and blaring way to the Capitol; with the huzzing crowd "to see Great Pompey pass the streets of Rome." This march is exciting by reason of its rhythmic and dynamic increasing intensity and its overpowering climax, which Mr. Koussevitzky worked superbly.

But if one takes this symphonic poem as a whole, the composer is revealed as a supreme master of orchestral color rather than a man of fine, entrancing, impressive ideas. The most original and compelling orchestral composition of his that we have heard is his wild "Ballade of Gnomides," illustrative of a still wilder, audacious poem.



Mr. Koussevitzky did well to follow Respighi's March with Beethoven's first symphony, which served as a contrast, dismissed the audience in peaceful mood, and showed, though not for the first time, that Mr. Koussevitzky conducts the music of Beethoven with a reverence that is not perfunctory, pedagogic and dull. He pays Beethoven more than lip service. How delightful was the performance! What clarity, what sense of proportion! Some may have thought the pace of the finale too fast. Not too fast for the nature of the music; not too fast for this virtuoso orchestra. The performance was as admirable as was that of "Pines of Rome" with the swollen orchestra of Respighi, with his demand for six Roman war trumpets.

Saint-Saens loved paradox and jesting. Did he have his tongue in his cheek when, editing Mozart's Sonatas, he wrote that Mozart's presto was our allegro; that his allegro was our allegro moderato? Beethoven marked the finale of his first symphony "allegro molto e vivace." No, Mr. Koussevitzky did not take this finale too fast. He was sure of his man; he was sure of himself. Fortunate, thrice fortunate is Boston town in having this orchestra; in having Mr. Koussevitzky its conductor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program next week will comprise Liszt's Psalm XIII and "Faust" Symphony. The orchestra will be assisted by Charles Stratton, tenor, and the Cecilia Society, which has been trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor.

## "PINES OF ROME" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

### Real Nightingale Heard in New Respighi Work

The voice of a real nightingale, reproduced on an orthophonic victrola, was heard at yesterday's Symphony concert at the end of the third movement of Respighi's new symphonic poem, "Pines of Rome." The bird call was plainly audible throughout the hall.

The orchestra was momentarily almost silent. Mr. Holy turned on the record, then accompanied the nightingale with soft arpeggios on his harp for the few measures Respighi devotes to giving authentic atmosphere to his tone picture of a moonlit, pine-covered hill at night in mid-Summer.

This novel feature no doubt contributed something to the marked en-

thusiasm with which the audience received the new work. The sonorous triumphal march for full orchestra, extra brass, and organ, with which the piece ends also stimulated applause. Such perorations, if only they are sonorous, never fail to win applause. This one not too subtly hints at Mussolini's ideals.

Mr. Respighi is now in this country and has himself conducted his new work at concerts of other leading American orchestras. But Mr. Koussevitzky conducted yesterday, nor did the composer, if he was present, make any attempt to acknowledge the applause. The other numbers included unfamiliar music by Vivaldi and Lekeu, and Beethoven's First Symphony.

"Pines of Rome" sounds as if Respighi had set out to produce another orchestral beat seller like his "Fountains of Rome," which has proved one of the most popular orchestral works published in the past decade. The music, like the title, repeats the tricks that had pleased before. The new work is, however, even more cleverly written than the former success.

It contains a lively, brilliantly scored first movement, depicting children at play near the Villa Borghese; a lugubrious chant, "Pines Near a Catacomb," with appropriately early Christian harmonies, as slow movement; a romanza about pines in the moonlight, instead of the expected scherzo third movement, and then, as finale, "The Pines of the Appian Way," concluding with "the army of the consul advancing brilliantly in the grandeur of a newly risen sun toward the sacred way, mounting in triumph the Capitoline Hill."

These phrases from the program printed in the score of "Pini di Roma" sufficiently indicate Respighi's intention to give his hearers a personally conducted tour of the environs of Rome. He does succeed in giving one who has never been in Rome a compromise between a Pathe Weekly and the last act of "Tosca" view of the city.

This music is in its way excellent theatre, and will, beyond doubt, prove for some years highly popular with concert audiences. But neither the themes, the working out, nor anything in the quality of imagination Respighi here shows influence one to consider his music in any real sense great.

The performance seemed wholly admirable, one of Mr. Koussevitzky's successes. When he succeeds as a conductor he succeeds wholly, just as when he goes wrong he goes utterly wrong. He is never mediocre.

The concert began with a suave and graceful performance of a concerto in E minor for string orchestra, edited by Mistovski and lately published. The piece was heard gladly, but nothing in it sticks in one's memory. It may be an antique which has undergone a scandalous amount of restoration. One often wonders about Mr. Koussevitzky's musical antiques. But after all, what matters is that they please as one listens, as they usually do.

A "contrapuntal fantasy on a folk tune from Liege," by Lekeu, pupil of Franck and d'Indy, who died at 24, sounded like the school exercise of a remarkably gifted youth. The only dis-

tinctive thing in the style of the piece is a curious, perhaps unconscious, frequent use of the idiom of Beethoven's last string quartets, whose influence on other music has hitherto seemed nil.

Beethoven's First Symphony, if one forgets the others he wrote, is attractive, somewhat clumsily written music of the period around 1800. Little of it definitely suggests the later Beethoven, and there are obvious reminiscences of Mozart's familiar symphonies in G minor and in C major (Jupiter). Mr. Koussevitzky's version of it, first disclosed to Boston yesterday, is light and spirited, thoroughly ingratiating, without a tinge of pedantry.

The radio audience tonight should find this the most enjoyable of the programs broadcast so far. The nightingale's song may not come through well, but a good deal of Respighi's piece should be effective. The click when the victrola is turned on will indicate the beginning of the record by radio, in all probability. Beethoven's lightly scored and easily followed symphony should come through admirably, especially on ear phones, if weather conditions prove at all favorable.

Next week's program includes Liszt's "A Faust Symphony," and the same composer's choral setting of the 13th Psalm. A chorus from the Cecilia Society of Boston, and Charles Stratton, tenor, will assist the orchestra.

P. R.

## "The Pines of Rome" Played in Boston

Monitor—Feb. 13, 1926  
The program of the fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Vivaldi  
Concerto in E minor for string orchestra  
Lekeu

Fantaisie Contrapuntique sur un Cra-mignon Liegeois

Respighi  
Symphonic Poem, "Pini di Roma"

Symphony No. 1 in C major Op. 21

Vivaldi's Concerto (edited by A. Stokowski) was played for the first time in Boston; likewise the Fantaisie by Lekeu; likewise the symphonic poem by Respighi. The chief interest of the program, of course, centered about the last named. It calls for a swollen orchestra, including six "Buccine," which were represented yesterday by Wagnerian tubas—are the terms synonymous?

The score also includes a gramophone (No. R. 6105 of the Concert Record Gramophone—the Song of the Nightingale). There are certain obvious remarks in connection with the employment of the gramophone in a symphonic orchestra from which we will abstain. It is a very

minor feature of the composition and has received already more attention than it deserves.

There is no question of Respighi's mastery of the art of composition as displayed in this his latest symphonic poem. There is not an ineffective note in the whole piece. There is plenty of orchestral color, often unusual, but never unpleasantly dazzling. There are many harmonic and melodic inventions which attract the attention, although it must be confessed that they are not strikingly individual. The handiwork of a master craftsman is seen on every page, but perhaps not that of a strongly defined individuality.

What would seem to be the principal defects in this symphonic poem are the obvious character of the subject and the method of its treatment. In spite of the command of the technical resources of the modern orchestra which is displayed in this composition, it reveals a startling poverty of imaginative power. In fact, it is the "Fountains of Rome" warmed over, with a few extra garnishings. It was music admirably suited to Mr. Koussevitzky, who gave a vivid interpretation of its too literal measures, and it was played with astonishing virtuosity by the orchestra.

Lekeu's Fantaisie did not receive such successful handling. Here is music, if we mistake not, whose chief beauty lies below the surface. To bring them to light requires sympathetic insight, a sensitive touch, the power of supplementing the often vague suggestions of the composer with the understanding of a sensitive interpreter. Given such treatment, it is possible that this music would be effective. Yesterday it was but pedestrian.

And so, leaving apart Vivaldi's Concerto, which is like unto many of its kind and period, the young Beethoven furnished the chief musical interest of the afternoon. By contrast, this symphony seemed far better music than it perhaps really is. Yet the listener is still able to note the youthful enthusiasm of many of its measures; and despite its immaturity it is possible here and there to feel the power of Beethoven's budding genius. It was played with simplicity by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, but with due regard for its inherent beauties.

S. M.



# SYMPHONY ROCKS HALL WITH SOUND

## "Pines of Rome" Calls for Thunder and a Phonograph

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Hearing Respighi's "Pines of Rome," at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, one wondered whether the piece should not be classed, with earthquakes and the dancing of the Charleston, among menaces to rickety structures. Even Symphony Hall, solid as it is, was felt slightly to vibrate with the terrific reverberations produced by the final movement, "The Pines of the Appian Way."

### AN OVERPOWERING CLIMAX

In this section of his latest symphonic composition the eminent Italian would suggest in tones a consular army advancing "in the grandeur of a newly risen sun toward the sacred way, mounting in triumph the Capitoline Hill." Resorting to the device made immortal in the "Turkish Patrol," Respighi first sounds his march as from a distance, the multitudinous footfalls suggested by a persistent thumping of the bass drum. Nearer and nearer come the legions. In the orchestra sonority is piled upon sonority and drum upon drum, until with the final cumulative measures there is reached an overwhelming, overpowering climax.

Not since Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony has a composer wrought so exciting a march-movement, and if Tchaikovsky's has the greater fury, Respighi's possesses the greater din.

### A Phonograph Used

Not alone in this thunderous March, moreover, does the sensational interest of this "Pini di Roma" lie. In the Nocturnal third movement, "The Pines of the Janiculum," Respighi has introduced, for the first time in symphonic music a phonograph, whose function here it is to reproduce the song of a nightingale. Hence yesterday upon the stage of Symphony Hall there stood among the players an Orthophonic Victrola, and at Mr. Koussevitzky's signal Mr. Holy deserted his harp and set the record in motion. Though by no means disturbing, it must be admitted that the resultant warbling added little to the beauty of this most poetic episode.

Rarely indeed has the symphony orchestra been induced to yield sounds of such soft richness, such melting beauty.

### A Diverting Novelty

The other portions of the "Pini di Roma" call for less comment. The first section, "The Pines of the Villa Borghese," depicts in Stravinskian din and grating polytony the playing of children—and noisy little brats they are! The second episode, on the other hand, "The Pines near a Catacomb," provoked the composer to the making of solemn, almost lugubrious, music, with a hymning trumpet behind the scenes. All in all, a most diverting novelty that bids fair to attain to the popularity of its composer's "Fountains of Rome," and that in yesterday's brilliant performance was stormily applauded.

Twice more did the legend "first time in Boston" appear in yesterday's programme-book—in connection with a newly resurrected Concerto for Strings by Vivaldi and with a recently published "Contrapuntal Fantasy upon a Cramignon of Liege," for strings and a few wind instruments, by the talented Belgian Lekeu, cut down in his 25th year.

### Of Minor Importance

Vivaldi's Concerto, although it served to display the beauty and virtuosity of the orchestra's string choir, is not of great import. Nor, despite a few measures of real charm, is the piece by Lekeu. Nor, for the matter of that, is Beethoven's First Symphony, with which the concert concluded.

All but a few pages of this First Symphony could well be spared. Yesterday, however, it afforded Mr. Koussevitzky opportunity for some virtuoso conducting, and the orchestra for some masterly playing. For the moment, indeed, the Minuet seemed worthy of the later Beethoven. And at least the ingenious melody of the Andante was beautifully sung, while the Finale was played with an exhilarating speed.

# A BIRD OF NIGHT, LEGIONS' MARCH, MUSIC OF ROME

## RESPIGHI IN NEW SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

His "Pines of Rome" at the Symphony Concert—Ancient, and Novel, Piece from Vivaldi for Strings—Lekeu Resurrected—Too Early and Too Staled Beethoven for Pendant—Brief but Full Afternoon

**A**N ANCIENT and two moderns prevailed yesterday through the first half of the Symphony Concert; while it was Beethoven, making a first symphony, who saggingly brought up the rear. Hallowed precedent at Symphony Hall forbids the performance of any of his symphonies in two successive seasons. In a first year in Boston, a conductor of Mr. Koussevitzky's mettle was bound to wreak himself upon the greater three—the Third, the Fifth, the Seventh. To them he added the Pastoral Sixth; while in November last he compassed the Choral Ninth. Consequently for current usage he has only the four lesser symphonies. Three months ago, he made shift with the suave and nimble Fourth; yesterday he returned to the youthful First; the light-humored Second, the gay and fanciful Eighth still await him. May his choice light upon the latter, which is late rather than too early Beethoven; remains perennially amusing; might be brought to pass with the grace, zest and charm that within memory distinguished the conductor through Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony."

Of course, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra played this First Symphony deftly enough. The final Rondo was proof of their lightness, fleetness and elasticity of motion—the regained heritage, with eighteenth-century music, from Dr. Muck's day. The tone shimmered and danced; upon the fanciful Scherzo the conductor laid congenial touches of rhythm and color. Through the longer and more imitative movements the performance, being sympathetic, shared the perfunctoriness of the music. In 1926 there is no stirring ears, lips or hands to that fugued Andante; while the preceding Allegro is neither more nor less than withered formula. In fact, did this First Symphony bear any other signature than "Louis" van Beethoven, would it be played at all now—

adays—or at the least no oftener than are the symphonies of Dittersdorf or Gossec?

The learned and susceptible commentators open the score in their studies. Conning every measure forward and backward, they discover numberless—and contradictory—omens of the mature and individual Beethoven, along with as many derivations from the omnipresent Mozart and Haydn. All this is the dilettante exercise of the closet, not the quick commerce of the concert-hall. There this First Symphony discloses little more than a tepid Beethoven, a thin-sauced Haydn, a warmed-over Mozart. Of the merit of any or all of these composers, in whatever "period" they happened to be writing, the music does not partake. In spite of that preservative signature or the most discerning and animating performance, it is nondescript and boring in the concert-hall. Through five years it was undisturbed in the library; through ten it may now reasonably repose there.

The first and longer half of the concert was ample amends. It began with a newly published Concerto for strings, by Vivaldi, in the key of E minor. Even the learned compiler of the program-book could not further identify it in the "great quantity" of Vivaldi's music; while the editor of the piece—one Mistovski—equally evaded and piqued him. Yet the name may be found in the catalogues of Messrs. Chester, the publishers of music in London, and there Mistovski composes also in his own right. All of which hardly signifies, since the Concerto had not sounded for long before it spoke sufficiently for itself. The first division inclined to early eighteenth-century patterns, as Vivaldi, in his easy-going Italian way, made play with them. The first violin was heard in agreeable, full-bodied solo-measures, while the other voices lent it running accompaniment or with a "tutti" put a period to its song. The counterpoint was fluent; the surfaces well polished; the progress lively—Maestro Vivaldi doing a good job in his own manner, but hardly more.

The slow movement generated fresher sensations. Here was no Vivaldi abounding in full-voiced, succulent and, as his detractors say, superficial melody. He still spoke in song; but it was lean of line, spare of substance, reticent with sentiment; hardly Italian, unlike the usual Vivaldi; yet holding the ear by an unaccustomed gravity and austerity. After all, as the works of Mr. Toscanini occasionally suggest, Italian musicians have minds as well as hearts, voices and a sense of effect. Out of a mind came this Largo of Vivaldi, by no means glibly. The Finale sounded no less novel and refreshing. It was no eighteenth-century stencil of racing and reiterated figures. It had a slower gait, more substantial and diversified body, the graver voice of the whole Concerto. Evidently, there was a Vivaldi who took thought as well as followed the fashions; who could meditate his music as well as outpour it.



With eighteenth-century pieces, Mr. Koussevitzky often plays discov-  
erably and profitably withal.

The next novel piece—Lekeu's Contrapuntal Fantasia on a folk-music of Liège—also baffled the pursuing editor. Not so much as one biographer had catalogued it. Presumably, it was sorted from the heap of worked and unworked manuscripts that Lekeu, dying at four-and-twenty, left behind. Besides, when once the music had been played, the listener was as far as ever from certainty about the composer. While the Franckian gospels were on many apostolic lips, Lekeu passed for a budding genius cut off untimely. Now, along with those gospels, he has appreciably receded until his music comes seldom into concert-halls.

So far as the piece of yesterday disclosed Lekeu, he wrote fluently and with skill, having studied profitably under le père Franck and le fils d'Indy. Evidently melody flowed from him—by no means the sentimentalized, aspiring melody of "the master." It is more tinged with melancholy; more transparent of voice; more quickening upon the ear. Indeed, it is the long melody enchainé and developed, into which the Fantasia soon coalesces, that individualizes Lekeu and leaves his counterpoint rather a tool of trade. Simply scored, the surface is curiously silvery. A still intensity, waxing, shapes and phrases the long curve, until, after the manner of fragments, it droops and dies. Yet in the hearer a certain emotion lingers and persists. He almost forgets, having heard a semi-Franckian music from Mr. Koussevitzky, to return thanks that through a season and half he has abstained from "the master's" staled, dwindling Symphony.

Then came Respighi's new tone-poem, "Pines of Rome," and Concerto and Fantasia were nigh overwhelmed in the succeeding impressions. In what measure the note of the piece, launched by Mr. Toscanini and within a fortnight heard in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago; had spread to Boston, none may say. Certainly not a few eyed with surprise the Orthophonic Victrola set beside Mr. Holy, the harpist, that at due moment he might release the nightingale's song. As surely the Roman March of the Finale beat upon many unexpected ears; while only a canny few had observed the re-seating of a corner of the orchestra that Mr. Respighi's Roman "buccine," might properly sound through "Balreuth tubas." Nor had the program-book, now wallowing in information, much need to expatiate upon Mr. Respighi's background and design. Of old writing "Fountains of Rome," he had sought to transmute into tones "impressions of nature." Now, composing "Pines of Rome," he would have nature evoke "memories and visions."

Before most of us had read much further Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra had embarked upon the music, and from its pulse and tide there was no escaping. Mr. Respighi remembers first the pines of the Villa Borghese, but more the children went to play beneath them. They dart, they skip, they call, chatter and whisk away. For them and out of them Mr. Respighi has written a music as swift and volatile. It whisks in the air to countless rhythms. It flings this way and that, yet with an audible grace. Like swallows' flight, it wreaths and curls. Or it tosses tonal dots and dashes through the lightest of tumults. Into the higher registers of the instruments it springs and stays; while harmonies twitter and are shrill. The impression is of incessant motion by color flicked. The ear hears and the eye of the imagination sees the playing children in a kind of swift and close-woven orchestral pointillage. Modernist matter, modernist treatment, derivative music if the hearer is perpetually beset by the ghost of Stravinsky; yet music upon which Mr. Respighi has clearly set his own impress—in warm emotion, graphic illusion, plastic tonal texture, the underlying suggestion of our youngest barbarians all at play.

The music stays and stills; there is adroit transition. Through the dark boughs of pines overhanging an ancient catacomb sounds the mingled chant of the Christian faithful. Mr. Respighi gives the music no modal, no liturgical cast. Rather, it is phantom-like; the "Sursum Corda" of devout ghosts, haunting the hollows, still aspiring to the holiness that in life they cherished; of a sudden dispersed and hushed by the dawn peering amongst the boughs—the Respighi of finely touched imagination. . . . Transition brings the Respighi who is poet with instrumental color, who at moments may match even the Strauss—the other day Bostonians heard him—of the silver rose. Night falls over the pines of the Janiculum, the voluptuous Italian night. Out of shadow, it glides into moonlit radiance. The stillness deepens pulsing, tremulous. Upon it sings the nightingale. It pleased Mr. Respighi—the conjurer with harmonies and timbres, the singer of ardent melody—to employ the literal phonographic record of such bird-song; but once more the works of art, in the Wildian paradox, transcended the works of nature. The nightingale sang—and Mr. Respighi seemed to be writing differently until the gramophonic voice was still, and he could return to his tonal silver upon tonal sable outspread.

The music rustles rather than stills and for the last time comes transition. The tonal mass streaks with the dawn; quivers, stirs, throbs, reverberates, with the padding of numberless rhythmized feet. The Pines of the Applan Way shake to the gathering stride. Four times the kettle-

drummer smites the drum-heads with blows that Beethoven and Mahler both might envy; horns, trumpets, the pseudo-buccine, all the brass and all the percussion peal the Legions' March; the strings rhythm it; the wood-winds shrill it. With the craftiest of pauses—recalled only in retrospect—the tensest of suspensions, the great crescendo—for it is nothing less—swells and mounts, wave upon wave of marshalled sound. It is the power and the glory of imperial Rome in music proclaimed; it is the imperial verse of Vergil, the imperial prose of Tacitus in tones multiplied and sonorous. Upon the stone footway clang the legions, and in the sunlight they are golden. The echoes shout their victory; to his master advances their master, and to triumph. No: might and majesty and magnificence, the clangor and the press, are not dead in the intimacy and sophistication of contemporary music. Toward no trumpery, braggart "Duce" (as some detractors say) pounds Respighi's host. Its course is to Caesar Augustus. H. T. P.

## THE NIGHTINGALE TO SING TOMORROW IN SYMPHONY HALL

Trans. — Feb. 11, 1926  
MR. RESPIGHI ADDS A BIRD TO THE ORCHESTRA

"Pines of Rome" with Its Gramaphonic Accessory—The New and Noted Tone-Poem for the First Times in Boston—Companion-Piece to "Fountains of Rome"—Background, Scheme, Outcome

VOICES and instruments of many kinds, from baritones to watchmen's rattles, from harps to heckelphones, from singers who sing through their noses to Paulwhiteman-ites who play through their hats, have made music in Symphony Hall; but for the first time in its long history a nightingale will sing there tomorrow afternoon. It will be the voice of a veritable nightingale; not merely a nightingale imitated or poetically suggested by an orchestral flute or clarinet, but the song of the "light-winged dryad of R. 6105 of the 'Concert Record Gramophone' itself. That selfsame song that phoned us) through the sad heart of Ruth, silent when the gramophone begins its song, will find a path through the less sad hearts accompanied in the orchestra only by pian-

of Symphony subscribers on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week, when Mr. Koussevitzky plays Respighi's new symphonic poem, "Pines of Rome," for the first time in Boston. For it is in this score that the Italian tone-poet has introduced a gramophone record of the nightingale's song.

That, too, will be a "first time" here. Orchestras have accompanied mechanical reproductions of pianists' performances; but we do not recall an instance in which an orchestra has been heard in conjunction with a gramophone. There were no gramophones procurable in Vienna, in 1808 when Beethoven walked through the wooded country near Helligensstadt and heard the birdsongs that he introduced into his "Pastoral Symphony." He remembered, or imagined, the song of the nightingale, and we hear that song—or a suggestion of it—in the coda of the slow movement of the symphony the "Scene by the Brook." But there it is only simulated by a flute-player warbling in the key of B flat, 12-8 time, Andante molto mosso.

Nor did Stravinsky, a century later, think of the ingenious expedient of importing a gramophone record of a nightingale's song into the score of his opera, "Le Rossignol," afterward turned into a ballet, and finally into a symphonic poem. In the original operatic form of Stravinsky's setting of Andersen's fairy tale, the Song of the Nightingale is sung from the orchestra pit by a coloratura soprano—as it will be in the Metropolitan's production of the opera this season, when Galli-Curci as the immortal warbler will charm (or possibly not) those magic casements that open on the foam of perilous critical seas. When Stravinsky afterward turned his opera into a ballet, and then into a symphonic poem, he gave what remained of the nightingale's song to orchestral instruments—flute, oboe, solo violin. Doubtless, like God and the strawberry, he could have made a better nightingale's song by using a real one; but he probably never thought of doing so.

Mr. Respighi, it is said, heard a gramophone record of the nightingale's song while in a shop in Rome, and, enchanted by the reproduction, determined to introduce it into the score of his symphonic poem, "Pines of Rome," in which he has described in tone the sights, sounds, memories associated with the pine-trees of the Campagna. There, they say, nightingales sing in the branches, and so a nightingale sings out of the third section of Mr. Respighi's tone-poem, which he calls "The Pines of the Janiculum." The nightingale is represented in the score by "No. 6105 of the 'Concert Record Gramophone' itself. That selfsame song that phoned us) through the sad heart of Ruth, silent when the gramophone begins its song, will find a path through the less sad hearts accompanied in the orchestra only by pian-



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Finally, in "The Pines of the Applan Way," a misty dawn summons to the composer's fancy a vision of past glories; indistinctly, incessantly, he hears—we hear, in music of imposingly cumulative power—the rhythm of innumerable steps. Trumpets blare, and the army of the Consul advances brilliantly in the newly risen sun toward the sacred way, mounting in triumph the Capitoline Hill. Or, as some prefer to say, the Fascist hordes of Mussolini enter in and possess the city.

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## NEW PLAN OF ANNOUNCING

### Will Tell Technical Construction of Symphony

Beginning tonight, the Boston Symphony Orchestra broadcast through WEEI, will be featured by a new plan of announcing which will run as a continued story through the nine concerts still to go on the air through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

This plan is based upon the undeniable fact that the thousands of people who are enjoying these concerts are interested in knowing something about the technical construction of a great orchestra like the Boston Symphony, and also about its personnel.

Like a mammoth building, or a battleship, or a fine piece of music, an orchestra is built according to a plan. As applied to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, this plan takes into consideration all the elements of sound, harmony, balance of tone, volume and many other things which are necessary to secure perfection in the finished result.

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### Tune In on Beethoven

*Trans. 3-6-31-1926.*  
Broadcasting of the Symphony Concerts

has given rise to a new symphony. A great chorus of popular voices, concordant and united, has made itself heard in welcome and praise of Boston's superlative orchestra as heard on the radio. To the benefactor responsible for the broadcast letters of appreciation have come in a small deluge from people in every walk of life, old and young, humble and high. Men of affairs, who rarely give time to write their opinions of radio programs, have been at pains to express their approval in the most positive terms. Hundreds of persons who have always been interested in good music, and hundreds who never knew before that they were interested in good music, have sent word of their enjoyment and of their appreciation. Even school children have joined in the letters of gratitude.

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FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Liszt . . . Psalm XIII, "Lord, how long wilt thou forget me?"  
For tenor solo, chorus and orchestra

Liszt . . . A Faust Symphony in Three Character Pictures  
(after Goethe)

#### I. FAUST:

Lento assai. Allegro impetuoso.  
Allegro agitato ed appassionato assai.

#### II. GRETCHEN:

Andante soave.

#### III. MEPHISTOPHELES:

Allegro vivace ironico.  
Andante mistico (with Male Chorus).

THE CECILIA SOCIETY (MALCOLM LANG, Conductor)

CHARLES STRATTON, Tenor

There will be an intermission before the symphony

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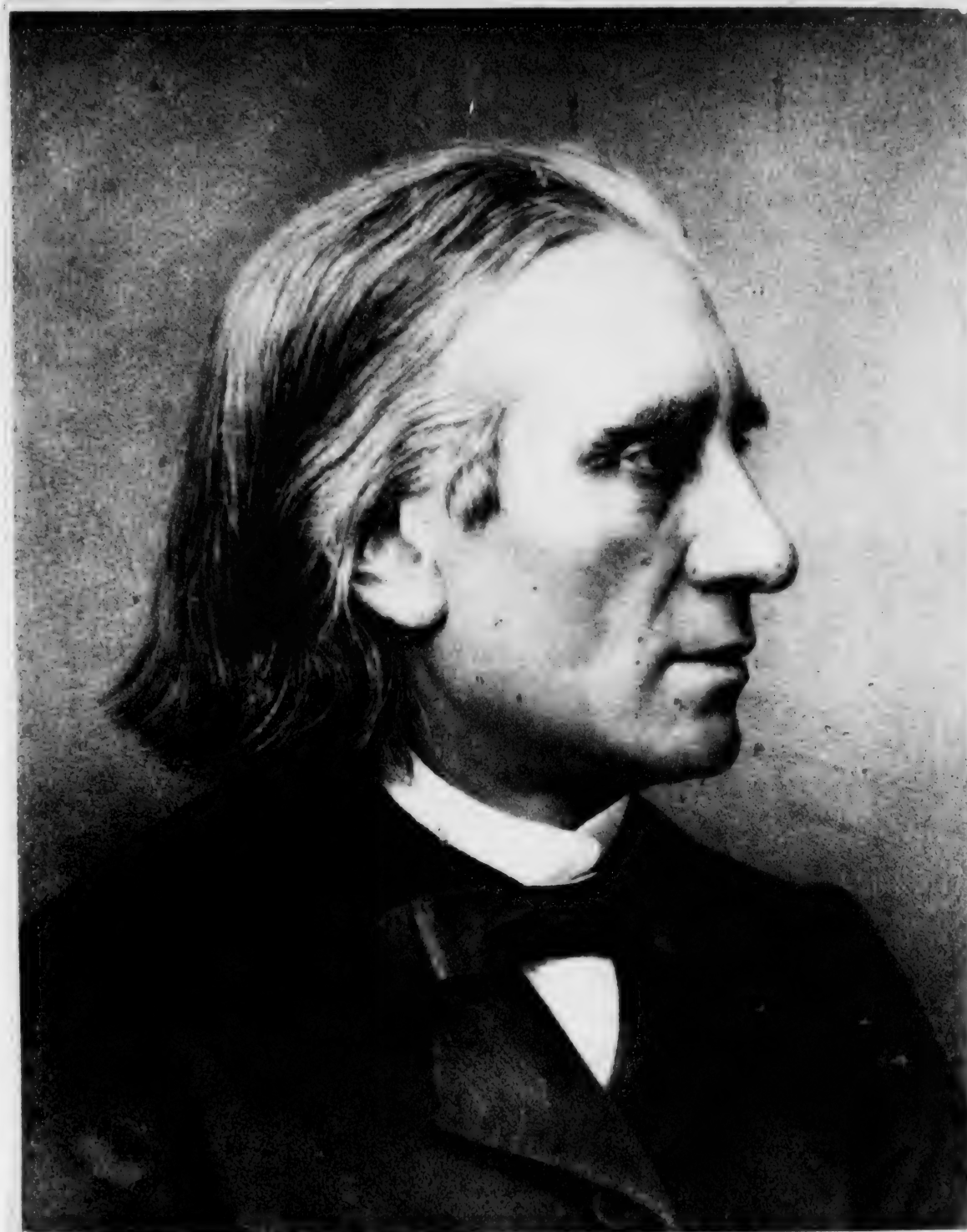
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## SYMPHONY GIVES 16TH CONCERT

Orchestra Is Assisted by  
Tenor Soloist and Cecilia  
Society

### LISZT'S 13TH PSALM IS HEARD HERE

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The orchestra was assisted by Charles Stratton, tenor, and the Cecilia Society, which had been rehearsed for the occasion by its conductor, Malcolm Lang.

The program consisted of Liszt's 13th Psalm for tenor, chorus and orchestra, and his "Faust" symphony for orchestra, with tenor solo and chorus in the finale, "Mephistopheles."

The Psalm was in all probability performed here for the first time. The reason for the delay was apparent yesterday. The music is on the whole neither grateful nor eloquent. It is a curious work displaying the weaker side of Liszt, the composer, with few revelations of his amazing talent. That there was little or nothing of the Hebraic spirit in the music, nothing like the exaltation that animates and glorifies the Psalms with Mr. Bloch's music was to be expected. In his sacred works it was not easy for Liszt to be even plausibly religious. Too often with him the expression of devotional feeling was either affected simplicity or rank sentimentalism. But let this Psalm be regarded only as a dramatic outpouring. Here Liszt does his best to be effective in quasi-operatic manner, but the passages given to the tenor are eloquent only through the skill and fervor of the singer to whom they happen to be assigned. Taken by themselves they are generally labored; they are not infrequently a weakening of the text. Mr. Stratton did his best to make the music strike home. He evidently aimed at rhetorical intensity rather than at an exhibition of smooth and firm tonal production or at tonal beauty. In this he was wise, for had Liszt's music been sung suavely and

in a polished manner it would have seemed even less significant. The chorus singing was adequate as regards technical proficiency and musical intelligence. It was not so impressive that it gave emphasis to the musical text.

The concert would have been long enough without the Psalm. No doubt, Mr. Koussevitzky, having a chorus at his disposal, wished to employ it if only for the pleasure of the singers, as the female portion had nothing to do in the symphony.

Liszt for two hours at a stretch is a test of an audience's physical endurance. Not without reason was the "Gretchen" movement given alone here and in certain European cities before the whole symphony was heard; for in this movement we have Liszt at the height of his poetic feeling and technical skill, especially in the matter of instrumentation. Berlioz's description of the chief motive of his "Fantastic" symphony, "Simple, timid, but of a noble and passionate character," may be applied to the first theme in "Gretchen"—Here is true musical portraiture of character. Nor is the motive of the middle section, the measure for violins, *dolce amoroso*, more sensuous music, inferior.

In "Faust" mannerisms of Liszt, endless repetitions of unimportant phrases leading to modulation or to a fresh musical idea, fret the nerves of the hearer and lessen the general effect. If only some one would contrive to give "Selections from the movement Faust." There are fine things in it, as there are vulgar moments. The music for "Mephistopheles" is best described as "clever" in its parodistic vein; and it includes one great dramatic moment; the sudden appearance of the "Gretchen" theme.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a highly dramatic, poetic and emotional interpretation of the symphony. The orchestral performance was brilliant, although there were a few instances of a lack of precision in attack. The chorus was effective. Mr. Stratton's task was less arduous than in the Psalm.

This concert reminded us, if a reminder was necessary, of Wagner's audacious borrowing of themes and whole passages of harmonic progressions from the symphony for his own music-dramas. Wagner leaned heavily on Liszt's shoulder, as Liszt, both in the Psalm—witness long passages for this or that section of the string choir in the Psalm—and in the "Gretchen" movement leaned on the shoulder of the great Hector Berlioz.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program announced for next week is as follows: Glazounov, Prelude from the Suite, "The Middle Ages;" Dukas, Symphony C major; Gilbert, Symphonic Piece (first performance); Ravel, Second Suite, "Daphnis and Chloe." This program, we are told, is subject to change.



# SYMPHONY NEVER SO ELOQUENT

## Liszt's "Faust" Given Most Marvellous Performance

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A symphony concert that must be ranked among the most notable that Boston has heard since the coming of Mr. Koussevitzky was that of yesterday afternoon, at which were performed the remarkable "Faust Symphony" of Liszt and that composer's unfamiliar setting of the Thirteenth Psalm, with the Cecilia Society and Charles Stratton, tenor, assisting the orchestra.

### THE PSALM WEAK

To be sure, this was not an afternoon of unalloyed delight. The Psalm which, so far as could be ascertained, had never before been given in Boston, is a composition of comparatively slight worth, one that if not entirely devoid of interest, is at least not sufficiently rewarding to justify the pains expended upon it yesterday. And whether it was the lack of inspiration in the music itself or a want of responsiveness in the singers, Mr. Koussevitzky, though he wreaked himself upon them, here failed to elicit from his choral forces any very impressive performance.

Far better was he served by the male chorus in the Finale of the "Faust Symphony." But even there neither the chorus nor Mr. Stratton could quite attain to the lofty plane

upon which had progressed the instrumental portions of the Symphony.

### Of Surpassing Eloquence

But to turn to a happier theme, the performance of the Symphony as a whole was one of surpassing eloquence. Among the traditions of the Boston Symphony is that of Dr. Muck's prowess with this piece for which he entertained an especial regard and which he was able to raise to a new importance hereabouts, in part, through the use of a revised score which he himself had discovered at Bayreuth. Yet, however vivid the memory of Dr. Muck's performance, before the present splendor of Mr. Koussevitzky's achievement, that memory must needs for the moment fade.

Surely it may be doubted whether Symphony Hall has ever encompassed sounds more tenderly, more sensuously beautiful than those that yesterday rose from the orchestra during the course of the second movement. And not only the music of Gretchen, but that of Faust and that of Mephistopheles as well came yesterday into its own. Less a symphony in the conventional sense than a spiritual drama in tones, the work was yesterday given a performance that missed not the minutest particle of its psychological and emotional intent, yet the piece also satisfied alike as musical architecture and as an expression of plastic beauty.

### Liszt's Masterpiece

Long the Symphony is, of course; yet hardly a measure of it deserves to be sacrificed. If its length oppresses, it is the receptive capacity of the listener that is at fault. Yesterday, it must be added, it would have fallen on fresher ears had a briefer, less tedious piece preceded it.

It is a late day on which to dilate upon the profound depths of the first movement, the suffusing beauty of the second, the amazing cleverness, the true diablerie of the third.

Not only is it the masterpiece of its composer; hearing it yesterday one was constrained to believe that only Richard Wagner among the composers of Liszt's or our own day has wrought more potently in tone.

And since an orchestra that could give a performance such as that of yesterday is more than a mere marvelous ensemble-machine, a final word must be spoken concerning certain instrumental voices whose appealing accents played their part in the creating of a perfect whole—in particular, the horn of Mr. Wendler, the bass clarinet of Mr. Mimart, the bassoon of Mr. Laus, the flute of Mr. Laurent, the oboe of Mr. Gillet and the viola of Mr. Lefranc.

## LISZT PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

### "Faust" Symphony and 13th Psalm Heard

Liszt's "A Faust Symphony," and his setting of the 13th Psalm for chorus, tenor solo and orchestra, filled yesterday's Symphony program. A mixed chorus from the Cecilia Society, trained by Malcolm Lang, and Charles Stratton, tenor, assisted. In the finale for male chorus of Liszt's symphony members of other local choruses assisted, though the programs contained no mention of the fact.

The concert is of unusual length. One can enjoy more than two hours of nothing but Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, or Wagner. But when it comes to nothing but Liszt from 2:30 to 4:45 the pleasures of that composer's work, such as they are, begin to pall.

The setting of the 13th Psalm, which began the concert, has never been performed before in Boston. It was composed in 1855. The only American performance on record was given in New York in 1890. This is not music likely to please persons not already fervent worshippers of Liszt's work. Since it antedates Wagner's "Tristan" and "Ring" music, the Wagnerish harmonic changes and turns of melody must be accounted as evidence in favor of those who claim that Wagner learned a great deal from his prospective father-in-law. But neither the pleadingly reiterated "How long, O Lord," of the theatrically gloomy opening section nor the final bombastic outburst, "I will sing unto the Lord, because He has dealt bountifully with me," succeed in stirring genuine emotion in the listener.

One could always see in one's mind's eye the familiar Liszt of the photographs saying to himself as he planned his effects, "That ought to make them sit up!"

Charles Stratton sang the tenor solo in this psalm with an obvious endeavor to use his voice as though it were a violoncello. It was an effective stage play, but one vastly preferred his wholly admirable singing of the solo in the finale of Liszt's familiar symphony.

Mr. Stratton is notably the best tenor who has been assisting soloist with the Boston Symphony in a choral concert in the past 15 seasons. One doubts whether the older generation can recall his superior in this capacity. His singing was an outstanding feature of yesterday's concert.

Dr. Muck made a dazzling success

with Liszt's "A Faust Symphony" at the Symphony concerts a decade ago. Three performances in two seasons increased rather than diminished the impression his interpretation produced. Mr. Monteux in a single performance failed to interest those who recalled Muck's version.

Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was therefore awaited with not a little curiosity. It is individual, energetic, particularly effective at climaxes and in the two song themes in the "Gretchen" movement. The last movement yesterday held the attention throughout its somewhat needless lengths, but in the numerous repetitions and artistically superfluous pages of the other movements it was at times an effort of will to go on listening instead of dropping off into a day dream or a doze.

The audience applauded after each movement, and Mr. Koussevitzky acknowledged this applause, no doubt because except in name this music is not a symphony, but merely an unconnected series of tone pictures.

There is no need for rehashing all the old controversy about the merits and demerits of Liszt as a composer. His prodigious cleverness, his genuine gift of harmonic invention, his flair for orchestral effects, his ability to make a trifling melodic invention go a long way are undeniable.

But yesterday one thought of Byron. This symphony is in the vein of his "Manfred," equally hollow and artificial when it tries to be dramatic and when it tries to be sentimental. As in Byron's came only the irony, the empty mocking laughter of "Don Juan," of "Mephistopheles," the "spirit that denies," seems alive in this unromantic age.

It ought in fairness to be conceded that the final climax with the chorus and tenor hammering in the moral that "the eternal feminine bears us upward and onward" does stir the emotions, even if one more than suspects the emotion to be from the nerves, not from the heart.

The radio audience tonight, if the choral portion of the concert is well transmitted, should enjoy the last part of the last movement of the symphony the most. The slow movement, especially the theme for oboe solo near the beginning, should also prove attractive. The point of the third movement will be lost unless one recalls the themes of the earlier movements, which are here mercilessly parodied. Mr. Stratton's voice ought to come through well both in the Psalm and in the finale.

Next week's program is entirely filled with unfamiliar music by present day composers, Glazunov's "Middle Ages," Dukas' Symphony in C major, the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" and a new "Symphonic Piece" by Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge, long well-known here as a composer with individuality of style and variety of mood.

Mr. Gilbert will lecture at the Boston Public Library Thursday, Feb 25, at 5, on this program, including his own work.  
P. R.



## LISZTIAN MATINEE, CHORUS ASSISTING, FAUST, WITH PSALM

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY ENTERS FRESH  
FIELDS

The Fated "Faust Symphony" Again  
Misses Fire—This Time Sweetened and  
Sentimentalized Performance—No Biting  
Devil but a Properly Ecstatic Close—A  
Choral Psalm for Prelude and Tedium—  
Incidental Voices

AS THE YEARS pass over symphony concerts of long standing, one or another piece, descending from conductor to conductor, becomes curiously fated. Here in Boston, the conspicuous instance is Liszt's "Faust Symphony." Thirty-odd seasons ago, it passed into the repertory of the Symphony Orchestra and, through fifteen more, held modest place. Long intervals separated performances; sometimes they included the final chorus; sometimes they cut the voices away. In either case, whoever the conductor, the music made no deep impression upon those that heard; stirred uneasy tongues into hardly a ripple of debate. In the course of his second term in Boston, Dr. Muck revived the "Faust Symphony." He had already proved his ability to give to Liszt's symphonic poems a rhetorical pomp, a romantic intensity, a sweep of imagination, a magnificence of sonority, that reanimated and transfigured them. Hear and believe, cried the Lisztians, our Franz is now sounding as he intended himself to sound, as his own time listened and admired. Observe, retorted the anti-Lisztians, how a conductor with a flair for this base metal, may silver and gild it in the crucible of his sympathies and abilities.

Undoubtedly Dr. Muck possessed this flair for Liszt's music by and large; while in the "Faust Symphony" it became veritable fusion of the conductor's and the composer's idiosyncrasies. The first pair of performances set two audiences agog; they were repeated more than once; New York, as well as Boston, heard and applauded. When Dr. Muck departed, the "Faust Symphony" remained his tallest monument; in the recollection of the public, it had become one of the pieces, like the Prelude to "Tristan," or Brahms's First Symphony, of which great things are anticipated.

Succeeding Dr. Muck, after the Raubadian interregnum, Mr. Monteux long left the "Faust Symphony" on the shelf. Then, upon a day in 1923, he reached for it with hapless consequences. Highly expectant audiences, remembering the music from Dr. Muck, heard it with blank disappointment and disillusion. Nothing sounded; everything came off tamely. Up and down the lengths of the first movement, Faust no longer wandered in torment; no visions of Gretchen rose hauntingly. Her own "Andante Soave" touched neither listening ears nor susceptible hearts. The "Allegro Ironico" etched in no Mephistopheles. The tonal heavens rolled not back upon the "mystic chorus." Worse still, that drama in music of contrasted, conflicting, interplaying themes, bewept and bemocked—characterizing motifs as truly as Wagner's own—passed inaudible. Yet by it the "Faust Symphony" endures—crown, for invention and imagination, of Liszt's music. Most hearers eyed their neighbors inquiringly, asking what had befallen a piece that a few years before had searched and thrilled them. Not a measure was altered; yet nearly every page was dulled. He must have suspected his failure with what "at these concerts" was a glorified music. Back to the library went the "Faust Symphony."

Early in the season Mr. Koussevitzky took down the fateful score; yesterday brought it to performance, with the orchestra keyed to the task, the men of The Cecilia for choir, Mr. Charles Stratton for tenor voice. Through eight days anticipation had run high. All and sundry agreed that the music "suited" the conductor; that he was likely to work wonders upon it. He came; he played; he only half-conquered. For more than one rose from the performance with expectation unfulfilled; while signs of a restless house were plain. "Das Ewig-Weibliche," sang the tenor, "zieht uns hinan"; but already "Das Ewig-Weibliche" had departed in numbers at every pause in the Symphony. Evidently regarding each movement as a separate entity, Mr. Koussevitzky permitted applause at the corresponding interval. It was not too hearty; nor at the end did it set the welkin a-ringing. Not that the "Faust Symphony" again fell flat. Rather it hung in that unhappy limbo which is half-accomplishment.

To the other extreme from the uncomprehending and unstirred Monteux went Mr. Koussevitzky. He tried to make everything signify; from first measure to last was tireless producer (as they say in the theater) of Liszt's Symphony. Through the "character-pictures" of Faust and Gretchen, he "s age-managed"—there is no other word for it—the entrance of every motif. Scarcely a transformation, a transition, a modulation, escaped his insistent hand. He drenched with sensuous sentimentality the music of the dreamful Gretchen and the

amorous Faust. Over the first movement Faust also mooned his troubled way, as though he were first cousin, beyond the Rhine removed, to the hero of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony." The principal means to these ends were a persistently slow pace, softened rhythms, a long and loving lingering over every songful period, the incessant use in every choir of sensuous tone. (At the least it brought as beautiful horn-playing as Symphony Hall has heard in many a day.) Mr. Monteux had staled the "Faust Symphony" into dry bread. Mr. Koussevitzky was now sopping it into a sentimental sugar-plum. With the one conductor Liszt's music-drama of motifs had died of inanition; with the other it was suffocating in sweetness. Liszt, after all, is not Skriabin.

But the "Allegro Ironico," the famous movement of Mephistopheles, in which the music mocks, jeers and flouts at the motifs of Faust and Gretchen gone before—the apex of imagination upon the whole symphony, the wonder and admiration of commentators, the only Goethe-like fiend in all the music-dramas and all the tone-poems! These measures would surely save the Koussevitzkian day. Alas and alack! they did not. Plainly enough the Russian is no ironist in music; whereas in these mockeries the Prussian had excelled even his ironic self. True, Mr. Koussevitzky quickened the pace, sharpened the accents, set tang to the orchestral tone. Yet few of the Lisztian ironies bit upon the anticipating ear; while not one of them came and went as acrid parody and satanic jeer. Mr. Koussevitzky's Mephistopheles was much too decent a fiend for the Lisztian company he kept. Not he to turn an orchestra into acid bath and jettling flouts.

At the end the conductor's moment did come. In beauty he and the orchestra sustained the suspensive chords; transfigured the returning motif of Gretchen; released the "mystic chorus" suffused and spiraling. Mr. Stratton, catching infection from the conductor, indeed labored the tenor-part sentimentally; but the epilogue to the symphonic drama stood achieved. Only there do Liszt and Skriabin go mated. To the shelves—it is believable—the "Faust Symphony" will again return. Here in Boston a single conductor, departed, has wrought it in enduring image.

For superfluous prelude, Mr. Koussevitzky added a choral piece from Liszt hitherto unheard in Boston—the setting of the sixteenth Psalm of David, wherein he laments his low estate before his enemies and entreats of Jehovah mercy and salvation. The music is written for tenor—the voice of David—mixed chorus and modestly furnished orchestra. It is also written at length, and with an exceeding prolixity. Nowhere and everywhere it wanders, yet hardly once concentrates an emotion or sustains a musical idea. The chorus is variously employed: the voice of

David is diligent; to both the orchestra is assiduous companion. Yet hardly twenty measures seize the ear; while not so many as ten set sparks to answering mood. Liszt does not write in churchly idiom; no more does he cry from the heart romantically; as the darkey phrase has it, "he jest sloshes roun' loose-like."

No zeal of performance may pen and stiffen such music. Mr. Koussevitzky toiled as though he were disclosing a masterpiece; Mr. Stratton bore to heaven's gate every known sentimentality of oratorio-like song; the choir of The Cecilia abounded in transparent, fine-textured, keen-phrased soprano tone. Yet tedium, as it seemed, was heavy upon many an ear. The virus of the opera house fermented often in Liszt's musical "system," though he wrote not one piece for the singing theater. Sometimes, he "worked it off" in a "dramatic oratorio," like "Saint Elizabeth"; again in symphonic music-drama like these "character-pictures" of Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles. In the setting of Psalm XVI, he merely turned it out to pasture. . . . By all odds let Mr. Koussevitzky have a chorus as often as may be; he craves it, he excels with it. But let him also choose music worthy of such powers and ambition. Around the corner Honegger's "King David" and Stravinsky's "Les Noces" are both waiting. Master-modernists wrote them—and did not meander.

H. T. P.

### Koussevitzky Conducts Liszt's "Faust Symphony"

The sixteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was devoted to the compositions of Franz Liszt. Assisted by the Cecilia Society, Malcolm Lang, conductor, the orchestra gave his setting of the Thirteenth Psalm, "Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me?" and "A Faust Symphony."

It would seem that only now is Liszt receiving his due as a composer. Too long has he been recognized as the composer of "Les Préludes" and "Tasso," with an occasional hearing of "Mazeppa" outside of his familiar piano works. Two reasons may be assigned for this apparent neglect: his reputation as a virtuoso, and the fact that he was more often than not an experimenter, leaving the more complete working out of his bold and original thoughts to others. It is a commonplace to call attention to the debt which Wagner owes to him, or the Russians one and all. Thus did Monteverde reap the profit of the daring innovations of Peri and Caccini.



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cini; or Beethoven of the way carefully broken out by Philip Emmanuel Bach and Rust; or Berlioz of the original ideas of his teacher Lesueur.

Yet Liszt is deserving of much in his own right. And if proof is needed, yesterday afternoon offered it in more than sufficient quantity. To be sure there is much in his setting of the Thirteenth Psalm which has by now become the stock in trade of every composer, but even so the same may be said of Beethoven and many another. No one on hearing this music, however, may honestly deny its sincerity and its nobility, its moments of real beauty and power. Only Liszt could have attained the dramatic intensity of the opening tenor solo or of many of the succeeding passages for the chorus.

And of the "Faust Symphony" even more may justly be said. In these days of returning admiration for a more "classic" style, the music of the Romanticists often strikes a note of disturbing affectation. Some of its romantic poses and formulas (little did its originators realize that they were writing as many formulas as their classical predecessors) sound outmoded and artificial. But this is only to be noted here and there in the "Faust Symphony." It is and will for long remain one of the masterpieces of the Romantic school if not of all music. The genius of its creator shines forth from page after page, and it often rises to sublime heights of emotional expression.

The music of yesterday afternoon was well suited to the talents of Mr. Koussevitzky. Even Dr. Muck's reading of this symphony, near perfection as it undoubtedly was, often smacked of cynicism. Not so with Mr. Koussevitzky, who completely surrendered to its message. Consequently the interpretation as a whole, if not as nearly perfect in technical detail as some of those in the past, was outstandingly beautiful and poetic. If Dr. Muck excelled in the movement of Mephistophelian parody, surely he did not attain to the exquisite loveliness of Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of the one devoted to the portrayal of Gretchen. In short, it was the most complete performance which Mr. Koussevitzky has given of any large work here so far.

The Cecilia Society has not in recent years been conspicuous for the pliability and responsiveness of its

singing. Even Mr. Koussevitzky, with all his ardor, could not communicate a spark of emotion to them yesterday afternoon. They sang intelligently, with Bostonian reserve. They sang in an eminently respectable manner. But they did not once apparently lose themselves in the beauty of the music. No doubt they keenly felt the appeal of the music, but they gave no exterior evidence of it.

Mr. Charles Stratton sang the tenor solos with fervor, often with tonal beauty, occasionally marred by undue forcing of his voice. But his performance exhibited the requisite amount of musical understanding and was on the whole satisfactory.

The orchestra accomplished truly wonderful feats of virtuosity. S. M.



**Charles  
Stratton**

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**As the Nineties Knew Him**



**Serge Koussevitzky** (Musical Courier)

Virtuoso of the Double Bass: Of Old in Russia; Yesterday  
at Brown University



## DR. KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYS TWICE UPON THE DOUBLE BASS

Jan. 25, 1926.  
A DEGREE AND A NOVEL THANK-OFFERING

Brown University Honors the Conductor—  
He Responds as Virtuoso and Composer,  
Playing His Own Music, and Handel's,  
Upon the Instrument of His Youth—By  
So Much a First Appearance in America  
—Prelude and Aftermath

THERE IS a fate upon every Russian. The temperament within him marks him as man of destiny. His novels, plays, music, only affirm the brand. It may be a fate of great things—as when Boris Godunov sat for the first time on the throne of the Tsars; or a fate of small things—as when Serge Koussevitzky played the double-bass in public for the first time in America. For it has happened—not in Boston, the city that he frequents; not in New York, the city that he visits often; but in Providence, the city upon which he descends through no more than six evenings of a full year. The present visit, which was by day, will raise the number to seven—plainly a token of destiny.

It happened likewise upon special and rare occasion, of which more hereafter. Enough, for this preluding, that it happened at all. Every one knew that Mr. Koussevitzky learned to play the double-bass at music-school; that in the Imperial Opera Houses, he became (as the Germans say) an eminent professor of that instrument; that he made tours as virtuoso like Botticini and Dragonetti before him; that more than once he contemplated such a visit to the United States. Then a conductor's career absorbed him and the double-bass became occasional relaxation for private pleasure. In Mr. Koussevitzky's house it reposed against the wall; with him it went on journeys; for a few ears it occasionally sounded under his hand. But in public never—until fate willed otherwise.

Where destiny is, there are ways, opening broad at one end but closed tight at the other. Upon the Corporation of Brown University came the desire to give Mr. Koussevitzky the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. Mr. Stokowski possesses it and

the Curtisian press now and then hails him accordingly. Mr. Stock may also enjoy it, but after his fashion hides the scroll in his deepest pigeon-hole. Even so, it is rare distinction upon a conductor in America. The normal occasion for giving and receiving is, of course, Commencement Day; but in June Mr. Koussevitzky is at work in Paris; while such degrees are not conferred "in absentia." Fortunately, the Corporation at Brown had another honor to bestow. It would make Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History, a Doctor of Science for deep knowledge of European and Asiatic mammalia, and fruitful exploration in those continents. And destiny willed that Mr. Andrews should be departing soon for Asia, long before the Brunonian Commencement Day.

The plain recourse was a "Special Convocation" for the conferring of the two degrees. It came to pass yesterday afternoon in Sayles Hall—an assembly room, roofed like a miniature Memorial at Cambridge, likewise hung with college-worthies according to many arts of portraiture; yet somehow suggesting also the Sheldonian at Oxford, for no discoverable reason—except that it does. Sayles, however, is a much simpler place, since no more than an ingenious pattern of settees is barrier between the academic dignitaries, the on-looking students and the miscellaneous multitude. There were enough of all three yesterday, to fill their several standing places. The robed, hooded, tasseled university procession wended loosely into the foreground; President Faunce and other eminences took their high seats; the organ sounded; a brief prayer was said; Mr. Andrews was "presented" for his degree; received it; returned short and unaffected thanks.

Next it was Mr. Koussevitzky's turn. Mr. Albert Lyon Scott of the Board of Fellows "presented" him—as it seemed half-disguised in the black scholar's gown. The President of the university saluted him in these words:

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, distinguished virtuoso and interpreter of the music of all peoples; born in Northern Russia, student at the Moscow Conservatory, double-bass soloist of the Imperial Opera, leader of orchestral concerts in Paris, London, Berlin, Madrid, Barcelona, Rome, Warsaw; then crossing the Atlantic to convey to prosaic America something of his own imaginative insight and energy, and give to "the land of steady habits" fresh understanding of the great poets and dreamers in the universal language of music.

In Mr. Koussevitzky's hand was laid the parchment; over his shoulder the academic hood was slipped. Then a moment of pause while the President smilingly explained that the conductor's command of

English—in a public place—was hardly sufficient for the usual response. Instead, availing himself of another speech, he would play two pieces upon the double-bass. (Not for nothing has Mr. Koussevitzky dwelt and worked in Paris. Such a device was Gallic tact and readiness excelling themselves.) The conductor laid aside hood and gown; received his bass-viol; gripped his bow; signalled his secretary, Mr. Slominsky, at a modest "piano of accompaniment."

The first number was a Sarabande—slow movement from Handel's Concerto for Double-Bass, out of the classic repertory of the instrument. The knowing old master set his music where the double-bass sounds like a violoncello, broadened, deepened, amplified. He shaped his measures into a grave melody, rising and falling in arc-like curve. Mr. Koussevitzky lent it smooth surfaces, rich body, sonorous depths, darkling color. The virtuoso still kept his skill; while piece and instrument bent to a musician's will. . . . After the ancient, a modern—no other than the conductor himself, for the first time as composer before an American audience. In those earlier days, he also wrote a Concerto for Double-Bass. It is his Opus 3—what Opus 1 and Opus 2 may be, report saith not. It is inscribed to the present Mme. Koussevitzky. It contains an Andante which, yesterday was second piece. The music is songful; now musing, now ardent, keeping withal a half-sentimental half-nervous energy, to this day characteristic of him who made it. The restless modern, however, could not rest content with Handel's range over a none too tractable instrument. Higher or lower, he occasionally went, and then all his skill and all his wits were needful to keep the double-bass from grumbling in its throat or rasping through its nose. The deed was done, however, and with this disclosure of the subtler virtuosities, Mr. Koussevitzky laid aside bow and strings for the Doctor of Music's hood and gown.

With the hymn of Brown University the convocation dispersed amid much wagging of tongues. Students and commonalty waited at the door to see the illustrious pass. The academic dignitaries and the two new "scholars" went on to supper. Motors ran smoothly down the hill in a city where they happen to clean snow and ice from the streets. By this time Dr. Koussevitzky is leading a rehearsal in Symphony Hall. Neither there nor in Carnegie do conductors play the double-bass. For university convocations they reserve those gracious exercises in graceless postures.

H. T. P.

## SYMPHONY HEAD BROWN SOLOIST

Koussevitsky to Play Double Bass and Receive Honorary Degree

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 24 (AP)—For the first time in America Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will appear as a soloist today. He will play the double bass at a special convocation of Brown University called for the purpose of conferring honorary degrees on M. Koussevitsky and Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer.

Before he became a conductor M. Koussevitsky was widely known in Europe as a double bass virtuoso. When he was a student of music in Moscow the Conservatory ruled that each pupil should master some instrument, and M. Koussevitsky chose the double bass, the great bass viol usually seen at the back of the orchestra. He became a virtuoso on this rare instrument, and later toured Europe and acquired a great reputation. He composed a concerto for the double bass, and his selection for today is the slow movement from that work.

### THANKS VIA MUSIC

In announcing that he would play today M. Koussevitsky explained that his inability to speak the English language made it impossible for him to express in words his appreciation of the honor conferred by the university and so he decided to express it in terms of music. He will use an instrument dating from the 17th century which he brought with him when he first came to America.

Brown University will follow a precedent established in 1919 when it confers honorary degrees on Andrews and Koussevitsky at special convocation. In that year the degree of doctor of laws was conferred on the late Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. In 1921 there was another special convocation to honor Marshal Foch of France, and in 1923 President Angell of Yale was similarly honored.



## Koussevitzky Plays Bass Violin Solo as Brown Confers Degree

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 24 (AP)—Appearing for the first time in this country as a soloist rather than a conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, responded in the medium of his art, when Brown University this afternoon conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of music. He played with thrilling beauty upon a bass violin, Handel's largo, and the Andante from his own concerto, composed some 20 years ago.

The University also honored Roy Chapman Andrews, eminent explorer who has traced the origin of prehistoric man to central Asia, conferring on him the honorary degree of doctor of science.

In conferring the degree upon M.

Koussevitzky, President William H. P. Faunce spoke of him as "a distinguished virtuoso and interpreter of the music of all peoples; leader of concerts in London, Madrid, Barcelona and Warsaw, who has crossed the seas to convey to prosaic America some of his own insight into the arts in the universal language of music."

A ripple of applause greeted Dr. Faunce's announcement that "since M. Koussevitzky does not desire the use of our English tongue in public, he will respond in the language of music which all can understand." A tremendous ovation was accorded the conductor's recital.

In his citation of Mr. Andrews, President Faunce said, "Roy Chapman Andrews, indefatigable student and intrepid explorer who has made the dead past speak to the living present and is making civilization realize its youth and the vast achievements yet to come."

Feb. 24, 1926.  
**As the World Wags**  
By PHILIP HALE

We have all heard of the man who, called on to speak at a public dinner, says on rising: "I can't make a speech, but I'll sing you a little song."

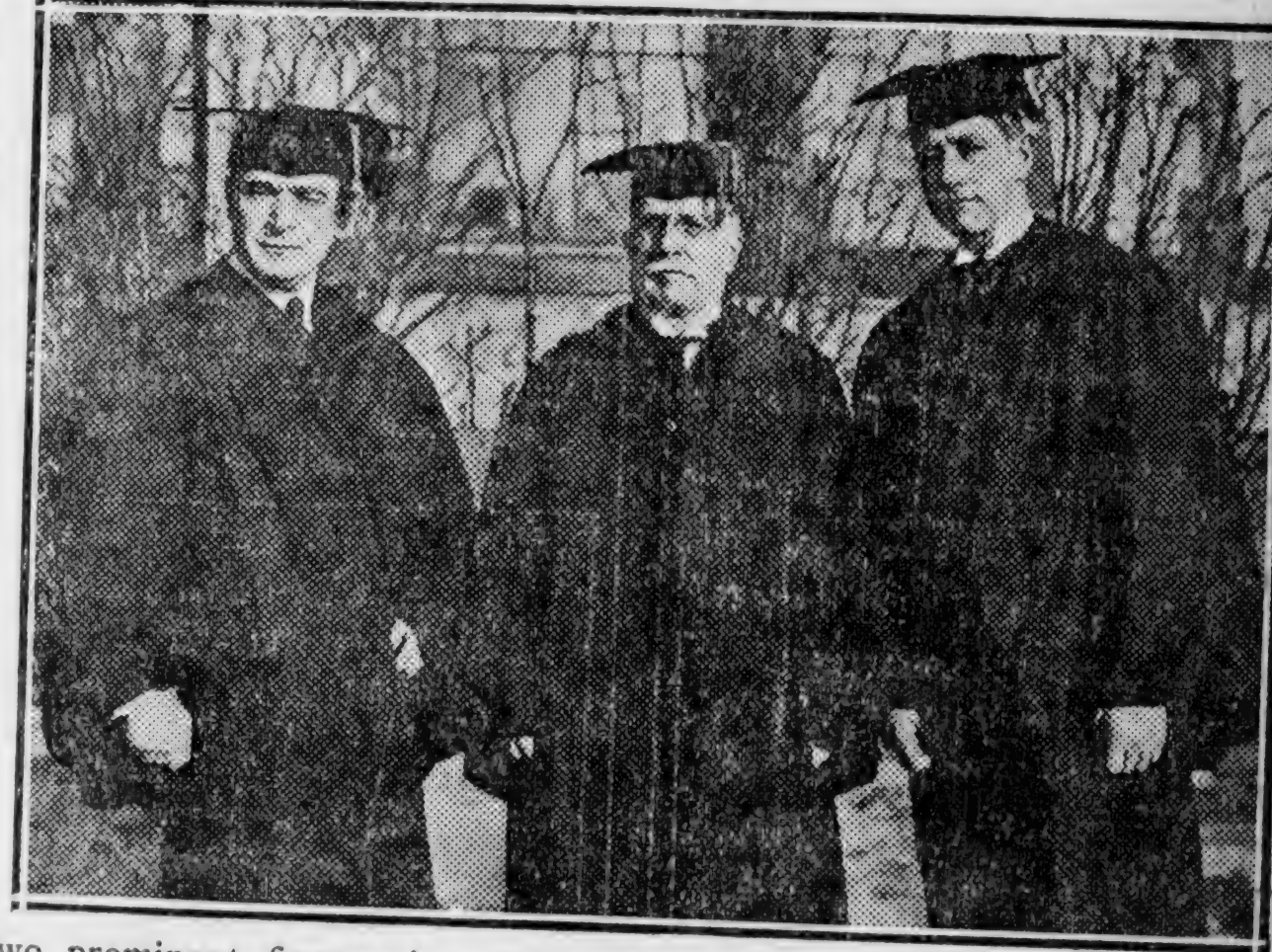
Mr. Koussevitzky, receiving the degree of Doctor of Music at Brown University, would not trust his English in response; he played on the double bass.

He was famous as a contrabassist virtuoso throughout Europe before he became a conductor. By his technical skill and interpretative art he became the co-mate, if not the superior, of the celebrated contrabassists Dragonetti and Bottesini. The latter visited this country; he was with the Havana Opera Company that performed Italian operas at the Howard Athenaeum in 1847. Like Mr. Koussevitzky, he composed for his

instrument. Dragonetti and Lindley, the violoncellist, played at the same desk at the opera and in concerts in London for 52 years. At the age of 82 Dragonetti headed the 13 double basses at the Beethoven festival at Bonn, for he had known Beethoven, who hearing him play, was so delighted and excited that he threw his arms around the player and his instrument.

President Faunce, conferring the degree, so richly deserved, is quoted as saying that Mr. Koussevitzky had "crossed the sea to convey to prosaic America some of his own insight into the arts in the universal language of music." Even in Boston, where orchestral music has long been cultivated, Mr. — shall we now call him "Dr?" — has aroused unprecedented interest. What orchestra in Boston before this season dared to give two series of concerts in addition to the 48 for subscribers? This interest is not due to any sensational display on the part of the conductor. By his amazing vitality and magnetic power; his poetic and brilliant interpretation of compositions by masters dead and living, he has made for musical righteousness and quickened public enthusiasm for the noble art.

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**HONORED BY BROWN UNIVERSITY**



Two prominent figures in music and science were awarded degrees at Brown University by President Faunce, shown in the center. At the left is Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who was given the degree of doctor of music; and at the right is Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, given the degree of doctor of science.







## Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 27, at 8.15 o'clock

Haydn . . . . . Symphony in G major, "The Surprise"  
(B. & H. No. 6)

- I. Adagio; Allegro assai.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto.
- IV. Allegro di molto.

Gilbert . . . . . Symphonic Piece  
(First Performance)

Strauss . . . . . "Don Juan," Tone-poem, Op. 20  
(after Lenau)

Ravel . . . . . Orchestral Fragments from "Daphnis et Chloé,"  
Ballet in one act (Second Suite)

Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

There will be an intermission after Gilbert's "Symphonic Piece"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators.  
It being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



JOSEPH HAYDN.



## SYMPHONY GIVES 17TH CONCERT

*Herald Feb. 27, 1926*  
Brilliant Performance of  
Gilbert, Haydn and  
Strauss

### "DON JUAN" PLAYED MOST ELOQUENTLY

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G-major, "The Surprise"; Gilbert, Symphonic Piece (first performance); Strauss, Tone Poem, "Don Juan"; Ravel, Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe."

Seeking inspiration for his symphonic poem, Mr. Gilbert did not go to Greece or Scandinavia. He did not hunt for a myth; he did not dream of sketching the tonal character of Machiavelli, Oliver Cromwell, or Catherine of Russia; it was far from his thought to paint in tones Sahara or the Aurora Borealis.

As an American he wished to express the spirit of his countrymen as they rush, shout, and also sentimentalize. He understands the vulgarity with the amazing energy of many captains of industry; of the suddenly rich, even of the flamboyant profiteers. He has heard the boasting; he is aware of the spread-eagleism that endears us to older and foreign nations. He would charge his music with this American spirit, realizing the might and the goodness that lie underneath the surface. If he can hurrah in music, so too he can set forth the curious sentimentalism, which is a characteristic of our people.

The born melodist among Americans, the greatest natural melodist we have had, was Stephen C. Foster. His airs were for many years this nation's folk songs (for there are even in 1926 other Americans than negroes, creoles, and that copper-colored race which once ruled this land). The words of Foster's songs were at times maudlin in their sentimentalism. The women of whom he

sang were borne at an early age to their last resting place. His favorite trees were the cypress and the weeping willow. But in the best of his melodies, and the best are many, Foster was not maudlin. They were of an appealing sincerity. A sincerity, haunting, without the taint of affectation.

In his song-theme of the "Symphonic Piece," Mr. Gilbert remembered Foster's simple art, and, without distressing imitation, he wrote in Foster's vein, not forgetting a couple of bars from that fine old ditty, "The Arkansaw Traveler." With this exception there is no suggestion of folk-song.

As many of us delight in Walt Whitman's "barbaric yawp," knowing his conscientiousness as an artist which led him to constant filing and revision, so we exult in this hilarious, screaming, exciting outburst of Mr. Gilbert's rugged Muse. No one but an American, regardless of traditions, free from European influence and academic conventionalism, could have written this music. Let no one think for a moment that it is only an attempt to express the Age of Jazz. There is much more than rhythmic eccentricity. Here is no glorified cake-walk. There is no unbending of scholastic dignity merely to please those whose only interest is in heel-and-toe rhythm and stimulating noise. Here is a musical expression of a nation's spirit. Mr. Gilbert knew what he wished to do and he has done it admirably.

Mr.—or shall we now say Dr.?—Koussevitzky, heartily welcomed, as if the audience rejoiced in the honor paid him this week by Brown University, conducted the "Symphonic Piece" with infinite gusto. He emphasized the defiant opening and following measures; he did not put too much stress on the episodes of charming sentiment. The audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Gilbert was called to the platform several times.

It was a brilliant concert throughout. Haydn's Symphony was delightfully interpreted. Familiar as it is to players and hearers, by the performance it was as fresh, with the exceptions of the period's formulas, as if it were of today. Mr. Koussevitzky's taste and art were especially displayed in his treatment of the Andante. The lively movements, and they should be lively, tested technical proficiency.

Strauss's "Don Juan" was read and played in a most eloquent manner, whether the pages were those portraying the rake-belly hero or the sensuous sections picturing his too-willing victims. (As yet no censor has forbidden the performance of this tone poem on account of the "moral turpitude" of the dashing Don.) The music of Ravel, heard earlier in the season, did not lose in beauty and fascination after the glowing instrumentation of Strauss.



This concert will be repeated tonight. The program announced for next week reads: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8 F major. Chausson, concert for violin (Mr. Enesco), piano (Mr. Hutcheson) and string quartet. Tailleferre, "Out-Door Games." Hindemith, concerto for orchestra op. 38. Bloch, Three Jewish Poems: Dance, Rite, Funeral Procession.

## Boston Orchestra Plays

### New Work by H. F. Gilbert

*Monitor* Feb. 27, 1926  
The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its seventeenth Friday afternoon concert of the season in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday. The program, to be repeated this evening, follows:

Haydn—Symphony in G major, "The Surprise"  
H. F. Gilbert—Symphonic Piece  
Strauss—"Don Juan"  
Ravel—Orchestral Fragments from "Daphnis et Chloé" Ballet (Second Suite)

This was Mr. Koussevitzky's first Boston appearance since he acquired the new dignity of a Doctor of Music of Brown University, and there was a touch of extra warmth in the applause that greeted him as he came upon the platform.

Mr. Gilbert's work had its first performance at this concert. According to notes supplied by the composer, it has no program, but is intended as absolute music; indeed, was designed originally as the first movement of a symphony. Nevertheless, he has tried to reflect in it the "American spirit," which, "as I see it, is energetic—optimistic—nervous—impatient of restraint—and, in its highest aspect, a mighty protest against the benumbing traditions of the past. This new birth—renaissance—of the human spirit, which is America, is a joyous, wildly shouting demonstration. Plenty of jingoism, vulgarity, and 'hurrah boys!' attaches to it, but the spirit of the new-birth underlies all, for him who can see it."

Using the composer's own terminology, a single hearing of the piece leaves one aware less of the "new birth of the human spirit" than of the jingoism and vulgarity, and also the sentimentality, that characterize certain phases of American life. There are reminiscences of "Johnny get your gun" and of "Go down Moses"; there is plenty of hurrah-ing, some

syncopation and a touch of jazz; there is vast exuberance, with an appropriate flavor of dissonance; but if "the spirit of the new-birth" underlies this music, then the present reviewer, at least on a first hearing, is not one of those who can see it. Did not the composer's gifts find a more suitable means of expression in "The Dance in Place Congo" and the Negro Rhapsody—more frankly program music?

This is not to say that the "symphonic piece" is without merit. On the contrary, it is well contrived music, and if its thematic material seems somewhat commonplace, and if one gets the effect of a good deal of repetition, still the piece has those qualities of color and effectiveness that may well have their appeal. Yesterday, for example, the composer was called to the platform several times to acknowledge the applause.

Haydn's symphony, with its little trick which seems now so naively charming, was heard with pleasure. The Andante and the Menuetto proceeded at a rather German pace, it is true, but the Allegro di molto was performed with a delightfully Hadyn-esque quality.

It is a curious custom, though, that Mr. Koussevitzky has developed, of stilling applause, but nevertheless permitting a long pause, between movements of a symphony. If late-comers are to be admitted, why raise the magisterial hand against manifestations of approval? The mood is broken in any event. And if there is to be no applause, why not go on with the story?

Mr. Koussevitzky evidently has a strong affection for Strauss. At two pairs of concerts this season the "Alpine Symphony," at another "Tod und Verklärung" and now "Don Juan." Or perhaps the conductor wants to remind his audiences that there was a time when Strauss really looked as if he might become Richard the Second. By all means, if we are to have Strauss, let it be the dazzling young Pretender of those earlier years. Except for one most distressing lapse, the performance yesterday was brilliant. So was that of the Ravel, though the placing of it after the Strauss was not the happiest of arrangements.

L. A. S.

## GILBERT'S MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

*Globe* Feb. 27, 1926  
First Performance of His "Symphonic Piece"

A new "Symphonic Piece" by Henry F. Gilbert, well known Boston composer was given its first performance anywhere at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky (who perhaps should now be called Dr. Koussevitzky because of his honorary degree, received from Brown University this week) has changed the program from that announced in advance.

As actually played it begins with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, and besides Mr. Gilbert's music includes Strauss' "Don Juan," and the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloé."

Yesterday's is one of the most attractive programs of the season, a familiar classic, an interesting novelty, and two notable modern works which can bear repeated hearings without satiating one's curiosity. One wishes Mr. Koussevitzky would more often follow the outlines of this program.

What one really wants to hear at these concerts is the great classics, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and the rest; and important music of the 20th century. The work of minor living writers like Dukas and Glazunoff should be sparingly and infrequently performed.

Mr. Gilbert has not given his new piece a title suggesting any event or literary work because "it aims to be a piece of absolute music, something of a rarity in these days of the over-worked program idea—ornithological, botanical, or what not." It was written originally as the first movement of a symphony, but last Fall when Mr. Gilbert finished it, friends persuaded him to let it be played as it stands.

In his illuminating program note Mr. Gilbert gives an interesting statement of his artistic creed applicable to the new "Symphonic Piece."

"My constant aim, ever since beginning composition, has been to write some American music—i. e., some music which would not naturally have been written in any other country, and which should reflect, or express, certain aspects of the American character or spirit, felt by myself. That spirit, as I see it, is energetic, optimistic, nervous, impatient of restraint, and in its highest aspect, a mighty protest against the benumbing traditions of the past. This new birth, renaissance of the human spirit which is America, is a joyous, wildly shouting demonstration. Plenty of jingoism, vulgarity,

and 'hurrah boys' attaches to it, but the spirit of the new birth underlies all. Some of this American mood I have tried to reflect in my composition."

Mr. Gilbert has in truth here written obstreperous, buoyant music, with a first theme which recalls Whitman's phrase about his verse, "my barbaric yawp," and a second frankly melodious and genuinely sentimental theme, which, as Mr. Gilbert himself notes, "has a slight Fosterian twang." It contains, as he says, "a remote suggestion of 'Old Folks at Home,' interspersed with a couple of measures from 'The Arkansas Traveler,'" but no other "folk suggestions," to borrow his phrase.

This "Symphonic Piece," admirably performed by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra and applauded with not a little warmth by the audience, seemed yesterday one of the very few really significant and interesting orchestral works yet written by an American. A complete list of such works known to the writer would include only Griffes' "Khubla Khan," Schelling's "A Victory Ball," Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," Chadwick's "Melpomene Overture," Copland's "Music for the Theatre" and now Gilbert's "Symphonic Piece."

Mr. Gilbert has here written imaginatively and brilliantly with a verve that redeems the lack of concision, the often sprawling style, and the use of not a little banal material. Here as in no other orchestral music the actual America finds poetic utterances.

It was a great pleasure to listen to Haydn's charming familiar symphony again, in a graceful and spirited performance. One wishes Mr. Koussevitzky turned oftener to the great 18th century masters and less often to the archaeological relics of that era. He scants his audiences on Mozart and Haydn, for whom Vivaldi and Boccherini are poor substitutes.

The Koussevitzky of Strauss' "Don Juan" is too slow in the slow passages and a bit turgid at climaxes, but otherwise thrilling and satisfying. The Ravel suite, already played this season, again seemed a masterpiece with more breadth and depth than its composer is usually credited with.

The radio audience tonight should hear Haydn's lightly scored symphony well, and follow its simple tunes readily. The "Surprise," that gives the piece its English nickname, is a sudden loud chord in the second movement, after the entire theme has been played very softly. The story that Haydn put this chord in to wake up the slumbering old ladies in his original audience is appealing, but not well documented.

The other three pieces to be played are all of unusual brilliance and sonority, with salient passages for brass and wood wind which should be well transmitted. This is perhaps the most attractive of all the programs so far broadcast.

Next week's program as now planned includes Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, an unfamiliar concerto by Chausson for violin, pianoforte and orchestra, with Georges Enesco and Ernest Hutcheson as soloists, and modern pieces by Bloch, Hindemith, and Tailleferre.



# STRAUSS AND RAVEL, GILBERT AND HAYDN, VARIETY AND VIRTUE

Trans. — Feb. 27, 1926  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY DISCOVERS AN  
AMERICAN

His "Symphonic Piece" Abounding in  
Flavors of the Hour, the Fashions and  
the Race—"Daphnis and Chloe" Once  
Too Often—"Don Juan" Still Molten—  
Pleasant Preluding

**H**AD Mr. Koussevitzky thrice revised his program for the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, a very paragon might have remained. As it was, each of two revisions bettered the prospect. The first eliminated Dukas's Symphony, which most hearers had forgotten, because, heard once or twice, it left not a trace behind. The second cut away Kalinnikov's Symphony—chance experience in Mr. Monteux's time, but scarcely crying for repetition under his successor. Moreover, the spared, added and re-assorted numbers now made both a promising and a logical list. Haydn's Symphony in G major many remembered as light music according to eighteenth-century precept; while Mr. Gilbert's new "Symphonic Piece" proved also to be such by twentieth-century practice. So much for half the fickle program.

The remainder assembled Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan" and the second suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe." An eminent German composer, an eminent French composer side by side; two masters of the orchestra, cheek by jowl; two styles, intrinsically different, yet accomplishing delineative and suggesting ends not too far apart; the amorist of Seville and sardonic romance face to face with gentle lovers from Greco-Roman Pastoral. If Mr. Koussevitzky took thought of any of these considerations—as, probably, he did not—then was he doing the deeds of fantasy and imagination. The likelihood is that he was thinking oftenest of the free day he must win, if he was to receive a doctor's degree at Providence. The audience, however, took that new-found distinction for granted—as soon as it had clapped him more heartily than usual.

Now and then, a Symphony of Haydn pleases exceptionally by the ingenuity and aptitude of the workmanship, even to modern touches. Once and again, the flow of fancy and feeling from slow Introduction through final Presto is reason for equal pleasure. Or the pages of a slow movement yield more of mood than the surfaces imply; or the last Rondo becomes a fascinating exercise in orchestral virtuosity. The "Surprise" Symphony of yesterday lacks such standing. It is brief and light; it contains no remarkable matter; a neat and ready hand leads the workmanship into expected grooves. Only the eighteenth-century, which could be as naive under temptation as it was sophisticated by habit, would have labelled the piece from an unexpected drum-stroke cleaving the whispering strings. (Mr. Ritter made it valiantly on Friday; while conductor and audience blessed him with smiles.) Quite enough that this Andante contains a pretty set of variations; that the first movement does not try the listening patience with over-many embroideries; that the Finale could set the orchestra on tiptoes. These eighteenth-century rondos, dashed off, raced off, twinkled off as the case might be, were a fashionable sport at Symphony Hall in Dr. Muck's day. They are regaining that vogue under Mr. Koussevitzky, which is incidental proof of an orchestra back to full mettle and of a conductor with a flair for such pastimes.

Since Mr. Gilbert is a serious composer and must live up to that useful reputation, he ushers in the new "Symphonic Piece" with his own program-note. The music was originally designed as first movement to a Symphony otherwise unwritten. It pictures nothing, recounts nothing, characterizes nothing; but the composer is fain to believe that he impregnated American matter with the American spirit and deployed both in an American way. There is no questioning the American matter—the very contemporary American matter. Syncopation and "the rag" have not sounded vainly in Mr. Gilbert's ears or left his creative imagination without imprint. He has listened to the jazz-bands, taken them at their writhings and their shouts; sometimes gone them two better—one for each of those ear-marks. Being a serious musician, Mr. Gilbert may or may not frequent the musical plays of Mr. George Gershwin; but he is quite capable, over a transition or a modulation, of what may be called Gershwiniana. Moreover, when he has need of a songful motif, Mr. Gilbert is designedly and unaffectedly sentimental. He blushes not at a second theme that, for other purposes, he might readily have upreared into a popular song. All this, of course, is to follow the American spirit after one of its fash-

ions. Cuddle up to its everlasting sentiment, not to say sentimentality; play catch-as-catch-can with its current modes of self-expression in the highways and the byways which, for the hour, are the ways of jazz. Possibly throw in a note about "jingoism, vulgarity and 'hurrah-boys!'"

Yet upon sundry ears, the most American and characteristic attribute of Mr. Gilbert's "Symphonic Piece" was his treatment of the material. He develops it relatively little; he repeats it much; often he changes the rhythmic, harmonic, instrumental dress; for structure, he shapes it into little bits and lays them side by side like a tonal cross-word. Now these procedures,—or lack of them—come close to the ways of much American speech: garrulous, repetitious, nervous, full-tongued, in the newest fashion with the currentest slang. In this wise Mr. Gilbert has put together a thoroughly American discourse in tones—American matter, American spirit, American timeliness and all that. If Mr. Koussevitzky bears the "Symphonic Piece" over-seas, as he purposes to do, as like as not the Europeans will rise to it. "What a very American thing!" they will say one to another. The phrase is also catchword for that other experiment in American patois, "Is Zat So?", current comedy in London.

In the second half of the concert, Mr. Koussevitzky repeated the aforesaid suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe"—music of the breaking dawn the mimed loves of Pan and Syrinx, the tumultuous final dances. As cautious reviewers say, it seemed to give great pleasure; while, in performance, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were as adept with the fine-fingered and taut-strung Ravel as they had been with Mr. Gilbert syncopating and sentimental. Yet possibly this Second Suite had returned too soon after the recent revival; may even have been played too often at Symphony Hall. Somehow, this and that listener began to hear it as theater-music; tried to recall a semblance of the motion and the color of the stage; found sensation incomplete without these supplements. Worse still, a perverse desire to watch Ravel at his work now and then cracked illusion of tones and fable. There he was, for example, applying his minute and adroit formula for picture of an awakening world. The pages of Pan and Syrinx charm and even thrill; but they are not heedless of that rhetoric which is every other French composer's inheritance from Rameau downward. Listen closely and ears hear Ravel running up the scaffolding for that whirling Finale. Now he is beckoning in the coryphées and the figurants; there he claps his hands for signal. Before the

end of the Second Suite yesterday, it was possible to know too well how it was done and to take corresponding toll of illusion, imagination and pleasure.

As yet Strauss's tone-poem of "Don Juan" escapes that fate. These thirty years the conductors have played and re-played it. The analysts and the commentators have left hardly a measure unscathed. It has even become test-piece to be launched spitefully at other tone-poems of Strauss; to be counted for or against the distinguished visitor whose "reading" is still ringing upon the air. Rather, it is the enduring merit and the high good fortune of "Don Juan" to need no "readings." The measures that out-thing the Don from Strauss's imagination have lost not a whit of projecting power; the theme in the horns of the amorist, the romancer, the adventurer, sweeping across his world, remains "a great theme"; the sensuous beauty of the love-music neither thins nor fades; in surfelt and disgust, Don Juan still careens and falls sodden to Strauss's rhythms; the final pages sound the tragic end, before the abyss drops the curtain. All the years and all the playing may not chill the creative heats of this young Strauss writing a molten music as though he were pouring it from the crucible of his means. The conductors, moreover, still take fire from him. Mr. Koussevitzky sprang to his every signal, then to Strauss's fervors added his own glows and glimmers. They could be silken—and also steel-like.

H. T. P.



# SYMPHONY GLORIFIES AMERICAN

Post — Feb. 27, 1926

## Gilberts' "Piece" Warms Orchestra and Audience

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The possibilities, the potential eloquence, of Simon-pure Americanism in music, were put to the test at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon in the performance of a new "Symphonic Piece" from the hand of Henry F. Gilbert. And the outcome may hardly be set down either as failure or yet as unqualified triumph.

### RAGTIME AND FIDDLE TUNE

More than any other among the American composers entitled to serious consideration Mr. Gilbert has ever endeavored to voice in his music a national consciousness, by which token some have not hesitated to proclaim him our foremost music-maker. Conceiving the term "American" in the broader sense of non-European, Mr. Gilbert has in the past made use from time to time of Negro and Indian themes, but in this "Symphonic Piece" of yesterday he has eschewed, and wisely, these spiritual if not geographical exotics.

In rough analysis this "Symphonic

Piece" may be described as a Gilbertian blend of rag-time Fosterian sentiment and fiddle-tune, the whole enriched by modern harmonic, polyphonic and orchestral resource. That the American composer should in such manner draw his strength from the musical soil of his own country many have long believed.

### Characteristic Idioms

We have had more than enough of music near-German, semi-French, quasi-Russian or pseudo-Oriental. Yet there is no blinking the fact that in its original state our folk-material, though not without vitality, is hardly distinguished. And although Mr. Gilbert has indulged in no thematic borrowings beyond a passing reference to "Old Folks at Home" and the "Arkansas Traveller," he has nevertheless relied upon the characteristic American idioms to an extent well-nigh unprecedented in symphonic composition. In so doing, while he has achieved vigor, he has not wholly escaped banality, but for all that the exhilaration, the tonic quality of his piece are as indisputable as its excellent workmanship, its strength of facture, and that the audience of yesterday warmed to it was evident.

Brought to the stage by Mr. Koussevitzky, the composer was accorded a prolonged ovation.

### Koussevitzky Likes It

In retrospect it is possible to wonder whether our familiarity with the idioms from which Mr. Gilbert moulded his "Symphonic Piece" would not inevitably engender some feeling of contempt for the resultant structure. By way of comparison it would be an invaluable—if impossible—experience to hear certain pieces by Tchaikovsky with Russian or some of Grieg with Norwegian ears. And in this connection it should be noted that Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom it must sound a little strange, is said tremendously to admire Mr. Gilbert's piece. Surely enthusiasm was evident in his conducting of it.

To make the rest of an exceptionally brilliant and entertaining concert came a delightful performance of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, a vivid and stirring performance of Strauss' "Don Juan," and one of like qualities of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," played here earlier in the season and then, as yesterday, to be recognized as a triumph of orchestral virtuosity.

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 5, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 93

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
- II. Allegretto scherzando.
- III. Tempo di menuetto.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

Hindemith . . . . . Concerto for Orchestra, Op. 38  
(First Performance)

- I. Mit Kraft, ohne Pathos und stets lebendig.
- II. Sehr schnell.
- III. Marsch für Holzbläser.
- IV. Basso ostinato.

Tailleferre . . . . . "Jeux de Plein Air" ("Out-door Games")  
(First Performance)

- a. Tirelittaine.
- b. Cache-cache Mitoula.

Chausson . . . . . Concert for Violin, Pianoforte  
and String Quartet  
(First time at these concerts)

DeFalla . . . . . Three Dances from the Ballet, "El Sombrero de tres  
picos." ("The Three-Cornered Hat")

- I. The Neighbors.
- II. Dance of the Miller.
- III. Finale Dance.

### SOLOISTS

GEORGES ENESCO

ERNEST HUTCHESON

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after "Jeux de Plein Air" by Tailleferre

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

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Brought to the stage by Mr. Koussevitzky, the composer was accorded a prolonged ovation.

### Koussevitzky Likes It

In retrospect it is possible to wonder whether our familiarity with the idioms from which Mr. Gilbert moulded his "Symphonic Piece" would not inevitably engender some feeling of contempt for the resultant structure. By way of comparison it would be an invaluable—if impossible—experience to hear certain pieces by Tchaikovsky with Russian or some of Grieg with Norwegian ears. And in this connection it should be noted that Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom it must sound a little strange, is said tremendously to admire Mr. Gilbert's piece. Surely enthusiasm was evident in his conducting of it.

To make the rest of an exceptionally brilliant and entertaining concert came a delightful performance of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, a vivid and stirring performance of Strauss' "Don Juan," and one of like qualities of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," played here earlier in the season and then, as yesterday, to be recognized as a triumph of orchestral virtuosity.

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FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 5, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 93

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
- II. Allegretto scherzando.
- III. Tempo di menuetto.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

Hindemith . . . . . Concerto for Orchestra, Op. 38  
(First Performance)

- I. Mit Kraft, ohne Pathos und stets lebendig.
- II. Sehr schnell.
- III. Marsch für Holzbläser.
- IV. Basso ostinato.

Tailleferre . . . . . "Jeux de Plein Air" ("Out-door Games")  
(First Performance)

- a. Tirelittentaine.
- b. Cache-cache Mitoula.

Chausson . . . . . Concert for Violin, Pianoforte  
and String Quartet  
(First time at these concerts)

DeFalla . . . . . Three Dances from the Ballet, "El Sombrero de tres  
picos." ("The Three-Cornered Hat")

- I. The Neighbors.
- II. Dance of the Miller.
- III. Finale Dance.

### SOLOISTS

GEORGES ENESCO

ERNEST HUTCHESON

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after "Jeux de Plein Air" by Tailleferre

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# SYMPHONY IN 18TH CONCERT

*Herald* — *Feb. 6, 1926*  
Koussevitzky Offers Three  
Unfamiliar Works in  
Long Program

## HINDEMITH AMONG COMPOSERS PLAYED

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony, No. 8; Hindemith, Concerto for orchestra, op. 38; Tailleferre, "Out-door Games" (Tirelittentaine) and "Cache-cache Mitoula"; Chausson, Concert for violin, piano and string quartet; De Falla, Three Dances from the ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat."

Was the performance of Hindemith's Concerto the first? Mr. Koussevitzky told us that he was so assured by the composer. This season a concerto for orchestra by Hindemith, with a march for wind instruments was performed in Berlin under Mr. Furtwaengler's direction. Mr. Hindemith is as fertile as a rabbit. It is said that he composes in railway cars, traveling as a member of a string quartet. From the number of his compositions, from the quality of the music heard yesterday, it is possible that he composes even in his sleep.

Mlle. Tailleferre's little pieces, written originally for two pianos, orchestrated by her only last summer, were made known to us in their original form in the fall of 1921 by Messrs. Maier and Pattison. The performance yesterday was the first of the orchestrated version.

Chausson's Concert was performed here at a concert of the MacDowell Club by Mr. Longy in 1923, when Hildegarde Donaldson was the violinist, Bruce Simonds, the pianist. Yesterday it was played for the first time at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Enasco was the violinist,

Mr. Hutcheson was the pianist.

Three unfamiliar pieces in one concert. Would it not be wiser to bring out only one and see to it that it is of real importance? Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked for his interest in contemporaneous music; it is a good thing to know what is going on at present in the musical world; but would not one new work at a time receive more careful attention from the audience; would it not be a more effective contrast to works already known and gladly heard again?

Yesterday the concert was of more than reasonable and effective length. Even when one is curious about unfamiliar pieces, the pleasure in hearing is lessened after an hour and a half; nor is it easy to listen with due appreciation of a composer's music.

To go back to Hindemith. We have attended to his fecundity. In his haste to enlarge the list of his works—he is in his 31st year—with his duties as quartet player and leader of the Frankfurt Opera Orchestra—has he given up rigid self-criticism? Does everything he writes seem to him good? Does he put on paper whatever comes into his head? Does he deliberately try to stir the orthodox hearer from his self-complacent attitude or his dozing in the concert hall?

We doubt if this Concerto is among his best works. More than once in the course of the performance one felt that he was deliberately, aggressively freakish, as in his choice of the few instruments for the contrasting episodes in the old concerto form of the first movement. (The four movements, by the way, were played as two.) He is called by his admirers—they are better acquainted with his compositions in bulk—the "Young Hopeful of contemporary musical Germany." Let us not judge him jauntily by this Concerto and dismiss him as one not worthy of consideration. In the Concerto we found few measures that were even decoratively beautiful; much less emotional, impressive or noble. Neither the ideas themselves nor the treatment of them made a pleasing impression. There were moments that might well have excited contemptuous laughter or more disagreeable manifestations of disapproval.

Mlle. Tailleferre found her games among those at which Gargantua played, but according to Rabibais they were played on a carpet, indoors apparently. Sir Thomas Urquhart in his wonderful translations calls the games, "Twirly-whirltril" and "At hide and seek, or are you all hid." The compositions, Mlle. Tailleferre says, are "Simply musical out-of-door impressions"; "there is



nothing special in the form of these pieces to be noted."

They are unpretentious, discreetly orchestrated, not written in any experimental vein; they are pleasing to the ear. Mlle. Tailleferre was called to the platform where she modestly acknowledged the applause.

Chausson's Concerto or "Concert" contains beautiful pages, but the work suffers from over-development, vain repetitions, and anticipations of climaxes. It would gain greatly if it were one half as long. The second and third sections are too much in the same melancholy mood. There is a peculiar fascination in the wished-for monotony, in the second one, a monotony of hypnotic power. More than once the influence of Cesar Franck is clearly seen, especially in the Finale. There is nothing common, nothing unclear in this music, for Chausson's ideals were lofty and he revered his art. Mr. Enesco, as a violinist, is romantic; Mr. Hutcheson, as a pianist, is conservative, not to say pedagogic. They both are excellent musicians and, with the string orchestra, they gave an intelligent performance, a performance in which Mr. Enesco and the orchestra played in the desired spirit.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave an admirable interpretation of Beethoven's Symphony, which for some inscrutable reason was long reckoned among his minor works in this field. To us it is among the greater ones by the wealth of ideas and the masterly and at times surprising treatment.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. For the concerts of March 19, 20, this program is announced: Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet (edited by Mottl); Beethoven, Violin Concerto (Mr. Szlgeti, violinist); Roussel, Suite No. 1, from the opera-ballet "Padmavati" (first time here); Respighi, "Pines of Rome" (by request).

## GIRL COMPOSER AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

March 6, 1926  
Mlle Tailleferre Hears Her Music Played

Two new works, one by a young German, Paul Hindemith, and the other by a French girl, Germaine Tailleferre, were played for the first time in public at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mlle Tailleferre, now resident in New York,

was present, and after repeated beckoning from Mr Koussevitzky left her place in the first balcony and allowed him to lead her out on the stage to take the applause at the end of her "Jeux de Plein Air."

Seldom has a concert audience a chance to see a pretty girl come forth as composer. Not in the whole history of music can one encounter more than half a dozen women who have written works taken seriously by musicians.

Another unusual feature of yesterday's concert was the presence of two distinguished assisting soloists, the composer-violinist Enesco, and the well-known pianist, Ernest Hutcheson, who played in a "Concert" for violin, piano and string quartet by Chausson, not hitherto heard at these concerts. The other numbers were Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and some dances from de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," first played here under Mr Montaux.

Mlle Tailleferre, a graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, has been one of the widely-discussed "Group of Six" young composers, whose best known members are Milhaud and Honegger. The two "Open Air Games" heard yesterday had been played in Boston in an original version for two pianofortes by Messrs Maler and Pattison more than once.

Like the concerto by Mlle Tailleferre which Cortot played at the Symphony last season, "Jeux de Plein Air" is not "music of the future," but deftly written and essentially derivative work of the period around 1920 in a Paris dominated by Gabriel Faure, Ravel and Stravinsky.

### Hindemith's Music

Pul Hindemith, whose Concerto for Orchestra, opus 38, was given its first performance yesterday, has been since the War one of the most talked of musicians in Germany, a young man expected by some to be the Teutonic genius of this generation and denounced by others for wanton disregard of all the musical proprieties.

So there was much curiosity about this concerto (in which no solo instrument is paired with the orchestra). The piece has four movements, an allegro marked to be played "ohne Pathos" (without emotion), a brief section (very fast), a scherzo called "March for Woodwind," and a finale marked "basso ostinato."

In the first movement there is a great deal of canonic imitation between instruments and groups of instruments. One tries vainly to hear in it a formally complete canon, but the polyphony is so intricate and the harmony so very dissonant that one could not follow the different independent threads in the skein clearly at a first hearing. Here it was apparent that Hindemith, unlike most young composers, has escaped the influence of his great German predecessors, except J. S. Bach.

With other ultra moderns, Honegger, and Stravinsky for example, Hindemith apparently thinks contrapuntally, like the major part of the 17th century, and

not harmonically like most composers since Bach.

Provided the separate parts move along with vigor and grace he does not care how harsh a momentary cross section of the tonal mass, a single chord, may sound. He does not hesitate to write in more than one key at a time. He uses unusual instruments of percussion, and not infrequently betrays an obvious wish to startle the conventionally minded.

Yesterday's audience plainly thought this concerto a "German atrocity," and rallied ostentatiously in defense of "La Belle France" in the person of the much-applauded Mlle Tailleferre. Its brief presto second movement, a mere whirr of sound, its implisly grotesque scherzo, and its ponderously whimsical finale all like the first movement, betoken great talent, possibly genius. One wants to hear more music by Hindemith.

### Symphony Warmly Received

Beethoven's eighth symphony—in a noisy, lively performance lacking in the aloofness, the almost Mozartian elegance one has felt in this work heard at other hands—was warmly received. De Falla's spirited theatre music again seemed out of its proper environment in the concert hall. Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra showed all their accustomed qualities, including defects such as coarse tone and ill-chosen tempi and the brilliance and gusto one unfairly takes for granted.

The radio audience should be able to hear and enjoy most of the Beethoven. Hindemith's music will probably sound like static. Mlle Tailleferre's may come over reasonably well. The Chausson Concerto, especially the violin solo beautifully played by Enesco can probably be heard, but it seemed the longest and most thoroughly tiresome piece in years to at least two hearers yesterday afternoon. Some of the de Falla may come over well. This is another chance for the radio audience to hear a lot of assorted modern music, this time with a Beethoven symphony for those who prefer the classics.

There are no Symphony concerts in Boston next week, as the orchestra makes one of its five annual visits to New York.

### New Works on Program of Boston Orchestra

Monitor — March 6, 1926.

The program of the eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Beethoven... Symphony No. 8 in F major  
Hindemith... Concerto for Orchestra Op. 38  
Tailleferre... "Jeux de Plein Air"  
Chausson

Concert for Violin, Pianoforte and String Quartet  
De Falla

Three Dances from "El Sombrero de tres picos"

Georges Enesco was the violinist and Ernest Hutcheson the pianist.

The program began with a less than conventional performance of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. It was played carefully but almost perfunctorily. There was no mood of humorous play in the Allegretto nor in the final Allegro vivace. Mr. Koussevitzky seemed to be saving his interpretative energies for the novel music which was to follow. His playing of Beethoven has always heretofore aroused interest, if not unreserved commendation. Yesterday was an exception.

With Hindemith's Concerto for orchestra, played for the first time, the concert really began. Conductor and orchestra set themselves to the difficult task with a will and there was much in the music to excite their keenest attention. It is not a work of irritating "modernism." To be sure, there are moments which might cause anxiety to those conservatively inclined, but the music as a whole seems to be the natural and unforced expression of the composer's thoughts and not a product manufactured to astonish and bewilder. These thoughts, however, are not particularly distinguished, although the use to which they are put may be said to be so.

The early contrapuntists, delighted with the discovery that two sounds might be heard simultaneously with pleasure, were content with mere combinations alone. But as time went on they began to pay more attention to the individual beauty of the melodies themselves.

Thus the apostles of polytonality of the present day, overwhelmed with the unexpected effect which their mere combinations produce, oftentimes disregard inherent beauty of material. So with this concerto of Hindemith. The material itself of which it is composed is of little real significance. The juxtaposition of timbres and tonalities would seem to be the sole concern of the composer. This species of musical juggling is not without interest because of its novelty. A later day will undoubtedly bring forth a composer who will succeed in saying something of real importance with all this new musical material.

The "Jeux de Plein Air" of Mademoiselle Tailleferre is hardly more than passingly interesting. Agreeably orchestrated, it is an extremely thin, negative music, grace-



ful enough in its way, with a certain charm. Unpretentious, it comes and goes unobtrusively. It is not music to provoke discussion. It, too, was played for the first time.

To some the playing of Chausson's Concerto for violin and piano, with the original quartet accompaniment replaced by a string orchestra, may hardly seem appropriate. It is a work of many beauties, but often unduly prolix. Mr. Enesco played the passages allotted to the solo violin with the necessary warmth and understanding. Mr. Hutcheson attacked the piano part with evident determination to solve its difficulties, which he did most successfully in a technical way. Of warmth or sentiment in his playing there was little to be noted. Yet as a whole the performance was not without its merits.

The orchestra played Hindemith's Concerto with astounding virtuosity, and Mademoiselle Tailleferre's delicate music with remarkable beauty of tone. The strings played the little allotted to them in Chausson's Concerto with a warmth and richness not altogether usual. S. M.

## ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MUSIC-MAKING

Trans. — Mch. 6, 1926  
PRODUCTIONS, RESURRECTIONS, A  
CLASSIC

Mr. Koussevitzky Presents Hindemith,  
Who Knocks Off a Concerto, and Miss  
Tailleferre, Who Amuses Amiably—De  
Falla Happily Recalled—Chausson Better  
Let Alone—Beethoven as Entertainer

FIVE pieces were played at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. Together they filled more than two hours. At the later intervals departures were considerable; while the sensitive in such matters readily discovered an audience less and less interested. As some said, Mr. Koussevitzky, about to journey to New York, must play in Boston certain music, also intended for Manhattan, regardless of the length or sequence of his program. Others reproached him with the inclusion of too many novel numbers, since Hindemith's Concerto and Miss Tailleferre's Suite were heard for the first time

anywhere;—Chausson's Concerto for Piano, Violin and Strings, for the first time at these concerts; while only once before—in Mr. Monteux's time—had they included the dances from de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat." Though Mr. Koussevitzky set them flashing with color and springing with rhythm, at twenty-five minutes to five they could win hardly a capful of plaudits.

Less fortunate, for all its newness, was Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra. It progressed confusingly; it ended abruptly. For an appreciable time in the length and the breadth of the hall not one hand stirred—rare incident whatever the music. The conductor looked puzzled and uneasy, turned directly to the audience, gained at last for a piece he prized, brief and scattered clapping. Nor were Mr. Enesco and Mr. Hutcheson, sharing the solo-parts in Chausson's Concerto, exactly applauded to the echo. As the audience seemed to find the whole concert not too interesting, so it found them ill-mated in an over-long, and thinning piece. In fact—Beethoven's Eighth Symphony aside—it kept its applause for Miss Tailleferre, called by Mr. Koussevitzky to the stage at the end of her Suite. She has barely turned her thirties and they are kind; she is fresh and charming, modest and gay. Her dressmaker does a capital job, and she, like every onlooker, appreciates it. The whole house clapped her eagerly. Music or no music, not often on a Friday afternoon does the stage of Symphony Hall proffer such a figure.

Yet four out of the five pieces that composed this dullish concert—it is time to blurt out the word—were written primarily to entertain and amuse. One certainly did—the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven hitherto unheard from Mr. Koussevitzky. The music scales no heights and plumbs no depths. From neither his own soul, nor the soul of humanity, is Beethoven sounding epics in the ears of men. Instead, he is treating a Symphony as a jeu d'esprit—which is not exactly a twentieth-century habit—and having a good time along the way. The first movement bubbles into sportive repetitions; the Allegretto Scherzando ticks, ticks, ticks in a corner of the ear; the Minuet keeps the graces and escapes the airs; the fleet, flicking Finale stays its race and holds its breath for a few measures of sentimental song, which is happy, Beethoven-ish fancy. The music amuses, the music pleases; from the light fingers of an adept craftsman it flows; while his eyes smile down upon it. To do all this is quite enough for a "little symphony"; as truly an exercise of the "musical art" as the writing of three tone-poems about the cosmos—and a deal more difficult. That "art" was also the gainer by the lightly speeding, lightly pointing hand that Mr. Koussevitzky held over the orchestra, and the supple, edgeless, winged tone it gave him back. No conductor, no

orchestra has a right to the "little" Eighth until it can touch it off in such fashion.

A hundred years later, the wise Miss Tailleferre was also content to please, amuse and entertain. Eighteenth-century composers, to whom she likes to turn back, set her example; whilom companions of "The Six," like Messieurs Auric and Poulenc, walk the same agreeable paths. Five years ago, she wrote for two pianos a suite of little pieces, "Outdoor Games"—as children play them, say down the alleys and around the pedestals of the Luxembourg Gardens. Last summer, returning to an original intention, she gave them orchestral dress. Yesterday two of them—"La Tirelontaine," which is a "morning serenade," and "Hide and Seek"—were played for the first time in the new garb. Either is an amiable trifle, twittering, darting, rustling along a brief and changeable course. Little modulations tingle deftly; chords fall lightly together or brush each other gently away. Ready skill, quick fancy, apt resource assort the orchestral means. Once and again they are ingenious and imaginative, far above mere facility. Lustrous, transparent remains the texture of the music, in spite of pretty dissonances. Miss Tailleferre gives a quarter of an hour of pleasure, artfully. There is no reason to ask more.

From de Falla again, a music for entertainment in the three dances out of "The Three-Cornered Hat." Of course, he is lustier and more pungent; while the wise in such things readily discover in rhythms or modulations his full-breathed Spanish savor. In point of fact he is setting music to a frivolous scenario—how the Governor with far too much leisure on his elderly hands coveted the miller's young wife; how she tricked, guiled and tumbled him into the water; how the miller stole his clothes; how all the neighbors were on the side of the merry pair. As frivolously the ballet is also danced. There is no end to the miller's caperings and whirlings; in these diversions his wife is the partner of his bosom—or his legs; while the neighbors do not miss a turn of the game.

This background of recollection—the conductors to the contrary notwithstanding—is rather essential to de Falla's music in the concert-hall. The rhythmic energy—and Mr. Koussevitzky whipped it—the exuberant tune, the general and particular hurly-burly will carry the finale; but the gyrating and upspringing miller, or a memory of him, gives a filip to his own dance; and the neighbors or the recollection, are as needful to theirs. Beyond doubting these Spaniards can do stirring things to their folk-dances as the Finale of yesterday attested; but between whiles and along the way, their stage-music is none the worse for the actual spur of the stage. Even de Falla, most musician of them all, needs it.

It is within belief that Hindemith was also seeking to please, amuse and enter-

tain—but strictly in his own way. It is not Beethoven's or de Falla's or Miss Tailleferre's; it is not the way of any modernist sect that comes to mind; it seems also to lack German antecedents. Hindemith evidently goes his own gait; but along singular roads. From boyhood he has played in the orchestra of the Opera House at Frankfurt, of which he is now first violinist. He sits in a noted string quartet. He began composition in his first youth. His whole life has been saturated with music-making. Hence ingenuities, dexterities, fertility with resources and devices, a growing desire to escape the regular thing in the regular way. Recall Hindemith also as a young gentleman who will have no traffic with sentiment and who is prone to dam a lyric vein that of late has not flowed too freely. Add a creative fury—or a heedless haste—that does not dally over invention or means, and there is a plausible background for the new Concerto for Orchestra.

Naturally and reasonably Hindemith would "modernize" an ancient form. It asks the contrasts of solo instruments set against the whole orchestral body. The violin, the oboe, the bassoon are his choice. Writing a movement wholly for the woodwind choir, he is as ready with expedient. The higher and brighter, against the lower and darker, voices, shall make the contrast. So much, and plainly, for the ingenious Hindemith. The dexterous and fertile Hindemith stands as clear in the second and the last movement where out of scrappy motifs of no character at all he weaves intricate tonal webs with a most omniscient counterpoint.

These however, are powers that more fill eyes bent on music-paper than ears upturned in the concert-hall. There Hindemith has other salvations but they were not too plain in the new Concerto. Each movement drove forward implacably, as of one who flings himself upon composition. There was no mistaking the rhythmic verve of the foolish fantasmal march of the woodwinds, or the rhythmic frenzy of the Finale beating about the persistent bass. By many signs, also, Hindemith stirs to the characteristic "self-expression" of his day. He syncopates with the best of them through his second movement, he lays on the acrid chord and spares not; he courts the staccato accent, say with the wood block smitten or the wood-clapper clapped to affirm it. His chamber-music often taps a songful vein. In this orchestral piece he disdains it. Throughout he is hard, exuberant, rowdy. He passions himself—and knocks about music.

Chausson kept strange company in this gallery, whoever happened to be beside him. On and on meandered his Concerto for Violin, Piano and String Orchestra. It was suave, songful, smoothly made. Now it clutched the arm "good Father Franck" and was sentimental; again it answered to



Chausson's gentle sensibility and refining hand; yet again a retrospective ear might find a hint of the Debussy that was to come. The violin sang most of the melodies and Mr. Enesco was golden-voiced and romantically ardent. The piano shared these melodies and the patterns into which Chausson spun them. Mr. Hutcheson played them dryly and pedagogically as one who would stifle mood. The strings of the orchestra purled a monotonous accompaniment. The listener endured a triple penance: a serious composer who had nothing to say; paired interpreters at temperamental odds unescapable; a piece better left in the haze of recollection. H. T. P.

# SYMPHONY PRESENTS NEW MUSIC

*Post* — *Mch. 6, 1926*  
**Enesco and Hutcheson Appear as Soloists**

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon wore a truly cosmopolitan air. For the first time anywhere the orchestra played pieces by the rising German, Paul Hindemith, and Mrs. Germaine Tailleferre, late of the Parisian "Six," with the latter gracing the occasion, while Georges Enesco, eminent Rumanian violinist and composer, was one of the soloists of the afternoon.

## PLENTY OF VARIETY

To make the rest of a programme, which wanted not variety if it somewhat lacked sustained musical interest, came the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, Chausson's Concerto for violin, pianoforte and string quartet, in which Ernest Hutcheson was the pianist, and three dances from Manuel De Falla's Ballet, "The Three Cornered Hat." Although Boston had previously heard it in semi-private performance, the piece by Chausson was performed for the first time at the Symphony Concerts.

For some time past reports have reached Bostonian ears of the amazing prowess and rich promise of Paul Hindemith. In him, we have been assured, Germany had found a champion who could hold his own against the young lions of France, Italy and Russia. Yet until Mr. Koussevitzky brought out the Concerto of yesterday, we of this city had known the composer only through a song or two, sung by Mme. Gauthier, and a piece for wind instruments, played at a concert of the Flute Players' Club. Rightly, then, the performance of the Concerto was to be looked upon as something of an event.

### Fails to Impress

Without knowledge of the quality of Hindemith's other more pretentious compositions, it may hardly be said how completely this Concerto represents him, although, having heard it, it is reasonable to suppose that his already sizable reputation has been made by pieces richer in substance and technically more impressive. A harking back to the concertos of Bach and Handel, and of their Italian contemporaries, not a composition for solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment, according to the later use of the term, the piece runs in four contrasted movements; the first energetic, the second "very fast," the third, a march for wind instruments, the last, a "basso ostinato."

Continuously and often sharply dissonant this music now titillates and now stabs the ear. There is throughout a sense of vitality, of the reckless pouring forth of creative energy. Certain passages proved distinctly stimulating, for example, the rushing figures for strings in the second movement, an effect as of a mighty wind. Yet the net impression was that of a piece written in some haste and disclosing neither important musical thoughts nor even a salient individuality.

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute  
Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)  
(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante.
- III. Allegro.

Beethoven . . . . . Concerto in D major for Violin, Op. 61  
I. Allegro ma non troppo.  
II. Larghetto.  
III. Rondo.

Roussel . . . . . First Suite from the Opera-Ballet "Padmâvati"  
(First time in Boston)

Respighi . . . . . Symphonic Poem, "Pini di Roma" ("Pines of Rome")  
I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese.  
II. The Pines near a Catacomb.  
III. The Pines of the Janiculum.  
IV. The Pines of the Appian Way.

SOLOIST  
JOSEPH SZIGETI

MASON AND HAMLIN PIANOFORTE  
Orthophonic Victrola from M. Steinert & Sons

There will be an intermission after the concerto of Beethoven

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



Chausson's gentle sensibility and refining hand; yet again a retrospective ear might find a hint of the Debussy that was to come. The violin sang most of the melodies and Mr. Enesco was golden-voiced and romantically ardent. The piano shared these melodies and the patterns into which Chausson spun them. Mr. Hutcheson played them dryly and pedagogically as one who would stifle mood. The strings of the orchestra purled a monotonous accompaniment. The listener endured a triple penance: a serious composer who had nothing to say; paired interpreters at temperamental odds unescapable; a piece better left in the haze of recollection. H. T. P.

# SYMPHONY PRESENTS NEW MUSIC

Post ———— Mch. 6, 1926  
Enesco and Hutcheson Appear as Soloists

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon wore a truly cosmopolitan air. For the first time anywhere the orchestra played pieces by the rising German, Paul Hindemith, and Mrs. Germaine Tailleferre, late of the Parisian "Six," with the latter gracing the occasion, while Georges Enesco, eminent Rumanian violinist and composer, was one of the soloists of the afternoon.

## PLENTY OF VARIETY

To make the rest of a programme, which wanted not variety if it somewhat lacked sustained musical interest, came the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, Chausson's Concerto for violin, pianoforte and string quartet, in which Ernest Hutcheson was the pianist, and three dances from Manuel De Falla's Ballet, "The Three Cornered Hat." Although Boston had previously heard it in semi-private performance, the piece by Chausson was performed for the first time at the Symphony Concerts.

For some time past reports have reached Bostonian ears of the amazing prowess and rich promise of Paul Hindemith. In him, we have been assured, Germany had found a champion who could hold his own against the young lions of France, Italy and Russia. Yet until Mr. Koussevitzky brought out the Concerto of yesterday, we of this city had known the composer only through a song or two, sung by Mme. Gauthier, and a piece for wind instruments, played at a concert of the Flute Players' Club. Rightly, then, the performance of the Concerto was to be looked upon as something of an event.

## Fails to Impress

Without knowledge of the quality of Hindemith's other more pretentious compositions, it may hardly be said how completely this Concerto represents him, although, having heard it, it is reasonable to suppose that his already sizable reputation has been made by pieces richer in substance and technically more impressive. A harking back to the concertos of Bach and Handel, and of their Italian contemporaries, not a composition for solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment, according to the later use of the term, the piece runs in four contrasted movements; the first energetic, the second "very fast," the third, a march for wind instruments, the last, a "basso ostinato."

Continuously and often sharply dissonant this music now titillates and now stabs the ear. There is throughout a sense of vitality, of the reckless pouring forth of creative energy. Certain passages proved distinctly stimulating, for example, the rushing figures for strings in the second movement, an effect as of a mighty wind. Yet the net impression was that of a piece written in some haste and disclosing neither important musical thoughts nor even a salient individuality.

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON. NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

# Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute  
Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)  
(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante.
- III. Allegro.

Beethoven . . . . . Concerto in D major for Violin, Op. 61  
I. Allegro ma non troppo.  
II. Larghetto.  
III. Rondo.

Roussel . . . . . First Suite from the Opera-Ballet "Padmâvati"  
(First time in Boston)

Respighi . . . . . Symphonic Poem, "Pini di Roma" ("Pines of Rome")  
I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese.  
II. The Pines near a Catacomb.  
III. The Pines of the Janiculum.  
IV. The Pines of the Appian Way.

SOLOIST  
JOSEPH SZIGETI

MASON AND HAMLIN PIANOFORTE  
Orthophonic Victrola from M. Steinert & Sons

There will be an intermission after the concerto of Beethoven

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. CALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Josef Szigeti

(New York Times)

Blythe

New Violinist at the Symphony Concerts

## ONY IN CONCERT

Feb. 20, 1926

Beethoven, Roussel  
Pisighi Works  
Presented

### PHILIP HALE

Heart of the Boston Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky, place yesterday afternoon in the hall. The program is Bach, Concerto No. 2, violin, flute, oboe and (by Felix Mottl.) Beethoven, Concerto, Roussel, First opera-ballet "Padma-," "Pines of Rome" (request). The performance was probably the first by Joseph Szigeti, the played for the first time

ing to the east as an of-rench navy, re-visiting es, has been inspired, if be said of his music, by sea. The subject of his Padmavati" is a Hindu admits of wild, tragic geous color. The chief era is the willingness of o hand over his beauti- wife to a Mongolian be- to save his city from re. She stabs her hus- cordance with the old he two may ascend tri- heaven of India. The aloy, a well equipped sic, has shown a pas- in eastern countries treatise on Chinese ing the merits of the Roussel was successful out of his theories of with music, we can othing. Is it fair to usic played in the con- reasonable to expect t-goer an enlightened

out of ten such music en it is taken from the er how excellent the be. Is this Suite an

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suggesting the drama to come. In the concert hall the music is rather mysterious, having a foreboding Chiet theme with repetitions in the manner dear to Orientals. Knowing the story of the opera, one might find in this Prelude the tragic note, but one misses the sensuousness, the sensuality of the eastern drama. Goldmark was more successful in his prelude to "The Queen of Sheba," and even in his well-worn "Sakuntala." There is orientalism in music; there is pseudo-orientalism, which to westerners is often more convincing than the genuine article. Johannes Weber, in his sour way, denied the genuineness of national or local color in music. He went too far, but a hearer gladly finds in music what he expects, what he wishes, to find when he is told that the inspiring, the suggesting subject is exotic.

appropriate barbaric wildness, but these warriors might as well be Scythians, Assyrians, as Mongolians or Hindus. In the Dance of the Female Slaves one misses the languor, the voluptuousness of the East; one misses even the intoxicating monotony that one is accustomed to associate with Oriental dancing.

We write without knowledge of the scenes in which these dances occur. It may be that Laloy's female slaves are not voluptuous and enticing; that they disdain fleshly allurements. It may be that these warriors are not terrible fellows after all.

The idiom of Roussel's music in general is still a puzzle to us. It has a certain dry austerity, a forbidding aloofness. He works patiently in his tower, but the tower is of iron or brass, not of silver, not of ivory. A musician to be respected; a man of high ideals. What would one not give for a moment of coarseness, even of lush sentiment to persuade the hearer that the composer was emotional as well as brainy!

Violinists visiting Boston for the first time feel compelled to play the concerto by Beethoven or the one by Brahms to show that they are serious minded; that they are orthodox, and in good and regular standing. Mr. Szigeti is known in Europe as a man deeply interested in modern and ultra-modern compositions for the violin, yet he chose Beethoven's concerto for his first appearance here. This concerto, containing noble and beautiful thoughts, also contains much that is tiresome. The first movement is long winded, interminable. The finale, with its hiccupy chief theme narrowly escapes vulgarity. Some day a violinist will have the courage to play "Gems from Beethoven's Violin Concerto."

Mr. Szigeti is an accomplished technician blessed with impeccably pure intonation and fine musical taste, yet violinists, inferior to him in certain respects, have made a deeper impression. It was yesterday as if the performance was in miniature; as if it took place behind half-closed doors of glass. The beautiful





## SYMPHONY IN 19TH CONCERT

H. Mart. — *Apr. 20, 1926*

Bach, Beethoven, Roussel  
and Respighi Works  
Presented

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Concerto No. 2, for major for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet (edited by Felix Mottl.) Beethoven, violin concerto, Roussel, First Suite from the opera-ballet "Padmavati," Respighi, "Pines of Rome" (repeated by request). The performance of Roussel's Suite was probably the first in this country. Joseph Szigeti, the solo violinist, played for the first time in Boston.

Roussel, sailing to the east as an officer in the French navy, re-visiting eastern countries, has been inspired, if "Inspired" can be said of his music, by oriental memories. The subject of his opera-ballet, "Padmavati" is a Hindu romance, which admits of wild, tragic action and gorgeous color. The chief motif of the opera is the willingness of a Hindu King to hand over his beautiful and virtuous wife to a Mongolian besieger, in order to save his city from loot and massacre. She stabs her husband that in accordance with the old custom the two may ascend triumphantly to the heaven of India. The librettist, M. Laloy, a well equipped writer about music, has shown a passionate interest in eastern countries and written a treatise on Chinese music. Concerning the merits of the opera, whether Roussel was successful in the carrying out of his theories of dramatic works with music, we can naturally say nothing. Is it fair to judge of stage music played in the concert hall? Is it reasonable to expect from any concert-goer an enlightened judgment?

In nine cases out of ten such music suffers injury when it is taken from the theatre, no matter how excellent the performance may be. Is this Suite an exception?

The Suite consists of the Prelude to Act I; a Dance of Warriors; a Dance of Female Slaves. The Prelude might pass as absolute music, yet in the theatre it must be more effective as

suggesting the drama to come. In the concert hall the music is rather mysterious, having a foreboding Chiet theme with repetitions in the manner dear to Orientals. Knowing the story of the opera, one might find in this Prelude the tragic note, but one misses the sensuousness, the sensuality of the eastern drama. Goldmark was more successful in his prelude to "The Queen of Sheba," and even in his well-worn "Sakuntala." There is orientalism in music; there is pseudo-orientalism, which to westerners is often more convincing than the genuine article. Johannes Weber, in his sour way, denied the genuineness of national or local color in music. He went too far, but a hearer gladly finds in music what he expects, what he wishes, to find when he is told that the inspiring, the suggesting subject is exotic.

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Mr. Szigeti is an accomplished technician blessed with impeccably pure intonation and fine musical taste, yet violinists, inferior to him in certain respects, have made a deeper impression. It was yesterday as if the performance was in miniature; as if it took place behind half-closed doors of glass. The beautiful



accompaniment should not be passed over silently. At times one forgot the violinist in listening to the orchestra led with such pronounced feeling and virtuosic skill by Mr. Koussevitzky.

Highly enjoyable was the performance of old Bach's concerto in spite of his inability to stop in the Andante when he had said what he had spontaneously to say. The playing of Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager was as brilliant as it was musical. The repetition of "Pines of Rome" dismissed the audience in the best of humors. The nightingale was this time in fairly good voice; the march on the Appian Way was again exciting; the most imaginative music, the most poetical is in "The Pines near a Catacomb." The work as a whole is conspicuous for its inciting rhythms and daring orchestral coloring rather than for its strictly musical thoughts.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Delmas, overture to "Penthesilee"; Pierne, "Franciscan Landscapes"; Spelman, "Assis: The Great Pardon of St. Francis," Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 4, F minor.

### Joseph Szigeti Soloist With Boston Orchestra

The nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Bach—Concerto No. 2 in F major for violin, flute, oboe, trumpet and string orchestra.  
Beethoven—Concerto for violin.  
Roussel—First Suite from the Opera-Ballet "Padmavati."  
Respighi—"The Pines of Rome."

Roussel's Suite was played for the first time in Boston. There are three divisions—Prelude to Act I; "Danse Guerrière," and "Danse des Femmes Esclaves." The orchestration is richly colored, although it must be confessed that there are few decidedly new tints to be found. The music is written in the involved harmonic style affected by Roussel and no doubt when coupled with scenic action the music fulfills its purpose. Divorced from its proper theatrical surroundings it probably loses much of its effectiveness. In any case, be the reason what it may, it is not music to arouse the emotions or to excite wonder or astonishment. As an agreeable interlude it was not without interest.

Joseph Szigeti, who was the soloist, is a violinist of serious intent. His conception of Beethoven's concerto is the conventional one, but the question often arises on hearing this work as to whether or not Beethoven intended it to be played in quite the mood which hallowed "tradition" demands on the part of the violinist. As it was written during the composer's "second period," when he had hardly determined upon the exact course which his genius was afterward to take; when he had not as yet entirely separated himself from either the formulas or the manner of his master, Haydn; when he was yet to touch that deeper note of his later works, it would seem that the majority of violinists somewhat overemphasize the seriousness of this music. Is not the first movement after all mere musical embroidery, beautiful in pattern, expressive as pattern weaving goes, but after all not more than pattern weaving? And may not the same be said of the Larghetto? This music is Beethoven touching classic heights, but assuredly it is not Beethoven the founder of the Romantic school. However, Mr. Szigeti thinks otherwise, and within his understanding of the music he gave an earnest and well-considered performance. It is possible to question the extremely slow tempos of the first and second movements.

Bach's Concerto was remarkable for the unusually fine trumpet playing of Mr. Mager, the first trumpet of the orchestra. He accomplished his difficult task with the greatest virtuosity and precision, with graceful phrasing and a tone which left nothing to be desired. It must be said that the first movements of this concerto were played with such violent rhythmical stress that they lost in that gracefulness which is the characteristic of eighteenth century music. Mr. Koussevitzky attacked this music with such rhythmical ardor that roughness was the almost inevitable result. It perhaps set the toes of many a-tapping, but was it in the manner of Bach, whose music will stand a certain amount of grace and elegance?

The repetition of Respighi's "Pines of Rome" did not serve to modify the opinion already formed of it at a previous hearing. S. M.

## SYMPHONY RESPONDS TO APPEAL

Post — Feb. 20, 1926  
'Pines of Rome' Holds  
Own on Being  
Repeated

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In deference to many requests Mr. Koussevitzky is repeating at the Symphony concerts of this week Respighi's "Pines of Rome," the outstanding orchestral novelty of the present season. And yesterday the mighty march of Roman legions, yet more brilliant and sonorous than before, again swept all before it, and in response to the applause Mr. Koussevitzky once more brought the deserving players to their feet.

### DICKEY BIRD SHIFTED

Heard already on a Monday evening as well as at a previous pair of regular subscription concerts, Respighi's music wears well. Not only is the Italian here a consummate master of orchestral effects, the very substance of his music is likewise persuasive and arresting. Although he knows and employs with discreet effectiveness the latest harmonic devices, Respighi does not wholly disdain musical beauty in the generally accepted sense of that term. There is ravishing loveliness in the Nocturnal third division of his tone-poem mayhap, and at some later day a conductor will happily see fit to strike out that superfluous and intrusive dicky-bird, recte nightingale.

Yesterday, by the way, the phonograph that is voice to these twitterings was transferred to the left side of the stage and the manipulation of it assigned to one of the double-bass players.

### New Soloist and Music

For the rest this concert offered the first Boston appearance of the distinguished Hungarian violinist, Josef Szigeti; the first performance here of the Suite from Roussel's opera-ballet, "Padmavati," music none too convincing when thus removed from its rightful environment; and by way of agreeable introduction Bach's Concerto in F major for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet.

A violinist closely identified with contemporary music, Mr. Szigeti, would have better pleased some of his hearers, had he chosen for his vehicle a fresher piece than the over-long and over-worked Concerto of Beethoven. But there was the compensation of his sensitive, fine-grained playing, his excellent rhythmic sense. And thanks alike to him and to Mr. Koussevitzky, the beautiful Larghetto offered 10 minutes of rare delight.

### Bach, Served Nobly

As for the other two movements, it would be a mercy to subject them to judicious curtailment—or better still, for a few seasons to omit the Concerto altogether from the repertory.

Bach, as well as Beethoven, in the instance of the Concerto played yesterday, was most successful in his middle movement. By the soloists, Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager, this Andante, and for that matter the rest of the Concerto, was nobly played, and at the end they were warmly applauded.

## SZIGETI HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Hungarian Violinist in  
Boston Debut

Feb. 20, 1926

Joseph Szigeti, noted Hungarian violinist, made his Boston debut at yesterday's Symphony concert in the Beethoven concerto. An artist in the best sense of the term, he played with the utmost skill and taste. It would be hard to find a better violinist than he.



Mr Koussevitzky's program included a repetition of Respighi's "Pines of Rome," some inconsequential ballet music from Roussel's "Padmavati," and an arrangement of Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto" in F major. The four solo parts in the last named number were taken by Richard Burgin, violin; Georges Laurent, flute; Fernand Gillet, oboe, and Georges Mager, trumpet.

Mr Szigeti's artistic and unobtrusive violin playing is an agreeable change from that of many of his contemporaries trained in the Russian manner recently in vogue. Szigeti's tone is not big; but then, it is not coarse either. Szigeti does not make verve and élan supplant subtlety.

Szigeti does not pose as a "personality" with a unique platform manner. He has apparently not succumbed to the wiles of the American press agent, who for a consideration will land you on the front page of our newspapers if he can invent a new trick, by which to evade the editorial censor.

But it is still possible for a really great artist to win a public in America without a publicity campaign. Szigeti, if he goes on playing here as well as he did yesterday will before long have an assured personal following in Boston.

The best praise one can give his version of the Beethoven concerto is that it did not rouse regretful comparisons with any of the other great violinists heard here in this music. Nobody has ever played the slow movement more beautifully than Szigeti did, that is unless dead and gone violinists notably excelled Kreisler and Heifetz in it, with whose performances Szigeti's was fairly comparable. And finally Szigeti made of the cadenzas interesting music which seemed an integral part of the concerto, something no mere virtuoso fiddler could ever achieve.

Mr Koussevitzky did not give a satisfactory reading of the first movement of the concerto, to which the clew is in the repeated notes for kettle drum, which some say indicate the belated wayfarer knocking at a door and making a racket out of which Beethoven's imagination evolved this music. There should be more energy than he and the players put into the music, though it should not make any more noise. One thing Mr Koussevitzky needs at times to recall is that volume of sound and intensity of emotional energy are quite different things. He knows this in slow movements, but forgets it in allegros and finales. The beautiful playing of the orchestral part of the slow movement in this concerto must, however, be in large part credited to Mr Koussevitzky's perception of this truth.

The fragments from Roussel's ballet-opera, a unique hybrid entertainment called "Padmavati," and still in the repertory of the Paris Opera three seasons after its first production, were new to Boston. A prelude, a warrior dance, a dance of slave women, all brief and all workaday routine music in present-day style, Paris mode, left no vivid impression.

One questions the wisdom of brief operatic excerpts at these concerts. Dr Muck never gave any operatic fragment at the regular concerts, and the example seems a good one. Little bits of an opera or a ballet cannot make their effect in the concert hall, torn from

their musical context and deprived of their scenic adjuncts.

The Bach concerto, in a modern arrangement which the program did not identify, afforded four of the leading solo players in the orchestra ample opportunities to display notable talents. Mr Mager's impossibly high notes on the trumpet, which cannot have been written for the trumpets in our orchestras, were a triumph of virtuosity, but not especially agreeable to the ear, though true in pitch and quality. But the beautiful flowing and interweaving strands of polyphony eluded Mr Koussevitzky's or the arranger's imaginative grasp.

Respighi's "Pines of Rome" was more brilliantly and more accurately played than on the occasion of its first performance. Again the audience liked it very much. Again one felt it to be nothing but facile, well written, theatrical music, not likely to last more than a few years, but immensely effective in its best selling way. The final triumphal march is almost as good as Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." This is to pay it a very high compliment, by the way, since only musical snobs fail to perceive the true greatness of Sousa's talent.

The radio audience will probably hear the Beethoven fairly well, and may make something of the Respighi. Bach and Roussel, for different reasons, do not seem well adapted to broadcasting. Mr Szigeti's beautiful playing of the violin solo in the concerto will probably be the feature of the evening for the radio audience, as it was yesterday to a listener to whose heart soloists as a species, are not dear. P. R.

## By Word From Paris

Dr. Koussevitzky's Degree as There Reported

FROM Providence (United States)

Brown University has summoned all its members to a special convocation on Feb. 24, for the purpose of bestowing its honorary degree on the renowned musician, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Our university resolved upon this exceptional assembly because of the approaching departure of Mr. Koussevitzky for Europe, where he will direct his usual concerts in London and in Paris, and because of its desire to honor him with its doctor's degree, the high worth of which the whole world recognizes. [Translated from Le Temps]

## FULL-BLOODED BACH, TROUBLOUS ROUSSEL, SENSITIVE SZIGETI

SYMPHONY CONCERT IN MANIFOLD MOODS

The Old Master Outdoes All the Rest—  
Beethoven's Concerto and the New Violinist—Music of Ancient Legend Via  
Modern Paris—"Pines of Rome" to the  
Last Inch—Also a Fresh Nightingale

BACH led the way at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon and when it ended, two hours later, he was still at the head of the procession. Three other composers, Beethoven included, had trailed after him; but not one had so much as challenged him. His piece was the Second Brandenburg Concerto, in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet, with accompaniment, originally, for two violins, viola, violoncello and harpsichord. It was played, however, according to the edition of Felix Mottl, wherein the harpsichord becomes a piano and the assisting strings a full choir. Of the solo-instruments, only Mr. Burgin for the violin kept his usual place. Next him in short diagonal under Mr. Koussevitzky's stand, sat Mr. Laurent for the flute, Mr. Gillet for the oboe and Mr. Mager for the trumpet. All four are well-reputed virtuosos of the orchestra. It was a pleasure to see them so singled out and assembled. When, moreover, they had proved their mettle anew, the audience persisted in applause until not only they, but all concerned, had acknowledged it.

And with reason. The Concerto begins in a lively movement in which the whole orchestra, as well as the solo-voices, shares. Bach writes it as one possessed of rhythm, yet expertly controlling this demonic spell. The propulsive power of the music never flags; while Mr. Koussevitzky riding it hard, but not too hard, was also spur. The counterpoint raced and glowed; the solo-instruments wove in and out of the tonal web; Mr. Mager's trumpet did feats (as they seem nowadays) in the bright, thin notes of its highest range; the assisting orchestra was at a perpetual *qui vive*. The exhilaration on the stage stirred a like exhilaration in the auditorium. Mr. Koussevitzky would have been less than human had he forbidden us to clap out the general delight.

The second movement is a low-pitched song for flute, oboe, violin and violoncello above a gently purling accompaniment. It was played in gracious contours, linked phrases, melting euphonies that were the voice and breath of beauty. Between the pattern wrought upon the air and the instrumental tones that were spinning it, the listener might hardly choose for loveliness. To the vigor and the liveliness of Bach had succeeded the white magic of his contemplation. . . . In the final division, again quick-paced and brightly rhythmed, he was gay to the top of his bent. No trumpet in the world ever had more sport than Mr. Mager's and, as the learned say, at unbelievable "altitudes." The other instruments tossing about figures, were as merry. They sped, they glinted, they wound in and out and roundabout, with the assisting orchestra at their heels, until the sheer bravura of both music and performance were irresistible. It is a cheap phrase and a vulgar; but none quite so well suits the moment—Bach in this Concerto sounded two hundred years young; while the gentlemen who played him—to say nothing of the audience that heard him—had appreciably renewed their youth. The virtuosity of the present band, the conductor's flair for eighteenth-century music, never beat higher.

Tagging this Concerto of Bach, Beethoven's Concerto for Violin kept better company than it deserves. Of course, it also is the work of a great master; but so, as well, is the fussy bit about a lost penny. It was written at the beginning of Beethoven's ripest years; yet, if we are to believe the program-book, among so many more important matters that he barely knocked it together in time for public performance; while the much-enduring Clementi, the violinist, read most of it at sight. Anyhow, it is century-old classic, not to be questioned. With as much good will as he can muster for these biennial repetitions (and oftener) at the Symphony Concerts, the listener sits before it—and straightway falls into that damnable questioning. Has anyone ever counted the twists and turns of the devil of repetition that possessed Beethoven in the final Rondo? Does the melody about which the violin is clinging vine in the slow movement linger in memory and jog anticipating imagination? Rather we hail it with a "There you are again," under our circumspect breaths. The first movement throws up more affecting measures but as speedily loses them in the tanglefoot of "passage-work." Men and brethren, do we not know in our secret hearts that the great-souled Ludwig wrote this Concerto as a "vehicle" for his friend, Clementi; that he did this journeyman's job rather more freshly than most; and so down the ages slips his music?



Occasionally the violinist, the conductor and the orchestra are salvation. Yesterday, at the least, all three were a very present help in time of boredom. Mr. Koussevitzky, for example, seemed resolved that the music should regain vitality and renew delight. He whipped up that repetitious Finale; he slipped in little suspensions of his own; by pace and accents bade the violinist go to it. He hushed the slow movement; courted the softest of euphonies; would have the violinist embroider a gossamer-pattern. As for the first Allegro, he sharpened tone and rhythm as one saying to himself "Mon Dieu, will this music never bite?" As bravely Mr. Szigeti did his part. He had risen but a day or two back from a sick bed; he seemed as one who beats down an unconquerable shyness in the concert-room, who plays with throbbing nerves rather than free-flowing sap. At the outset he over-bowed and over-accented and was shrill; but once he had gained a modicum of confidence, the fineness and the liveness of his tone beguiled the ear. It spun tracteries; caught lusters; lacked neither silken texture nor rhythmic pulse; was voice to the wistful spirit that peered out of the violinist; as such often glamoured pattern with mood. Yet so delicate is this tone that a single over-stroke will mar it—precious but perilous possession for so keen-strung a musician. Seemingly, it was this sensibility that made Mr. Szigeti's cadenzas sound, not as intricate or forthputting display, but as new graces by fancy bred upon the music. So finely tempered a violinist comes not often this way. Mozart must touch him to the quick—and now and then, no doubt, a modern.

Two of that breed divided the second part of the concert—one to such joy in the audience that it must have orchestra and conductor standing before it would quit the hall at the end of a longish matinee. Again it heard Respighi's "Pines of Rome," and with a new nightingale. That is to say, an unworn record sounded for the phonographic bird. It was also better placed and better handled; even raised speculations as to Mr. Respighi's dealings with his feathered—or his metalled—friend. Having heard it warble did he adjust to its song the fine-spun euphonies of his music? Or, having set these measures to paper, did he go a-birding in the shops until he found the complementary trill? Neither matters; for to speak by the card, the nightingale is fast subsiding before the darting brattlings of the Villa Borghese and the thunderous soldiery of the Roman March.

Beside this first and last division of the tone-poem the ghostly chant of the Catacombs, the sighing breezes of the Janiculum are already diminished. The scholarly and ingenious Respighi wrote the one; the lyric and Italianate Respighi cut none too original a pattern for the other, where—as the pounding rhythms, the rushing figures, the outflinging orchestra, the monstrous climax of the Roman March hammer out a brazen music of the ancient

grandeur not to be withstood in our own particular age of steel. Finer tour de force is the music of the playing children. It teems with invention; it is alive with artifice; it actually finds new rhythms, movement, glint and color. The mind darts hither and thither trying to follow the facture; the imagination finds perpetual motion at last achieved. Besides, each of these tone-pictures—one for might and one for magic—is a veritable conglomeration upon the conductors and the orchestras now repeating them. Whether he whirrs in the air or pounds at the paving stones, the director must wring another inch out of himself and two more from the band. As for Mr. Koussevitzky and the Bostonians, yesterday they measured frenzy—which is not an easy merger.

The joined fragments—Prelude, Warriors' Dance, Dance of Slave-Women—from Monsieur Roussel's opera-ballet, "Padmavati," have no such Latin clarity. The Prelude prefigures a romantic, luxuriant drama in music, proceeding in Hindu scene to tragic end; the two dances are rites of hospitality between princes. The Orient has long quickened Monsieur Roussel's spirit—the Indies and the Indies, as in "Padmavati," of old legend. He is fair also, in these latter days, to write a music of intensified individuality. Like no other man's shall it sound; for it no school shall have laid audible foundations. Upon the listening imagination these three pieces strike home, though there is no stage to kindle it and only a bald summary for approach. Yet the streaming measures of the Prelude seem as veils that blow back and forth upon this Indian scene; while through the rifts come glimpses of pride and passion, woes and fates. They are distant, they are strange; they stir a wondering expectation. . . . The Warriors' Dance sounds; an uncanny rhythmic beat propels it, harsh and hard; uncouth are the contours, grating the harmonies. Vigors certainly, but rude, strange, troubling. . . . The women's dance quickens and stays, straightens and droops, diffuses a pent and acrid sensuality. There is death-in-life in the air.

Plainly a music intended to evoke illusion and by no means failing of its end; yet, at a single hearing, in method altogether baffling. Scraps of motifs flit past; the rhythmic motion is incessant and usually perturbing; the harmonic and instrumental color subdued, stripped, poignant. The surfaces are often rough-coated; modulation and transition cut and are bitter upon the ear; an acrid tang exhales. The measures have a piercing force in themselves—arrayed, assorted, interlaced each for its instant impression rather than in the clear, cumulated progress of a musico-dramatic design. As in his Symphony of a year and a half ago, Monsieur Roussel rasps and repels. The hearer turns away; yet forthwith curiosity, expectation, a certain emotion, draw him back again. Out of strangeness may yet come admiration. H. T. P.

## MUSIC OF ROUSSEL, NOTABLE VIOLINIST, PLEASURES AT HAND

Jan. 18, 1926  
FRESH COMERS TO THE SYMPHONY  
CONCERTS

Fragments of the Parisian's Opera-Ballet,  
"Padmavati"—Mr. Szigeti from the New  
Generation of European Virtuosi—Mr.  
Press Dispenses Adult Music to the  
Young People—Program and Audience—  
Return of Messrs. Johnson and Gordon

IN THE SPRING of 1923, the Opéra at Paris produced "Padmavati," opera-ballet in Hindu scene, to a text and action devised by Monsieur Louis La-loy, whose knowledge of the Orient is deep; with music written by Monsieur Albert Roussel, whose imagination the East also haunts. "Padmavati" was notably well received; but like most other novel pieces before the routined Parisian public, it gradually slipped from the active repertory. Two orchestral suites survive from it and the first of these will be played at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday. It consists of the Prelude to Act I, a Dance of Warriors marked by vigorous five and seven beats to the bar; a Dance of Slave-Women. These dances are incidents of the fête in which one of the war-ringing princes welcomes the other, ostensibly come to make his peace.

When "Padmavati" was new piece in Paris, The Transcript drew from Le Temps a summary of the musico-dramatic narrative: "The action passes in the mighty city of Chitor within a rose-colored palace, where a just prince, Ratan-Sen, rules in accordance with accepted laws. He has taken to wife the Princess of Singhal, Padmavati, like to the daughter of a god, a fragrance to the nostrils, and ravishing to eyes and ears. A Brahmin who fears none of the pains of transmigration has renounced the ten virtues and the rules of his caste to abandon himself to hopeless

passion for the queen. Like some lean, carnivorous jackal, he prowls about the apartments belonging to Padmavati. He is ignominiously expelled from Chitor. Then, flattering himself with plans for vengeance, he journeys to the court of Delhi, where he gains the ear of Prince Aladdin in his criminal enterprise. Aladdin raises his warlike standard to the blue heavens and marches upon the King of Chitor, to conquer for himself Padmavati, whose beautiful countenance is like to the moon at its fullness.

"The battles which ensue are long and indecisive. The Mogul prince and his adviser, the Brahmin, decide upon a new ruse. They make it known that they will sue for peace, and go up, under escort, to the palace of Chitor. Mistrustful, yet hospitable towards his guests, the king greets Aladdin graciously. Upon his command soldiers, slaves and women of the palace dance and sing, endeavoring by every means to gratify the caprice and the vanity of Aladdin. But the latter demands to see Padmavati. She appears, so ordered by her lord, unveils her face for a moment, and departs hastily. Her beauty is so potent that Aladdin for an instant falls senseless into the arms of the Brahmin. He revives and departs more deeply stirred by lust than ever before. The Brahmin sets forth an insolent proposal as sole condition of a truce; the surrender of Padmavati. In retribution he is slaughtered by the crowd. Padmavati deplores this murder; offers a fervent prayer to the god of wisdom; throws herself full length upon the ground. The war drags on.

"But the fortunes of Chitor are no longer happy. The victorious enemy pushes into the city bathed in blood. Padmavati, together with the priests and the wives of the conquered folk, takes refuge in the temple of Siva. Ratan-Sen is wounded. Merciful to the remnants of his people, he importunes the queen to yield herself to the triumphant Mogul. Padmavati, for reply, gives a dagger through her husband's heart. After ceremonious funeral rites, the body of Ratan-Sen is borne forth for cremation. The haughty Padmavati, no longer buffeting the tempests of fate, mounts her husband's funeral pyre. As Aladdin, aided by his warriors, forces the gate of the temple, a few wisps of smoke still rise from the ashes. He gazes in awe from his great, slanting eyes. Here, then, is all that remains of his hot, boundless desire: drifting smoke and embers. From the air the gods praise the memory of the perfect spouse. She will suffer a new birth, to a station higher than that of humankind. Buddha himself will possess the hearts of those who have perceived in her story his sacred teachings."



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Hearing the music of "Padmavati," Monsieur Messenger wrote in Le Figaro: "For me Monsieur Roussel's underlying quality is movement and rhythm, in default of which music is only a body without a skeleton. He can give his ideas a large and logical development, and by his skill and complete knowledge of sonority rescue his harmonic scheme from crabbedness. The whole disengages an impression of force and at the same time of suppleness in expression that is very characteristic of Monsieur Roussel's personality. Notable passages are the dance of the warriors, the scene of the Brahmin's murder, one marked by vigorous rhythms in five and seven beats, the other treated with a remarkable power and impetuosity; then, in contrast, the song 'Elle monte au ciel,' of an expressive charm of sweetness and poesy. Remarkable pages abound, I can only affirm the high quality of the music, the elevation of its ideas, the nobility of its style. 'Padmavati' is, I repeat, one of the most striking works of the contemporary French school."

#### And Mr. Szigeti

At the Symphony Concerts, likewise, Mr. Josef Szigeti, the violinist, will play for the first times in Boston. He is a Hungarian, in his thirty-fourth year, of the new generation of European virtuosi that has lately yielded us Mr. Gieseking. Hubay schooled him; for a time he dwelt and worked in London; more recently he has gone up and down Continental concert-halls. Coming to the United States last autumn, he played with the Philadelphia and the Chicago Orchestras and in concerts of his own. Hearing Mr. Szigeti in New York and in the piece that he has chosen for tomorrow, Mr. Gilman wrote in The Tribune-Herald:

He played Beethoven's Concerto, and there need be no time wasted in saying that he played it often exquisitely, and always like a musician of scrupulous taste. Mr. Szigeti has none of the patina of the virtuoso. His modesty is flagrant and embarrassing—one almost hesitates to listen to him for fear of being suspected of eavesdropping. He stands half turned toward the conductor, as if appealing to him for protection from some savagery on the part of the audience. Yet seldom does an audience listen so closely and applaud with so warm a sincerity as the lustrious Philagorhamites did last evening.

Mr. Szigeti won a substantial and enviable success. His modesty of bearing, his evident sensibility, his uncorrupted sincerity are paired with the beauty of a tone which is fine-grained rather than large or brilliant, with poise and dignity of address. He plays with an exceptional intimacy of style; and after he had conquered the greater part of his nervousness, he read memorably the beautiful but long-winded and repetitious concerto.

## ANOTHER YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

Harold — *Arch. 18. 1926*

### Symphony Hall Audience Is Enthusiastic

At Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, the orchestra gave another of the Young People's concerts, with Michael Press again the conductor. The program, which will be repeated this afternoon, included Wagner's Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," two movements from Mozart's symphony in E flat major, Saint-Saens's prelude to "The Deluge," Beethoven's Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," three of the pieces of Tschalkowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody in F major. To close there was the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," in honor of the day—Evacuation.

Although it was the first concert that the orchestra has given since its recent trip, it was in admirable trim. Mr. Press, who is apparently to become the regular conductor of this series, again led with the robustness, and rhythmic energy that have marked each of his previous performances, especially in the overture to "The Flying Dutchman." As before, at the regular concerts, he made it magnificently alive, and this time he made Senta's theme much lovelier.

The Saint-Saens prelude, now seldom seen on a concert program, or heard in the hall, is merely a sensuous French concoction, and although the above is suggested in the violin solo, which Mr. Theodorowicz played yesterday, there is little of the deluge. Again the Liszt rhapsody, with its dance variants, sounded fresh and eloquent, although at times slow footed, and repetitious.

But the Wagner Overture, the two movements of the Mozart, the minuet and the finale, and the Turkish march, which Mr. Press was obliged to repeat, stood out head and shoulders above the rest. The audience was very large, and very enthusiastic. Mr. Surette wrote the program notes but he did not address the audience. E. G.

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## Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, at 8.15 o'clock

Delmas . . . . . Overture to "Penthésilée"  
(First time in America)

Spelman . . . . . "Assisi," The Great Pardon of St. Francis  
(First Performance)

Ravel . . . . . "Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose")  
Five Children's Pieces

- I. Pavane de la Belle au Bois Dormant.  
(Pavane of Sleeping Beauty.)
- II. Petit Poucet.  
(Hop o' my Thumb.)
- III. Laideronnette, Impératrice des Pagodes.  
(Laideronette, Empress of the Pagodas.)
- VI. Les Entretiens de la Belle et de la Bête.  
(Beauty and the Beast Converse.)
- V. Le Jardin Féerique.  
(The Fairy Garden.)

Tchaikovsky . . . . . Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

- I. Andante sostenuto; moderato con anima (in movimento di valse).
- II. Andantino in modo di canzona.
- III. Scherzo; pizzicato ostinato: Allegro.
- IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

For announcement of PENSION FUND CONCERTS see page 1682

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





FRANZ KNEISEL.

IN MEMORY OF  
FRANZ KNEISEL

(JANUARY 26, 1865—MARCH 26, 1926)

CONCERT-MASTER OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
1885-1903

THE FUNERAL MARCH FROM BEETHOVEN'S "EROICA"  
SYMPHONY WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE BEGINNING OF  
THE PROGRAMME.

## SYMPHONY GIVES 20TH CONCERT

*Herald* Feb. 27, 1926  
Conductor Koussevitzky  
and Orchestra Equally  
Inspired

### PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Delmas, overture to "Penthesilee" (first time in the United States); Spelman, "Assisi" (first performance); Ravel, "Mother Goose"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 4, F minor. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra followed an exquisitely poetic performance of Ravel's suite by playing Tchaikovsky's Symphony as it never has been played here; a reading that was indescribably emotional, dramatic, over-powering; but let us first speak of the two unfamiliar compositions.

Marc Delmas, born in 1835, was awarded at the Paris Conservatory the Prix de Rome in 1919. He has written several orchestral pieces and much for the stage. It has been said of him: "He is the typical musician-laureate." Is this a compliment or a sneer?

For Alfred Mortier's tragedy "Penthesilee" produced at the Odeon, Paris, in 1922, he wrote the overture and incidental music. We are concerned now with the overture, not with the dramatist's version of the old legend, yet this overture may be supposed to pre-figure the salient events of the play—the prowess of the Amazon in battle, her love for Achilles whom she overthrew, and her tragic end; as Massenet succeeded in his overture to Racine's "Phedre."

Dumas's overture is frankly theatrical, theatre music, rather than of an imaginatively symphonic nature. He mistook bombast for wild passion, noise for impressive sonority. The second based on the "love theme" has superficial sentiment rather than amorous intensity. His orchestration is for the most part thick, not varied in color. This is surprising, for the French composers of the later years seem to be born with

a modern treatise on instrumentation in their hand; in fact their skill in orchestration is more conspicuous than their musical ideas.

Mr. Spellman's "Assisi" is the last movement of a suite entitled "Saints Days." It is preceded by "Sorrento: the Feast of St. Anthony;" "Venice, the Festival of the Redeemer;" "Siena, the Pallo." It is possible that "Assisi" would gain in effect if it were heard in conjunction with the other movements, yet it is not difficult to understand the composer's intentions: music suggested, as he says in his modest note, by the religious festival, without the following of a detailed program. Hence the solemn march-like tempo; the ecclesiastical flavor of many passages; above all a certain mysticism that is not vague, not too insistent, but is contemplative and uplifting. Now that Mr. Spellman has heard "Assisi" he may find that some of the contrapuntal pages are so orchestrated that the wail of the different parts is not clearly defined; that there are involved measures which, while they show technical ingenuity, might gain by greater instrumental simplicity. When all is said, "Assisi" is creditable to his scholarship and to his lofty purpose. We are far from the sacred processional music of the theatrically minded, of which, that for the procession in "The Jewels of the Madonna" is probably the most shocking example. Mr. Koussevitzky had prepared the two unfamiliar pieces with his customary care; in the performance he led with his customary enthusiasm. Mr. Spellman was called to the platform, for the audience evidently liked "Assisi."

In many ways Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony is more characteristic, more racial than his fifth or his sixth. He has been overpraised; it is the fashion now in certain quarters to undervalue him. He still remains one of the few great figures in the musical world of the latter half of the 19th century. Let his "mannerisms" be granted. What composer from Handel down the years is free from mannerisms? Certainly not Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Wagner, Brahms, Franck, Debussy.

It is not given to every conductor to conduct Tchaikovsky's music with understanding and sympathy. His music is not for the rigidly academic; not for the scrupulous crossers of "t's" and dotters of "i's." The conductor must meet this self-torturing Russian more than half-way. He must not soften his wild lamentations, his stormy cries. He must find significance in the repetitions that disturb priggish objectors; in the tossing of phrases from one group of instruments to another. A conductor that puts on kid gloves for the conducting of Tchaikovsky's music is lost. Furthermore, the ideal conductor with this fourth symphony on the desk must have an orchestra like the Boston Sym-





FRANZ KNEISEL.

IN MEMORY OF  
FRANZ KNEISEL

(JANUARY 26, 1865—MARCH 26, 1926)

CONCERT-MASTER OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
1885-1903

THE FUNERAL MARCH FROM BEETHOVEN'S "EROICA"  
SYMPHONY WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE BEGINNING OF  
THE PROGRAMME.

# SYMPHONY GIVES 20TH CONCERT

Conductor Koussevitzky  
and Orchestra Equally  
Inspired

## PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Delmas, overture to "Penthesilee" (first time in the United States); Spelman, "Assisi: the Great Pardon of St. Francis" (first performance); Ravel, "Mother Goose"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 4, F minor. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra followed an exquisitely poetic performance of Ravel's suite by playing Tchaikovsky's Symphony as it never has been played here; a reading that was indescribably emotional, dramatic, over-powering; but let us first speak of the two unfamiliar compositions.

Marc Delmas, born in 1855, was awarded at the Paris Conservatory the Prix de Rome in 1919. He has written several orchestral pieces and much for the stage. It has been said of him: "He is the typical musician-laureate." Is this a compliment or a sneer?

For Alfred Mortier's tragedy "Penthesilee" produced at the Odeon, Paris, in 1922, he wrote the overture and incidental music. We are concerned now with the overture, not with the dramatist's version of the old legend, yet this overture may be supposed to pre-figure the salient events of the play—the prowess of the Amazon in battle, her love for Achilles whom she overthrew, and her tragic end; as Massenet succeeded in his overture to Racine's "Phedre."

Dumas's overture is frankly theatrical, theatre music, rather than of an imaginatively symphonic nature. He mistook bombast for wild passion, noise for impressive sonority. The second based on the "love theme" has superficial sentiment rather than amorous intensity. His orchestration is for the most part thick, not varied in color. This is surprising, for the French composers of the later years seem to be born with

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phony Orchestra as it is today, elastic, capable of sudden dynamic gradations, eloquent in its frenzy, euphonious even when Tchaikovsky rages.

Yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky was the inspired conductor; his orchestra was equally inspired. And to show that he was not merely Tchaikovsky's man, he conducted Ravel's suite with the utmost delicacy, the finest feeling.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Pierne, "Franciscan Landscapes"; Debussy, Gigue; Stravinsky, Song of the Nightingale; Brahms's Symphony No. 2, D major.

### Novelties on Program of Boston Orchestra

Monitor — *Adh. 27. 1926.*

The program of the twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Delmas.....Overture "Penthésilée"  
Spelman....."Assisi, the Great Pardon of St. Francis"  
Ravel....."Ma Mère l'Oye"  
Tchaikovsky  
Symphony No. 4 in F minor op. 36

This was an afternoon of novelty, for Delmas' Overture was played for the first time in America and Spelman's "Assisi" was played for the first time anywhere.

This overture is of a type long since familiar in concert rooms. Effective, well written (for it is immediately apparent that it is the work of a well schooled technician) it contains little to arrest the attention. It contains high sounding phrases, it is brilliantly orchestrated, but it in reality expresses little. Its composer, according to the program book, has won a considerable number of prizes. On hearing this overture one is not surprised at the fact, for the writer of such eminently respectable music is bound to win the esteem of juries. Of originality, of a marked individuality it shows little trace.

Upon its heels came "Assisi, the Great Pardon of St. Francis," by Timothy Mather Spelman, a graduate of Harvard University. Like the overture by Delmas, it is music of little character, and unlike that of the Frenchman, it does not exhibit the same technical mastery. M. Delmas often conceals the poverty of

his musical thoughts by the gorgeous orchestral dress with which he clothes them, but Mr. Spelman possesses not this resource. He does not as yet use the orchestral medium with freedom and his music often gives the impression of a too literal translation into an unfamiliar tongue.

Yet among the pages of his score there are here and there passages of promise, passages which show that the composer has a feeling, an instinct for the language of the orchestra, although his ability to express himself in it may at times be halting. The underlying thought of the composition is poetic. A more expert hand might have brought it to more complete expression.

Then followed Ravel's delightful "Mother Goose" Suite. Here was music in which the thought and the method of its expression were in the closest agreement; and, moreover, here were real musical thoughts seeking expression. Each movement of this suite is a finely wrought jewel, the work of a master craftsman and of a poet in tones as well.

To conclude the exercises of the afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky chose to play Tchaikovsky's strident Fourth Symphony. His temperament is well suited to the Tchaikovskian ardors. And, be it said, he often contrives to give them a dignity which no other conductor in recent years has succeeded in giving them. It is possible that he takes them seriously and that the composer's fantastic melancholy really appeals to him. In any case yesterday afternoon brought forth an unusually fine performance of the symphony, in which many of its most commonplace passages were made almost convincingly sincere, a performance which was brilliant without coarseness, emotional without exaggeration or false theatricalism.

The same may not be said, without some reservations, of the playing of Ravel's suite. The exquisite refinement of this music seemed somewhat beyond Mr. Koussevitzky's ken. Too often was he consciously subtle. It is perhaps difficult for Mr. Koussevitzky to be simple, but Ravel's music is all artful simplicity. Mozartian in its clarity, and so its essence often escaped Mr. Koussevitzky. S. M.

## SYMPHONY REVELS IN VIRTUOSITY

Post — *Adh. 27. 1926*

### Plays Tchaikovsky's Fourth as Never Before in Boston

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To recall the Symphony concerts since the coming of Mr. Koussevitzky is, for many, to think first of his conducting of the music of his fellow countrymen, and this is no disparagement of his remarkable achievements with the music of other lands. And to the list of notable performances of Russian music may now be added that of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony at the concert of yesterday afternoon.

#### ITS VITALITY RESTORED

For sustained musical interest and as a well-rounded, evenly proportioned work of art, Tchaikovsky's Fourth may not compare favorably with the two that came after it. Yet it is unquestionably more typically Russian and perhaps also more truly personal. Certainly it is far less polished and polite. In it there speaks the Tchaikovsky who was emotionally a child of nature, a man whose feelings were of primitive intensity and strength.

To soften and refine this Symphony, as some conductors have done, to subdue it to a decorum seemly for the concert-room, is to devitalize it, to

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rob it of its most characteristic quality. From such error, needless to say, Mr. Koussevitzky refrained. On the contrary, he laid on and spared not. In the first movement the music sobbed and shrieked, alternately flamed or languished.

The pervading theme of Fate, so different from the corresponding motive in Tchaikovsky's succeeding symphony, sounded the note, not only of awe, but of terror. In headlong rush went the Finale, Mr. Koussevitzky's baton flashing in air like a sword of battle, the orchestra accomplishing marvels of virtuosity, tossing off Tchaikovsky's sixteenths as though they were child's play, outwardly in a very delirium of emotion yet actually in hair-trigger response to the conductor's will.

Contrasted more than ever sharply to the passion of the first movement and the excitements of the last, the melancholy Andantino and the Scherzo of plucked strings and isolated wind-choir each came and went yesterday in beautifully finished performance, while throughout the Symphony there was an elasticity remarkable even for this orchestra's present prowess. Hardly had the last chord ceased to sound before the audience sought release in frantic applause that continued unabated until Mr. Koussevitzky, on his third return to the stage, brought the players to their feet.

#### New Record for Applause

Already, for the matter of that, at the close of Ravel's charming "Mother Goose" had such acknowledgment been made. And the applause that greeted the first performance anywhere of Timothy Mather Spelman's tone-poem, "Assisi: the Great Pardon of St. Francis," and that lasted while the composer bowed twice from his seat and then came thrice to the front of the platform, helped to make this a record concert in the matter of clapping of hands.

Mr. Spelman, an American making his chief residence in Florence, has written in this, the fourth of a series of "Saints' Days," music of worth and interest in which the mood of religious festival is well sustained, and that prompts curiosity as to the nature and content of its three companions.

By way of introduction to a more than usually enjoyable concert Mr. Koussevitzky led the first American performance of Marc Delmas' Overture to Alfred Mortier's "Penthésilée," a well-made, well-sounding composition with an appropriate theatrical flavor and suggesting in its warlike introduction that this Parisian had not forgotten the "Gwendolyn" of Chabrier.



# CONTRASTING MUSICS, VARIABLE CONDUCTOR, CHANGEFUL CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 27, 1926  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY TRANSFORMS  
CHAIKOVSKY

His Fourth Symphony as Never Before in  
Boston—An Uncanny, Nerve-Racking  
Performance—Ravel's "Mother Goose"  
Pieces Come but Poorly Off—Common-  
place from Paris and Mr. Spelman for  
New Composer

CONDUCTORS, like housewives, undergo the pangs of spring-cleaning. The concert-season draws toward a close; they have but few more programs to make; on their tables lie this and that score accepted but unperformed. One by one they scrutinize them. "Ah yes! There is Loud-speaker's tone-poem and I promised to play it last autumn. And what's this? Chant-douloureux's suite. He'll remind me of it when I meet him in Paris. Paukenpöbel's Concerto? The fellow assured me I should have the first performance in America." And so on, through a "devastating" heap. Rule and custom point the way. Lump two, three, four or five of these waiting scores into the remaining programs, and the trick is turned. Long memories will recall Dr. Muck's "spring-clearances" of promised pieces; while, yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky succumbed (as it seemed) to similar temptation, when he began the Symphony Concert with "Penthesilea," overture by Monsieur Marc Delmas, the like-named play by Monsieur Alfred Mortier produced at the Odéon in Paris four seasons ago.

The dictionaries of music do not discourse extensively of the composer; nor does record of the playwright's drama more abound. By all accounts, it was "just one more" of those "heroic tragedies" in verse, the brief performance of which, at one or the other of the State theaters, preserves the dignity of the French stage. Usually music decorates them and Monsieur Delmas's overture is likewise "just one more" of the preludes proper to such occasion. It is sonorously written for normal modern orchestra. It is well-made according to orthodox theory and practice. It tempers this orthodoxy with

conventional dissonances of the twentieth-century teens. It alleviates it with patches of color that would not have irritated the late Monsieur Saint-Saëns or dismayed the late Monsieur Massenet, recalling, perhaps, his own overture, prefixed for similar purpose to "Phèdre." Monsieur Delmas's music implied that Penthesilea was a distressed lady; that she lived in a barbaric and warlike time; that fate harried her. Forthwith, presumably, the curtain rose upon Monsieur Mortier's play. It is not likely to rise again (in a manner of speaking) upon Monsieur Delmas's overture at the Symphony Concerts. The learned "programist" came valiantly to the rescue. Over four pages he wrote amusingly of the amours of Achilles and the Amazonian queen.

With his second number, Mr. Koussevitzky, as the lawyers say, shifted the venue. The composer was now American. Mr. Timothy Spelman, not unknown in these parts during his days in Harvard College; while the background to his piece was pietistic and Italian. Mr. Spelman, it appears, has composed four tone-poems which he names collectively "Saints' Days" and which he would have played together. One pictures the festival of Little Saint Anthony at Sorrento; another, the Redentore at Venice; the third, the racing Pallo at Siena; the last (for which only the conductor found room) the "Great Pardon of Saint Francis" at Assisi, where, through his holiness, thousands of pilgrims gain remission for their sins, and in procession sing his praises and the praises of Mary, the Mother of God. Seemingly, Mr. Spelman would evoke the time, the place, the movement. A solemn rite engages him—no bustling, motley, half-pagan festival of the sun-kissed and earth-bound south.

A march-rhythm, gradually accentuated and broadened, carries the pilgrim-train along its monotonous way. The earlier shape and substance of the music are spare and grave: designedly dun is the coloring. The day is gray; the road dusty; the penitents oppressed. The flute sings a mounting, ecstatic melody. The orchestra unfolds and ripens it. Above the march-like music it hovers as in blessing. Together they rise into a hymn of glory, laud and honor. The tone-poem maintains itself as a musical structure; as it proceeds, it summons the atmosphere and the illusion that Mr. Spelman would compass. The melody for the flute touches the imagination. The march-rhythm works its spell upon the ear. There are technical felicities in the handling of the instrumental voices, especially when Mr. Spelman uses them sparsely. The workmanship is often well-considered. And therein lurks the first shortcoming of the piece. By dint of thought and will and process it seems to be written, not in emotion recollected and rekindled. The second shortcoming is

akin. Austere and repressed as many measures designedly are, Mr. Spelman seems often only half-articulate. While he is assiduously finding the expressive means, the thought, the impulse, the mood have cooled. With audible labor must he re-warm them. . . . Hearty applause brought the composer home again.

So much for "spring-clearances." Yet not comfortably could some of us sit before Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Ravel's "Mother-Goose" pieces. They are familiar and remembered matter at Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck was fond of them; Mr. Monteux did not overlook them. It was a pleasure to anticipate them anew; for in those years of early prime Ravel seemed to attain the final felicity of the artist. His medium and his means exactly and fully conveyed the thought behind, the feeling within, the design that is vehicle, the intent that is whip and spur. Through the brief Pavane and the wistful tale of "Hop o' My Thumb," all went relatively well. The tone of the orchestra was light and warm, edgeless, golden. The sensuous delight of it dulled the suspicion that Mr. Koussevitzky was slowing the pace.

The division of the "Pagodes" began—the little porcelain folk, who bob their heads before Laideronnette, their ugly Empress. "Mouvement de Marche" says the directing Ravel and 2-4 is the time-signature. But where was Mr. Koussevitzky's flicking march-rhythm and where the accents that used to set all the little heads comically a-teeter? The flavor, the fancy, the humorous suggestion of the music quite half evaded him. Nor was he more fortunate with the "Dialogue of Beauty and the Beast." The measures for bassoon did not rumble in Beast's throat; for Beauty the clarinet and strings did not simmer; Ravel's "Mouvement de Valse Très-Modéré" seemed but faintly rhythmed. In degree, the Finale brought happier end; for there at least conductor and orchestra caught the shimmer of Ravel's "Fairy Garden"—and a formal garden too. For the first time in long recollection, Mr. Koussevitzky, with these "Mother-Goose" pieces, left music semi-savorless.

When, however, for the second half of the concert, the conductor passed to Chalkovsky's Fourth Symphony, most of this prelude was forgotten and all of it was forgiven. Plainly Mr. Koussevitzky regarded this symphony in F minor as the chief concern of the day; for the first time he was playing it in Boston; upon the preparation he had spared neither time nor pains. For him seemingly, the piece fell into two grand divisions—one, the first movement as a tone-poem self-contained and full-rounded; the other, the canzona, scherzo and whirling finale which, as Chalkovsky himself said, "are simple."

The design, of course, is the one design by which in his maturer years Peter Ilitsch expressed himself symphonically. Fate the torturer, Fate the denier, Fate the negation of joyous living, stalks a sombre introduction. Dreads and despairs are the lot of mortals. With dreams and visions (and orchestral song) they may dispel them. Vanity of vanities! The old misery returns; happiness is but phantom. . . . There is the solace of melancholy mood, caressing the ghosts of memory—Andantino in Modo di Canzona. . . . There is the solace of nervous, yet purposeless, animation—Pizzicato Ostinato, Allegro. . . . There is the release (for a while) of frenzied merriment and the common life—Allegro con Fuoco with a folk-tune.

The Fifth Symphony deepened and sharpened this design. The Sixth darkened it into a tragedy of dread and dissolution. Fate Chalkovsky called this haunting, pursuing, inevitable bane. Yet some may also read it as the fear of death, the shrinking from this dear mortality annihilated. From a child, the pang beset Mozart and crept at last into his Mass of Requiem. Yet with music-making he oftener averted it. The nervous sensibility, the Slavic morbidity, of Chalkovsky drove it at large through three Symphonies. With him music-making fed it.

All of which is neither here nor there in the face of Mr. Koussevitzky finding new voice for this Fourth Symphony, with a strange imagery clothing it. Out of the abyss strides the dreadful Fate of the introduction. Rough-edged is the tonal surface; harsh the progress; rude the power. The first movement proper begins and the conductor will have it all fantasmal. He takes the dreams and visions at Chalkovsky's word. Ghostly and ghastly they flit across the orchestra. Even the songful Chalkovsky sounds uncanny. A desirous music reaches out and returns empty-handed. By sheer will and imagination of the conductor familiar pages are transmogrified. An audience of New Englanders enters into this Slavic emotional irritability and self-delusion. By the impact of these tones it also is racked. At the end, it seeks the relief, as well as gives the reward, of applause. . . .

Through the canzona Mr. Koussevitzky maintained this fantasmal mood. A ghostly melancholy threaded it. The French call such music "nostalgique." Our nearest word is "wistful." It is the homesickness of the spirit. . . . The custom was to receive the Scherzo as technical prowess—the string choir maintaining its "obstinate" pizzicato. Yesterday that pizzicato was only part of a vacant, restless insistent liveliness, curiously expressed. . . . The finale was rhythmic frenzy and songful din touching the earth only to upleap and outburst again. "Symphony in F minor, No. 4, Op. 36" said the precise



program ascribing it to Peter Chaikovsky. Yet as much, it was the symphony of Serge Koussevitzky. H. T. P.

## NEW MUSIC HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

*Yerke. — Feb. 27, 1926*  
**Delmas and Spelman Pieces for First Time Here**

The program of yesterday's Symphony concert began with the first performance in America of the overture to "Pentheslee," by Marc Delmas. The second number was "Assisi: The Great Pardon of St Francis," by Timothy Mather Spelman, played yesterday for the first time in public. Ravel's "Mother Goose," and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony were the other numbers.

Mr. Koussevitzky has made several changes since the original announcement, as has often been his way with programs, to the inconvenience of the not inconsiderable portion of his audience which makes an effort to study the music to be heard in advance of each concert.

Delmas, born in 1885 and resident in Paris, has a number of orchestral and other works to his credit, none of which have been performed in Boston or apparently in America. He was awarded the Prix de Rome in 1919 and has won several other French prizes. "Pentheslee," the overture to which was played yesterday, is described in the program books as an "heroic drama in verse" by Alfred Mortier, produced at the Odeon in Paris in 1922. There is incidental music by Delmas.

This overture, in a monotonously loud and seemingly rather muddled performance, left one with the general impression that here was a minor Massenet trying to write like a 20th century Wagner. There is a sonorous and dissonant preamble, mostly brass, followed by several episodes intended to be lyric and heroic by turns. In the theatre such music may be effective. But it seemed dull and tasteless yesterday, conventionally written and muddled scored by a man fulfilling a commission rather than writing from the heart.

### Composer Present

Timothy Mather Spelman, Harvard 1913, now living in New York, was present and very warmly applauded at the close of the first public performance of his "Assisi," which is the fourth of a set of four tone poems called "Saints' Days," written at Florence in 1923-25, and lately published in London.

Mr. Spelman cannot be accused of musical radicalism. His tone poem was suggested by the "Great Pardon of St Francis," but, as he says, "is in no sense strictly programmatic."

The structure is as simple as the old-fashioned minuet and trio. The first, and chief theme is a rather conventional rhythmic figure in 5-4 time repeated rather than developed. The second theme is an inconsequential series of notes for flute with celesta accompaniment, gradually reinforced by other instruments and leading up to "the main theme played fortissimo by the violins, and all the horns, fortissimo, accompanied by the full orchestra." The work as will be obvious ends in what the composer's analysis calls "a mood of glorification."

One felt that Mr. Spelman's carefully and correctly written and capably scored tone poem was creditable to his technical skill. But the utmost one can honestly say in its favor is that if he would chop it in half and rewrite it for piano solo it would be a not ineffective salon piece.

It is possible of course that Mr. Koussevitzky, who was yesterday not in the vein until Tchaikovsky's symphony was reached, did not do full justice to Mr. Spelman's music. And it is obviously true that such comment as this represents only the casual impression of one listener. But the reviewer can in common honesty do no more and no less than to record exactly what his impression of a new piece was.

### Familiar Symphony

Tchaikovsky's familiar symphony stirred Mr. Koussevitzky's emotions and through him the orchestra and the audience. Much of it is now outmoded. Much of it was never the honest expression of an honest emotion, but an attack of hysteria set to music. But its emotional power in a vivid, free reading like Mr. Koussevitzky's is not inconsiderable. The andantino and the famous pizzicato scherzo again seemed the most artistic portions of the work.

There is in the whole not a little of the Russian local color of which the Russian Nationalists are popularly supposed to have the monopoly. Let those who despise Tchaikovsky only to exalt Rimsky, compare the motto theme of this symphony and the theme in "Cord'or" when the golden cockerel gives its warning, consider the Russian folk songs in the andantino and finale and then point out wherein the superior "originality" and "nationalism" of Rimsky consists. Note also in Tchaikovsky's favor the quasi-Oriental passage work in minor keys for wind instruments in the first movement.

The radio audience will almost certainly find the pizzicato scherzo in Tchaikovsky's symphony the most enjoyable number on this week's program. The rest of the symphony will probably come through well. Ravel's "Mother Goose," in a curiously dull and colorless performance, did not make its effect yesterday, and as the above comment on them sufficiently shows, not much is to be expected from the new pieces. P. R.

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1926

## As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Although Franz Kneisel had not lived here for some years, his many friends in Boston were faithful to him, and the musical influence he had exerted was more than a tradition. As concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he was the ideal man for Wilhelm Gericke. As a solo violinist he thought more of the composer than of the audience and was, first of all, intensely musical rather than flashily brilliant. The Quartet he founded won an international reputation. Teaching, he inspired his pupils with high ideals. In private life he was hospitable, generous, companionable; clean, and not without a sense of humor.

For many seasons it was "the thing" to attend the Kneisel Quartet concerts. The various halls were completely filled. Then, as all fashions change, the audiences grew less and less. A season at Fenway Court did not increase noticeably the number of hearers, though some subscribed so that they could say: "I was at Mrs. Gardner's last night," as if they had been invited guests. There is snobbery in musical enthusiasm as elsewhere. Climbers are always hotly appreciative of music when a concert is "patronized" by the haberdasher's "best people."

The Kneisel quartet left Boston for New York, and thus the prestige of this city as a "musical centre" was diminished.

Educated in Vienna, a city long famous for its unwillingness to welcome the music of strangers with new ideas and new methods of expression, an ardent worshipper of Brahms, Franz Kneisel was not in haste to introduce new chamber music. Not that he was narrow-minded, a hide-bound conservative; but the idiom of this or that composer was to him at first a puzzle. He grew from year to year in understanding, in sympathy. Rehearsing these new works, he took infinite pains. He told us that two years were spent in preparing Cesar Franck's quartet. This was only one instance of his thoroughness, his desire to produce an unfamiliar work in perfection of performance. This thoroughness was a characteristic of his whole musical life; as concertmaster, soloist, quartet leader and teacher. He respected his art and made others respect it.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS IN TRIBUTE TO KNEISEL

With All in Hall Standing, Funeral March Is Given

To the memory of Franz Kneisel, violinist and director of the famous Kneisel Quartet, who died at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York on Friday, Mr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony orchestra paid beautiful tribute at last evening's concert by playing, before the regular program, the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. On taking his place Mr. Koussevitzky bade the orchestra rise, whereupon the audience did likewise. With everyone in the hall but the cellists standing, the strains of the Beethoven Funeral March were made the impressive vehicle for paying respect to the memory of the man who from 1885 to 1903 served the Boston Symphony orchestra as concert master. *Herald Mel. 28. 1926*

## MUSICIANS ATTEND FUNERAL

*Trans. — Mel. 30. 1926*  
Services for Franz Kneisel, Violinist, Long Concert Master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Held in Forest Hills Chapel

Boston friends of Franz Kneisel, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1885 to 1903, director of the Kneisel Quartet during its thirty-two years of chamber music, doctor of music at Yale, paid their final respects to the musician today at services held at eleven o'clock in the chapel at Forest Hills cemetery. The brief observance, conducted by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, D. D., was impressive in its dignity and its simplicity. It followed a service of a similar nature held in New York yesterday, at which Dr. Charles M. Douglas of Peekskill, N. Y., a friend of the noted violinist, officiated, and at which Dr. Frank Damrosch, of the Institute of Musical Art, of which Mr. Kneisel was director, delivered a brief eulogy.

The body lay in a niche of floral tributes banked high in the bay of the chapel. Around the basket were wreaths and sheafs of snapdragon, carnations and a profusion of lilies, arranged among palms. In the number were a lyre of lavender-sweet peas from Mr. Kneisel's class at the Institute of Musical Art; a sheaf of roses and lilies of the valley from the directors and faculty of the institute; one from the Bohemian Club; a sheaf of yellow rosebuds from the Beethoven Association and various personal remembrances.

Music at the service consisted of a chorale by Bach and a part of a chorus from Brahms' Requiem, by Wallace Goodrich, organist, and the Largo from Haydn's Quartet in D Major, by a string quartet.



composed of Mrs. William Ellery, Julius Theodorowicz and L. Artières of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Alwin Schroeder, former member of the orchestra.

Dr. Frothingham opened the service by reading the Twenty-third Psalm. Other Scriptural references brought the message of majesty and eternity and hopefulness and consolation to the friends assembled and the violinist's family, describing death as a part of nature, similar to the setting of the sun or the falling of the leaves. In his prayer Dr. Frothingham paid tribute to the artist who lifted men and by his work added to the melodies of this life and the world everlasting. What men call death, he said, is simply the beginning and the grave is the shadowy gateway to life divine.

Honorary pallbearers at the service were Joseph Adamowski, a former first violin in the Boston Symphony Orchestra; G. W. Chadwick, president of the New England Conservatory of Music; Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the Boston Symphony Orchestra board of trustees; F. S. Converse, of the Conservatory; Charles A. Ellis, former manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the time Mr. Kneisel was concert master; Arthur Foote, the composer; Eugene Gruenberg, violinist of the Symphony Orchestra; Philip Hale, C. M. Loeffler, who shared the first desk of the violins with Mr. Kneisel; William MacKinlay, of the Musicians' Union; and Felix Winternitz, former violinist of the orchestra. Interment was at the cemetery.

## DEATH OF FRANZ KNEISEL

*Janus. — Feb. 27, 1926*  
Widely Known Violinist, Founder of Quartet Bearing His Name, and Long Concert Master of Symphony Orchestra

Franz Kneisel, violinist, director of the Kneisel quartet during its thirty-two years of existence, and a former concert master of Boston Symphony Orchestra, died in Roosevelt Hospital, New York city, last night. He was sixty-one years old, and his professional life had been more identified with Boston than any other city.

Franz Kneisel was born in Roumania of German parentage, in 1865. A pupil of Gruen and Hellmesberger of Vienna, he became concert master of the Hofburg Theater Orchestra in that city, and he was soon called to Berlin to be the concert master of Bilse's famous orchestra, to be the successor of such men as Ysaye and César Thomson.

When in 1885 Wilhelm Gericke invited him to Boston to succeed Bernhard Listemann as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, there was an indignant outcry at the time from musicians, lovers

of music and the press. One critic voiced the popular feeling when he wrote: "To drop Mr. Listemann from the position of concert master seems almost as terrific as it would be to discharge Mr. Zerrahn from the directorship of the Handel and Haydn."

### First Heard as Soloist in 1885

Mr. Kneisel began his duties as concert master in this city Oct. 17, 1885, and on Oct. 31 of the same year he made his first appearance in Boston as a soloist by playing Beethoven's concerto. He did not at first escape criticism, or even some severe attacks, but it was not long before he was recognized as a high rank concert master and a high rank soloist.

One critic later wrote of him: "He is not that comet-like being, the dazzling, phenomenal virtuoso; he is a star of the first magnitude, that shines with steady, reassuring, cheering brilliance; that shines serenely, while a manner of falling stars, meteors and other celestial phenomena excite wonder for a moment and then are lost in outer darkness. Concert master, soloist, quartet leader, he is the artist musician, a strong maker for musical righteousness."

### Member of Various Musical Bodies

Mr. Kneisel was a member of the Harvard Musical Association and the St. Botolph Club of Boston and many foreign musical organizations. He remained with the Boston Symphony Orchestra until 1903, when he resigned to devote his whole time to the Kneisel quartet, which he had established and which had become famous in the musical world.

While a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he conducted the orchestra in place of Mr. Nikisch while on a tour of the West and at the World's Fair in Chicago. He also conducted the orchestra in Boston on various occasions, and each year at the festival in Worcester. He played a Stradivarius (1714) which once belonged to his teacher, Grun of Vienna.

### Moved to New York in 1905

It was in 1905, when the school of music, endowed by James Loeb, was established in New York, that Mr. Kneisel was called to be head of the stringed instrument department of the school, with Frank Damrosch as director of the school. And Boston was as reluctant to lose this artist at that time, as it was hesitant to receive him in 1885. Mr. Kneisel had a summer home at Blue Hill, Me., where each year he maintained a summer school for his pupils.

In 1911 Yale University recognized what Kneisel had done in the field of music by conferring on him the honorary degree of doctor of music. After removing to New York he found time to bring out several works on music and compiled widely used collections. For years the Kneisel Quartet was recognized as a leading interpreter of chamber music in this country. It gave its last concert in Boston in 1917; and in noting the disbandment of the organization a Boston newspaper said:

"It is not easy to overstate the indebtedness of this country for what M. Kneisel and his associates have done to create a taste for this sweet and lovely music. They will still be heard severally, and as teachers will do fine educational work, but the disbanding of the quartet is a real calamity. There are plenty of fine performers on instruments, but a quartet is another matter; perhaps only the Joachim Quartet of Berlin has matched the splendid record which will close with the last Kneisel concert."

## Franz Kneisel

Richard Aldrich, His Friend, Recalls the Musician Who Set Standards

THERE have been few men who have done as much for the musical culture of this country as Franz Kneisel. He spent eighteen years in the influential and responsible post of concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For thirty years he maintained the Kneisel Quartet and made it not only the finest organization of its kind in this country, but also one that could bear comparison with the best and most famous in the world. He was for many years a teacher of the finest fibre, who bestowed upon his pupils the inestimable gift of musicianship rather than virtuosity.

Kneisel's greatest service was in

## Symphony to Broadcast Brahms's Requiem with Harvard Glee Club

*Harvard Globe, Feb. 27, 1926.*

This week-end promises an unusual musical treat to the great radio audience that has been enjoying the series of Boston Symphony orchestra broadcasts. Tonight, at 8:10, the 20th concert of the season will be broadcast from Symphony hall through stations WEEL, Boston; WCSH, Portland, and WEAN, Providence.

Tomorrow afternoon at 3:15, through station WEEL, will be broadcast the Pension fund concert of the Symphony orchestra, at which the full orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky will cooperate with the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society and soloists in Brahms's German Requiem. The story of this great musical masterpiece will precede its rendition and W. S. Quinby, sponsor of the Symphony orchestra broadcasts, will also speak to the radio audience about the pension fund and its purpose.



composed of Mrs. William Ellery, Julius Theodorowicz and L. Artières of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Alwin Schroeder, former member of the orchestra.

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SURDAY, MARCH 27, 1926

W. C. A. FUND IS  
\$904,575 SO FAR

Gov. Fuller, Luncheon Guest,  
Raises Gift to \$5000

Gov. Fuller was guest of honor at the Boston Young Women's Christian Association final campaign luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday. Enthusiastic applause greeted the announcement

## Franz Kneisel

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Kneisel's greatest service was in the new standards he set, the new revelations he made to his adopted country, in the art of chamber-music. Here his genius found his fullest scope; his peculiar qualities of musicianship fitted him for this task pre-eminently. He may almost be said to have been the first to show in this country what could be achieved in chamber-music by high technical mastery, unlimited work in rehearsal, the ripening of years of thought and reflection, joined to deep musical insight, unquestioned authority, an unerring taste and intuitive musical feeling. . . . No labor, no effort, was ever too great for him; and the results are writ large in the record he has left. . . . [New York Times]

*Trans. Mch. 29, 1926.*



## Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 2, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 3, at 8.15 o'clock

Mendelssohn . Overture, "The Hebrides" ("Fingal's Cave,") Op. 26

Debussy . . . . . Giggles: "Images" for Orchestra, No. 1

Stravinsky . . . . . Symphonic Poem "Chant du Rossignol"  
("The Song of the Nightingale")

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 73  
I. Allegro non troppo  
II. Adagio non troppo  
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino  
IV. Allegro con spirito

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





## 21ST CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

*Herald* Apr. 3, 1926  
Mendelssohn, Debussy,  
Stravinsky and Brahms  
on Program

### PERFORMANCE OF WORKS ADMIRABLE

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted yesterday afternoon by Mr. Koussevitzky in Symphony hall was as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture "The Hebrides." Debussy, Gigue. Stravinsky, "Song of the Nightingale." Brahms, Symphony, No 2, D major.

Debussy's "Gigue" had been played here only once, when it was produced by Dr. Muck nine years ago this month. The two other "Images" have had much better fortune. Why "Gigue" has been neglected, is not easy of explanation.

The original title was not "Gigue"; it was "Gigue Triste." Was Debussy in ironical mood when he associated the idea of sadness with a dance supposed to be riotously jolly? De Quincey once wrote, gorgeously rhetorical, about a ball, with the interweaving of the figures, the blaze of lights and jewels, "the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which forever touch the very birth of confusion," describing it as being a spectacle "that may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open." Surely the dances seen in parlors and ball rooms of today are a sad sight, unpleasant, absurd to the eye, with music disagreeable to the ear.

There is a peculiar melancholy in Debussy's "Gigue" that gives it a fascinating character. It is a subtle dance of death. One sees the skull scarcely covered by the radiant skin; the enchanting smile is really a ghastly grin. The twinkling feet will soon be motionless, and forever. Debussy should not have changed the title.

When one is inclined to sneer at Mendelssohn as the composer of "Elijah" and the sentimental, banal "Songs Without Words," there should also be the grateful remembrance of the man that composed the "Hebrides"

verture, the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," and certain pages of "The First Walpurgis Night."

In the "Hebrides" overture Mendelssohn shook off his priggish formalism. He had been deeply affected by the sight of Staffa and Fingal's cave; he was not ashamed to translate his emotions into music without obsequious obedience to the old pedagogic traditions. Here he is poetic, picturing the wildness of the far-off scene without too deliberate attempt at realism. Here is the suggestion—and with the small orchestra of the period!—as Mr. Apthorp put it, of screaming sea-birds, whistling winds, the salty smell of the seaweed on the rocks. For once Mendelssohn showed himself more than a careful manufacturer of music, when he revised his score, saying that the middle section smelt more of counterpoint than of train oil, sea-gulls and salt fish. The performance also was poetic.

No doubt Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale" would gain greatly in effect, if it were to be heard in the theatre in either of its former forms, as a lyric drama, or as a ballet. As a concert piece, it suffers, being too episodic, lacking continuity, with disturbing pauses, with sudden attacks of new subjects, all without apparent relationship. Yet there are fine, brilliant, beautiful pages in the work as it is heard in the concert hall, that is, as it was heard yesterday. Stravinsky's nightingale is more the bird of Milton and of Matthew Arnold, than the bird of Respighi, that graciously allowed its notes to be taken down for a gramophone record. (What bird could sing spontaneously and at ease knowing that its song would be canned for the criticism of generations to come?) The Chinese March and the burlesque Funeral March are more than ingeniously clever. Then there is that simple but haunting song of the fisherman, wonderfully well played by Mr. Mager, as were the flute passages by Mr. Laurent.

An admirable performance of Brahms's symphony brought the end of a concert that—Allah be praised!—was not too long. Brahms at his best inspires Mr. Koussevitzky to eloquent readings. He rightly sees in Brahms a romantic, whose music is too often clouded by pessimism; music in which Brahms too often pads or treads water until the return of a subject or section is demanded by the "rules." In this second symphony there is no pessimism, no constitutional and gloomy thoughts of death; nor is there any laborious straining after greatness. Mr. Koussevitzky also knows that in Brahms's symphonies the rhythmic flow should not be as the inexorable beats of a trip-hammer. There should be elasticity, rhetorical strokes; dramatically emotional, delaying and hastening; sharply defined dynamic contrasts; stirring crescendos. Does he "Russianize" this music as some, no doubt, may say? He



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makes this music human and appealing. If this is "Russianizing" let us have more of it. Brahms wrote for others than Austrians and Germans, nor are the conductors of these nations necessarily and divinely inspired in their interpretation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no symphony concerts next week. The program of April 16, 17, is thus announced: Glazounov, Prelude from the suite "In the Middle Ages," Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No. 1 (Josef Lhevinne, pianist). Bloch, Three Jewish Poems: Dance, Rite, Funeral Procession. Berlioz, Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, Dance of the Sylphs and Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust."

## SYMPHONY REJOICES IN SPRING

Post — Apr. 3, 1926.  
**Brahms' Second Made  
an Epic of the  
Season**

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Some conductors, it would seem, lead the symphonies of Brahms with the bearded gravity of that composer's pictured countenance ever before their eyes. Not so Mr. Koussevitzky, for whom all composers are romantics and who yesterday conducted an uncommonly stimulating and occasionally surprising performance of Brahms Second Symphony.

### FULL OF LIFE AND VIGOR

In partial concurrence with the verdict of those who are likely to insist that Mr. Koussevitzky overplayed the Symphony, it may be admitted that his quest for vigor sometimes resulted in roughness of tone. But to judge by Koussevitzkian precedent, future performances may well see these rough spots made smooth; by this evening

they may have disappeared.

In the meantime yesterday's audience heard a performance in which, the final applause having a heartiness at least collectively, it plainly delighted, the final applause having a heartiness and spontaneity that the orchestral music of Brahms does not always provoke. Bestirring the first movement from out its traditionally placid course, Mr. Koussevitzky succeeded in making much of it genuinely emotional. There were exciting climaxes and a fervid lyricism which set, in sharp contrast the tranquillity of the opening and the tender poetry of the close.

In turn rescuing the Adagio from the sluggishness and torpor into which it may so readily relapse, Mr. Koussevitzky missed a little the sombre eloquence with which it is sometimes endowed; rather he discovered in it something not far removed from passion. The Allegretto, on the other hand, was permitted to go its innocently songful course.

### A Poem of Spring

But in the Finale Mr. Koussevitzky was all for vigor. Here was no grave exaltation but in its stead the voice of a strong man rejoicing in his strength. In fine, Mr. Koussevitzky, as though catching the hint of spring in the air, read the Second Symphony as a tone-poem of spring and of youth, of bursting buds and running sap.

In yesterday's concert the classics—and Brahms is always that—had clear ascendancy over the moderns. At the outset came a rarely persuasive performance of Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" Overture. Sensing to the full the music's pictorial quality Mr. Koussevitzky drew from it abundant suggestion of lapping waters, of waves storm-lashed, and screaming gulls. If Scotland has produced no important music of its own, it at least inspired Mendelssohn in this Overture and in the first movement of his Scottish symphony to his most moving inventions.

### Debussy and Stravinsky Suffer

Between Mendelssohn and Brahms (and both pieces suffered by such position) came Debussy's "Gigues," certainly his feeblest orchestral effort, and Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingales," repeated presumably by request.

There are arresting instrumental effects in this last-named composition, and the ballet from which it was drawn and the opera that was forerunner of the ballet by report abound in merit. But the music divorced from scene and action is of slight interest. A fiddle here, a twiddle there, now a spot of color, and now a freakish glissando—and only intermittently a trace of real musical invention. Heard in the concert room the more drastic "Rite of Spring" is a hundred times to be preferred to this music. In it is clearly discernible a genuine creative impulse.

## VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Apr. 3, 1926  
**Stravinsky's 'Nightingale'**  
**Repeated**

Mr Koussevitzky as a program maker often fails to group varied numbers attractively. This week, however, he has, by dint of several changes from the originally announced list, arranged one of the most interesting programs of the season, which made yesterday's a Symphony concert to be enjoyed and remembered.

The program, to be repeated and broadcast tonight, reads as follows: Overture, "The Hebrides," Mendelssohn; "Gigues," Debussy; "The Song of the Nightingale," Stravinsky; Second Symphony, Brahms.

Stravinsky's symphonic poem is a reworking of the material in his opera, "Le Rossignol," which the Metropolitan Opera has produced this season. Mr Koussevitzky was the first to perform in the concert hall, in Paris in 1922, this revised score, prepared by the composer for the Ballet Russe and used at their performances in Paris in 1920. The score played yesterday contains most of the music of the second and third acts of the opera, with revised instrumentation which assigns portions of the voice numbers to the orchestra. It was first heard here last October, and repeated yesterday by request.

Again this music seemed the work of a prodigiously and consciously clever young man, striving successfully for sophistication, for modernity, at the expense of emotional honesty. Stravinsky's music heard in the concert hall, for which it was not intended, does not wholly succeed in suggesting the incidents of Anderson's fairy tale about the Chinese Emperor who turned from the real to the mechanical nightingale, only to repent his error. There is need of settings, of action, of a picture to reinforce the relatively feeble imaginative power of the music.

### Tone Poem

One thing, however, was clear. When the nightingale is to sing in a symphonic poem there are several instruments in the orchestra which can notably excel the phonographic reproduction of the actual bird song, used by Respighi in the recently played "Pines of Rome."

A flute solo played by Mr Laurent, a trumpet solo, representing the "Fisherman's Song" from the opera and played by Mr Mager, were only two out of a number of admirable bits of incidental solo work in Stravinsky's tone poem, which again impressed on the listener

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the remarkably fine quality of many of the principal players in the present Boston Symphony. It is doubtful if the orchestra has ever had better men at the first desks.

Intelligent Victorians in yesterday's audience must have chuckled with glee at the obvious superiority in imaginative and poetic power of Mendelssohn's overture, "The Hebrides," over Stravinsky's "Nightingale" and Debussy's "Gigues." There is no finer bit of tone painting in existence than the opening measures of this overture, which gives the hearer an immediate and overwhelming perception of sea, sky and misty land.

Not Beethoven in the "Pastoral Symphony," not Wagner in the "Forest Murmurs" in "Siegfried," to cite only supreme examples, has excelled this Mendelssohn tone present. Debussy has equalled it in several scenes of "Pelleas," notably the garden scene of act one, scene three. Stravinsky, never, so far as an incomplete knowledge of his work shows.

If Mendelssohn had left no other music besides this overture and that to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," how differently would posterity have regarded him! But it is not fair to refuse to forgive him for the worst of the "Songs without words," after this marvelous overture. The performance was eloquent, if a bit febrile.

Debussy's "Gigues," a brief, mournful music, one of the "Images" for orchestra, has none of the glamorous brilliance of its companion piece, "Iberia." It did not yesterday leave any deep impression on the listener's mind, nor has it done so at earlier performances.

### Vivid Performance

Brahms' Second Symphony in a vivid high-strung performance again seemed the most spontaneous and agreeable of the four he wrote. Mr Koussevitzky, who not long since managed to work wonders with what had hitherto seemed the least attractive movement of Brahms' C minor symphony, its scherzo, yesterday performed a similar miracle with the slow movement of the D major symphony, which at his hands became noble and profoundly moving instead of, as hitherto, dull.

As usual in the other movements he inclined to read all "Fs" double and quadruple, and to indulge in contrasts not set down in the score. Withal he achieved a brilliant and stirring performance, with a sonorous peroration to the finale which brought tumultuous applause.

The radio audience should find tonight's broadcast as enjoyable as any of the series. Stravinsky's music will serve as another specimen of modernism in music, something one should know before one condemns it. The Brahms and Mendelssohn should come through well and prove enjoyable. The Debussy, if slight is also relatively brief. There are no concerts next week in the regular symphony series, as the orchestra is going to New York for its last scheduled visit, and will also play in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Richmond and Washington. P. R.



## Twenty-First Program of the Boston Symphony

*Monitor* — April 3, 1926  
The program of the twenty-first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Mendelssohn  
Overture, "The Hebrides" ("Fingal's Cave"), op. 26.  
Debussy  
Gigues: "Images," for Orchestra, No. 1  
Stravinsky  
Symphonic Poem, "Chant du Rossignol"  
Brahms  
Symphony No. 2 in D major, op. 73

A singularly conventional program as Mr. Koussevitzky's programs go, yet musically interesting although no novel piece figured on it.

Yesterday there seemed to be the usual general satisfaction with the playing of the orchestra, with Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting, with the music of Mendelssohn and Brahms, Debussy and Stravinsky as always. Perfect contentment apparently reigned. And yet there were points in yesterday's performance to arouse enthusiasm, points to cause comment favorable and unfavorable. The music was familiar, for although the pieces by Debussy and Stravinsky have not been over much played here, the idioms of the two composers are by this time well known, their musical speech is easily comprehended.

### Mendelssohn's Overture

Those listeners who were brought up in the old-fashioned German school of interpretation (and it has not altogether gone out of fashion even at this day) were perhaps disturbed by Mr. Koussevitzky's handling of Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" Overture. They may have thought the tempo too slow, they may have felt that it was played with more "feeling" than its simple measures demand, that Mr. Koussevitzky treated it with too great a care for picturesque details and too little consideration for its formal structure. Yet we would not have it otherwise. To be sure, it probably would have sounded strange to the ears of its composer, yet Mr. Koussevitzky read nothing into it which was illogical or in bad taste. He did not apparently seek for effects for their own sake. He gave

the impression of playing the music as he himself felt it, and although personal interpretations of such pieces are often tiresome and even distasteful, yet this one never became so. To be sure there was little of what we have been taught to consider the Mendelssohnian manner to be heard in it and there was much of the Koussevitzkyan fervor, but it was on the whole a novel and pleasing rendition. It was hard to realize that so much orchestral color could be found in the score, yet find it Mr. Koussevitzky did.

### Debussy's Gigues

On the other hand, Mr. Koussevitzky's treatment of Debussy's Gigues left us strangely cold. Under his hands the music sounded obvious and matter of fact. Gone was that elusive wistfulness which we remember to have once heard in it. In place of the strange mysterious dance which we believe it was intended to represent, a perfectly everyday affair seemed to be in progress. The half-statements of Debussy, in which the chief charm of his music lies, became too logically clear, and poetic suggestiveness was at a discount. Was this due to the interpretation or are we possibly over-familiar with Debussy's harmonic and melodic procedures?

Stravinsky's "Nightingale" still sings effectively and arouses the imagination more than does Signor Respighi's Victrolized version. Once given the clue to the story which this music illustrates, none may deny its power. It is perhaps not great music, but it is clever music, full of orchestral color effects which show the hand of genius.

With the playing of Brahms' second Symphony, the lovers of tradition may again disagree. It is Mr. Koussevitzky's own version. It has the quality of being original. To some it may have seemed unduly strident. Certainly it did not follow the beaten path. At times it seemed that Brahms was being sacrificed to make a Koussevitzkyan holiday. At others it seemed that a new and mellowing light was being shed on the somewhat austere Johannes. In any event it was a new experience with Brahms. To some it undoubtedly gave pleasure. To others the reverse.

S. M.

## DIVERSIFIED MUSIC, VIVID PERFORMANCE, MANIFOLD PLEASURE

*Trans.* — Apr. 3, 1926  
A FULL-FREIGHTED SYMPHONY  
CONCERT

Orchestra and Conductor at the Top of  
Their Bent — Debussy's Fantasmal  
"Gigues" Revived—Stravinsky's Night-  
ingale—Also His Fisherman—Gray Men-  
delssohn, Brahms Abounding

AT THE GOLDEN MEAN of enjoyment stood the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon while those that sought it for other purposes had not a reason for dissent or complaint. Two animate classics—Mendelssohn with the "Hebrides" overture, Brahms with his Second Symphony—shared the program with two illustrious moderns, Debussy of "Gigues," Stravinsky of "The Song of The Nightingale." The overture returns not too often to Symphony Hall. "Gigues" has not been played there since Dr. Muck first disclosed it in 1917. Stravinsky's tone-poem was new piece in Boston only last October; the Symphony in D major is perennial and perdurable "repertory." As though stimulated by such numbers, the orchestra was at the top of its bent. At every opportunity individual virtuosity abounded, as with Mr. Mager or Mr. Burgin singing for The Fisherman or The Nightingale at Stravinsky's will. Choirs distinguished themselves, as when the woodwinds and the horns answered every call of Brahms. If Stravinsky (as he professes) now disdains the soft and singing strings, he used them with plentiful skill and fruitful imagination in this earlier tone-poem; while in every measure, they also did his bidding. As for the whole orchestra, it has seldom employed a finer, more incisive, more vivid tone than it brought to Debussy's "Image"; while in richness of texture, warmth of color and rhythmic life, it outdid itself in Brahms's Symphony. A deep and brooding beauty of instrumental song wrapped the final pages of the Adagio. The quick measures of the scherzo raced radiant.

Above the usual the conductor was also in the vein. In the hollow of his hand, he held the beauty that Stravinsky summons in the songs of The Fisherman and the Bird; the exotic, decorative and delineative fantasy that elsewhere fills the tone-poem. From "Gigues" he distilled Debussy's fantasmal, infiltrated atmosphere. He

kept the balance even between Mendelssohn the conscious and adept craftsman and Mendelssohn sketching tonal landscape. At Brahms's bidding he filled the Symphony with contemplative beauty or large animation. It sounded aglow with songful life; it yielded inexhaustible musical imagery. When such a piece is so played, the discerning do not debate of pace and accents or discuss individuality versus tradition. As for a conductor who in a single afternoon achieves the clear and shimmering surfaces of The Fisherman's song at the end of Stravinsky's tone-poem; gains also the lengthening twilight shadows upon the close of Brahms's slow movement—that day has Euterpe, heavenly muse!—crowned him.

Place first for the moderns since they afforded the rarities of the concert. Indeed the resurrection of "Gigues" proved how unfair is the persistent repetition of "Tiberia" to the other members of Debussy's trilogy. (In time Mr. Koussevitzky may also revive "Rondes des Printemps," season after season unheard at Symphony Hall.) Briefly, succinctly, is "Gigues" written—in music compressed to the utmost, music also stretched to high tension. The isolated, high-pitched timbres at the beginning, the thin, piercing harmonies, the gathering rhythm, the wan voice of the oboe—like most European conductors and oboists, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Gillet prefer it less plaintive than penetrating—all evoke the fantasmal mood. As the measures gain body and motion, the rhythm, the coloring, become more macabre and ghostlike. Here is the very flitter of joyless phantoms. Of a sudden some dissonance, like a new pang, rends it. More and more wraith-like moves the haunting figure. It is weird and grew-some and not to be withstood—the spell of the vague, flickering across the night-time. The ghosts of woe dance, and will not be stilled. In harmonic wisps they vanish. It is hard to recall a music taut-drawn with such fantasmal stuff. To the very quick it pierces. Were it longer it were not to be endured. Never before had Debussy sought this vein; nowhere else does he renew it. Once is enough to open such a secret chamber. Witchcrafts come creeping.

Joyous relief was the ensuing "Song of the Nightingale," a clearing of the infested air. Here goes fantasy in the darting, streaming measures of the repeated beginning; piquant strangeness when the five-toned Chinese march sounds; humor when the august person of The Emperor is trilled upon his throne; humor again when the mechanical nightingale whirrs and quirks; and withal beauty. Hearers are better prepared for the songster of the woods now that Respighi's bird has piped upon the Janiculum—and the phonograph. They do not expect too much. Possibly no nightingale's voice is quite all it should be; yet a gentle beauty touches the song that upon the violin Stravinsky sings. Likely enough he restrains himself; for this Chinese fowl of fantasy has yet to



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side, Stravinsky has a richer, charged, a more significant melody nascent within him. The trumpet, for The Fisherman, shall mourn wistfully of dear, remembered things.

And now music of the theater, of death upon the stage, sombre and spectral. It is time for the nightingale to sing, deepening beauty, upon it laying ecstasy. The reality of Respighi's "record" is a poor, pale thing beside this bird of Stravinsky's imagination, of a violin upon a bed of woodwinds. It is enough to snatch an Emperor from death. Ironic humor now tinges the music of the surprised courtiers. Upon this mockery a work of the imagination may not well end. Again in his boat by the wooded shore, The Fisherman, "Jusque à l'aube," shall hear the voice of his friend, departing palaces and courts. He opens his dreamful, grateful heart in a melody that sounds with a rarefied, poignant beauty. Already the years count this renewal of The Fisherman's Song among the most potent of Stravinsky's inventions, a glory of this musical time. In opera house or in concert-hall, it stretches horizons.

No doubt, "The Song of the Nightingale," reduced from opera to ballet and from ballet to tone-poem, is an over-programmatic music. Inevitably he loses the place and misses the illusion who would affix every detail of the "argument" to the appropriate measures. (It is almost bewildering testimony to Stravinsky's technical skill that he actually winds the original voice-parts into this new symphonic web.) To ears content with memories or printed outline of the opera—it is now in the repertory of the Metropolitan—the music speaks sufficiently for itself. Throughout it fills the frame full; the desired mood becomes a mood achieved, neither diminished nor exceeding—spectacle and humor, irony and fate, the vision that divines and sings. Upon them all lies a mantle of exhilarating and intriguing strangeness.

May music so sound with flitting courtiers, a stem-winding nightingale, a picture-book imperial state? It can and it does—under Stravinsky's hand, newly devising, freshly intensifying its illusory means. It sounds also with grisly auguries of death, with the beauty of The Nightingale's song dispelling them, of The Fisherman's song saluting life irradiated and unwithered. "Plus loin est un jardin tranquille, clos d'un mur blanc. Les morts en paix y dorment. . . Le clair soleil chasse la nuit; galement au bois chante l'oiseau." Beyond the verse the music, as it should, sounds and transfigures this contrast. . . Most open ears and minds now join together to praise "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre." To them it is high time to join "The Song of the Nightingale." The Stravinskian decline, the turn other-where, have yet to begin.

Every whit, in this modern company, the two classics held and affirmed their own. Of the "Italian Symphony," when he played

months ago, Mr. Koussevitzky made a fascinating and luminous thing. The workmanship chiselled the invention; spur upon both were the sensations recollected, the animation to be caught anew into tones. The conductor has also renewed the bright surface, the brimming fancy, of the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Now in this Overture of the Hebrides came the graver and the grayer Mendelssohn. The expected craft was not lacking. An orthodox form contains what in the eighteenth-century was not too orthodox a substance. With an effortless skill, as it seems, the composer manages the contrasts that are the sentient life or the diffused suggestion, of his music. With the darker colors upon his tonal palette he is as adept and fertile as with the bright. (In the orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky used the self-same brush.) The overture begins in the middle-grayness of these Scottish seas; the rhythm has caught the long, lank swell. There are turbulent measures, as Mendelssohn understood turbulence; measures hushed and long sustained; measures that drive and fall away. The middle grayness seldom lightens, the long swell seldom stills. The ear hears the musical substance and the musical treatment, finding them good. Over the imagination hangs an atmosphere, no less than from Debussy's "Gigues." The handy phrase is "tone-painting." Mendelssohn excelled in it. Being choice and precise of means, his excellence endures.

Nor unmoved do any now sit before this Second Symphony of Brahms abounding. Conceiving it lyrically, Mr. Koussevitzky sounded its flowing plenty. An expansive warmth of melody led the listener within. Full-textured ran these opening measures, dusky, according to Brahms's wont, yet mellowed. A Brahms who can be abstruse gives place to a Brahms candid and ardent. Advancing, this music of the first movement sings itself into beauty, unfolds it, wraps it toward the close in the sunset glow that, time and again, is this "thinker's" tonal secret. . . . Slav that he is, Mr. Koussevitzky fastened upon the melancholy of the slow movement; caressed it now and then a little too lingeringly; led at last through shifting harmonies and with resignation and recollection now suffused. A grave Brahms, yet a Brahms sensuously beautiful, almost in spite of his brooding self. . . . There were pace and rhythm to whet the Scherzo—Brahms led ready and willing into the sunshine and a crisp and nipping air, so exhilarating that he falls to rhapsodizing upon no more than a Presto. . . . Way, finally, for the overflowing and exuberant Brahms of the Finale, again abounding, uncommonly free-mettled and joyous; writing, when it is played in April, his music of the spring. Of course, he preserves the symphonic dignities; of course he proceeds with a middle-aged ripeness; but, with the exultant Koussevitzky to goad him, in his heart he was kicking up his tonal heels. Only half the way is this Second Symphony a symphony of serenities. H. T. P.

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FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Twenty-second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 16, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, at 8.15 o'clock

Glazounov . . . . . Prelude from the Suite "The Middle Ages,"  
Op. 79  
(First time in Boston)

Tchaikovsky . . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 1, in  
B-flat minor, Op. 23  
I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso; allegro con spirito.  
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Bloch . . . . . Three Jewish Poems  
a. Dance.  
b. Rite.  
c. Funeral Procession.

Berlioz . . . . . Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust"  
a. Minuet of the Will-O'-the-Wisps.  
b. Dance of the Sylphs.  
c. Hungarian March.

SOLOIST  
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CHICKERING PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the concerto

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chant upon more momentous occasion. Besides, Stravinsky has a richer-charged, a more significant melody nascent within him. The trumpet, for The Fisherman, shall mourn wistfully of dear, remembered things.

And now music of the theater, of death upon the stage, sombre and spectral. It is time for the nightingale to sing, deepening beauty, upon it laying ecstasy. The reality of Respighi's "record" is a poor, pale thing beside this bird of Stravinsky's imagination, of a violin upon a bed of woodwinds. It is enough to snatch an Emperor from death. Ironic humor now tinges the music of the surprised courtiers. Upon this mockery a work of the imagination may not well end. Again in his boat by the wooded shore, The Fisherman, "Jusque à l'aube," shall hear the voice of his friend, departing palaces and courts. He opens his dreamful, grateful heart in a melody that sounds with a rarefied, poignant beauty. Already the years count this renewal of The Fisherman's Song among the most potent of Stravinsky's inventions, a glory of this musical time. In opera house or in concert-hall, it stretches horizons.

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Josef  
Lhevinne

## 22D CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Glazounov, Tchaikovsky  
and Bloch Works  
on the Program

Herald Apr. 17, 1926  
CONCERT WILL BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted; Mr. Lhevinne was the pianist. The program was as follows: Glazounov, Prelude from the Suite "The Middle Ages"; Tchaikovsky, Concerto No. 1 for piano and orchestra; Bloch, three Jewish poems (Dance, Rite, Funeral Procession); Berlioz, Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, Dance of the Sylphs and Hungarian (Rakoczy) March from "The Damnation of Faust."

Glazounov's Prelude was played at these concerts for the first time, if not for the first time in Boston. The whole Suite has a program. This Prelude is supposed to portray in music a young couple abandoning themselves to the happiness of their love. The billows of the sea by the castle are rolling high; the lovers do not see them, nor do they hear the howling tempest. The suite belongs to a period when Glazounov, as a composer, was more German, more middle-class German, than Russian. Who would think, hearing this Prelude, which Safonov persuaded the composer to call "The Isle of Love," that Glazounov had written the oriental "Stenka Razin"? The Prelude is pleasingly sonorous; the tonal imitations of billows and spasms of the sky are, to say the most, discreet; the love music is suave, without passion, without ecstasy. Glazounov is one of the disappointments in musical history, for as a young man he promised much.

Bloch's Jewish Poems were performed here under his leadership in 1917. The Dance seems to us the important one of the three Poems; the one that has the most striking character, the most imaginative. We doubt if David could have danced to this music, even if his wife had not shown openly her disapproval of his pas seul; but one can easily fancy these strains, all except those of a curious and seemingly incongruous and not sharply rhythmed section, inspiring daughters of Israel to movements of languorous sensuousness. The acidity of Rite, the second movement, is pronounced. (Mr. Bloch's music is too often acid, yet Hebrew prophets and Hebrew poets recognized the power of pure beauty in song, even in denunciation.) There were moments when one might easily have thought that "Rite" was an introduction to the "Funeral Procession." There is no doubt of Mr. Bloch's sincerity in this lamentation, this walling that might picture the traditional Hebrews by the wall in the holy city mourning with cries to heaven the past glory of Solomon's Jerusalem. But as a funeral march? How often this form of music is unsatisfactory, too long drawn out, so that it enlarges the grist of the mourners. Is Beethoven's in the "Eroica" symphony an exception? No doubt it's blasphemy even to hint that its length is too formidable. Some might assert that his funeral march in a sonata has truer solemnity, keener grief.

To us the one great funeral march in music is the Dead March in "Saul," and Handel chose for the tonality C major, of all keys. How did he work this miracle? Walt Whitman's "Dirge for two veterans" has more impressive funeral music in its lines than is to be found in a wilderness of funeral marches. Yet if mourners agree to Sir Thomas Browne's stately sentence: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiuities and deaths with equal lustre," they will insist on a swollen orchestra.

With all Mr. Bloch's musical vigor, the individuality of his ideas and style of expression, he has not wooed emotional or contemplative beauty. Beauty is not necessarily orthodox and smug. It may have, as Bacon wrote, a wild irregularity. There are discordant measures paradoxically haunting. Mr. Bloch seems to be afraid of beauty, as ascetics in cloister or in the desert shrank from even the thought of woman.

A Russian played Tchaikovsky's concerto; a Russian conducted. For once the music and the composer were understood, revealed. It is all very well to sneer at this composer; to dub him a cosmopolitan, without a musical country, but the man of this concerto and of the Fourth Symphony was a Russian writing in his Russian way for men



and women of every land. Boston was the first city to hear the concerto. The orchestral performance then was no doubt shockingly inadequate. Yesterday could there have been a more glorious one? Mr. Lhevinne wrought marvels.

The Minuet and the Dance of Sylphs were delightfully played. The Hungarian March did not gain in effect by being so hurried at the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The following program for next week is announced: Mozart, Symphony, D major (K. 385). Prokofieff, "They Are Seven," Incantation for tenor solo (Mr. Stratton), chorus and orchestra. Ducasse, Sarabande for orchestra and chorus. Ibert, "Song of Madness" for chorus and orchestra. Repetition of Prokofieff's Cantata. Borodin, Polovtsian Dances (with chorus) from "Prince Igor." The Cecilia Society, Malcolm Lang, conductor, will assist.

# LHEVINNE RESTORES CONCERTO

Post — Apr. 17, 1926

## Symphony's Soloist Puts New Life Into Faded Work

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Now and again a composition of fading vitality in exceptional performance fully recaptures its one-time effectiveness. At the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto in B-flat minor underwent at the hands of Josef Lhevinne such revitalizing and restoration, and Mr. Lhevinne received as his due reward applause more than usually fervent and long-continued.

## ARRESTS ATTENTION

Hear this overworked Concerto from a pianist merely competent, and once the breadth and elation of the introduction are past the listener's interest frequently lags. Not so yesterday. From first bar to last, the hearer's attention was riveted. Not only was there superb vigor and strength in Mr. Lhevinne's performance; it abounded likewise in subtle contrasts and gradations of tone. In the emotional passages it had warmth without sentimentality.

Often around an orchestral melodic voice the piano wove lace-like arabesques of the utmost delicacy. There was Cossack fury and an amazing show of virtuosity in the Finale. Indeed, in one bravura octave-passage Mr. Koussevitzky himself might be seen to gaze down upon the pianist's flying hands with a look half-quizzical, half-admiring, while none clapped more heartily than did the conductor when the piece was done.

### Glazunov's Prelude

Nor would this performance have made so extraordinary an impression had not the orchestral playing continuously kept to the standard of the soloist. As though conductor and pianist breathed as well as thought together, as though a single mind had ordered every detail of the ensemble and worked its will equally upon every instrument concerned, went this Concerto yesterday.

As preface to a concert that proved in the hearing more engrossing than it had promised, came for the first time in Boston Glazunov's Prelude to his Suite, "The Middle Ages," composed in 1902. Romantic music that would suggest the happiness and obliviousness of lovers sheltered in a storm-assailed castle, it discloses its composer's familiar skill in the handling of the orchestra.

Even when Glazunov has nothing of great consequence to impart, he says his say with disarming effectiveness. In this Prelude the tempest is suggested vividly enough, and if there is little hint of amorosness in the music of the lovers, these measures fill the ear with a rich and, for the moment, satisfying sound.

### Bloch's Poems

In any event, the piece seemed greatly to please yesterday's audience. It received in fact more applause than did the vastly more important Three Jewish Poems of Ernest Bloch, unheard here since 1917, when the composer conducted them at a pair of Symphony Concerts. The first part of his Jewish Cycle, these Poems, like

the later Psalms and "Schelemo," seem to voice the very soul of ancient Jewry—sombre, passionate, half-barbaric, now and again sensuously Oriental. Thrice this year has Bloch's name appeared upon the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, with the Suite for Viola and Orchestra, the new Concerto, and now with these Poems. And each time there has been reason to be impressed with the forcefulness of this composer's utterance. In a day when few makers of music seem to write from inner compulsion Bloch stands forth as a composer of burning convictions, aesthetic as well as racial.

### Berlioz for Wind Up

More familiar at the Pops than at the Symphony Concerts, the three orchestral fragments from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," the Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, the Dance of the Sylphs and the Rakoczy March, in a performance of singular effectiveness, brought the concert to a light-some and inspiring conclusion.

The Dance of the Sylphs abounded in grace; the March received full measure of excitement and sonority.

## LHEVINNE HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Apr. 17, 1926

### Russian Pianist Displays Brilliant Technique

Josef Lhevinne, Russian pianist, unheard here for several seasons, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. He displayed his phenomenally brilliant technique to great advantage in Tchaikovsky's B-flat minor concerto. There was no mistaking the admiration and approval of the audience.

Mr. Koussevitzky's share of the program included the prelude to Glazunov's suite, "The Middle Ages"; Bloch's "Three Jewish Poems," and excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

It cannot be said that this concert was a particularly interesting one, despite the overpowering sonority and strenuous rhythms of the performance. But no conductor succeeds in piecing together 24 successful programs in a season.

Tchaikovsky's concerto has not within recent memory received so successful an interpretation here as yesterday's. Mr. Lhevinne, unlike many of his predecessors, played the piano part without apparent effort. One noted as phenomenal his rapid and thunderous playing of octave passages, and his exquisitely smooth and melodious per-

formance of the first theme of the andantino. Of the better known pianists now before the public, Mr. Lhevinne resembles pianistically Rosenthal.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra did full justice to the qualities, such as they are, of the orchestral part of the concerto. But no performance can disguise the banality of the themes and the poverty of Tchaikovsky's treatment of them. Such a piece does not deserve the place of honor on a regular Symphony program. It is infinitely inferior to Tchaikovsky's Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, for example, not to mention the work of other and greater composers.

### First Time in Boston

The prelude to Glazunov's "Middle Ages," composed over 20 years ago, and played when it was new in other American cities, was given yesterday for the first time in Boston. The composer's attempt to portray a pair of lovers storm-bound in a romantic style is not a success. The music is turgid, bombastic, reminiscent of Wagner and of Tchaikovsky, lacking in melodic invention, barren of poetic power. Mr. Koussevitzky overdrove the orchestra in a vain attempt to make quantity a substitute for quality of sound.

Bloch's "Three Jewish Poems," first heard in 1917 are written in his now familiar acrid and wilfully original idiom. The first, called "Danse" is in the composer's own words "nothing but color," rather faded, one must add. The second, entitled "Rite" with piercing, walling dissonances and curious orchestral effects does convey the sense of racial tradition which the composer feels.

The "Funeral Procession," written with the composer's father in mind, achieves genuine dignity and power. It moves a listener. Mr. Koussevitzky's fondness for violent contrasts was not misplaced in Bloch's music to which it added effectiveness.

The minuet and "Dance of the Sylphs" from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with too rigid a beat. These dances should of course be played in pretty strict time, but it is possible to take measures and phrases flexibly without breaking the underlying rhythm, after the fashion of "tempo rubato" as described by Mozart and by Chopin.

### "Hungarian March"

The "Hungarian March" of course afforded Mr. Koussevitzky a chance for the capricious strenuousness of rhythm he so affects. His peroration was unusually sonorous, even for him. The applause was instant and violent. But would not this music make an even greater effect if more lightly and evenly treated? Why not establish the tempo at the opening measure? Berlioz' orchestration insures brilliance without any necessity for the conductor's thus gilding the musical lily in without any necessity for the conductor thus gilding the musical lily in the coda.

The radio audience should be able to hear the Tchaikovsky and Berlioz well. Mr. Lhevinne's playing, if at all adequately transmitted, should interest those who are interested in sheer virtuosity of technique. Bloch's



music is too modern for most people's taste. Glazunov's is frankly dull, save for a sentimental love theme which is not without a certain quasi-operatic effectiveness.

Next week's program will include, according to present plans, several numbers for chorus and orchestra, by Prokofiev, Ibert and Borodin, in which the Cecilia Society will assist. The symphony will be Mozart's D major, not as originally planned his E flat major symphony.

P. R.

## AFTER THE JOURNEY: A SYMPHONY CONCERT DRY-SHOT AND FADED

Trans. — Apr. 17, 1926

ONLY "JEWISH POEMS" GIVE IT  
LIFE

Mr. Bloch's Music Heightened and Deepened—Evocative Power and the Call of the Blood—Glazunov Quite Dead, Berlioz Withering—Chalkovsky, of the Piano-Concerto, Not Untouched by Time—The Pedagogues' Pianist

AT the middle of last week the Symphony Orchestra went on a journey, undertaking six concerts in as many days. It made final visit, for the season, to New York and Brooklyn—and in New York concerts must count. It returned also to Philadelphia, Washington and Richmond—as to old fields newly traversed. Not until Wednesday morning last did it alight in its "home-town." Such voyaging may be profitable, adding to income above outlay; re-conquering ground once lost. It is also tiring. Hence scanty time for rehearsal, and a program, at Symphony Hall yesterday, assembled accordingly. It began with the Prelude to a Suite by Glazunov, "The Middle Ages," that any practised orchestra and accustomed conductor should play at little more than sight. It proceeded with Chalkovsky's Piano-Concerto in B-flat minor, revived last season, now repertory-piece. Next stood Mr. Bloch's three "Jewish Poems," prepared a month ago for performance in New York. End came in the two customary dances and the Rákóczy March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," likewise repertory-numbers upon which Mr. Koussevitzky could speedily impose his particular will. Besides, after eighteen years, came Mr. Lhévinne to play the solo-part in the Concerto aforesaid.

A passable, even a sufficient, program, as it seemed in print; a program plainly pleasing to the matinee audience; yet one that, in actual hearing, sounded—Mr. Bloch's "Poems" aside—like an array of fading, dwindling music; whereas Mr. Koussevitzky's mind and heart usually go out to pieces overflowing with long-tested or newly whetted vitality. In the Prelude of Glazunov, for example, there are introductory measures of tumult. Next a thick-waisted, heavy-footed, orchestral melody, climbs leisurely to climax. Along the course the director of the Conservatory at Leningrad decorates it with occasional gewgaws, scholarly, inoffensive, genteel. Soon he concludes with another mild tumult. It is all machine-made music, stencil after stencil, of the turn of the century twenty-odd years ago. Then it followed the fashions. Now they have outstripped it. About it there is nothing classic or living. It is as dead as "Red" Grange to most memories, or the last of the Mohicans. The prattle in the program-book about a gray tempestuous sea and two lovers, the weather forgetting, by the weather forgot, was no pulmotor. Nor in performance did Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra exactly over-strain themselves. If there must be an annual homage at the Symphony Concerts to Glazunov, why not try, at least, to catch him alive?

None too well preserved, either, is Berlioz's Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps. Like many of his pages nowadays, this dance-serenade seems a piecemeal music—little patterns and patches laid side by side, stirred into rhythmic motion, varnished with instrumental color. Pile Strauss upon Wagner; set Debussy and Ravel alongside; add a circle of ultra-moderns, and this varnish has audibly cracked and lost luster; while the animating motion as obviously creaks. The minuet that mocked Marguerite with ironic flickers of light and air is no longer Mephistophelian. It is merely music going bone-dry. The Dance of Sylphs around the sleeping Faust is too brief to be more than the "breezy puff" of Berlioz's imagining; but as long as there are virtuoso-conductors, so long will they ply their finesse, as did Mr. Koussevitzky upon the hushed, dissolving measures of the end. An elderly neighbor was quite sure that with them Dr. Muck and the Russian broke "fifty-fifty." Nor for a public that has thrice heard within as many months, the March of the Legions from Respighi's "Pines of Rome" are Berlioz's shrilling Hungarians likely to make tumultuous sensation. Mr. Koussevitzky and the band wreaked themselves upon spurred rhythms and sweeping sonorities; but this second quarter of the twentieth-century takes another way with such music. In the long run, probably, it will prove neither worse nor better than Berlioz's. Yet for the time-being, it is thrillingly ours.

After fifty years there are rifts also upon the fair surfaces of Chalkovsky's Piano-Concerto—waste-places and boredoms. Thus far his highly individualized Symphonies are proof against time and change. They are musical self-expression of a spirit that still wakes in other spirits answering sympathies, deep or nervous. By comparison, the Concertos are no more than honorable music-making, clothing quasi-orthodox pattern in more or less romantic mood. In this instance the streaming splendor of the beginning yet spurs the ear and whips the imagination. Hear and behold! for once the piano is marshalling the orchestra behind it. The melody that emerges is a glowing, full-flung tune—Petrus superbus. Out of much else in the long first movement musical life is audibly seeping; while, beyond the "passage-work" and the formulas, the lyric measures are wearing stale and thin. The little Andantino still sounds fresh and tender—Chalkovsky for once in unspooled sentiment. The transition into the gay tune and the tune itself again tickle the ear. By good fortune too, back comes Petrus Superbus—his great theme on his lips—to swell through the formulas of the finale. He might, besides, be more amply, more eloquently partnered than he was yesterday. Becomingly, the piano-pedagogues admire the estimable Lhévinne and commend him to their pupils. He plays the notes—every one of them. Faithfully he heeds the marks of expression—and seldom adds so much as one of his own. He remembers the studio-rules; follows the studio-customs. He knows individuality for the unpardonable sin and imagination for disrespect to the musical constitution. The just pianist made perfect—he of the lacy fingers. Once in eighteen years, apparently, the Symphony Concerts elect to honor him.

So it came to pass that Mr. Ernest Bloch, as he was and wrote in 1913, had nearly a whole Symphony Concert to himself, and deservedly. His three "Jewish Poems" remain not only an unlesened, undimmed music; they are, also, nine years after Boston first heard them, a music increased and illuminated. For in those distant days of 1917 many an instrumental stroke or harmonic turn of Mr. Bloch sounded new, strange, distracting. Now they are of the accepted substance and semblance of music; unembarrassed ears hear them; undebating imagination makes answer. Thirteen years ago, moreover, though Mr. Bloch liked to speak of "my" music, with the "my" in italic capitals, he wrote far more objectively than he was disposed to do for long thereafter. Not to the introspective, haunted, morose and muscle-bound temper of the first Quartet for Strings, and still more the Suite for Viola and the Sonata for Violin, belong these "Jewish Poems." Ernest Bloch at odds with an unresponsive world (as he believed), shutting himself aloof from it, wrote that cham-

ber music; whereas Ernest Bloch, in the passion and pride and splendor of his Oriental race, wrote this music of Semitic voice and imagination. No more than he could Mr. Koussevitzky resist this call of the blood. Rather, the conductor it also fired. To each "Poem" he brought plangent tone, barbaric accent, hot-flung color, wildness, savagery, the will to pierce with the fierceness of mood, the will to flame with the glowing languors. The orchestra, likewise kindled, gave both composer and conductor his desire.

As in 1917, so now in 1926, this three-fold music of Mr. Bloch commands the hearing ear, possesses the listening imagination. Here goes, scaling the heights, the evocative power of tones. "Dance"—and the composer threads shadowed courts; is near. is distant; dissolves and stills the moving ranks; re-forms them, pale and shrill; bids them caress their languors and murmur their passion. Acrid is the sensuality; smothering the color. "Rite"—and the stately-solemn music is sensuously ceremonial. "Rite"—and a clamant music would pierce to Jehovah himself. "Rite"—and the veil of the centuries and of an isolate race falls between Bloch's eyes and ours. Through it the music vanishes. "Funeral Procession"—and the violence of Semite grief would rend Jehovah's very heavens. Here cries and tears and shrieks and stamps the frenzy of mourning, stripped, implacable, impotent and not to be endured. The god relents; the heavens open; upon woe descends solace—and Mr. Bloch's melody is like a single beam of tonal light. "My music," he liked to say with tight-lipped emphasis. Israel's music, as he would preach, his race pulsing within him. Man alive! in these three "Jewish Poems" he has written music like no other that twentieth-century concert-halls know—savage, stripped, sensual; frenzied, suffocating and ineradicable.

H. T. P.

In All, \$83,301

Close of the Subscription to  
Maintain the Symphony Concerts

PLEDGES for 1925-26 to the fund that annually meets the deficit in the operation of the Symphony Orchestra, are virtually complete. Yesterday and today, on a leaf of the program-book, the Trustees "thank all who by their subscriptions have made this season's concerts possible." The sum subscribed is \$83,301. It might advantageously have risen to \$90,000.



# Josef Lhevinne Soloist With Boston Orchestra Monitor Apr. 17, 1926

The program of the twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, with Josef Lhevinne as assisting pianist, was:  
Glazounoff—Prelude from the Suite, "Middle Ages."  
Tchaikovsky—Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in B flat minor.  
Bloch—"Three Jewish Poems."  
Berlioz—Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust."

Glazounoff's Prelude was played for the first time in Boston. Glazounoff is an excellent manufacturer of music. This Prelude shows the practiced hand. It has the misfortune to be neither particularly good music nor particularly bad music. It is eminently respectable. In a word, it is dull. It contains a vast amount of sonorous writing for the orchestra and a minimum of musical ideas.

Of an entirely different order are the "Three Jewish Poems" by Ernest Bloch. Here is music which reflects emotions which have been felt and experienced. It is not conventional music, although some of the passages which sounded most iconoclastic when they were first performed here have become everyday matters in the

concert rooms of the present-day. But the freedom and clarity with which the composer expresses his thoughts are far from usual, and the mastery of his materials which he here shows is far above the ordinary. Indeed this is the music of a real poet in tones.

It would be difficult to imagine a more contradictory performance of Tchaikovsky's concerto than that given yesterday afternoon by Mr. Lhevinne. His command of the mechanics of piano playing is stupendous. And it should not be inferred that musical understanding of the concerto was lacking.

In the second movement Mr. Lhevinne was wholly admirable. But as a whole his playing was singularly colorless and lifeless. Tchaikovsky's ordinarily glowing pages were wan and pale under his hands. Nor do we think this was due to overfamiliarity with the music on the part of the hearer. Strange that Mr. Lhevinne was at times almost perfunctory and that he often rattled off passages with apparent unconsciousness of their significance. But if we have heard more thrilling interpretations of this concerto we have never heard a more technically perfect one than that of yesterday afternoon, and such a mechanical command of the instrument as Mr. Lhevinne displayed is perhaps sufficient unto itself upon occasion.  
S. M.

JOSEF LHEVINNE, pianist, was born at Moscow on December 3, 1874. His first lessons were from his father, first cornetist of the Imperial Orchestra of that city. He studied with Chrysander, a Swiss, and played in public when he was eight years old. At the age of eleven he entered the Moscow Conservatory, where he studied with Safonov. In 1892, he was graduated with the highest honors. The three following summers were spent with Safonov in the Caucasus. In 1895, Mr. Lhevinne was awarded the Rubinstein prize for piano playing. From 1902 to 1906 he taught at the Moscow Conservatory, but made himself known in the leading European cities. He has also taught at the Imperial Music School in Tiflis. For some years later he made Berlin his home. His wife, also a pianist, was a pupil at the Moscow Conservatory.

His first visit to the United States was in the season of 1905-06. He played for the first time at a concert of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, New York, on January 28, 1906 (Rubinstein's Concerto No. 5, an Etude by Chopin, and Scriabin's Etude for the left hand alone).

He played for the first time in Boston in a recital in Steinert Hall on November 10, 1906; he gave another recital on November 28, 1906. On December 19, 1908, he played, at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Rubinstein's Concerto No. 5 (heard for the first time at these concerts), Mr. Fiedler, conductor. He has given recitals here since then.

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE & TWENTY-SIX

## Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 23, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, at 8.15 o'clock

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| Mozart        | Symphony in D major, No. 35<br>(Koechel No. 385)   |
|               | I. Allegro con spirito.<br>II. Andante.<br>III. Menuetto; Trio.<br>IV. Finale: Presto.                   |
| Prokofieff    | "Sept, ils sont Sept!" Incantation for Tenor,<br>Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 30<br>(First time in America) |
| Ibert         | Chant de Folie, for Chorus and Orchestra<br>(First Performance)  |
| Roger Ducasse | Sarabande, Symphonic Poem for Orchestra<br>and Voices<br>(First time in Boston)                          |
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| Borodin       | Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor"   |

The CECILIA SOCIETY, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor, will assist  
Soloist: CHARLES STRATTON

There will be an intermission after the first performance of  
Prokofieff's "Sept, ils sont Sept!"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
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CHARLES STRATTON, Tenor

## SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 23D CONCERT

*Herald* — Apr. 24, 1926

Is Assisted by the Cecilia  
Society, Led by Mal-  
colm Lang

### CHARLES STRATTON SINGS 'INCANTATION'

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The Cecilia Society had been trained by its conductor, Malcolm Lang, for this concert. The tenor solo in Prokofieff's "Incantation" was sung by Charles Stratton. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony, D Major (K. 385). Prokofieff, "Seven! They Are Seven," incantation for tenor, chorus and orchestra (first time in America). Ibert, "Song of Madness," for chorus and orchestra (first performance). Ducasse, Sarabande, for orchestra and chorus of sopranos, altos and tenors (first time in Boston). Prokofieff's "Incantation" was again performed. The concert ended with the Polovtsian Dances (orchestra and chorus) from Borodin's "Prince Igor."

The 8-year-old and simple child in Wordsworth's poems kept saying to her questioner, "We are seven." The priest and the fanatical worshippers in Prokofieff's "Incantation" keep saying "They are seven," but no one of these seven was quiet in the churchyard. According to Akkadian mythology their seven deities were gigantic in shape, terribly malignant. To them were due all miseries and evils that afflict mankind, the earth and the sky. They were to be conjured, though they were deaf to all prayers and entreaties.

#### ASSYRIAN MUSIC

These Akkadians preceded the Assyrians. Rowbotham in his remarkable history of music (the unabridged edi-

tion) tells us that the Assyrians loved shrill sounds, high pitched instruments and voices. "In the bas-reliefs we see women pinching their throats with their hands as they sing; and this in order to force the top notes of their voice." They all delighted in what may be called battle music; they rejoiced in drums. "That king of the Assyrians who at a petit souper with his favorite wife chose to be regaled with the sounds of a lyre and a Big Drum close at his elbow, may serve as a good type of Assyrians in general."

From Prokofieff's "Incantation," it is fair to say that the Assyrians inherited their love of shrill sounds and drums from the Akkadians; but here was a legitimate occasion for a contemporary to write wildly barbaric, demoniacally savage music. The poem based by the Russian Balmont on a cuneiform inscription demands music of this nature for priest and worshippers. Prokofieff, the composer of the superbly ferocious "Scythian" Suite, was the one man, we know, for this "Incantation." There is awe, there is horror, there is terror in these recitatives of the priest, these shouts of the frenzied responses. Here is overpoweringly dramatic music that needs no scenery, no costumes, no scenic illusion, to work its tremendous spell. To discuss the "Incantation" from a purely technical standpoint, to speak of the "writing for the instruments," "disregard of vocal limitations" would be as foolish as to analyze a tempest, to speak of thunder and lightning in only meteorological terms.

#### AUDIENCE APPRECIATIVE

But there is this to be said: While the repetition no doubt led to a more intimate knowledge of the work, there was no longer the element of surprise which has much to do with the instantaneous effect on the hearer. We refer especially to the sudden, unexpected, beautiful closing measures after the frenzy of the preceding pages.

The reception by the audience of this extraordinary work and the appreciation of the performance was enthusiastic. The technical difficulties to be overcome were great. Mr. Stratton was forced to declaim with the utmost vigor; the chorus, which had been admirably trained by Mr. Lang, sang with untiring strength and apparent ease; the word "difficulty" was not in the lexicon of the orchestra.

Ibert's "Song of Madness," dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky, necessarily suffered in comparison. This madness of the Parisian was sanity after the brain-storm of the Akkadian-Russian. Had this music not followed the tonal orgy, it might have made a more definite impression. Suppose it had been heard between a symphony by Hadyn,



and something by Debussy or Ravel? Nor has the Sarabande by Ducasse the beauty, the sheer musical quality of the story that it should illustrate. The Sarabande, itself, does not suggest the one played to the dying prince, the one he loved to hear from the lutanist. More successful are the pictorial pages, those reproducing the lamentation and the choral singing during the procession to the abbey, but as a whole the composition is cerebral, not emotional, lacking the pathetic simplicity that characterizes the old story of the prince haunted by the Spanish dance.

#### DESERVE MUCH PRAISE

The concert began with a delightful interpretation of Mozart's unpretentious, but fresh and pleasing, symphony—fresh now that it is nearly 150 years old; it ended with a brilliant performance by chorus and orchestra of the ever-welcome dances from "Prince Igor."

Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Lang, the tenor, the chorus and the orchestra are indeed to be congratulated. The venture was not without danger, especially as there are still some among us who shudder at the mere thought of "anarchistic" makers of music. The venture of yesterday turned out to be a triumph.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the 24th and last concert will be as follows: Vivaldi-Mistovski, Concerto, E minor, for strings; Samazeuilh, "Night" (first time in America); Stravinsky, Suite, from "Petrushka"; Brahms, Symphony, C minor, No. 1.

## CHORAL MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cecilia Society Assists in Several Numbers

Bye — Nov. 24, 1926.

Mr. Koussevitzky, whose interest in choral music has given Boston more than one opportunity to hear neglected masterpieces, devoted most of yesterday's Symphony concert to unfamiliar modern numbers for chorus and orchestra.

Prokofiev's "Seven, They Are Seven," Ibert's "Song of Madness," Roger Ducasse's "Sarabande," and the familiar choruses from Borodin's "Prince Igor" all included parts for chorus, sung by the Cecilia Society. Prokofiev's music was repeated, so that the audience might grow more familiar with its qualities. It contains a tenor solo, vividly interpreted by Charles Stratton.

The only purely orchestral number was Mozart's D-major Symphony (K 885).

"Seven, They Are Seven" is a setting of verses by the Russian poet, Balmont, which were suggested by an ancient inscription dug up in Mesopotamia. The words are an incantation against seven demons from whom all evil was apparently believed by the ancient Akkadians to come. The tenor solo represents the chanting of a priest or "medicine man." The chorus presents the wailing and screeching of an excited mob.

Prokofiev's music is a remarkably skilful and carefully wrought evocation of primitive human emotion. The idiom is, of course, that of our own day, or at least of the decade 1910-1920 which produced such works as "Rites of Spring" and the "Scythian Suite."

#### Adds Variety

There is considerable imaginative power here. An occasional work of this kind adds variety to concert programs. But imagine a whole Symphony season of such primitive, or neo-barbarous music! The performance was a triumph over great difficulties for all concerned. The applause was unusually hearty for a modern piece.

One remembers vividly the rhythmic figure, jagged, impetuous, which accompanies the words "Sept, ils sont sept" in the text. It is this rhythm, barbarously reiterated which makes the music effective.

Ibert's "Chant de Folle" performed yesterday for the first time in public, is a setting of lines by Vallery-Radot which are characterized by this motto on the title page of the published score. "Toward the blazing horizon the crowd goes stumbling along and howling its song of madness."

The music, written in 1924 and dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky, has an impressive introduction for orchestra, suggesting the stumbling horde of madmen. But despite polyharmony and much percussion, despite four solo sopranos and two solo contraltos, it fails to arouse in a listener either the mood of the poem or any other mood save a curiosity easily verging on boredom.

Roger Ducasse's Sarabande, with wordless parts for chorus, purports to tell the story of a dying king for whose funeral procession "viols and flutes and hautbois d'amour" played his favorite sarabande while the people moaned and the bells tolled. Written in 1910, this music was first played in America in New York in 1918. This music recalls Gabriel Faure, but without his gift of delicately moulded melody and subtly evanescent harmony. Roger Ducasse was, in fact, one of Faure's pupils.

#### Satisfactory Chorus

In these two numbers and in the "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor," the chorus was more than satisfactory. Thanks largely, no doubt, to Mr. Lang as well as to Mr. Koussevitzky Boston has now a chorus which can deservedly figure in the regular Symphony concerts.

Mozart's D major symphony, one of his most ingratiating works, was given

a superficially brilliant but unpolished reading. One recalled regretfully the admirable reading given here in 1923 by Bruno Walter as guest conductor, which showed a quiet heartfelt sympathy with Mozart's music and a thorough yet utterly unpedantic knowledge of it. But this symphony was no doubt to Mr. Koussevitzky the routine item on yesterday's program.

Mr. Koussevitzky deserves, however, heartfelt thanks from the Boston public for letting us hear these examples of choral music from modern composers which this city would probably never have heard without his zeal and courage. Prokofiev's music has vigor and individuality enough to win it a place in the standard repertory. One cannot say as much for Ibert and Roger Ducasse, however.

The radio audience should be certain of hearing the Mozart well. The transmission of choral music is always a bit problematic, but probably the barbaric qualities of "Seven, they are seven" will not lose by a little blurring and an admixture of static.

The next and final program includes Brahms First Symphony, Stravinsky's "Petrushka," and short pieces by Valdi and Samazeuilh. P. R.

## MAD MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Post — Nov. 24, 1926

Cecilia Society Sings

Terror-Inspiring  
Measures

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

One of the most sensational compositions to come to a hearing here in a month of Symphony seasons, Serge Prokofiev's "Seven, They Are Seven!" Incantation for tenor, chorus and orchestra, was performed at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, Charles Stratton and the Cecilia Society assisting.

A radical departure from custom, this piece was set twice upon the programme that it might be the better understood and appreciated, and, although several members of the audience, apparently satisfied with one hearing of this drastic music, fled before the repetition, the majority remained to heap a second round of applause upon all concerned.

#### SAVAGE AND FEROCIOUS

The text that served Prokofiev in this extraordinary piece was derived by the Russian poet, Constantin Balmont, from an Akkadian formula of incantation against the powers of evil, brought to light during excavations in Mesopotamia. Seven in number were these demons, and the Akkadians believed them to be the source of all human afflictions. As Prokofiev has interpreted Balmont's verses, the portion assigned to the solo tenor is the voice of the conjuring priest, while the chorus represents an assemblage of over-wrought and fanatical worshippers.

Latent in this text is opportunity for musical delineation of the most savage character, and Prokofiev of all composers, living or dead, seems the one peculiarly fitted to have accomplished a setting of it. Even Stravinsky hardly commands the musical ferocity that distinguishes this incantation and Prokofiev's "Scythian" Suite.

#### Terror Inspiring Music

Although first made public by Mr. Koussevitzky in Paris two years ago, "Seven, They Are Seven!" dates from 1917. Of late years, by the way, Prokofiev has abandoned the musical barbarities in which he once delighted in favor of such relatively gentle things as the Pianoforte Concerto that he himself played here earlier in the season.

No music of the wildness and frenzy of "Seven, They Are Seven!" could possibly be easy of performance, and in fact the task laid by Prokofiev upon chorus and soloist, not to mention orchestra and conductor, is formidable in the extreme. Yesterday the Cecilia Society valiantly, even triumphantly, met the exactions of this terror-inspiring music, while Mr. Stratton no less distinguished himself.

The men and women of the Cecilia are, no doubt, peaceable, self-restrained and law-abiding citizens, yet yesterday under Mr. Koussevitzky's goadings they were for the moment a twentieth-century incarnation of the fear-driven Akkadians.



### Pales Companion Piece

Having this excellent chorus at his disposal, Mr. Koussevitzky made use of it through most of the afternoon. Only in Mozart's Symphony in D major, No. 35, which in a delightful performance began the concert, was the orchestra heard alone. Set immediately after Prokofiev's Incantation, Jacques Ibert's "Song of Madness," dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky and publicly performed yesterday for the first time anywhere, unfortunately paled into comparative insignificance, and by the time Prokofiev's music had been heard a second time Ibert's piece, truth to tell, quite faded from the recollection. Yet in more favorable surroundings it might have made an impression.

Better fared Roger-Ducasse's Sarabande, given for the first time in Boston, since in mood it contrasted strongly with the other choral numbers. In it Ducasse's inspiration seems to wax and wane, but the final impression is one of quiet beauty.

### Dances From "Prince Igor"

To make a resplendent, pulse-stirring end to the concert came, immediately following the repetition of "Seven, They Are Seven," the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," performed with this same chorus at two pairs of concerts last season. Yesterday the members of the Cecilia, having been for a second time lifted out of themselves in their portrayal of the maddened Akkadians, turned with a will to the music of Borodin and carried it to even greater heights, so it seemed, than they had done last year. In fact had there been no Prokofiev on the programme, the performance of these dances would in itself have made the concert memorable.

### Some Choral Novelties

#### From Mr. Koussevitzky

The program of the twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, was:

Mozart—Symphony in D major, No. 35 (Köchel No. 335)

Prokofiev—"Sept, ils sont Sept!" Incantation for Tenor, Chorus and Orchestra

Ibert—"Chant de Folie" for Chorus and Orchestra

Roger-Ducasse—Sarabande, Symphonic Poem for Orchestra and Voices

Prokofiev—"Sept, ils sont Sept!"

Borodin—Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor"

The chorus was that of the Cecilia Society, Malcolm Lang, conductor. Charles Stratton was the tenor soloist.

As will be noted, the piece by Prokofiev was repeated. In the case of new music this has been done several times in Boston, particularly at the Chickering Production Concerts and at concerts of the Boston Musical Association under the conductorship of Mr. Longy. It has its advantages, although what these were in regard to Prokofiev's "Incantation" it would be hard to imagine. In fact, it acted rather as a disadvantage in this particular instance, for this is music made up purely of "effects." At the first hearing these were at times startling. On the second they were less so, for this music is not difficult of comprehension. In it the composer employs the methods of the circus and the music hall. Of musical invention in the generally accepted sense of the term it contains none. Who does not recall the often clever and amusing effects produced by a "trap drummer" accompanying a vaudeville "act?" Imagine the trap drummer multiplied a hundredfold, and an approximate idea of Prokofiev's scheme of orchestration may be obtained. It is a job cleverly done, but not one which brings to the fore the best elements of music as an art, any more than the work of the comic strip artist is to be compared with that of a Raphael. But to those who desire the spectacular in the concert room it must have proved of absorbing interest.

This "barbaric yawp," played for the first time in America, was followed by Ibert's "Chant de Folie," played for the first time anywhere. This was the second time that a composition by M. Ibert has appeared on the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season. One wonders why the music of this essentially commonplace composer should occupy such a prominent place in Mr. Koussevitzky's esteem. Certainly this "Chant de Folie" contains nothing of striking beauty or originality. The same composer's "Escales," played earlier in the season, included several pages of pleasant-sounding, if not individual music. But this "Chant de Folie" possesses not even that virtue. Decidedly Mr. Koussevitzky does not always employ a discriminating taste in his choice of novelties. Witness the dull Prelude of Glazounoff of last week's program.

Yet it is a good thing to hear novel music, and that Mr. Koussevitzky and his audience might have their

fill of it, and to make the measure full and running over, Roger-Ducasse's Sarabande was played yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston. This was music of more ancient vintage, having been composed in 1910. It is also that of a sensitive, refined and poetic talent. If not great music, yet it is music which stirs the imagination and the emotions.

The program opened with a somewhat perfunctory performance of Mozart's D major Symphony. Mr. Koussevitzky was quite reserving his ardors for the later pieces on the program, and he and the orchestra ran through the symphony with as little trouble as possible. Yet this symphony deserves better treatment, as witness the effective interpretation which it received here at the hands of Bruno Walter some three years ago.

The pieces by Prokofiev and Ibert were given with great care and a very apparent comprehension. The playing of Roger-Ducasse's "Sarabande" was often lacking in the delicacy of treatment which it insistently demands, and there was a moment near the beginning when the chorus made a glaringly false entry. And throughout the afternoon the Cecilians rarely stirred from an aristocratic torpor. The flaming ardors of the daring Prokofiev or the barbaric Borodin failed to arouse them. They sang genteelly. Does not this music demand more?

Mr. Stratton accomplished his difficult task well. It gave him little opportunity to display the qualities which distinguish good singing from bad. But he was fervent and entered into the mood of music. S. M.

## NOTES and LINES

—By PHILIP HALE—

The Symphony concerts this week will be chiefly of a choral nature. The symphony, which is first on the program, is Mozart's in D major. It was originally in the form of a serenade, including a march and two minuets. Apparently in this form flutes and clarinets were not employed; they were added when the symphony was performed at Vienna in 1783. Mozart wished the first movement to go "in a fiery manner; the last as fast as possible." The first performance in

Boston was by the Orchestral Union in 1859; the last at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1923 when Bruno Walter conducted as a guest.

For the concerts of this week, the Cecilia Society has been rehearsed by Malcolm Lang. Prokofiev's "Seven! They are Seven" will be performed for the first time in this country. It is described as "an Akkadian Incantation for orchestra and chorus with tenor solo."

The text is by the Russian poet Balmont, who based at least three poems on a cuneiform inscription found in an Akkadian temple in Mesopotamia. The tenor represents the priest; the chorus, the wild-eyed, fanatical worshippers. These old Akkadians believed in seven malignant deities to whom they ascribed the infliction of all miseries on earth and man. Gigantic beings, they knew not regret or remorse; they were deaf to prayers and entreaties.

The music is as savagely barbaric as the text. The task put upon the tenor (Charles Stratton) and the chorus is a severe one. When Mr. Koussevitzky produced this cantata at one of his concerts in Paris in May, 1924, he repeated the performance that the audience might the better appreciate the music. There will be a repetition at each of the concerts this week; that is, if the tenor and the chorus are not hors de combat on Saturday.

When B. J. Lang brought out Debussy's "Nocturnes" at a "Chickering Hall Production" concert in 1904, and thought that the audience, not used at that time to Debussy's music, might not discover the beauties of these pieces, there were two performances in the concert. But the audience was not so perplexed that night as were the players.

A Sarabande with chorus by Ducasse will be performed here for the first time. (The Philharmonic Society of New York produced it in New York eight years ago.) The chorus parts are without words, and the direction is that the chorus should sing off-stage. (If there is no chorus, three clarinets, also off stage, should play the music written for sopranos, altos and tenors.)

The score contains an argument purporting to be taken from an old French chronicle. Did Ducasse here do what Sir Walter Scott often did—write a motto for a chapter in a novel and attribute it to an "old play"? Swinburne added a long note in prose to his "Leper" and said it came from a French chronicle of 1505, but this chronicle was of Swinburne's invention. We translate the argument of Ducasse's piece and hope that his music will be as beautiful as the archaic French:

"The day after, in the morning, they



bore the dead prince to the Abbey of Alsne. Before he died he had many times amiably and gently requested: "Play that Sarabande," which was a dance of Spain that a lutanist, whom he loved, played very beautifully. In his death agony, the prince kept requesting: "Play to me that Sarabande." And so that he might the more sweetly depart from there, all along the road that leads to the aforesaid abbey, viols and hautbois d'amour and flutes went playing this Sarabande, amidst the psalms of priests and clerks, and frequent moans of the good people who wept and lamented in piteous fashion. And at the same time all the bells, both great and small, bourdons and campanelles chimed very melodiously."

When this Sarabande—it was first performed in Paris 15 years ago—was brought out in New York the writer of the program book thought "Icel" was the name of the dead prince, whereas in old French "Icel" (or "Iceluy") meant simply "he," or "the same man."

Ducasse was plain "Ducasse" when he was awarded the second grand prix de Rome at the Paris Conservatory as a pupil of Gabriel Faure in 1902. Of late years he is known as "Roger-Ducasse," so his name is entered by some musical lexicographers under "D"; by others under "R." So when the late Andre Caplet came to the Boston Opera House as conductor Mr. Russell hyphenated Caplet's name, "Andre-Caplet," leaving the poor young man without a Christian name to his credit.

Ibert's "Song of Madness" will be performed for the first time in this country. The composer's "Ports-of-Call" was performed at a symphony concert early in the season, and a chamber-piece by him for wind instruments has been played at a concert of the Boston Flute Players' Club.

In this "Song of Madness" the chorus, after singing "La, la, la" for some measures, breaks into a song of which the words show distressing mental aberration. There is a motto from some article, essay, or treatise by P. Vallery-Radot. Is he the distinguished Parisian physician and alienist? In this motto he describes a crowd rushing along, stumbling towards a fiery sky line, howling their mad song.

The dances with chorus from Borodin's "Prince Igor" will bring the ending to this concert with an unusual program.

For the 24th and last concerts to take place next week Mr. Koussevitzky has arranged this program: Vivaldi, Concerto; Samazeuilh, "Night," a symphonic poem (first time in this country); Stravinsky, "Petrouchka"; Brahms, Symphony, C minor, No. 1. The music by Vivaldi and Brahms has already been performed here during the season of subscription concerts.

## SYMPHONY FREE CONCERT IN MUSEUM

*Herald* — *Apr. 22, 1926.*  
Annual Event Draws 3000  
Appreciative Listeners

More than 3000 persons crowded the galleries, corridors and steps leading to the rotunda of the Museum of Fine Arts last night at the annual free concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The museum was opened at 7 o'clock and by 7:45 o'clock the late comers were forced to file up a narrow aisle of steps and search for seats in the extreme rear of the galleries or stand against the walls.

Agide Jacchia conducted 34 players of the Symphony orchestra in a popular and representative program. His diminished orchestra was composed of 19 stringed instruments, supported by flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets and kettledrums. The audience maintained an appreciative silence throughout the concert.

Beginning with the melancholy and jubilant overture to "Egmont," Op. 84, by Beethoven, the program contained the first movement of Josef Haydn's Symphony, D major, the Prelude to Act 3 of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," by Wagner; Boccherini's Minuet, the Largo from Symphony, E minor, No. 5, "From the New World," by Dvorak; the Intermezzo from "Goyescas," by Granados; the prelude to "The Deluge," by Saint-Saens, and Brahms's First Hungarian Dance.

Enthusiastic applause followed the prelude to "The Mastersingers," Boccherini's famous Minuet and the violin solo in Saint-Saens's Prelude. Brahms's rushing dance was also appreciated, while the Spanish romance of Granados left the audience relatively cold. The other free concert of the season will be given in the museum by the Harvard Glee Club on Thursday evening, May 13. Last year the Harvard concert was attended by 4000 persons.

## Symphony Concert

### PROKOVIEV IN POWER, IBERT CONVENTIONAL, DUCASSE INTO BEAUTY

*Trans.* — *Apr. 24, 1926.*  
NEW MUSIC, NEW FORCES, LARGE  
PLEASURE

Present End Crowns Mr. Koussevitzky's Choral Progress—The Symphony Orchestra Possessed of Two Choirs—Muscovite Savagery in a Cantata of Fear—Parisian Fantasy in a Tapestry of Tones—One Failure and, Quite Incidentally, Mozart

**W**HAT DR. MUCK BEGAN, Mr. Koussevitzky has accomplished. Many a major orchestra on the European Continent has long possessed its accessory chorus, counted little less essential than the band itself. Therewith its concerts may include symphonic pieces into which a vocal ensemble also enters—mixed medium that living composers often cultivate. Therewith it may also undertake choral music of large dimensions, to which a full-voiced orchestra is as necessary as a many-voiced choir; wherein a conductor of inspiring powers must swing the stick of authority. Accustomed to these European conditions, Dr. Muck was ambitious of such an auxiliary at Symphony Hall. Gradually he persuaded the powers that were to his notions. In the final year of his second term Mr. Stephen Townsend organized, schooled and delivered an admirable Boston Symphony Chorus. It was heard in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; Mahler's Second; the Matthew Passion—Music of Bach. It was ready also to provide a lesser choir for symphonic numbers. Then ensued the sequestration of the conductor, the disorganization of orchestra and chorus, the general and particular wreckage of American participation in the European war.

When restoration began under Mr. Monteux, choral concerts receded into the background. His primary concerns were the re-constitution and the re-building of the orchestra—patient and resolute work of years. Less, also, than either his predecessor—for the interregnum of Rabaud is now

negligible—or his successor, was he disposed to choral music. Not until his term was drawing to a close did he undertake it, except as rare and unescapable incident to symphonic pieces, otherwise desirable. Meanwhile had come the discovery of Dr. Davison as choral conductor unexcelled hereabouts, the rise of his Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society into like place among local choirs. Alliance with the Symphony Orchestra was soon foreshadowed. Mr. Monteux sealed it when for the final movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, he joined Dr. Davison's chorus to his own band in a performance thitherto unexampled in Boston.

Within a month Mr. Monteux departed. In succession came Mr. Koussevitzky, long addicted to choral music at his concerts, ambitious of it, with a temperamental flair for the manipulation of tonal mass and motion. No sooner was he settled in his new post than he cast about for a chorus. For music of large scope and many voices, the Cambridge choirs stood ready. Before long he had found the way, through the impending performance of Brahms's Requiem, to association with Dr. Davison or, under necessity, his deputy. There was need, however, of a smaller choir for lesser purposes, since in the course of a single season—and an academic year—the Harvard and the Radcliffe singers could do only so much work at high standard. Once more opportunity favored Mr. Koussevitzky. The Cecilia had again been reorganized with Mr. Jackson as president, and the younger Lang as conductor. It bade fair to regain gradually its former numbers, quality and diligence. Forthwith, Mr. Koussevitzky made a second alliance—and the Symphony Orchestra was provided with a choir sufficient for its subscription concerts.

Doubly fortified, the conductor could now go his choral way. For Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Brahms's Requiem he mated the orchestra to Dr. Davison's choirs, in concerts outside the subscription. The end crowned the work. Late last season, in the choral dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor," he led The Cecilia back to Symphony Hall. Three months ago, it assisted in the performance of music by Liszt. Yesterday, it was choir through a Symphony Concert, more choral than symphonic. Again the end crowned the work. The Boston Orchestra is now the only orchestra in America provided with habituated choral forces. On this score it is at par with the best orchestras of Europe. It has also re-animated choral song in the musical life and the musical pleasure of Symphony



Hall. Wider and wider the horizon opens; a year hence Beethoven's "Solemn Mass" will lie within it; in years to come it may also circumscribe the Passions and the Mass of Bach. What Dr. Muck began, Mr. Koussevitzky has accomplished—and excelled.

Fourfold were the choral numbers of Friday; while all but one was new to these concerts. The exception was the Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," repeated in their choral dress from the concerts of last year, but in more vivid and plastic performance. In the first place, the present orchestra is capable of richer tone, sharper rhythms, more adroit euphonies, more exuberant progress, than was the band of 1924-25. In the second place, The Cecilia, in practice under Mr. Lang, has become thoroughly familiar with Borodin's music and gained confidence in itself. Consequently it now sang with freer and ampler tone, keener alertness to accent, clearer musical sense, a new finesse, as in the lighter and more gracious dances; or, at composer's and conductor's will, in out-flinging vigors. The consequence was a performance in which the bystanders forgot, for once, the seemingly indispensable settings, dresses and dancers in visualized tribal action, rude, barbaric, flaming-colored. By the board went the recollections of Rœrich's ruddy camp and of Diaghilev's swirling, leaping mimes. The pound and the flare of the music, stamping or streaming, sufficed. The pulsing vigors, the full-flowing line, the barbaric fleer and flash engrossed the ear; or else, such euphonies as orchestra and choir gained in the softer-molded dances, obsessed it. No doubt Borodin was writing a music sprung from the folk, orientally admixed. He was also writing for the Imperial Opera House at Petersburg.

Of the numbers new to Boston one, as it sounded to the attentive and sympathetic ear, as the audience also received it, plainly missed fire. In his own Paris, Monsieur Jacques Ibert is ceasing to be the rising composer that reviewers early praised and conductors once fostered. Those that scan the course of Parisian concerts may readily discover a note of disappointment and mistrust when Monsieur Ibert is now delivered of a new piece. Mr. Koussevitzky—société d'encouragement in one man incarnate—first bore his music to America. Yet his "Escales," in Symphony Hall last autumn, seemed but ingenious exercises in harmonies, timbres, rhythms and repetitions, woven around slender, meager, fancies. Nor did his "Song of Madness," heard for the first time yesterday in any concert-hall, add to Monsieur Ibert's musical stature.

Already quoted in this place, lurid lines about a mob of mad-folk stumbling and

shrieking through the night, blood-stained and blood-haunted withal, suggested the musical scheme. With an orchestra of modest modern dimensions and no overwhelming chorus Monsieur Ibert sets about the accomplishment. It is his misfortune and his limitation to evolve in tones no more than a mad troop generalized. In the fashion of this third decade of the twentieth century, he generates a considerable excitement—of the concert hall. Rarely, however, does he particularize it to the frenetic, ensanguined verse. Occasionally, held, or reiterated, measures suggest a lunatic obsession; occasionally isolated voices shrill and tear through the tonal web; once and again the rhythm staggers and lurches—all instant flashes quickly smothered in a music conventional with the conventionality of these days, handwork of accomplished but unimaginative mediocrity. Since the suspicion is abroad in Paris, it is permissible to repeat it here: as the American vernacular might put it, Monsieur Ibert seems a "false alarm."

In contrast, the Saraband of Monsieur Roger-Ducasse, "symphonic poem for orchestra and voices," achieves through a fine-spun music as finely contrived illusion. Undo the clasps of a mediæval chronicle, read there upon the illuminated parchment the legend of the Prince who in life so loved a certain Saraband that at his very burial he would have the dance played. Close the chronicle and recall the tapestried scene as it might have been woven upon the walls of his descendants: the long, winding, funeral train—hooded ecclesiastics in black and white, knights and gentlemen and noble women of the court, mourning yet wearing their paler colors; sober-clad retainers; there wondering dogs or horses restrained in their caracoles; in the near distance the bell-towers and portals of the abbey; a little apart the minstrels, both abstracted and intent, sounding the loved dance.

Decant this vision into music and it should be very like the music of Monsieur Roger-Ducasse—transparent, pale-colored; low-spoken and gently contoured; now crystal-clear and still that the Saraband may sound grave and lovely, melancholy, wistful; again blent (by artful means hidden) of the pious chants of the clerks, the murmur of the tearful folk, the bells in the abbey softly tolling. Ever and anon the Saraband gleams through; while over all hangs the illusion of scene and train, of sound and sight, remote, glamored, out of dim memories piercing. Monsieur Roger-Ducasse is a composer who would refine upon his musical means and in tones validate his visions. Within that resource, out of such imagination, his Saraband is wrought and upon it is neither halt nor blot. As in old merit, the voices of The Cecilia caught the suavity, the transpar-

ency; the tender wistfulness and glamored melancholy.

And this beside the all-pervading, the all-conquering, Prokofiev of "They Are Seven"; for twice within the same concert that notorious music thrust and cried, surged and shouted, shattered and hushed across Symphony Hall; while twice, if the truth must be told, a stirred and possessed audience, loudly applauded it. Distinctly this offspring of modernist darkness had the better of the children (at all ages) of the ancient lights. By this time, most that follow the courses of music in our day know the story—how the poet, Bal-mont, transfused into Russian verse a barbaric incantation against evil spirits rubbed from primitive Akkadian walls; how this frenzy of dread and supplication thrilled Prokofiev; how, in the days of the lambent savagery of his "Scythian Suite," he set it also to music for a vast orchestra, a chorus from shriek to whisper, a tenor, imprecating, entreating, frantic always; how in the confusions of war, damnable always to the arts, the score lay long overlooked; how Mr. Koussevitzky rescued and bared it; to Paris, and now to Boston, bore it.

With reason and also with reward; for here is music of the dreads and prayers, the terrors and the outcries of primeval and savage men, compact and incarnate. All around is the black darkness, the stirless silence of the unknowable and the dreadful. There dwell, and thence strike, the seven demons, authors and bringers of evil. Monstrous are they and hideous; malignant, as they are masterful; the earth and men encompassing. Only by prayers and by magic, by shout and wail and incantation may they be conjured away. Prokofiev's tenor is the shrilling priest, piercing the night with his cries and spells, flinging phrase shrieked upon phrase riven until Mr. Charles Stratton sang the music almost too well. Prokofiev's chorus is the tribe, whining, wailing, clamoring, shouting its fear, goading the conjuring priest; again cringing at some new terror; into whispers smothered and stilled; at the end wrung into a void of exhaustion. Through stark intervals, tortured phrases, savage rhythms, transitions raw and bleeding, out of the frenzy, in a well-nigh perverted surety, the Cecilia achieved this gamut of adjuration.

Prokofiev's orchestra is the magician of the whole. It conjures up the darkness and the dreads; it bodies forth the unknowable and the awesome; it beats black and it flames red. It shrieks and it whispers. In an agony of entreaty it writhes; into horrific whispers it is muted. It makes a few simple motifs monstrous; it is supplicant—and harmonically jagged; horror lays hold—out of timbres; the tonal mass would cleave the heavens—and drops to earth chattering and obscene. The mumble

goes out in a silence more ominous than the din . . . There is but one parallel in the music of primeval awe, dread and savagery—sundry pages in "The Rite of Spring." Stravinsky may have charged them more deeply; but less than Prokofiev of "They Are Seven" does he achieve a music gravid with fear, lurid with imprecation, reeling with frenzy. Out of the two opens, in the two is contained, the new conquest of the Muscovite moderns. They can write the music, in a primeval world, of the demons that are fear.

Mozart was the prelude, the Mozart of a rather workaday Symphony in E-flat, of the Salzburg years. There is still a music pure and undefiled. It is also good to hear. It would be better did less than six-and-sixty strings thicken and stay it, or languishing tempi bring its slow measures near to dissolution. H. T. P.

## WOULD CHANGE SHOPPING HOURS

and June 12, on the evenings of May 27 and June 3. "The principal new pieces" to be played are:

Bloch: Concerto Grosso for Strings and Piano.  
Copland: Music for The Theater.  
Gaillard: Sonata transcribed for Orchestra.  
Hindemith: Concerto for Orchestra.  
Obonkhov: Preface.  
Pou'enc: Three Marches.  
Tailleferre: Open-Air Games.  
Tansman: Concerto for Piano.

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Hall. Wider and wider the horizon opens; a year hence Beethoven's "Solemn Mass" will lie within it; in years to come it may also circumscribe the Passions and the Mass of Bach. What Dr. Muck began, Mr. Koussevitzky has accomplished—and excelled.

Fourfold were the choral numbers of Friday; while all but one was new to these concerts. The exception was the Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," repeated in their choral dress from the concerts of last year, but in more vivid and plastic performance. In the first place, the present orchestra is capable of richer tone, sharper rhythms, more adroit euphonies, more exuberant progress, than was the band of 1924-25. In the second place, The Cecilia, in practice under Mr. Lang, has become thoroughly familiar with Borodin's music and gained confidence in itself. Consequently it now sang with freer and ampler tone, keener alertness to accent, clearer musical sense, a new finesse, as in the lighter and more gracious dances; or, at composer's and conductor's will, in outflinging vigors. The consequence was a performance in which the bystanders forgot, for once, the seemingly indispensable settings, dresses and dancers in visualized tribal action, rude, barbaric, flaming-colored. By the board went the recollections of Rerich's ruddy camp and of Diaghilev's swirling, leaping mimes. The pound and the flare of the music, stamping or streaming, sufficed. The pulsing vigors, the full-flowing line, the barbaric fleer and flash engrossed the ear; or else, such euphonies as orchestra and choir gained in the softer-molded dances, obsessed it. No doubt Borodin was writing a music sprung from the folk, orientally admixed. He was also writing for the Imperial Opera House at Petersburg.

Of the numbers new to Boston one, as it sounded to the attentive and sympathetic ear, as the audience also received it, plainly missed fire. In his own Paris, Monsieur Jacques Ibert is ceasing to be the rising composer that reviewers early praised and conductors once fostered. Those that scan the course of Parisian concerts may readily discover a note of disappointment and mistrust when Monsieur Ibert is now delivered of a new piece. Mr. Koussevitzky—société d'encouragement in one man incarnate—first bore his music to America. Yet his "Escalaes," in Symphony Hall last autumn, seemed but ingenious exercises in harmonies, timbres, rhythms and repetitions, woven around slender, meager, fancies. Nor did his "Song of Madness," heard for the first time yesterday in any concert-hall, add to Monsieur Ibert's musical stature.

Already quoted in this place, lurid lines about a mob of mad-folk stumbling and

shrieking through the night, blood-stained and blood-haunted withal, suggested the musical scheme. With an orchestra of modest modern dimensions and no overwhelming chorus Monsieur Ibert sets about the accomplishment. It is his misfortune and his limitation to evolve in tones no more than a mad troop generalized. In the fashion of this third decade of the twentieth century, he generates a considerable excitement—of the concert hall. Rarely, however, does he particularize it to the frenetic, ensanguined verse. Occasionally, held, or reiterated, measures suggest a lunatic obsession; occasionally isolated voices shrill and tear through the tonal web; once and again the rhythmic staggers and lurches—all instant flashes quickly smothered in a music conventional with the conventionality of these days, handiwork of accomplished but unimaginative mediocrity. Since the suspicion is abroad in Paris, it is permissible to repeat it here: as the American vernacular might put it, Monsieur Ibert seems a "false alarm."

In contrast, the Saraband of Monsieur Roger-Ducasse, "symphonic poem for orchestra and voices," achieves through a fine-spun music as finely contrived illusion. Undo the clasps of a mediaeval chronicle, read there upon the illuminated parchment the legend of the Prince who in life so loved a certain Saraband that at his very burial he would have the dance played. Close the chronicle and recall the tapestried scene as it might have been woven upon the walls of his descendants: the long winding, funeral train—hooded ecclesiastics in black and white, knights and gentlemen and noble women of the court, mourning yet wearing their paler colors; sober-clad retainers; there wondering dogs or horses restrained in their caracoles; in the near distance the bell-towers and portals of the abbey; a little apart the minstrels, both abstracted and intent, sounding the loved dance.

Decant this vision into music and it should be very like the music of Monsieur Roger-Ducasse—transparent, pale-colored; low-spoken and gently contoured; now crystal-clear and still that the Saraband may sound grave and lovely, melancholy, wistful; again blent (by artful means hidden) of the pious chants of the clerks, the murmur of the tearful folk, the bells in the abbey softly tolling. Ever and anon the Saraband gleams through; while over all hangs the illusion of scene and train, of sound and sight, remote, glamored, out of dim memories piercing. Monsieur Roger-Ducasse is a composer who would refine upon his musical means and in tones validate his visions. Within that resource, out of such imagination, his Saraband is wrought and upon it is neither halt nor blot. As in old merit, the voices of The Cecilia caught the suavity, the transpar-

ency; the tender wistfulness and glamored melancholy.

And this beside the all-pervading, the all-conquering, Prokofiev of "They Are Seven"; for twice within the same concert that notorious music thrust and cried, surged and shouted, shattered and hushed across Symphony Hall; while twice, if the truth must be told, a stirred and possessed audience, loudly applauded it. Distinctly this offspring of modernist darkness had the better of the children (at all ages) of the ancient lights. By this time, most that follow the courses of music in our day know the story—how the poet, Bal-mont, transfused into Russian verse a barbaric incantation against evil spirits rubbed from primitive Akkadian walls; how this frenzy of dread and supplication thrilled Prokofiev; how, in the days of the lambent savagery of his "Scythian Suite," he set it also to music for a vast orchestra, a chorus from shriek to whisper, a tenor, imprecating, entreating, frantic always; how in the confusions of war, damnable always to the arts, the score lay long overlooked; how Mr. Koussevitzky rescued and bared it; to Paris, and now to Boston, bore it.

With reason and also with reward; for here is music of the dreads and prayers, the terrors and the outcries of primeval and savage men, compact and incarnate. All around is the black darkness, the still-less silence of the unknowable and the dreadful. There dwell, and thence strike, the seven demons, authors and bringers of evil. Monstrous are they and hideous; malignant, as they are masterful; the earth and men encompassing. Only by prayers and by magic, by shout and wail and incantation may they be conjured away. Prokofiev's tenor is the shrilling priest, piercing the night with his cries and spells, flinging phrase shrieked upon phrase riven until Mr. Charles Stratton sang the music almost too well. Prokofiev's chorus is the tribe, whining, wailing, clamoring, shouting its fear, goading the conjuring priest; again cringing at some new terror; into whispers smothered and stilled; at the end wrung into a void of exhaustion. Through stark intervals, tortured phrases, savage rhythms, transitions raw and bleeding, out of the frenzy, in a well-nigh perverted surety, the Cecilia achieved this gamut of adjuration.

Prokofiev's orchestra is the magician of the whole. It conjures up the darkness and the dreads; it bodies forth the unknowable and the awesome; it beats black and it flames red. It shrieks and it whispers. In an agony of entreaty it writhes; into horrific whispers it is muted. It makes a few simple motifs monstrous; it is supplicant—and harmonically jagged; horror lays hold—out of timbres; the tonal mass would cleave the heavens—and drops to earth chattering and obscene. The mumble

goes out in a silence more ominous than the din . . . There is but one parallel in the music of primeval awe, dread and savagery—sundry pages in "The Rite of Spring." Stravinsky may have charged them more deeply; but less than Prokofiev of "They Are Seven" does he achieve a music gravid with fear, lurid with imprecation, reeling with frenzy. Out of the two opens, in the two is contained, the new conquest of the Muscovite moderns. They can write the music, in a primeval world, of the demons that are fear.

Mozart was the preluding, the Mozart of a rather workaday Symphony in E-flat, of the Salzburg years. There is still a

## From Boston to Paris

Out of the Symphony Concerts Mr. Koussevitzky Takes Five New Pieces

MAILS from Paris bring formal announcement of the impending "Concerts Koussevitzky." As usual in the spring, there will be four—in the huge auditorium of the Opéra on the afternoons of May 22 and June 12, on the evenings of May 27 and June 3. "The principal new pieces" to be played are:

Bloch: Concerto Grosso for Strings and Piano  
Copland: Music for The Theater.  
Gaillard: Sonata transcribed for Orchestra.  
Hindemith: Concerto for Orchestra.  
Obonkhov: Preface.  
Pou'enc: Three Marches.  
Talliefferre: Open-Air Games.  
Tansman: Concerto for Piano.

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## Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 30, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 1, at 8.15 o'clock

Vivaldi . . . . . Concerto in E minor for String Orchestra  
(Edited by A. Mistovski)

- I. Vigoroso.
- II. Largo.
- III. Allegro.

Satie . . . . . "Gymnopédies"  
(Orchestrated by Debussy)

Stravinsky . . . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet "Pétrouchka"  
(Piano—JESÚS SANROMÁ)

Russian Dance—Pétrouchka—Grand Carnival—Nurses'  
Dance—The Bear and the Peasant playing a Hand  
Organ—The Merchant and the Gypsies—The Dance  
of the Coachmen and Grooms—The Masqueraders

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
- II. Andante sostenuto.
- III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
- IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





**Stravinsky**  
Composer and Also Pianist

(Musical America)

THE BOSTON HERALD, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1926

## KOUSSEVITZKY WINS TRIBUTE

*Symphony Conductor  
Honored by Audience*

Striking Ovation at Final  
Friday Afternoon Sym-  
phony Concert

### VARIED APPEAL MARKS PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the 24th and last Friday afternoon concert of its 45th season in Symphony hall. We do not recall a tribute paid by the audience to a conductor that was in any way comparable to that paid Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday, and deservedly, when he came on the stage, and we have attended Symphony concerts since the fall of 1889. The applause was not only spontaneous; it was prolonged; it was enthusiastic; it had a certain indefinable quality. This greeting and the enthusiasm after the symphony showed how firm is the hold of Mr. Koussevitzky on the minds and the hearts of his audience.

His program for this memorable occasion was well contrasted, interesting, with a varied appeal; a program free from any desire to win for the conductor a sensational success by a vain display of virtuosity. There was no unfamiliar composition to cause surprise and excite discussion. Vivaldi's Concerto, E minor, for strings; Debussy's exquisite orchestration of Satie's "Gymnopédies," which are conceived in Sophoclean purity of form and spirit; the first symphony of Johannes Brahms—these had been performed in the course of this season. The remaining number was the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet: "Petrouchka."

It is not necessary to dwell on the character of this or that composition, but a few words may be said about the interpretation and the performance. Mr. Koussevitzky, a warm friend of contemporaneous composers of ultra-modern tendencies, zealous in their behalf, has a respect for the music of the 17th and 18th centuries, a respect that is more than historical. He sees, feels and reveals the gaiety and the serenity of these scores; the rhythmic



(Photo by Garo)  
**SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY**

energy, and the lyric tenderness. Nor was the jump from Vivaldi to that strange being, Erik Satie, so disconcerting as it might seem at first thought. Debussy learned much from Satie's opinions on musical art. He and his counsellor were nearer to the men of the 18th century than they were to the heroic figures of the 19th and 20th. While "Petrouchka" is first of all for the theatre, it is a brilliant if necessarily a less significant concert piece, but it well serves to display the technical proficiency of an orchestra and the imaginative dramatic nature of a conductor.

Here are three compositions that tested the skill and the aestheticism of Mr. Koussevitzky, tested them before he raised his baton for the symphony. Now Mr. Koussevitzky, a pronounced admirer of Brahms, has his own ideas as to the interpretation of that composer. He knows the absurdity of blindly obeying traditions, which in



nine cases out of ten are without foundation or substantial reason. He recognizes the dramatic, the romantically dramatic side of Brahms. To bring it fully out he reads the score as a well-graced actor plays a Shakespearian part, without thought of the commentators, regardless of views held by preceding tragedians or comedians. And so his interpretation of the symphony was profoundly emotional, with stirring moments, not without recognition of the meditative, brooding spirit with which certain pages are charged.

Does some one say, "But this performance was not of the sort to which I have been accustomed. It was not Brahms as I know him."?

If it was not Brahms, it was better than Brahms.

A few remarks about the season that ends tonight with a repetition of this concert will be found in The Herald of tomorrow.

## FINAL CONCERT OF SYMPHONY SEASON Conductor Koussevitzky Is Given an Ovation

The subscribers to the Friday afternoon series of Boston Symphony concerts are generally believed to constitute a cold, undemonstrative audience, chary of applause, incapable of appearing genuinely enthusiastic. Outsiders who believe this legend, which is not wholly without foundation, should have heard the shouts of "Bravo!" the pounding with canes and umbrellas, the slamming of seats, the tremendous hand-clapping, continued for many minutes at the close of the final concert of the season yesterday afternoon.

It is customary to bid the conductor and orchestra a cordial goodby, but one does not recall such an ovation as yesterday's at the conclusion of any season in the past 15 years. One doubts whether any previous conductor, with the possible exception of Nikisch, has been so warm a personal favorite with an overwhelming majority of the Boston Symphony subscribers as is Mr. Koussevitzky. But elder listeners must decide this point.

To cap the climax, everyone in the hall stood for many minutes, not to put on coats and wraps, but in honor of conductor and players. Again and again Mr. Koussevitzky bowed and smiled. Several times he brought the players to their feet. While seated they joined heartily in the applause for the conductor. There is no possible doubt of the extent of Mr. Koussevitzky's popular success in Boston.

### Three Repeats

Yesterday's program, by a curious and not wholly fortunate whim of Mr. Koussevitzky's, contained three pieces already played at these concerts this season, Vivaldi's E-minor concerto, Debussy's arrangement of two of Satie's "Gymnopédies," and Brahms' C-minor symphony. Samazeuilh's "Night," announced in advance, had been dropped from the program. The other number, heard lately at the Tuesday concerts, was the suite from Stravinsky's "Petrushka." With so much music, new and old, unheard this season, why these repetitions?

Vivaldi's concerto, as the program book cautiously stated, has been "edited" by Mistrovski, and lately published in England. Mr. Koussevitzky was the first conductor to perform this arrangement last February. Yesterday in this music the strings played with a beauty and a balance of tone one would gladly enjoy oftener at these concerts. The present strings can play almost as beautifully as those in the Boston Symphony of pre-war days, when Mr. Koussevitzky will let them. This concerto is smoothly ingratiating music, which one has completely forgotten within a brief time after hearing it.

Again the conductor broke the melodic line of Satie's pieces by interpreting the direction "lent" (slow) as meaning "largo languoroso," or as slowly as possible. Do all Russians instinctively feel slow music should move at the pace of a paralytic snail? Or is this particular trait peculiar to Mr. Koussevitzky? It often offends Western ears far more than the same ears are likely to be offended by the reverse Slavic or, at any rate, Koussevitzkian habit of taking most swift-moving music at as nearly as possible the speed of a ray of light.

Mr. Koussevitzky's Stravinsky is unorthodox. A man who will not obey the printed directions of Beethoven and Wagner and Brahms about tempi and dynamics and phrasing can scarcely be expected to show due deference to the desires of a living and radical composer.

Koussevitzky's justification for going his own way with the music of Stravinsky and Brahms as he did yesterday, is that by so doing, he can make it vivid, make it thrilling. He can, and yesterday, as most days, he did.

Those who judge art by the voltage of the thrill they get, cannot but adore Koussevitzky. Those to whom music, ideally speaking, means not delirious excitement, but joy and peace, cannot but be annoyed at missing from such things as the magnificent finale of Brahms' C minor symphony joy and peace.

It is all a question of taste and this reviewer has so often questioned Mr. Koussevitzky's taste that readers are no doubt weary of his complaints.

### Quinby's Generosity

At any rate tonight's radio audience, at the last of the broadcasts made possible by W. S. Quinby's generosity, can, to use a popular and expressive phrase, expect to "get quite a kick out of" Stravinsky's music and out of much of

the Brahms symphony, music far easier to enjoy than his Fourth Symphony, heard on the night of the initial broadcast. The Vivaldi and Satie should come through clearly.

One hopes that both the radio audience and the musical public, terms still not wholly synonymous, realize how fine and rare a thing Mr. Quinby has done. The listeners in from lonely sick rooms and isolated farmhouses, will few of them venture to trouble orchestra or donor with their thanks. Maj. Higginson once said that at a time when it had become financially almost impossible to carry on the orchestra, he was nerved to the effort of continuing it by the thought of the ray of sunshine the concerts brought into the otherwise gray lives of many of the listeners in the rush seats on Fridays. But it takes generosity and understanding like his to feel and try to gratify the needs of humble ordinary people who are not even spectacularly poor.

One hopes that these broadcasts will be continued next year. They have been the real event of a far from uneventful Boston Symphony season. P. R.

## SYMPHONY IN FINAL MATINEE

Post Audience May 1, 1926.  
Emphatic  
In Approval of Mr.  
Koussevitzky

### BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Since there is no existing instrument for recording the intensity of public demonstrations, such matters may not always be gauged with accuracy. Yet it seemed, yesterday afternoon, at the final matinee of the Symphony season, that the applause, cheers and other manifestations of approval heaped upon Mr. Koussevitzky, at the conclusion of

the concert, exceeded in fervor any previous show of enthusiasm toward him on the part of the Friday subscribers.

### TRIBUTE OF WARM REGARD

It would appear, then, that Mr. Koussevitzky is held in increasing regard. He has "worn well." Yesterday in presenting what might impolitely be termed a warmed-over programme, listing only one piece not already heard at this season's regular subscription concerts, he risked disfavor. Yet, as a matter of fact, he was tendered a warmth of acclamation that again belied the traditional apathy of the Friday audiences, and that might well have led an uninformed observer to the conclusion that Mr. Koussevitzky was taking his leave for all time, not merely until next October.

With the E-minor Concerto of Vivaldi, as edited by A. Mistrovski, for stately beginning, and the First Symphony of Brahms for stirring and exalting ending, yesterday's concert also offered the two Gymnopédies of Satie in Debussy's orchestration, and the Suite from Stravinsky's "Petrushka," played last season and already heard this year at the final concert of the Tuesday "historical" series.

### Stravinsky's Suite Liked

While it is not the most impressive example of its school, the Concerto of Vivaldi is agreeable music, dignified, melodious, touched with grave beauty in the Largo, and it made excellent vehicle for display of the suppleness, the warm and living tone of the string section.

The pieces of Satie which replaced at the last moment the announced tone-poem of Samazeuilh did not precisely cry for such prompt repetition. But the exhilarating Suite of Stravinsky, by now become one of the orchestra's most brilliant achievements, more than deserved its place upon the programme and, as it proved, as much might be said for the Symphony of Brahms.

Not that we of Boston are exactly in need of more intimate acquaintance with Brahms' first symphonic effort. For long the piece has been tolerably well known here, and that of this evening will be its sixth performance in Symphony Hall this season. But since it was played at the opening pair of concerts last October it served yesterday strikingly to indicate the strides that an already exceptional orchestra has made in the past 10 months.

Aside from Mr. Koussevitzky's engrossing if occasionally unorthodox



interpretation, yesterday's performance of the Symphony was remarkable for its tonal beauty, richness and solidity, its plasticity, its flow of line, ever-bending, never-breaking. Yet deeper than these technical impressions went Mr. Koussevitzky's conveyance of the nobility, the strength, the emotional warmth of the music. Not in recollection has the superb exordium so seized upon ear and imagination, the Andante yielded such eloquence of song, the introduction to the last movement such a wealth of fantasy or the final climax scaled such heights.

Do you still hold Brahms to be an unemotional, austere, cerebral composer? Then hear his music from Mr. Koussevitzky and be straightway undeceived.

## THE FINAL MATINEE: LARGE LEAVE-TAKING FOR MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

*Irving. — May 1, 1926.*

**HAIL AND FAREWELL BEYOND ALL  
PRECEDENT**

**Good Will That Became a Veritable Demonstration—Just Share for the Orchestra—A Program of Repetitions, Satie's and Debussy's Grecian Dances Included—Stravinsky via "Petrushka"—Brahms of the First Symphony**

**T**HERE SHOULD BE some other way. Every spring the parting of the public with the conductor of the Symphony Concerts becomes more ardent and less articulate. These fervors began when Mr. Monteux took leave at the end of a term five years long, by no means unmarked in the annals of the orchestra. They waxed when Mr. Koussevitzky, in two concerts only four hours apart, went his way twelve months ago. They mounted yesterday when, after prologue at Cambridge, the annual rites were renewed more eagerly but not less impotently. Possibly, it is a defect of rites that there is only to multiply and prolong them.

In Symphony Hall Friday afternoon were 2600 persons, habitués of that concert-room, all more or less alert to testify their regard for the departing conductor. Obviously, when he stood bowing before them, there could be no snatching of necklaces

from throats or rings from fingers to heap at his feet. Such things are not done nowadays; as likely as not, they were never done in this New England. No more could one and all skirt the corner of St. Stephen's Street; dislodge Mr. Koussevitzky's chauffeur from his seat; fasten a rope to the motor; drag the conductor in triumph, even to Pond Street, which is in Jamaica Plain. Suburbia, watching the procession pass, would have drawn but one inference: that the car had not only broken down, but also been mobbed. Plausibly enough, it might have telephoned for the police. Possibly, such parades for the artistically illustrious went out with horses and carriages. Yet, if the primi donne enjoyed them from Jenny Lind to Adelina Patti, why should they not be met for the primi-donne conductors of a later day? Custom forbids—and custom can be an indecently arbitrary thing.

There you are! With the best will in the world between that departing conductor and that farewelling audience, yesterday afternoon there was nothing to do but applaud. Let the bystander hopelessly that the dowagers, graciously assembled, never once shouted in their lives that their daughters reserve such ebullitions for something at least as important as a hockey-game. Friday, however, they no more than rustled and ruffled in their comely throats, though there were reports that a few lads in the upper balcony actually "yelled." Middle-Westerners doubtless, that know no better; sent to Boston for an education, curiously pursuing it at Symphony Hall rather than at the movies. . . . The elect ladies did clap their hands; clapped them very loud and very long—so long indeed that some of us bred to the reporting of conventions as well as of concerts, instinctively reached for watches.

Within recollection, no Symphony Concert has heard such sustained plaudits as greeted Mr. Koussevitzky when he came first to his place. They were instant and warm; they snapped from every corner and quarter of the hall. Plainly and warrantably they moved the conductor. They were renewed at the end of Vivaldi's Concerto for Strings (which began the actual music) and promptly directed by Mr. Koussevitzky to the standing choir. At the intermission, upon the dancing heels of the Suite from "Petrushka," the whole orchestra rose to the clapping, whereupon it swelled and beat and swelled again. The practised recorders believed it at acme; since the audience of Friday afternoon is quick to disperse at the rounding of the final cadence. Not so at this matinee of farewell. In a delicious blur of excitement over Brahms in C minor and the departing conductor, the audience lingered and would not have done. Mr. Koussevitzky bent his head and lifted both grateful and deprecating arms. More than

once—in the flesh of Mr. Burgin, concert-master—he shook the collective hand of the standing orchestra. So it went, until a last everyone forgot to clap, so intent was everyone upon talk about "the demonstration." As the venerable editor of the program-book likes to say, it was "memorable." Mr. Koussevitzky, choosing music, is sensitive to sincerities. By that token he cannot doubt the regard, the good wishes, the recollection and anticipation, in which the matinee half of his Bostonian public holds him.

There was also music-making; but more and more music-making tends to be secondary at the last pair of Symphony Concerts. In fact, the program rather encouraged such an impression. Out of four appointed pieces, Vivaldi's Concerto in E minor was repeated from a pair of concerts in February and Brahms's Symphony in C minor from the first pair last autumn. The Suite from "Petrushka"—or more truly the portions of it that Mr. Koussevitzky elects to play—was transferred from the final Tuesday matinee; while thence came Satie's two dances in Debussy's scoring. To the very end—a few said—the conductor must be innovating. They demurred to these repetitions. With none too valid reason they complained of Brahms in C minor, because some other "classical symphony" had gone unheard the season through.

Yet, at the end of a long series, final concerts of repetition seems rather chic—if the word is permissible as to august doings at Symphony Hall. That last Friday and this last Saturday so become a friendly parting, when conductor, orchestra and audience look back, remember and smile as they recall. Anyhow, it was a witty and a rounding notion to end a succession of ninety-four pieces by the very symphony with which it had begun. As for the roulinières, they might easily be content with Satie's "Gymnopédies," first time at these concerts, as though it were the thirtieth of January instead of the thirtieth of April; while even they might agree that the Suite from "Petrushka" is that hybrid thing, a modern classic. To each hearer his own particular objection. There are those who count this Concerto of Vivaldi, in the edition of the mysterious Mistovski and Oxford University, the least interesting of Mr. Koussevitzky's current ancients.

Moreover, lest the purists be also "in his hair," the reviewer lies to his boulder duty of reviewing. This time, however, he no more proposes to exercise it in extenso than Mr. Koussevitzky chose to array a usual program. For him, as well as for the conductor, it was the final matinee. Through the spring mists, he also could descry the summer holidays looking both large and sweet. Therefore be it said

briefly that Signor Vivaldi has written a fortieth or a fiftieth Concerto—these eighteenth-century maestri di capella composed like rabbits; that it "lies well" for string choir; that the first division marches and upswells into a climax of vigorous, keen-rhythmed counterpoint; that the finale contains a light, pleasing, sensuous tune; that the middle movement misses Vivaldi's usual depth and warmth of unfolding song. As for Satie's Spartan dances, they are not in the least Grecian, as antiquarians of music might conceive them; while not at all do they seek what the learned name historical perspective. They are, in fact, tone-poems in miniature—a frieze in marble of dancing youths, upon a sudden recalled, in long defile, to life and motion. They move in a sound that is like stillness; the colors are pale; the rhythm barely quickens the air. The melancholy of remoteness and remembrance suffuses the music, which seems quite as much Debussy as Satie. And the phrases of the flute above its bed of strings—in the second dance—turn the heart to water. It is as though the flute-player also remembered, and is sad.

Nor at a final matinee need the Suite from "Petrushka" or the First Symphony of Brahms feed discourse. Since Mr. Toscanini, Mr. Koussevitzky, and every other conductor follows his own bent in choice from the ballet, why not cast out altogether Petrushka himself? Invisible, without narrative or action to character him, the piteous puppet undergoes, in the concert-hall, one more humiliation. Under his name, the orchestra emits strange, broken, clawing, discordant sounds; while a few recall the irony, the wit, the pathos, those scraps and ejaculations engender in the theater. Besides, the dances suffice. They bound, they whirl, they snap, they shiver with rhythm. They flare with color. Though humor and wit bedeck them, they exhale wildness and riot. Possessed of a new sense, the ear smells in them an earthy humanity—that earth to which at his richest (as in "Le Sacre" and "Les Noces") Stravinsky is always getting close.

And Johannes in C minor—enough that he is music for its own sake, in itself contained and disclosed, more than sufficient unto thought engrossed and feeling stirred by no other than musical sensation. It can be done; it has been done; twice, thrice and four times in a season Brahms renews the miracle. Yesterday, too, the serving conductor was more than acolyte. From a Brahms loosed to power and dominion over the minds and hearts of men, sound at Mr. Koussevitzky's will the embattled measures of the first movement; the Andante that out of contemplation drains beauty. Then call the horns of the finale and to the stars the ascent begins. Trumpets and trombones peal their chorale—at Mr. Koussevitzky's hands like voices of the Apocalypse. Straightway the heavens stand opened.

H. T. P.



**Koussevitsky Greeting  
America and Departing**



Above is Shown Famous Conductor Arriving on the Aquitania Last September to Direct the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Below, Sailing for Europe on the Same Liner After a Successful Season Here.

SYMPHONY HALL : : BOSTON

49th and 50th Concerts in aid of the Orchestra's

# PENSION FUND

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

CHORUS OF THE

## HARVARD GLEE CLUB

Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Acting Conductor (1925-26)

AND

## RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

Mrs. ROBERT WINTERITZ, Assistant Conductor

*The Choruses have generously given their services for these concerts*

Soloists

JEANNETTE VREELAND, Soprano

NEVADA VAN DER VEER, Contralto

CHARLES STRATTON, Tenor

FRED PATTON, Baritone

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND, 1925, at 3.30

MONDAY EVENING

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD, 1925, at 8.15

Management

W. H. BRENNAN

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## PROGRAMME

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BEETHOVEN . . . Overture to "Egmont," Op. 84.

BEETHOVEN . . . Symphony in D minor, No. 9, with  
final chorus on Schiller's "Ode to Joy," Op. 125.

I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso

II. Molto vivace: Presto

III. Adagio molto e cantabile

IV. Presto

Allegro assai

Presto

Baritone Recitative

Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai

Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla  
marcia

Chorus: Allegro assai

Chorus: Andante maestoso

Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto

Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato

Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto; Prestissimo.

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### SYMPHONY IN D MINOR, No. 9, WITH FINAL CHORUS ON SCHILLER'S "ODE TO JOY," OP. 125 . . . . . LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

(Born at Bonn, December 16 (?) 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.)

Beethoven made sketches for his Ninth Symphony as early as 1815. The symphony was completed about February, 1824. The idea of adding a chorus to the last movement probably came to him only in the course of his work, for there are sketches of a purely instrumental Finale. Nottebohm says these were made in June or July, 1823. But Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" had long tempted Beethoven. At Bonn in 1792 he thought of setting music to it. The Fantaisie for pianoforte, orchestra and chorus of 1800 contains the melodic germ that he afterwards used for Schiller's words. Perhaps the "mother melody" may be found in a folk-song: "Freu dich sehr, O meine Seele, und vergiss all Noth und Qual." Wasielowski thinks the origin is in a song of Beethoven's (Op. 89, No. 3) with text by Goethe, composed in 1810: "Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter."

In 1822 Beethoven expressed his willingness to write a symphony for the Philharmonic Society of London. This Society offered him £50 for the manuscript; it was to be delivered in March, 1823, and to remain for eighteen months the exclusive property of the Society. Beethoven pleaded the state of his health as an excuse for not sending the manuscript at the appointed time. He wrote to Ries in London that if he were not obliged to make his living by composition, he would not accept an honorarium. The Philharmonic Society did not receive the symphony before the first performance in Vienna, and was not able to perform the work until March 21, 1825.

The success of the symphony was immediate and great. When the drums alone beat the Scherzo motive, the audience applauded so that the orchestra could not be heard. At the end the enthusiasm was frenetic. Mme. Unger led Beethoven to the edge of the stage that he might see the crowd waving hats and handkerchiefs. He bowed and was very calm. Mme. Grebner, an eye-witness, who had sung in the chorus, told Felix Weingartner in Brussels that Beethoven sat in the middle of the orchestra and followed the score.

The first performance of the symphony in America was by the Philharmonic Society, at Castle Garden, New York, May 20, 1846. George Loder conducted.

The first performance in Boston was by the Germania Musical Society assisted by members of the Handel and Haydn Society, February 5, 1853. Carl Bergmann conducted.



## TO JOY

Joy, thou spark from flame immortal,  
 Daughter of Elysium!  
 Drunk with fire, O heav'n-born Goddess  
 We invade thy halidom!  
 Let thy magic bring together  
 All whom earth-born laws divide;  
 All mankind shall be as brothers  
 'Neath thy tender wings and wide.

BEETH

BEETH

He that's had that best good fortune,  
 To his friend a friend to be,  
 He that's won a noble woman,  
 Let him join our Jubilee!  
 Ay, and who a single other  
 Soul on earth can call his own;  
 But let him who ne'er achieved it  
 Steal away in tears alone.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

Joy doth every living creature  
 Draw from Nature's ample breast,  
 All the good and all the evil  
 Follow on her roseate quest.  
 Kisses doth she give and vintage,  
 Friends who firm in death have stood,  
 Joy of life the worm receiveth,  
 And the Angels dwell with God!

Glad as burning suns that glorious  
 Through the heavenly spaces sway,  
 Haste ye, brothers, on your way,  
 Joyous as a knight victorious.

Love toward countless millions swelling,  
 Wafts one kiss to all the world!  
 Surely, o'er yon stars unfurl'd,  
 Some kind Father has his dwelling!

Fall ye prostrate, O ye millions?  
 Dost thy Maker feel, O world?  
 Seek Him o'er yon stars unfurl'd,  
 O'er the stars rise His Pavilions.

—From the German of Schiller  
 by Henry G. Chapman



## AIDS SYMPHONY PENSION FUND

*Herald* — Nov. 23, 1925  
Great Audience Hears the  
Ninth Symphony by  
Beethoven

### SOLOISTS, CHORUSES ASSIST ORCHESTRA

By PHILIP HALE

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall in aid of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund. The orchestra was assisted by a quartet of singers: Jeanette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Charles Stratton and Fred Patton; the Radcliffe Choral Society, the Harvard Glee Club. These choruses gave their services. Beethoven's overture "Egmont" was played before the Symphony. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. There was a very large audience. Many stood.

The performance of the symphony was the most engrossing, the most eloquent of all performances of the work that we have heard in this country and in Europe during the last 40 years. In some performances the orchestra has been excellent, the chorus faint-hearted, the quartet unable to cope with the vocal difficulties; in others, when the forces were adequate, the conductor was unimaginative, a mere time beater, not always sure of the tempi to be taken (as was the case with Joachim in Berlin).

Yesterday all things worked together for the glory of Beethoven. It is hardly necessary to speak of the orchestra, superb in its present state, a euphonious, plastic body of virtuosos who respond to every wish or hint of the conductor. The solo singers were more than adequate; they were surprisingly com-

petent. They almost made light of the cruel task imposed upon them by Beethoven; their labor in accomplishing it was not apparent. Mr. Koussevitzky had seated these singers on high behind the orchestra. The innovation was advantageous to the individual and general effect: the voices came out clearly, floated, as it were, above the orchestra; came out with such distinctness that the text was easily followed; the phrasing (when Beethoven allowed it) had significance. The great chorus was by no means only a "multitudinous roaring of mediocrity." Mr. Koussevitzky played upon it as upon a willing instrument. For once, a chorus in this gigantic symphony actually sang with expression, was capable of nuances, showed appreciation of the text and no fear of the taxing music. The sopranos never faltered in sustaining the extreme high notes, and these notes were not a shriek, a scream; they had body and quality. The other choirs were equally to the front, sonorous, prompt in attack, intelligent in the interpretation. Mr. Woodworth, who prepared the male chorus, and Mrs. Robert Winternitz, with him, the Radcliffe chorus, are to be heartily complimented and congratulated.

Yet what would the performance have been without Mr. Koussevitzky guiding, controlling, inspiring? There has been talk in England as in this country about "objective" and "subjective" interpretations. Some maintain that a conductor should wholly efface himself; others say he should show individuality. But these terms "objective," "subjective," "efface," "individuality" are not well defined by the raging disputants, if they are defined at all. A conductor who feels the music, who has an imaginative, poetic soul cannot make himself a cipher on the platform without doing the composer great injury. When a conductor is accused of putting his own "individuality" into an interpretation, let us first ask: "What sort of an individual is he?" Is he only a poseur? If he is, he will be at once exposed when he has to do with music worth-while, whether it be ancient or modern. He will prove himself a bore. He will fail to interest. His pseudo-emotion under forced draught will not be contagious. Even those in the front rows will not be moved or thrilled. They will observe him curiously and smile.

Suppose there is talk about unorthodox readings, a disregard of traditions? We have heard Levi Mottl, Schuch, Wagner himself conduct Wagner's music; other sworn admirers of the man, in a way his disciples. They all differed in choice of tempi, in ways of expression. Does anyone suppose that

Beethoven or Wagner ever conducted the same work twice alike?

Or go into the playhouse. There is the accepted text of Hamlet's part. Who shall say whether E. L. Davenport, Booth, Fechter, Rossi, Forbes-Robertson, Hampden came the closest to Shakespeare's conception of the role, if Shakespeare had any fixed idea?

It is enough to assert that Mr. Koussevitzky, with the forces at his disposal, exerting his own genius, brought out the beauty, the pathos, the demoniacal spirit, the grotesqueness, and the sublimity of this strange, gigantic work as no conductor that we have known has succeeded in doing before him.

The audience at the end was enthusiastic and not for a moment only. The performance will be repeated tonight.

## FOR PLAIN MEN

### A PLAIN MUSIC IN FULL COURSE

*Trans.*

Nov. 23, 1925

### KOUSSEVITZKY AND THE NINTH SYMPHONY

The Occasion, the Audience and a Deep-Set Faith—Simple, Lucid, Direct and Vital Performance—The Conductor Again Goes Back to Beethoven, Putting by Precedent and Tradition—Less Excitement, More Truth

IN Boston, a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is still an occasion. The rotation of the earth as alter this state there is no room for it in the regular of mind. There are those that believe course of the Symphony Concerts, this Ninth appreciably inferior to the Fifth because the extension of the stage for or the Seventh, both in isolated pages and an adequate chorus strips away row after row of subscribers' seats. Precedent, more-lated power. "Wayward sisters [and also over will not have it the repertory-piece brothers], go in peace." There are even that, long since, it became in Germany and those that would gladly see some iconoclast tends to become, in these days of Mr. Menckelberg and Mr. Damrosch, in New York as the first movement, if not elsewhere. Shall well. Through two terms in Boston, Dr. Beethoven lengthy escape what Wagner Muck arrayed it but once—in the choral in like excess must endure? "Procul, O concerts of his final year. Mr. Montoux withheld it to the end of his stay and the last of his concerts for the Pension Fund of the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky has been quicker to it than either predecessor; while again it serves and swells the Pension Fund. Under all three conductors, besides, "public demand" has genuinely warranted an immediate repetition—again "to standing room only." By these signs the Bostonian public knows an "event" when it hears it.

The aspect of the hall, the arrangement of the program, the mood of the audience are each exceptional. Thrust beyond the proscenium frame, the orchestra seems seated in the hall rather than on the stage, and thereby of less tempered tone. Behind it rises the chorus, tier on tier; while in the fore-front of these singing voices Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday placed the solo-quartet that neither band nor choir might overshadow it. For once, too, the chorus was a black rather than a black-and-white mass. The women of the Radcliffe Choral Society wore the black frocks, edged here and there with white, of Dr. Davison's chapel choir; the men of the Harvard Glee Club followed the American custom of dark-clothed masculinity. . . . In turn, the program was like no other: an overture from Beethoven—this time to "Egmont"—that late-comers might not interrupt the progress of the Symphony; then the Symphony itself; next the pause for return to earth; finally the long and loud applause, acknowledged in cumulation by conductor, solo-singers, orchestra and chorus. A concert hardly an hour and a half long, yet filled to brimming.

Exceptional, above all, is the temper of the audience. Would it twice fill Symphony Hall for a performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, of the Seventh of "The Eroica"? By no means. Yet all three are acknowledged masterpieces of long standing. The chorus—it is easy to say—exalts the Ninth; but it enters only the final movement, for the climacteric quarter-hour of the music. Rather, a widespread and unquestioned faith persists that this last Symphony of Beethoven is also his "greatest"; that it is consecrate and set apart; not to be heard with the ear and in the mood that his other music—indeed all other music—invites. As soon change the rotation of the earth as alter this state.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducting is no iconoclast thrusting down precedents—with a glance over his shoulder at the watching public. No more is he an innovator preening himself upon "new readings" and sniffing the incense thereof. Least of all as some of his detractors mistakenly say, is he an unschooled conductor knowing naught of the best masters and their ways



with the classics. Rather—and quite simply—he is a conductor self-contained, who comprehends, feels, projects, a given music according to his own perceptive and transmitting faculties—and nothing else. For him is no other way. There he is, with his orchestra. There also is the composer with his music. Out of this contact springs the performance. It is a reaction experienced and conveyed that neither follows nor flaunts the tradition. Always it is unfettered and honest; often it is surprisingly simple and direct; least of all is it contrivance and exhibition to make the musical bourgeoisie sit up.

Now the Ninth Symphony is coated with tradition and varnished with precedent. Wagner had a way with it, and Bülow. Weingartner leads it in this fashion and Nikisch used to lead it in that. Here are the earmarks of Mr. Mengelberg; while those acute Parisians—bless them!—discovered innovations even from Mr. Damrosch. All of which is neither here nor there. Beethoven and his music sounded yesterday through Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra in an integrity and vitality more to be desired than a hundred precedents, fifty traditions, and twenty "readings." As it seemed, the listener heard the Ninth Symphony face to face with nothing intervening except the power to disclose, coordinate and intensify. The pace of the Adagio was exceeding slow; at moments it was possible to wish for a deeper, more pulsing tone; yet the intrinsic beauty was little obscured and nowhere manipulated. Some detected "effects," as they called them, in the Scherzo; but they seemed to be of Beethoven's own contrivance, endowed with Koussevitzkian vigor. In the first movement (it was said) were departures from precedent and from Beethoven's "clear purpose"; yet seldom has a performance so conveyed his creative energy in passionate stress. The beginning of the Finale was like the gradual unfolding of a vast canvas upon which chorus, orchestra and solo-voices were to be outspread in a great tapestry of sound and motion. To suspense, ensued magnificence.

Possibly this directness, simplicity and lucidity made Mr. Koussevitzky's performance of the Ninth Symphony seem far less an "occasion" than expectation prophesied, with no more excitement than emanates from his version of the Fifth or, say, of Brahms's First. There, for example, were the thrilling drum-beats of the Scherzo; but Beethoven rather than the conductor wrought the thrill. There again, were the scrutiny and dismissal of the preceding themes at the beginning of the Finale; but they seemed the composer's, not the conductor's, work of imagination. The entrance

of a theme of joy was suspensive and significant—exactly as Beethoven prescribed. The Harvard-Radcliffe Choir flung out large-lined, full-voiced phrases; the solo-quartet courted like breadths and vigors—all of which Beethoven's pages plainly ordain. It is hard for some of us to believe that Mr. Koussevitzky approaches these Symphonies of Beethoven as though there had been no century of tradition, precedent and interpretation; that he regards them in the phrase of the program books as "New: First Time"; that he becomes as a plain man (with an intensifying temperament) serving the composer's clear-marked will. In this wise he apprehended and accomplished the Ninth Symphony—and Beethoven's was the glory.

H. T. P.

### SYMPHONY REPEATS PENSION FUND CONCERT

At Symphony hall last night, Koussevitzky and the symphony orchestra, supplemented by the joined Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, and the quartet, as yesterday, repeated the Pension Fund concert to a large and overflowing house. And again, both in the Egmont overture and in the glorious Ninth symphony, they gave a brilliant performance, with Koussevitzky, choirs and orchestra, outdoing themselves. It was a performance that one would like to see repeated often, and was well applauded.



SYMPHONY HALL : : BOSTON

51st and 52nd Concerts in aid of the Orchestra's

# PENSION FUND

BOSTON SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

CHORUS

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Acting Conductor (1925-26)

AND

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

Mrs. ROBERT WINTERNITZ, Assistant Conductor

SOLOISTS

ETHYL HAYDEN, Soprano

BORIS SASLAWSKY, Baritone

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH, 1926, at 3.30

MONDAY EVENING

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH, 1926, at 8.15

Management

W. H. BRENNAN

G. E. JUDD



# Facts about the Pension Fund

(Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution, Founded 1903)

## MEMBERSHIP:

All members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are eligible.

## BENEFICIARIES:

Former members who served ten years or more (at present 53).

Widows of former pensioners (at present 10).

Orphaned children under 16 (at present 1).

## PENSIONS:

The amount of pension varies according to length of service, age, residence, and earnings.

The individual pensions paid each year vary from \$50 to \$500.

There are now 64 pensioners, receiving a little more than \$15,000 yearly.

## SOURCES OF FUNDS:

DUES. Each member pays an annual installment until, over a period of twenty to twenty-five years, he has paid in a total of \$750. If a member resigns he may withdraw dues paid.

CONCERTS. On March 28th the Orchestra will give its 51st concert for the Fund.

INTEREST AND EARNINGS ON INVESTMENTS.

GIFTS.

## OFFICERS:

*Trustees* — FREDERICK P. CABOT  
ARTHUR LYMAN  
BENTLEY W. WARREN

*Treasurer* — GEORGE E. JUDD

The outstanding need of the Fund is to be able to increase its maximum payment to pensioners having little or no means of support. This can only come about through continued capacity audiences for the Pension Fund concerts and donations to the permanent fund, which the officers of the Fund will be pleased to receive at any time.

# A German Requiem

Op. 45

JOHANNES BRAHMS

## Words of the Requiem

I.

### Chorus

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall have comfort.  
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Who goeth forth and weepeth, and beareth precious seed,  
Shall doubtless return with rejoicing, and bring his sheaves with him.

II.

### Chorus

Behold, all flesh is as the grass,  
And all the goodliness of man is as the flower of the grass;  
For lo, the grass with'reth, and the flower thereof decayeth.  
Now, therefore, be patient, O my brethren, unto the coming of Christ.

See how the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit and hath long patience for it,

Until he receive the early rain and the latter rain.

So be ye patient.

Albeit the Lord's word endureth forevermore.

The redeemed of the Lord shall

return again, and come rejoicing unto Zion.

Gladness and joy everlasting upon their heads shall be; these shall be their portion.  
And tears and sighing shall flee from them.

III.

### Baritone Solo and Chorus

Lord, make me to know the measure of my days on earth,  
To consider my frailty, that I must perish.

Surely, all my days are as an handbreadth to Thee,  
And my life-time is as naught to Thee.

Verily, mankind walketh in a vain show, and their best state is vanity.

Man passeth away like a shadow,

He is disquieted in vain,

He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

Now, Lord, O what do I wait for?

My hope is in Thee.

But the righteous souls are in the hand of God,

Nor pain, nor grief shall nigh them come.

## INTERMISSION



## IV.

*Chorus*

How lovely is Thy dwelling-  
place, O Lord of Hosts!  
For my soul longeth, yea, faint-  
eth for the courts of the  
Lord.

My soul and body crieth out, yea,  
for the living God.

O blest are they that dwell  
within Thy house;

They praise Thee, they praise  
Thy name evermore.

## V.

*Soprano Solo and Chorus*

Ye now are sorrowful,  
Howbeit ye shall again behold  
me, and your heart shall be  
joyful,

And your joy no man taketh  
from you.

Yea, I will comfort you, as one  
whom his own mother com-  
forteth.

Look upon me: ye know that for  
a little time labour and sor-  
row were mine,

But at the last I have found  
comfort.

## VI.

*Baritone Solo and Chorus*

Here on earth have we no con-  
tinuing place,

Howbeit, we seek one to come.  
Lo, I unfold unto you a mystery.  
We shall not all sleep, when He  
cometh,

But we shall all be changed, in a  
moment, in the twinkling of  
an eye, at the sound of the  
trumpet.

For the trumpet shall sound,  
and the dead shall be raised  
incorruptible,

And all we shall be changed.  
Then, what of old was written,  
the same shall be brought  
to pass.

For death shall be swallowed in  
Victory!

Grave, where is thy triumph?  
Death, O where is thy sting?  
Worthy art Thou to be praised,  
Lord of honour and might,  
For Thou hast earth and heaven  
created,

And for Thy good pleasure all  
things have their being, and  
were created.

## VII.

*Chorus*

Blessed are the dead which die  
in the Lord from henceforth,  
Saith the spirit, that they rest  
from their labours,  
And that their works follow after  
them.



# TRIUMPH OF BRAHMS, OF MR. KOUSSEVITZKY AND OF TWO CHOIRS

Trans. ———— Mch. 29. 1926

"A GERMAN REQUIEM" AT HIGHEST  
PITCH

New State of Choral Music in Boston—  
The Orchestra, the Harvard-Radcliffe  
Choir and the Conductor Through a Per-  
formance Above Themselves—The Mas-  
terpiece of Music by It Released and  
Vitalized

**U**NDER Mr Koussevitzky the Sym-  
phony Orchestra is becoming for  
Boston the source of choral as  
well as orchestral music. It has,  
indeed, no chorus of its own; but in point  
of fact it hardly needs one. Ready to  
share in larger undertakings stand the  
Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral  
Society. At need they can muster 300  
singers; no conductor may ask for better  
voices, more willing or more ardent spirits.  
The ablest chorus-master that Europe knows  
does not surpass Dr. Davison in the school-  
ing of such a choir, in the delivery of it,  
"on edge," at the final orchestral rehearsals  
and at the concerts themselves. For  
choral adventures in the smaller forms,  
the choir of The Cecilia, as re-invigorated  
by a second Lang, now waits on oppor-  
tunity. Beyond doubting Mr. Koussevitzky  
enjoys the conducting of choral music and  
in it excels. To join together three hun-  
dred singing voices and a hundred playing  
hands, to hold them in the hollow of his  
will through a masterpiece, kindle his sense  
of power, stir him to his utmost accom-  
plishment.

Within the current season, Boston has  
so heard, twice-over, the Ninth Symphony  
of Beethoven and—after the performance  
of this evening—the German Requiem of  
Brahms. There has been no lack of  
audiences; eager they have come; rapt  
they have listened; impressed they have  
dispersed. As well, at the regular  
Symphony Concerts, went the Thirteenth  
Psalm of Liszt and the choruses from  
"Prince Igor," with The Cecilia assisting;  
while yet again before the season ends it  
may be called to Symphony Hall. By  
these signs a revolution in choral music

quietly and inevitably accom-  
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versal. From the canonical and the un-  
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Harvard ———— Mch. 29. 1926

College Choruses Heard with  
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# TRIUMPH OF BRAHMS, OF MR. KOUSSEVITZKY AND OF TWO CHOIRS

Trans. ———— Mch. 29. 1926

"A GERMAN REQUIEM" AT HIGH  
PITCH

New State of Choral Music in Boston  
The Orchestra, the Harvard-Radcliffe  
Choir and the Conductor Through a Performance Above Themselves—The Masterpiece of Music by It Released and Vitalized

UNDER Mr. Koussevitzky the Symphony Orchestra is becoming Boston the source of choral as well as orchestral music. It has indeed, no chorus of its own; but in point of fact it hardly needs one. Ready to share in larger undertakings stand the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Chorus Society. At need they can muster 100 singers; no conductor may ask for better voices, more willing or more ardent spirit. The ablest chorus-master that Europe knows does not surpass Dr. Davison in the schooling of such a choir, in the delivery of "on edge," at the final orchestral rehearsal and at the concerts themselves. For choral adventures in the smaller form the choir of The Cecilia, as re-invigorated by a second Lang, now waits on opportunity. Beyond doubting Mr. Koussevitzky enjoys the conducting of choral music as in it excels. To join together three hundred singing voices and a hundred playing hands, to hold them in the hollow of a will through a masterpiece, kindle his sense of power, stir him to his utmost accomplishment.

Within the current season, Boston has heard, twice-over, the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and—after the performance of this evening—the German Requiem of Brahms. There has been no lack of audiences; eager they have come; rapt they have listened; impressed they have dispersed. As well, at the regular Symphony Concerts, went the Thirteenth Psalm of Liszt and the choruses from "Prince Igor," with The Cecilia assisting while yet again before the season ends, may be called to Symphony Hall. These signs a revolution in choral music

has been quietly and inevitably accomplished in Boston. It has passed from the elder custodians that long since proved lax to the trust. A new generation has laid re-animating hands upon it; new audiences now listen to it. The public in Boston for choral music was by no means dead; it was waiting only the recall of that music to life and pleasure. Witness the throng that filled Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the German Requiem; the equal company that will fill it again tonight.

Witness yet again the quality of the performance. Practice indeed makes perfect, and the Harvard-Radcliffe choir, originally schooled by Dr. Davison, had now been re-schooled by the diligent and remembering Mr. Woodworth. (With reason, at the end of the concert Mr. Koussevitzky led him to the foreground to receive well-earned plaudits.) By the same token something like inspiration may alight, and did alight yesterday, upon all concerned. In fact the occasion was ripe for it. The week had been onerous for the conductor—what with Chalkovsky's Fourth Symphony, four concerts and the final preparation of the Requiem. The orchestra had not spared itself. The choir had piled night-work upon day-work. By the time of the performance on Sunday, everyone, as the phrase goes, "was travelling on his nerve." On Saturday, however, the final rehearsal had disclosed not only achievement but also possibilities. Twenty-four hours later, as the kindly gods would have it, the fire from heaven descended, and they stood accomplished.

Consider, first, the orchestra. Never before in Boston has such a band served Brahms in his Requiem. He wrote measures for the flute that enchant the ear, and there was Mr. Laurent to play them. He used drum-beats as flails upon the listening imagination, and there was Mr. Ritter to sound them. The Requiem preceded the four Symphonies; but already Brahms was both virtuoso and poet with the woodwinds and the horns. Often he asks for their shadow or their brightness upon the choral mass; while so adept was Mr. Koussevitzky in the balancing of his orchestral and choral voices that these shadings were both heard and felt. The introduction to each of the seven choral movements is brief; yet on the instant it sets the mood of the music to come. Not once did the conductor miss this suggestion or the orchestra fail to deepen it. As integral part of the whole tonal fabric, neither accompanying nor overwhelming, moved the band at golden mean. And not once did Mr. Koussevitzky overdrive it. The riches of its tone contented him.

Recall, no less, the singing of the chorus. It was good to see the youth of the uni-

versity, in their working clothes, and they are the verses of them that mourn young women of the college in their black and white uniforms, engaged of their own will at such a task, both accomplishing and enjoying. (Let the ruck of middle-aged alumni pine for their "Bull Dogs on the Bank" and their "Bonnies over the Ocean," and be dashed for it.) And what singing—in freshness, clarity and vitality of tone; in rhythmic life, balance of parts, gradations and euphonies! There is but one way in such things—the everlasting way of thoroughness and doggedness until the job is done. Long since Dr. Davison had his twin choirs schooled in the elementary virtues of choral song—precision, intonation, the shaping of musical sound. Soon he had them versed in the higher merits—the molding of phrases, the accenting of rhythms, the arts of transition, rounding and cumulation. He had then to accustom them to every measure of the Requiem until the textual singing of it became second and assured nature. Such preparation is not to be forgotten. With the master gone on a journey, Mr. Woodworth had only to recall and reinforce it.

Now might Mr. Koussevitzky add the revelations and the freedoms, the divining intensities, the releasing fires. All that he might ask, these choirs would return him. Hence the radiance of tone upon the final chorus of the blessed; the magnificence of motion through the chorus of death and resurrection; the sustained ecstasy, period upon period, of the music extolling the celestial mansions; the rhythmic power, the flood of song, for the redeemed, "come rejoicing unto Zion"; the somber splendor, the grave and passionate course, the tonal shadows that fall and are lifted, of the music of mourning and of these vain and mortal years. As was the whole choir, so was each division. The sopranos lifted their voices; crystal yet flowing was their tone, attuned, controlled and veritably rapt, an emotion in itself. Tenors sung out, nearly as full-throated as their sisters, no less sure and sensitive, equally alert, free and ardent. As for the basses, upon them as upon instruments by musicians played, Brahms might lay his darker colorings. To Dr. Davison add Mr. Koussevitzky and choral singing in Boston need defer to none; or Harvard go seatless in the houses of the arts.

All this to the greater glory of Johannes Brahms who, sixty years ago, in a quiet lodging at Bonn, was finishing and signing this Requiem. It is not a churchly Requiem, since he follows the ritual of neither the Roman congregations nor the Protestant sects. It is not even a German Requiem, though he so entitled it, since the human substance and the human appeal of the music are—to the northern races—universal. From the canonical and the uncanonical Scriptures he sorted his texts.

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It was in the imagination and the reserve of Brahms to evoke a sombre and shadowed music, still but also poignant. Erewhile he writes his measures of mourning. It was his habit to think deeply, and this brooding became musical emotion, set into the Requiem measures of grace. Upon the faith that he would release, the heavens unfolded. He heard the arch of the redeemed and into music brought it. He saw death overcame, and music knew an awesome exultation. He looked upon that end which is peace, and a celestial beauty shone from his final pages.

There is no need to inquire as to musical ways and means. The prying analyst has place beside this Book of Life and Death, Earth and Heaven. Since Milton he in the arts has spoken more loftily these mysteries; yet not epically, but manly. Hearing his Requiem, it is possible to think of Brahms as of those grizzled figures that in old Italian frescoes and over the Gospels and the Epistles are setting to parchment. Above their heads, the painter sometimes sets a scroll: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they all see God." . . . The concerts come, the concerts go; the music sounds and is still; the musicians pass and re-pass. There are moments to mislike and distrust it all. Then rise such music "A German Requiem," such performance yesterday's, illumination and exaltation their train. Only a great art and a high living may compass them. H. T. P.

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Harvard Mch. 29. 1926

College Choruses Heard with  
Symphony Orchestra

For the spring concert in aid of the pension fund Mr. Koussevitzky conceived the happy idea of repeating Brahms's "German Requiem," which he



had conducted a year ago for a concert of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. These choruses sang once more yesterday afternoon, and the soloists of last year also sang again, Ethyl Hayden, soprano, and Boris Saslawsky, baritone.

If it was Dr. Davison who deserved thanks last year for teaching that great body of young students to know, and so to love, great music, Mr. Koussevitzky merits thanks quite as hearty for giving them opportunity to study the Requiem further, and, beyond a doubt, to appreciate it the deeper. To learn a fine work and perform it once, never to sing or hear a note of it again—what is that worth? It is repetition that counts, and the knowledge that comes with it, till the beauty and the grandeur of music thus repeated sink deep into every heart.

These young people who, at the bidding of Mr. Koussevitzky and Dr. Davidson, have come to know this Requiem through and through, are not likely to forget it in a hurry; they have gained something of great price. And so have the public, the people, at all events, who have heard the Requiem twice. A pity it is the procedure cannot become a custom; a great work is surely worth hearing two times over. Then let it take its chances with the rest.

Mr. Koussevitzky, in planning yesterday's performance, must surely have argued that Brahms, being a German Protestant, had in his mind, when he wrote the Requiem, slow-moving singing such as obtains in German Protestant churches. But Brahms, according to the writings of his friends, was more markedly a musician than he was a man of churches.

However, one may argue, the heavy pace Mr. Koussevitzky too often chose yesterday made for a monotony, a dullness, which do not belong to the Requiem by right. It did away with the relief that contrast brings. It damaged the beauty of many an exquisite phrase. The task of the chorus it made very hard, for no body of sopranos or tenors either can sustain good tone on long, high notes if tempo keeps too slow.

If Mr. Koussevitzky were a choral conductor as experienced as he is orchestral, he could have shown his forces ways of phrasing that would have lightened their heavy burden, to say nothing of heightening the beauty of sound by a more adroit manipulation of varying vocal timbres. To the words, too, he could have given a finer clarity, and so greater force.

On his own ground with the orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky made much of the score sound as it has never sounded here before. And Brahms had no knack with an orchestra! The more praise, then, to Mr. Koussevitzky. One would

not have suspected the fact yesterday.

The chorus sang with admirable correctness, and now and again they turned a phrase which showed their fine capabilities. They ended the Requiem especially well. The two soloists sang very well indeed. At the end Mr. Koussevitzky was enthusiastically applauded, and so was Mr. Woodworth. The Requiem will be repeated tonight. R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY TO PLAY BRAHM'S REQUIEM

Post — *Mar. 27, 1926*  
Pension Fund Concert This  
Afternoon from WEEI  
and WEAN

This afternoon at 3:15 Brahms's German requiem will be broadcast direct from Symphony hall through radio stations WEEI, Boston, and WEAN, Providence.

This is the 51st pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the full orchestra of 107 musicians and will be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society and soloists.

### HUGE STAGE BUILT

To accommodate the combined musical forces of about 400 people, an especially large stage has been built at Symphony hall.

Just before the concert begins W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company, sponsor of the Symphony broadcasts, will speak to the radio audience about the Boston Symphony orchestra pension fund and its purposes.

Johannes Brahms wrote his requiem in Switzerland in the summer of 1866. It is supposed that he was moved to create this great masterpieces by the death of his aged mother.

### FIRST PERFORMED IN 1868

The work was first performed in the cathedral at Bremen on good Friday of 1868. Two thousand people packed the cathedral, among whom were many of his intimate friends, including Clara Schumann, widow of the great composer.

Brahms's requiem is distinguished from most choral scores by the importance of the instrumental part. The choral writing is also elaborate, and in many parts very intricate and difficult to sing.

## MANY BOSTON GRLS IN PENSION CONCERT

*Mar. 28, 1926*  
Radcliffe Society Will Assist  
Symphony, Harvard Club

Many Greater Boston girls are singing in the productions of the Brahms "Requiem," which the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society will give with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this afternoon and tomorrow evening. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct. The proceeds from today's presentation will be donated to the pension fund.

Marjorie Morse, '26, of Cambridge, is president of the Radcliffe musical organizations. Other Greater Boston girls who will sing in the chorus include Francis Allen, Lucy Allen, Stenora Benson, Norma Tillson, Alice Stafford, Mildred White, all of Roxbury; Frances Anderson, Freda Berlin, Dorothy Wollaster, Elizabeth Bradford, Rachel Clark, Catherine Crowley, Barbara McQuesten, Mary Morris, all of Boston; Ruth Bacon, Zabelle Bayentz, Elizabeth Clark, Dorothy Cross, Eleanor Dette, Lydia Edwards, Rhodita Edwards, Mary Florence, Francesca Greene, Elinor Hughes, Lucy Jones, Elizabeth Jones, Elizabeth Lambert, Helen Lewis, Josephine Mann, Florence Manning, Maud Alice Marshall, Anna Peters, Anna Rosenblatt, Katherine Sprague, Caroline Stetson, Katherine Sullivan, Alice Sutton, Frances Wilde, Mary Williams, all of Cambridge.

Helen Chandler, Dorothea Phemister, Amelie Tataronis, all of Belmont; Sara Clark, Marion Higgs, Rosalind Kelsey, Freda Lind, all of Brookline; Edith Colton, Watertown; Hope Corken, Lucille Woodrow, Newton Centre; Marie Damery, Lillian Kingston, Eleanor McDonald, Dorothy Wyman, Somerville; Virginia Erhard, Helen Field, Sara Florence, Milton; Barbara Glidden, Dorothy Waterman, Dorchester; Ruth Gates, Winchester; Charlotte Hickey, Arlington Heights; Fordham Webster, Lexington; Ruth Misner, Wollaston; Margaret Loud, Braintree; Ruth Knapp, Melrose; Dorothy Davis, Ashland; Antoinette Daniels, Saxonville.

## President of Choral Society of Radcliffe



(By Marshall Studio)  
MISS MARJORIE MORSE





Brahms

In the Prime That Wrought the Requiem

(From a Rare Photograph in the Collection of Willem Willeke)

The 45th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra ended with the concert of last night. The season has been a brilliant, an unusual one. It is interesting to note the composers represented, for it was generally supposed that Mr. Koussevitzky would pay special attention first to the Russians, then to the wild-eyed contemporaneous anarchists, as they are characterized by some who deplore all modern tendencies in the art, and really believe that music was buried in the coffin of Johannes Brahms.

*Herald May 2, 1926*

To the amazement, no doubt to the discomfiture of the reactionaries, who, we are glad to say, are more and more in the minority, lo, the names of Brahms and Beethoven led all the rest. Each one of these composers is credited with seven performances. It is true that a symphony of Brahms was repeated; that the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was played twice outside the announced program; in memory of Wilhelm Gericke, and in memory of Franz Kneisel. Even without this extra number, and the repetition, the two named would have led.

Who were next in order? Debussy and Strauss, four each; Berlioz, Bloch, Prokofieff (one repetition); Ravel (one repetition); Stravinsky (one repetition); Tchaikovsky, Wagner, three each; Bach, Haydn, Imbert, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Moussorgsky, Mozart, Respighi (repetition); Rimsky-Korsakov, Vivaldi (repetition); Weber, two each.

Music by Copeland, Gilbert, Imbert, Spelman, Tailleferre, Vivaldi, was played for the first time.

Music by Delmas, Galliard, Hindemith, Imbert, Lekeu, Roussel, Tansman, was performed probably for the first time in this country.

Other works performed in Boston for the first time were by Bloch, Debussy, Delius, Glasounov, Goossens, Liadov, Liszt, Loeffler, Moussorgsky, Prokofieff, Purcell, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakov, Strauss, Stravinsky.

The pieces by Chausson and Satie-Debussy, performed for the first time by this orchestra had been played here by other organizations.

The following composers were represented for the first time at these concerts: Corelli, Delmas, Galliard, Hindemith, Imbert, Purcell, Satie, Spelman, Tansman.

American composers represented were Bloch (by adoption), Copland, Gilbert, Loeffler, Spelman.

There were few soloists, nor was the audience disturbed by this fact. Mr. Koussevitzky, with the admirable orchestra, is a sufficient soloist. Mr. Stratton was the only singer. The music given to him by Liszt of the 13th psalm, and by Prokofieff did not call for vocal charm or vocal finesse; it was chiefly of a declamatory nature, and he is to be praised for his performance of the extremely difficult recitatives assigned to him by Prokofieff. The violinists were Messrs. Enesco (with Mr. Hutcheson, pianist) in Chausson's long-winded Concert; Mr. Thibaud, whom it is always a pleasure to hear; and Mr. Szigeti, who, preceded by enviable reports concerning his ability, owing to an attack of the grip, was probably unable to do himself full justice.

Mr. Lefranc, the leader of the viola section, an artist of the first rank, was perhaps unfortunate as regards popular appreciation in his selection of Bloch's suite. Nor was Mr. Allegra's choice of Debussy's rhapsody for clarinet a happy one. Mr. Casals, the violoncellist, again delighted the audience by the display of his incomparable art.



We have mentioned Mr. Hutcheson. The other pianists were Mr. Bauer, devoted as ever to Brahms, and who else plays the dull first concerto of that composer in so masterly a manner? Mr. Lhevinne, who gave a remarkable performance of Tchaikovsky's first concerto, and Mr. Prokofieff, a most interesting apparition as pianist and composer.

There was a welcome absence of the prima donna, with her concert airs, graces, costumes to excite the admiration or harsh criticism of the two audiences. Corot, when he was once asked why he had not introduced a female figure in a certain picture, gently replied: "Woman disturbs the landscape." This might be said of a prima donna and a symphony concert.

The programs were at times apparently arranged in a haphazard manner. They were rich in "novelties," some of which were disappointing except in this respect: it is a good thing to hear new works so that one can know what one dislikes. One does not find easily an excuse for the performance of the overture to "Penthesilee" by Delmas; Hindemith's concerto was noteworthy, chiefly by its rhythmic energy, yet to pass him by, considering his present prominence in the European musical world, would have been a pity; Roussel's suite from "Padmavati" is austere in its orientalism, devoid of emotion, lacking in the sensuousness expected by reason of the subject; Spelman's "Assissi" was probably chosen as a compliment to the American composer, but there were some agreeable pages in it; Miss Tailleferre's little pieces were pretty and, fortunately, short; Tansman's Sinfonietta excited a wish for a further acquaintance with the man; Imbert's "Song of Madness" is inferior to his "Ports-of-Call," and was poorly placed after Prokofieff's tremendous "They Are Seven." Lekeu's fantasie is hardly worth while.

On the other hand, the unfamiliar compositions by Copland, Galliard, Gilbert, Vivaldi, Bloch (Concerto Grosso), Respighi, Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Loeffler, were well worth while. Strauss's "Alp" symphony proved to have amusing pages. So let us forget Rimsky-Korsakov's "Battle at Kerjenetz," ineffective out of the opera house.

Forty-eight subscription concerts; five Monday night concerts; five Tuesday afternoon concerts; two Pension Fund concerts, besides the trips of the orchestra; and into all he does Mr. Koussevitzky puts his heart, soul, nervous energy, amazing personal magnetism. How does the man endure the strain?

Not without reason were two pairs of concerts conducted in turn by Mr. Pless and Mr. Goossens. The latter brought out his own Sinfonietta and a poetic piece by Delius, who is still too little known here. Nor was it reasonable to expect Mr. Koussevitzky to conduct the three concerts for young people.

There is this to be said about him: One looks forward eagerly to every concert he conducts, no matter what the program may be. The question is no longer, "who will be the soloist?" a question asked first of all by many in the past when there was talk of attending a concert. "Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct"; that is sufficient announcement, inducement.

One may differ with him now and then about the character of an interpretation, but the expression of his individual thinking is interesting, yes, instructive to those who are not slaves to some long established tradition, often without a foundation. Many actors have been seen as Hamlet on our stage. There was a marked difference in their general conception and in the details of stage business. Did any one of these actors fail to excite interest?

E. S. Willard was the one noteworthy exception. The Brahms of Mr. Koussevitzky may not be the Brahms known to the routine, time-beating conductor, but as speaking through Mr. Koussevitzky he is an emotional, glorified Brahms. This same producer of works by the radical school plays with a peculiar grace and elegance the music of long bygone years. One does not say of him—and the Lord be praised!—that he is a Beethoven "specialist," a Strauss "specialist," or any other "specialist." He is a man of all schools, of all periods.

The people hear him gladly. Not only in Boston, as is shown by necessary extra concerts; there is the same story in cities that he visits.

This city has reason to be proud of him. He is a great conductor. Possible failings, limitations of a trifling nature to which a few refer, not without a touch of bitterness, are more to be valued than the pedestrian and monotonous virtues of other conductors. These failings come from the romantic, the imaginative, the enthusiastic nature of the man; they are as a feather in the balance, weighed down by pure gold. P. H.

#### A MERITORIOUS APPEAL

To the Editor of The Herald:

Those who were present at the recent Symphony concert and heard Mr. Koussevitzky's brilliant interpretation of Prokofieff's remarkable composition for orchestra and chorus, "Sept, Ils Sent Sept," will have noticed in the program book the name of Constantin Balmont as the author of the extraordinary libretto. They will recall also a quotation from a Parisian writer which states: "Constantin Balmont is one of the greatest Russian poets of today. His poems have often inspired composers. Many of his verses have been set to music; many musical compositions have been dedicated to him."

Some of your readers may recall an appeal which I made about a year and a half ago, for this same great poet, of whose pitiable condition of misery and want I was told by a Russian friend who was formerly an intimate member of Balmont's household. An exile from his native land, after imprisonment and torture by the bolshevists because of his refusal to use his talents in their behalf, with an invalid wife, a daughter

and a faithful secretary dependent upon him, Balmont was on the verge of starvation in a little seaside French hamlet. Accustomed to the luxuries of life in former years, sensitive and proud, unwilling to ask aid, this noble-hearted man was reduced to abject misery and despair. The appeal at that time met with an instantaneous and generous response, by means of which a man of genius has been relieved from misery during the past year. In consequence of his renewed hope and courage, he has given to the world during the past year, according to the testimony of those who know, poems of transcendent beauty. Deep gratitude to his "American friends who have saved him from despair" has been expressed constantly in a frequent and deeply interesting correspondence. With the hope that circumstances will improve in the future, the necessity for further aid is still paramount, for the moderate fund collected a year ago is nearly exhausted. In the midst of constant appeals for aid from every direction I trust the poignancy of this special case may bring relief that means the salvation of a remarkable man from a life of privation and despair.

Subscriptions even of the smallest amounts will be gratefully received at 506 Beacon street, Boston.

VINCENT Y. BOWDITCH.

Boston, April 26.



**Incidents and Prospects**

Not until June 1 will the allotted time expire for the renewal of subscriptions to the three series of concerts by the Symphony Orchestra. As the signs go, these renewals and the waiting lists will exhaust every available place for the season of 1926-27. To newcomers, the five matinees on Tuesdays promise best.

Mr. Koussevitzky has again agreed to conduct late next autumn at a concert in New York for the League of Composers. For it he will assemble a chamber orchestra from his forces at Symphony Hall. Modernist music will fill the program—one long piece and two or three briefer and less exacting.

The Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., thank all subscribers who so generously donated their Symphony tickets to be sold for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., Endowment Fund.

The amount received this season will exceed \$5000.00.

**THE BOSTON HERALD,****MAY 6, 1926****KOUSSEVITZKY RADIOS  
GREETING TO BOSTON**

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who sailed yesterday from New York, sent greetings to Boston in a radiogram received late last night by the Radio Corporation of America, to be delivered here. The message follows: "From SS. Aquitania to Philip Hale, Boston Herald. Am sending sincerest wishes to all Boston friends and music lovers." (Signed) Koussevitzky.

# POPS

## SYMPHONY HALL

**OPENING NIGHT**

41st Season

Monday, May 3, at 8.15

Orchestra of Symphony Players

AGIDE JACCHIA, *Conductor*



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AGIDE JACCHIA

# POPS TO GO ON THE AIR SATURDAYS

Post — May 1, 1926

W. S. Quinby Ar-  
ranges for Series of  
Nine Concerts

The famous Pop Concerts at Symphony Hall will be put on the air beginning next Saturday night and continue for nine successive Saturday nights, giving the great radio audience of New England one of the greatest musical treats of the summer season.

The Pops broadcasting will begin at 5 minutes past 8 on the evening of May 8 and close the night before the Fourth, making a series of nine Saturday night concerts.

W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company, working in conjunction with the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the officials of WEEI, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, has made possible this event, which will continue the unparalleled musical treat begun last January when, for the first time in history, a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was put on the air.

At that time the broadcasting of Symphony was more or less of an experiment, because of the unknown factor as to whether or not a large percentage of the radio audience would welcome Symphony music.

## Results Justify Efforts

During the previous years of its history, this illustrious orchestra had

played almost exclusively for the comparatively few people so fortunate as to be able to personally attend the concerts. To extend this great musical privilege to millions of people at their own firesides was, therefore, a distinct innovation, the results of which, however, have more than justified the efforts of those responsible for giving radio listeners as fine a quality of music as the world affords.

In return for this privilege, thousands of people, in every walk of life, have by letter and otherwise, given voice to the appreciation they have felt in their hearts. Parents have written of the wonderful educational value of these broadcasts to children. Helpless invalids, from their beds, have told of the inspiring and uplifting effects of this music that has come to them through the air. Messages of gratitude have come, too, from many snowbound homes in the isolated sections of New England. Everybody, it seems, from the great industrial captain down to those in the humblest positions, have appreciated the Symphony broadcasts and gained something from them that has made their lives happier and more worth while.

## Eighty Players in Band

These expressions of opinion, so unanimously favorable, have led Mr. Quinby, the orchestra trustees and WEEI to arrange for this summer broadcasting of the Pops Orchestra, consisting of 80 regular Symphony players under the leadership of the famous conductor, Agide Jacchia, who is about to open his 10th season as Pops conductor.

The Pops, as everyone knows, are a distinct addition to the summer musical life of Boston. While popular music is rendered, this music is of the best quality and is played in the thoroughly artistic manner to be expected from members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Many special features will be given during this series of concerts. Thousands of people will fill Symphony Hall to enjoy light refreshments to the accompaniment of beautiful orchestral music. And now, many thousands more may, if they wish, enjoy the same privilege in their own homes.

## Final Course Concert

At the broadcast of the final concert in the regular Symphony series at 8:10 tonight, Mr. Quinby will speak to the radio audience about the coming Pops concerts. Then E. F. A., chief announcer at Station WEEI, will give out over the air the concluding chapter of the Symphony instrumental story begun on the evening of Feb. 20 and continued since at each Saturday evening's broadcast.



46th SEASON1926-1927

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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- 24 Friday Afternoon Concerts
  - 24 Saturday Evening Concerts
  - 5 Monday Evening Concerts
  - 5 Tuesday Afternoon Concerts
- 

APPLICATIONS FOR ALL CONCERTS ARE NOW  
BEING RECEIVED FROM NEW SUBSCRIBERS  
AND THEIR NAMES PLACED ON THE WAITING  
LIST.

*Please note that the option expires Saturday, May 1, for  
renewal by the Friday and Saturday subscribers.*

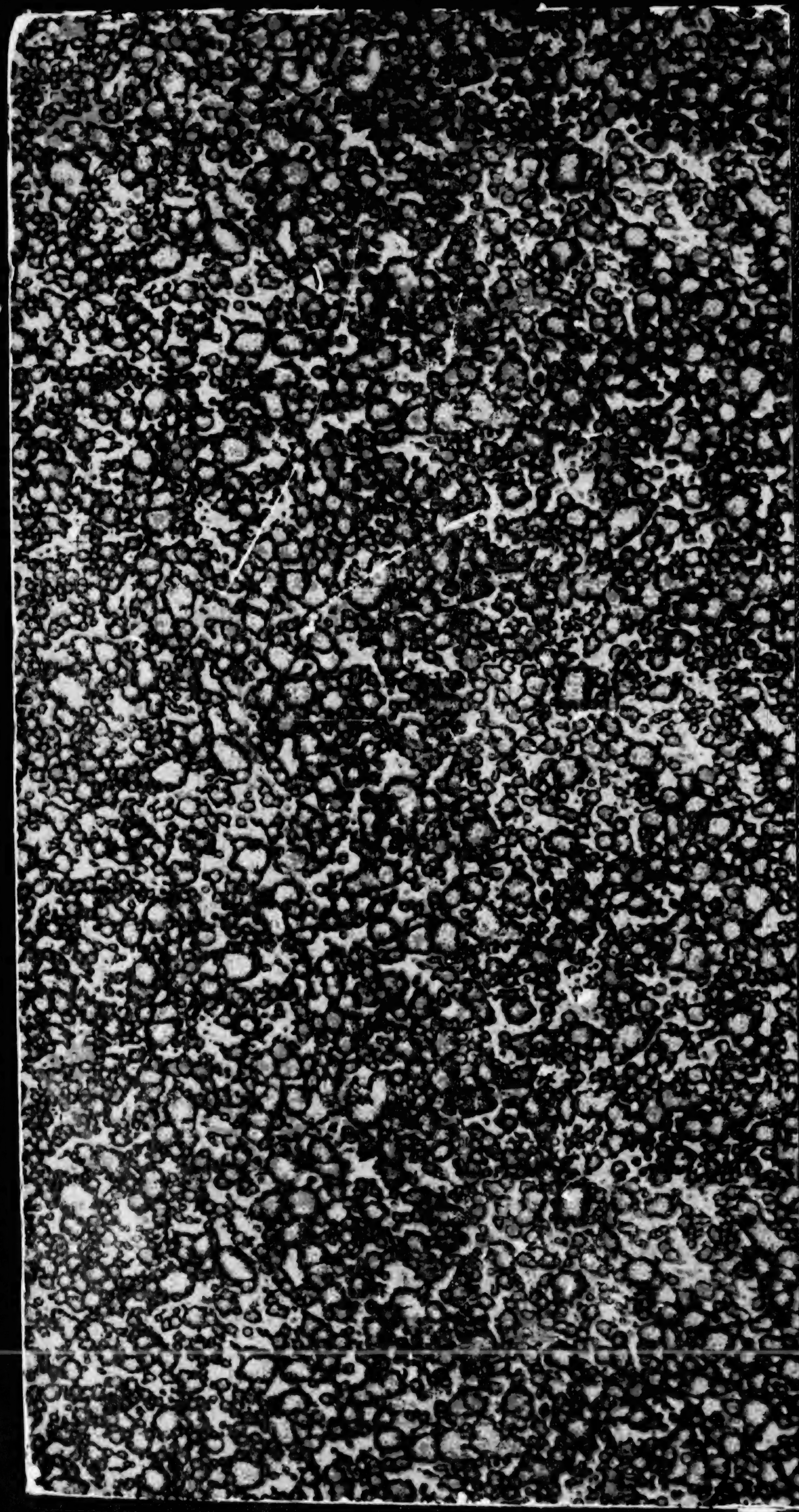
Any who have not filed their intention to retain their  
seats for next season, should apply at the subscription  
office *today*.

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager,  
Symphony Hall, Boston.



OCT 5 1926





PROGRAM  
SEASON  
1925-6

BOOK  
SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA

175



**VOLUME 46**

**1926-1927**



No. <sup>\*</sup>M. 125.5

v. 46



GIVEN BY

Miss Mary A. Brown



7M. 125.5

# SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Branch Exchange Telephones, Ticket and Administration Offices, Back Bay 1492

## Boston Symphony Orchestra

INC.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1926-1927

### Programme

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE  
NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, INC.

#### THE OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Inc.

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GALEN L. STONE	Vice-President
ERNEST B. DANE	Treasurer

FREDERICK P. CABOT  
ERNEST B. DANE  
M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE  
JOHN ELLERTON LODGE  
FREDERICK E. LOWELL

ARTHUR LYMAN  
HENRY B. SAWYER  
GALEN L. STONE  
BENTLEY W. WARREN

9869

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Assistant Manager

Miss Mary A. Brown  
May 24 1927





SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

# Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-sixth Season, 1926-1927

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

## PERSONNEL

### VIOLINS

Burgin, R. <i>Concert-master</i> Theodorowicz, J.	Elcus, G. Kreinin, B.	Gerardi, A. Eisler, D.	Hamilton, V. Sauvlet, H.	Gundersen, R. Kassman, N.
Cherkassky, P. Pinfield, C.	Graeser, H. Hansen, E.	Fedorovsky, P. Leveen, P.	Siegl, F. Mariotti, V.	
Thillois, F. Mayer, P.	Seiniger, S. Leibovici, J.	Zung, M. Diamond, S.	Gorodetzky, L. Fiedler, B.	
Bryant, M. Murray, J.	Knudsen, C. Del Sordo, R.	Stonestreet, L. Tapley, R.	Erkelens, H. Messina, S.	

### VIOLAS

Lefranc, J. Artières, L.	Fourel, G. Cauhapé, J.	Van Wynbergen, C. Werner, H.	Grover, H. Shirley, P.	Fiedler, A.
	Avierino, N. Bernard, A.		Gerhardt, S. Deane, C.	

### VIOLONCELLOS

Bedetti, J. Keller, J.	Zighera, A. Barth, C.	Langendoen, J. Belinski, M.	Stockbridge, C. Warnke, J.	Fabrizio, E. Marjollet, L.
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### BASSES

Kunze, M. Vondrak, A.	Lemaire, J. Seydel, T.	Ludwig, O. Frankel, I.	Kelley, A. Demetrides, L.	Girard, H. Oliver, F.
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### FLUTES

Laurent, G.  
Bladet, G.  
Amerena, P.

### OBOES

Gillet, F.  
Devergie, J.  
Stanislaus, H.

### CLARINETS

Hamelin, G.  
Arcieri, E.  
Allegra, E.  
(E-flat Clarinet)

### BASSOONS

Laus, A.  
Allard, R.  
Bettoney, F.

### PICCOLO

Battles, A.

### ENGLISH HORN

Speyer, L.

### BASS CLARINET

Mimart, P.

### CONTRA-BASSOON

Piller, B.

### HORNS

Wendler, G.  
Schindler, G.  
Van Den Berg, C.  
Lorbeer, H.

### HORNS

Valkenier, W.  
Lannoye, M.  
Pogrebniak, S.  
Gebhardt, W.

### TRUMPETS

Mager, G.  
Perret, G.  
Lafosse, G.  
Mann, J.  
Kloepfel, L.

### TROMBONES

Rochut, J.  
Adam, E.  
Hansotte, L.  
Kenfield, L.

### TUBA

Sidow, P.

### HARPS

Holy, A.  
Zighera, B.

### TIMPANI

Ritter, A.  
Polster, M.

### PERCUSSION

Ludwig, C.  
Sternburg, S.  
Seiniger, S.

### ORGAN

Snow, A.

### PIANO

Sanroma, J.

### CELESTA

Fiedler, A.

### LIBRARIAN

Rogers, L. J.





SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

# Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-sixth Season, 1926-1927

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Thillois, F. Mayer, P.	Seiniger, S. Leibovici, J.	Zung, M. Diamond, S.	Gorodetzky, L. Fiedler, B.	
Bryant, M. Murray, J.	Knudsen, C. Del Sordo, R.	Stonestreet, L. Tapley, R.	Erkelens, H. Messina, S.	

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# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S NEW PRINCIPALS



Left to right: Edmond Allegra, first clarinet; Fernand Gillet, first oboe; Joannes Rochut, first trombone, and Jean Lefranc, first viola. Gillet is a nephew of Georges Gillet, his master, also the master of Mr. Longy. Allegra, an Italian, has had a distinguished career in Europe as soloist with symphony orchestras and in chamber concerts. Notable music for the clarinet has been dedicated to him. Lefranc had been solo viola for many years with the Opera Comique Orchestra and the Colonne Orchestra in Paris. Rochut had long been first trombone of the Opera Comique and Lamoureux Orchestras. The symphony season will open in Symphony Hall, Friday.

## WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1926-1927

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.  
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.  
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.  
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.  
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.  
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

- AUBERT: Habanera, April 29, 1927 . . . . .
- BACH, C. P. E.: Concerto for orchestra, D major (arranged by STEINBERG), December 10, 1926 . . . . .
- BACH, J. S.: Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra, January 21, 1927; April 1, 1927 . . . . . 1036,  
Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, for string orchestra, January 28, 1927 . . . . .
- BARTÓK: \*\*Dance Suite for orchestra, November 12, 1926 . . . . .
- BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," October 8, 1926 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 4, B-flat major, Op. 60, March 25, 1927 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 5, C minor, Op. 67, November 19, 1926; March 25, 1927 . . . . . 470,  
Symphony No. 6, F major, Op. 68, March 26, 1927 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 7, A major, Op. 92, March 26, 1927 . . . . .  
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72, December 3, 1926, April 29, 1927 . . . . . 515,  
Overture to "Egmont," Op. 84, November 12, 1926 . . . . .  
Piano Concerto, No. 5, E-flat major, Op. 73, December 3, 1926 (ALFRED CORTOT) . . . . .
- BERLIOZ: Overture, "Le Carnival Romain," Op. 9, October 29, 1926 . . . . .
- BORODIN: Symphony No. 2, B minor, October 29, 1926 . . . . .
- BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, C minor, Op. 68, April 29, 1927 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 73, February 11, 1927 . . . . .  
Symphony No. 4, E minor, Op. 98, November 12, 1926 . . . . .  
Overture, "Tragic," Op. 81, February 11, 1927 . . . . .  
Concerto No. 2, B-flat major, for piano (MORIZ ROSENTHAL) and orchestra, February 11, 1927 . . . . .  
"A Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra, March 4, 1927
- CASELLA: \*\*Partita for piano (\*WALTER GIESEKING) and orchestra, January 14, 1927 (conducted by CASELLA) . . . . .  
\*\*Orchestral Suite from the Ballet "La Giara" (after PIRANDELLO) (conducted by CASELLA), January 14, 1927
- CHADWICK: "Tam o' Shanter," Ballade for orchestra, April 22, 1927 . . . . .
- CONVERSE: †"Flivver 10,000,000, A Joyous Epic: Fantasy for orchestra, April 15, 1927 . . . . .
- COPLAND: †Concerto for piano (\*\*AARON COPLAND) and orchestra, in one movement, January 28, 1927 . . . . .
- DEBUSSY: Two Nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Fêtes," October 8, 1926 . . . . .



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DELIUS: \*\*"The Song of the High Hills" for orchestra and voices, March 4, 1927 . . . . .

DUKELSKY: †Excerpts from the ballet "Zéphyr et Flore," April 29, 1927 . . . . .

ELGAR: Variations on an Original Theme, February 25, 1927 . . . . .

FALLA, DE: \*\*Concerto for harpsichord (WANDA LANDOWSKA), flute, oboe, clarinet, violin, and violoncello, December 31, 1926 . . . . .

FRANCK: Symphony, D minor, October 15, 1926 . . . . .

GLAZOUNOV: Concerto for violin (†RICHARD BURGIN) and orchestra, Op. 82, March 18, 1927 . . . . .

GLINKA: \*\*Finale of "A Life for the Tsar," chorus and orchestra, March 4, 1927 . . . . .

HANDEL: Concerto Grosso, G minor, No. 6, December 24, 1926 . . . . .  
Concerto Grosso, B minor, No. 12, January 21, 1927 . . . . .  
"Water Music," March 18, 1927 . . . . .

HAYDN: Symphony, E-flat major (B. & H. No. 3), October 22, 1926 . . . . .

HILL: †"Lilacs," Poem for orchestra, Op. 33 (after AMY LOWELL), April 1, 1927 . . . . . (In

HONEGGER: "Pacific 231," Orchestral Movement, April 1, 1927 . . . . .

IBERT: \*\*"Les Rencontres," Three Pieces for Ballet, October 22, 1926 . . . . .

KRASA: \*\*"March and Pastorale" from Symphony, November 19, 1926 . . . . .

LALO: Concerto, D minor for violoncello (†JEAN BEDETTI) April 1, 1927 . . . . .

LANGENDOEN: \*\*Variations for string orchestra on a Dutch theme of A. VALERIUS (first time in Boston with orchestra) March 4, 1927 . . . . .

LAZAR: †"Tziganes," Scherzo, October 29, 1926 . . . . .

LOEFFLER: Symphonic Poem "Memories of Childhood" (Life in a Russian Village), April 15, 1927 . . . . .

MANUEL, ROLAND: See SCARLATTI.

MILHAUD: \*\*"Le Carnaval d'Aix," Fantasy for piano (\*DARIUS MILHAUD) and orchestra, December 17, 1926 . . . . .

MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL: "Pictures at an Exhibition," December 3, 1926 . . . . .

MOZART: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for string orchestra (K. 525), October 15, 1926 . . . . .  
Concerto, C major for piano (\*WALTER GIESEKING) and orchestra (K. 467) (conducted by CASELLA), January 14, 1927 . . . . .

\*\*Rondo (Allegro di molto) for harpsichord (WANDA LANDOWSKA) and orchestra, December 31, 1926 . . . . .

PROKOFIEFF: \*\*Classical Symphony, Op. 25, January 28, 1927; April 1, 1927 . . . . . 1104,

\*\*Suite from the ballet "Chout," Op. 21, October 8, 1926 . . . . .

\*\*Suite from "The Love for Three Oranges," November 12, 1926 . . . . .

"Sept, ils sont sept," Incantation for tenor (CHARLES STRATTON), chorus and orchestra, Op. 30, March 4, 1927 . . . . .

7

RAVEL: "La Valse," December 17, 1926 . . . . .

See MOUSSORGSKY.

RESPIGHI: Symphonic Poem: "Fountains of Rome," February 18, 1927 (conducted by RESPIGHI) . . . . .

Symphonic Poem: "Pines of Rome," October 29, 1926 . . . . .

\*\*Overture to "Belfagor," February 18, 1927 (conducted by RESPIGHI) . . . . .

\*\*Old Dances and Airs for the Lute (freely arranged), Suite No. 2, February 18, 1927 (conducted by RESPIGHI)

†"Vetrare di Chiesa" ("Church Windows"), Four Impressions for orchestra, February 25, 1927 . . . . .

\*\*Concerto in the Mixolydian mood for piano (\*\*OTTORINO RESPIGHI) and orchestra, February 18, 1927 (conducted by ALFREDO CASELLA) February 18, 1927 . . . . .

\*\*"Il Tramonto" ("Sunset") (after Shelley's poem), for soprano (ELSA RESPIGHI) and orchestra (first time in Boston with orchestra) (conducted by RESPIGHI), February 18, 1927 . . . . .

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35, December 24, 1926 . . . . .

"Sadko," a Tone Picture, Op. 5, February 25, 1927 . . . . .

\*\*Tone Pictures from "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch" (first time of Prelude: Hymn to Nature; Bridal Procession, and The Invasion of the Tartars), March 4, 1927. Also "The Battle," played in 1925-1926 . . . . .

ROUSSEL: †Suite in F major, January 21, 1927 . . . . .

SCARLATTI: \*\*Three Pieces (arranged by ROLAND MANUEL), December 31, 1926 . . . . .

\*Five Sonatas arranged in the form of a Suite, and orchestrated by TOMMASINI (after the ballet "The Good-Humored Ladies"), April 15, 1927 . . . . .

SCHUMANN: Symphony, B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38, December 17, 1926; January 28, 1927 . . . . . 683

SCRIABIN: "The Poem of Ecstasy," Op. 54, January 21, 1927 . . . . .

SESSIONS: †Symphony, April 22, 1927 . . . . .

STEINERT: †"Southern Night," poem for orchestra, October 15, 1926 . . . . .

SIBELIUS: \*\*Symphony No. 7, Op. 105, December 10, 1926 . . . . .  
"Finlandia," Symphonic poem, Op. 26, No. 7, December 10, 1926 . . . . .  
"The Swan of Tuonela," February 25, 1927 . . . . .

STRAUSS: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28, October 15, 1926 . . . . .

"Tod und Verklärung," April 22, 1927 . . . . .

Salome's Dance from "Salome," April 22, 1927 . . . . .

STRAVINSKY: Suite from "The Fire-Bird," December 10, 1926 . . . . .  
"Le Sacre du Printemps," A Picture of Pagan Russia, December 31, 1926 . . . . .

TANSMAN: †Symphony, A minor, March 18, 1927 . . . . .

\*\*"The Dance of the Sorceress," from the Ballet, "The Garden of Paradise," November 19, 1926 . . . . .



TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5, E minor, April 22, 1927 . . .  
 TOMMASINI: See SCARLATTI.  
 VIVALDI: \*Concerto for strings, A minor (arranged by SAM FRANKO) (conducted by CASELLA), January 14, 1927 . .  
 WAGNER: Prelude to "Lohengrin," October 22, 1926 . . . . .  
 Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," October 22, 1926 . . . . .  
 "Forest Murmurs," from "Siegfried," October 22, 1926 . . . . .  
 Funeral Music of Siegfried from "Dusk of the Gods," October 22, 1926; (*In Memoriam* Galen L. Stone), December 31, 1926 . . . . . 206  
 Prelude and Love-Death, "Tristan and Isolde," December 24, 1926 . . . . .  
 Ride of the Valkyries, April 29, 1927 . . . . .  
 WALTON: \*\*Overture, "Portsmouth Point," November 19, 1926 .  
 WEBER: Overture to "Der Freischütz," October 8, 1926 . . . . .  
 Overture to "Oberon," March 18, 1927 . . . . .  
 WEBERN: \*\*Five Pieces for orchestra, Op. 10, November 19, 1926  
 WILLIAMS, VAUGHAN: \*\*Norfolk Rhapsody, No. 1, December 24, 1926 . . . . .  
 WOLF: \*\*\*"The Fire-Rider," for chorus and orchestra (first time in Boston with orchestra), March 4, 1927 . . . . .

# ORCHESTRAL WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE

CONVERSE: "Flivver 10,000,000."  
 COPLAND: Concerto for piano (AARON COPLAND\*\*) and orchestra.  
 DUKELSKY: Excerpts from the ballet "Zéphyr et Flore."  
 LAZAR: "Tziganes," Scherzo for orchestra.  
 RESPIGHI: "Vetrata de Chiesa" ("Church Windows").  
 ROUSSEL: Suite in F major.  
 SESSIONS: Symphony, E minor.  
 STEINERT: "Southern Night," poem for orchestra.  
 TANSMAN: Symphony, A minor. . . . . 9

## First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 8, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9, at 8.15 o'clock

Weber . . . . . Overture to "Der Freischütz"  
 Debussy . . . . . Two Nocturnes  
 a. Nuages (Clouds).  
 b. Fêtes (Festivals).

Prokofieff . . . . . Suite from the Ballet "Chout," Op. 21  
 a. Danse des filles des bouffons.  
 b. Dans la chambre à coucher du marchand.  
 c. La jeune femme est devenue chèvre.  
 d. Danse finale.

(First time in Boston)

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major,  
 "Eroica," Op. 55  
 I. Allegro con brio.  
 II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.  
 III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.  
 IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

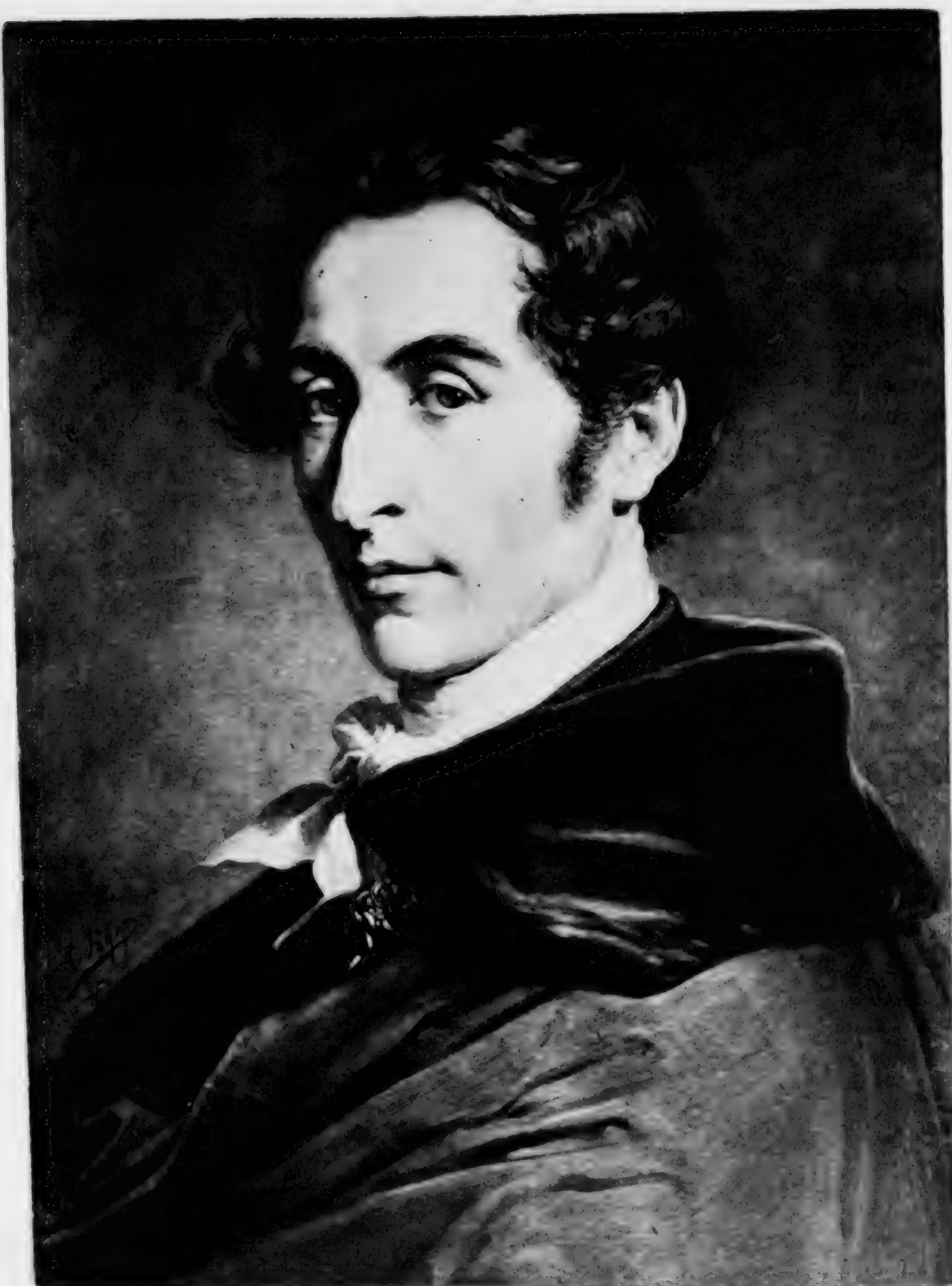
There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
 Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Weber

## SYMPHONY HAS FINE OPENING

*Herald* — Oct. 9, 1926.

Brilliant Performance at  
First Concert of the  
46th Season

### DEBUSSY "FESTIVALS" PLAYED GORGEOUSLY

By PHILIP HALE

The 46th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened in a brilliant manner yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Koussevitzky, who then began his third year of service as conductor, was welcomed enthusiastically by an audience that completely filled the hall. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Der Freischütz," Debussy, Two Nocturnes—Clouds and Festivals, Prokofiev Suite from the ballet "Chout," Beethoven, Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica."

Prokofiev's Suite was played for the first time in Boston; probably for the first time in this country. (There was a performance of the ballet at the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York early in 1924, but it is doubtful whether there was an orchestra of adequate size, if there was any orchestra at all).

"Chout" ("The Buffoon") composed in 1916 was produced at Paris in 1921. The Suite was first performed at Brussels in 1924. The music is evidently for the stage. It is a question whether the excerpts have due significance in the Suite form. The prevailing mood is one of riotous gaiety; only in the shortest of the movements is there a touch of sentiment, a poetic impression. Yet how fresh and joyous are the dance rhythms; nor is Prokofiev ashamed of salient musical ideas. His themes are not scrappy, and after they are announced he is not at a loss what to do with them. He has his own schemes of orchestral dress. The final dance is constructed ingeniously, and with irresistible effect.

A remarkable man, this Serge Prokofiev, who follows his bent; who in his later works shows more and more individuality. It is not likely that he will echo the cry of Stravinsky, "Back to Bach!" for he knows that leads to unmeaning chatter and utter dreariness.

No one can now write in the grand manner of Bach; those who have ears to hear in 1926 are men and women of this year; not survivors of the 17th and 18th centuries.

Some have objected to Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of Debussy's "Festivals" and Beethoven's symphonies. One man has said "Debussy did not intend that there should be a great crescendo in the march section of 'Festivals.'" One was heard to say yesterday: "I prefer the symphony performed in the good old way." How the one knew Debussy's intention; what the other meant by "the good old way" are questions that could not easily be answered by persons who pride themselves on their conservatism, a word that may in this instance be synonymous with—but perhaps it is better not to finish the sentence.

Music on the page is not music; it is dead until it is performed. In performance it may be unemotional, uninspiring; it may excite or move profoundly. That depends entirely on the intelligence, still more on the emotional nature of the interpreter. If Debussy did not wish his "Festivals" to be performed as Mr. Koussevitzky read it, he should have wished it, for only from Mr. Koussevitzky has so gorgeous, so thrilling, so festal a performance been heard in Boston.

A word about his interpretation of Beethoven's music. The symphonies have been played so frequently that the performance has often been one of perfunctory respectability. The notes were played accurately; the tempi were according to a tradition more or less unfounded. The "Eroica" has in times past seemed long-winded; to the more irreverent of the younger generation a bore, while the more reverent stifled their yawns. This is especially true of the Funeral March. If Charles the Second was a long time in dying, the mourners of the hero in the symphony were long in bearing him to the grave.

But Beethoven was romantic, furiously romantic. He delighted in sudden and great contrasts in unexpected orchestral clashes. He could shout and toss his hat in the air. Does any sane person think for a moment that the first movement of this symphony should be performed in an undeviating, inexorable tempo? Should a pathetic passage, a song of tenderness, a plaintive cry, be played in the tempo of the preceding measures? Perish the thought!

Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was not "sensational"; it was remarkable for its varied eloquence, for its majesty, for its pathos, for its gaiety in the final variations. Was the funeral march "dramatic?" Death is dramatic; burial is dramatic; a nation's grief is dramatic. For once this march did not seem to consume as much time as the passage of Napoleon's body from St.



Helena to the Hotel des Invalides.

And with the overture to "Der Freischütz" Mr. Koussevitzky revealed the imaginative, magnetic quality that Weber's music demands.

The orchestral performance was of the highest quality.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; A. L. Steinert, Southern Night (first performance); Strauss, Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks; Franck, Symphony, d minor.

## AUDIENCE RISES TO SYMPHONY

*Post* — Oct. 9, 1926  
Attest High Regard for  
Koussevitzky and  
Orchestra

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Boston has lost none of its regard for Mr. Koussevitzky.

When the conductor stepped upon the stage of Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to begin the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 46th season, not only the players but the audience rose in greeting and standing clapped him long and heartily.

### "EROICA" SUPERBLY PLAYED

There was enthusiasm, too, throughout the concert. Yet at the end the applause bestowed upon the performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony was, by the standard of the past two years, hardly commensurate either with the greatness of the music or with the splendor of its presentation.

As a matter of fact this semi-apathy is easy to explain. In the sense that

it over-towered the other pieces of the afternoon—Weber's Overture to "Der Freischütz," Debussy's Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals" and the suite, new to Boston, from Prokofiev's ballet "Chout"—Beethoven's "Eroica," abstractly considered, fully deserved to stand as crown and climax to them. But music such as this, though it be 40 times familiar, has still need to fall upon fresh ears.

Yet, to repeat, the performance of the "Eroica" was superb; there is no other word. Superb in the conductor's conception of the music, superb in the performance by an orchestra as rich-toned, as responsive, as noble-voiced as though the concert had been, not the first, but the 20th of the season.

### Weber's Music Jubilant

There was reason to expect much of Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Weber's Overture, and there was no cause to be disappointed in it. Last year the Symphony Orchestra played these measures under a visiting conductor and the performance, musically and technically unexceptionable, missed a little of the overture's essential romanticism. Yesterday, after more than a century, the music of the Witches' Glen still sounded devilish indeed. The horn quartet had both warmth and glamor. Samiel's measures smelled of red fire. The end was a very ecstasy of jubilation.

Like that of the Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting of Debussy's Nocturnes was already familiar, and like that of the Symphony, it yesterday became here and there intensified, more eloquent. But one felt, as one so often feels nowadays, that through its lack of vigor Debussy's music as a whole is losing ground. Perhaps the composer himself never visioned so robust a treatment of the crescendo and climax in the "Festivals," yet its effect yesterday was to let a draft of tonic ozone into the curtained, incense-laden chamber where Debussy's muse seemed oftenest to dwell.

### Ballet of Buffoonery

Musical to a ballet of extravagant buffoonery, that of Prokofiev's "Chout," as the four fragments of yesterday disclosed it, is charged with its composer's exuberant vitality. Now and again it was possible to feel the need of synchronizing the music with the action it should illuminate, but the final dance, with its rhythms now pounding and insistent, now whirling to gliddiness, was nothing short of exhilarating.

And Prokofiev, like Debussy, Weber and Beethoven, had at its service yesterday both an inspiring, divining conductor and a mettled orchestra.

# Symphony

## CONDUCTOR RETURNED, ORCHESTRA REGAINED, CLASSICS REKINDLED

*Trans.* — Oct. 9, 1926.

### FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT OF A NEW YEAR

Mr. Koussevitzky Warmly Welcomed—  
Little Changed Band Again on Its Mettle  
—Familiar Weber, Debussy and Beethoven Freshened and Renewed—A Ballet Suite from Prokofiev More Than Half Denatured

THE FAITHFUL chronicler sees his duty and does it. . . . Yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock and thirty-six minutes, Eastern Standard Time, Mr. Koussevitzky emerged from the right-hand door on the platform of Symphony Hall and walked briskly toward the conductor's stand of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In no respect of body, garb or manner had his familiar presence altered. He was received by a standing orchestra, the strings of which tapped their bows upon the body of their instruments. There was no apparent change in the seating of the players, and only two familiar figures were gone from them. Mr. Jacques Hoffmann has withdrawn of his own motion from the first violins, and Mr. Vannini has given way to Mr. Hamelin and Mr. Allegra among the clarinets. A part of the audience also rose to greet the entering conductor; but, by cursory glance, as many more kept their seats—another sign of the gradual abatement, by mutual consent, of a dubious rite. From all sides, however, the clapping was full of good will. It persisted briefly and in a moment or two conductor and orchestra set to their work.

At the end of each piece, except the final symphony, the applause was warm enough to recall Mr. Koussevitzky; but not sufficiently prolonged to bring the orchestra to its feet—unwonted occurrence at the first concert of a new season. Rather, it was the conductor who

by repeated gesture heaped praise upon his forces. As it was nearly half-past four when the "Eroica Symphony" ended, the audience, according to Friday-custom, lingered for no plaudits. More: it was to be observed with pain that not a few who cry aloud for the "dear old classics" were unable to sit through that same "Eroica" and departed at every halt. Indeed, the conductor waited (as it seemed a little impatiently) to begin the Scherzo unrhythmed by padding feet and swinging doors. By these signs, human nature keeps its sway over the platform and the auditorium of Symphony Hall.

Of the quality of the orchestra, at the outset of Mr. Koussevitzky's third season, only praise may be written. More and more it is made in his image and responsive to his will. It was well-nigh a perfect instrument on which he could play, measure by measure, the manifold Overture to "Der Freischütz." In the "Clouds" of Debussy, it gave him back subdued, shaded, tone, slow-moving, evanescent, but never bodiless or shapeless. In the ensuing "Fetes," edged, glinting, incisive was its voice. As a band it shrilled through the humors of the Suite from Prokofiev's ballet, "Chout"; rollicked in Russian folk-song; beat out Russian folk-dance as though to matter and manner born. Throughout the "Eroica Symphony," there was reason to admire its pliancy and power; its feeling for the warmth and largeness of Beethoven's melody; its vigor with his reiterated chords and pounding progressions. Its voice was plangent through the Funeral March; darting and light-pitched across the Scherzo; free-striding and quick-turning over the Finale.

Nor were individual virtuositities lacking. The subdued richness of the strings gave atmosphere to the beginning of Weber's Overture. In the ensuing song, the horns were mellow and lustrous. Instrument by instrument, the woodwinds gained an exceeding lightness and loveliness of tone in "Clouds"; while the "aerial procession" in "Fetes" was a little miracle of distant suggestion drawing nearer. The tonal grotesquerie of Prokofiev is exacting—and sounded impulsive, as the bassoons released their grunts or the flutes their twitters. When lingering melody suffuses the tumult of Beethoven's Finale, the suppleness and euphony of every choir withstood the test. A band of virtuosi indeed; but a band fused also into a single manifold voice—the composer's through the conductor's speaking.

For the most part the music of the day was a placed and established music.



yet by that virtue and vitality ever provoking new reflections. Within the easy recollection of hearers hardly middle-aged, the musical form and substance, the imaginative quality, of these two Nocturnes of Debussy were matter for endless and bitter debate. They were not to be endured, or they were revelations of a new beauty and imagery in sound. Nowadays, few question and fewer debate. For most the present concern is a performance that shall miss not a whit of either. We have become connoisseurs in the passing of the "aerial procession." We wait for the bite of contrast between the dying fall of "Clouds" and the lusty upspringing of "Fêtes." Upon the quality of tone for each measure of "Clouds," upon the partings and the meetings of the solo-voices, we now bestow our questionings—and speak of Mr. Koussevitzky's or Mr. Stokowski's Nocturnes oftener than of Debussy's. In the first stage of progress toward classic place the matter and the manner of a piece of music establish themselves. In the second, virtuosity has its inning and we listeners are concerned with shading and accents. In the third and last, we bid the performance freshen and renew.

In this third stage now stands the "Eroica Symphony." We will not hear it descending upon us from a pedestal. Going to it, conductor and orchestra must re-invoke the sensations it may have stirred at first, second, third performance in Beethoven's immediate world. Such a re-creation, or rather restoration, is the chief glory of Mr. Koussevitzky's "reading." By pace, rhythm, contrasts, shadings, he makes the first movement still sound as passionate and tumultuous as it surely did to the Vienna of 1805. We also are plumbing the depths of Beethoven's melody; catching up with the large might of his stride. Upon our ears the Funeral March again falls piercing and lambent, by a century and a quarter stressed rather than subdued. Anew and afresh the rhythmic and melodic verve of the scherzo sings and dances in our ears. We also discover the bright turmoil of Beethoven's finale, riven by warm gusts of melody. As act of faith in a passion of revelation anew sounds "The Eroica."

With Weber the difference is greater; the difficulty more. Conductors of Mr. Koussevitzky's temper must wreak themselves upon this Overture to "Der Freischütz," if it is to be epitome of a romantic mood, manner, time. Hence sedulous pains, mystery cloaking the beginning; the song of the horns releasing remote, subdued beauty; the sinister pages sombre and tense; Agathe's a-quiver with longing; the suspensive chords parting the air; the finale flinging off

rhetorical and romantical flourishes. Say, if the hearer likes, that the Overture to "Der Freischütz" so manipulated is overdone. Yet the warrant is the clear purpose, the intrinsic and everlasting thrill of a "hackneyed" classic. Mr. Koussevitzky but clears the mirror and deepens the image; while we hearers bathe in the reflection.

Possibly Serge Sergeivich Prokofiev was too vividly and variously companioned for the good of his Suite from "Chout." Possibly he erred when he believed that fragments of that music could be stripped of grotesque action and flamboyant setting; detached from the theater and led little diminished into the concert-hall. Supposition remains supposition; but certain it is that these novel pieces made the least impression among the numbers of the day. The "Final Dance" is vigorous and cumulative exercise with Russian folk-rhythms; while the whole power of the orchestra whips them, blow by blow, to climax. The tang and the frenzy are alike there—but long before Prokofiev Stravinsky in "Petrushka" turned the trick for western ears. No doubt, it is rude and lewd fun-making when the amorous merchant draws up his "lady" into the chamber and finds that the fleeing clown is transformed into goat. Most certainly, it warrants Prokofiev's rollicking measures; but our delight might be more boisterous if we saw, as well as heard, these japes, with the stage—and not the program-book—for communicating medium. No less, the first two divisions of the Suite disclose Prokofiev's design of a music rank and raucous with grotesquerie, tumbling and chortling with clownish humors, tweaking and twittering in the same breath, relieving itself (as it were) by excursions into hearty folk-melody. Yet the clew to the humors is the stage-figures and the stage-action; while out of both come the warrant for the folk-melody and at least half its virtue. Somehow the composer of the "Scythian Suite" and "They Are Seven" hardly needs translation from the theater.

H. T. P.

#### Items of the Day Oct. 14, 1926.

Next Tuesday the Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky will make an unusual expedition. They will journey to Plymouth to give the dedicatory concert at the new Memorial Hall before an audience that has already taken every seat. Seldom do orchestra and conductor bestow their favors upon a town no larger than Plymouth. With reason in a glowing circular it "points with pride."

## Boston Symphony Season Opened

Monitor

Oct. 9, 1926.

THE forty-sixth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the third under the conductorship of Serge Koussevitzky, was opened in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon with a concert which will be repeated this evening. The program:

Overture to "Der Freischütz" . . . . . Weber  
Two Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals" . . . . . Debussy  
Suite from the Ballet "Chout" op. 21 . . . . . Prokofiev  
Symphony No. 3 in E flat major ("Eroica") op. 55 . . . . . Beethoven

Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly greeted. The orchestra stood when he entered; a large portion of the audience followed suit, and the applause continued after nearly all had sat down again.

Prokofiev's Suite was performed for the first time in Boston. The "story" of the ballet is amusing. Unhappily the sections of the music that make up this suite carry no suggestion, save in the most general way, of the action of the scenes they are supposed to represent; except for one horrid cry that seems to mark the discovery of the white goat. That is perhaps nothing to complain about; it merely becomes necessary to regard the suite purely as music. As such, it is characteristically well made, stirring in rhythmical and dynamic contrasts, and gorgeous in color. There is even a section of sustained lyrical beauty, as beauty used to be defined. The more violent expressions, too, come rather pleasingly to the ear today. When the ballet was first done in London, in 1921, one critic found much of the music "harsh, raucous, bitter." Had he then heard "The Rite of Spring?" Today this music of Prokofiev strikes one as delightful, amusing, thrilling or lovely; but not as bitter. Nor as strikingly original. It is much nearer to Moussorgsky than to Stravinsky in his prime. Most of the audience seemed pleased; nobody walked out. The performance was surpassingly good. A solo violin passage was played by Mr. Burgin with fine dash.

The symphony, which was played by Mr. Koussevitzky two years ago, now marks perhaps the initial gesture of homage at the beginning of

the Beethoven centenary season. It was played, as previously under Mr. Koussevitzky, eloquently and with all reverence to the composer. The final movement in particular was aflame with poetic beauty. Beethoven is not one of the composers with whom Mr. Koussevitzky takes liberties.

But does the conductor read the program notes? They included a note taken from the first published score of this work, which said: "Since this symphony is longer than an ordinary symphony, it should be performed at the beginning, rather than at the end of a concert, either after an overture or an aria, or after a concerto." There is sound sense in that. It applies, too, to other symphonies than the "Eroica." The fashion is against it. But fashion cannot alter the fact that this program would have been more enjoyable if the symphony had had the second place.

Debussy's oft-exhibited twins were dusted off and made most presentable. The overture to "Freischütz" suffered from the too great attention of the conductor. Instead of being electrical, it was soporific. Of course, when Mr. Koussevitzky asks us, we listen politely while he musically dissects. But sometimes we wish—like Christopher Robin—that he wouldn't.

L. A. S.

## INITIAL CONCERT OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Globe — Oct. 9, 1926  
Prokofiev's "Chout" Heard for First Time Here

The 46th season of Boston Symphony concerts began yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky, entering upon his third season as conductor, was given an exceptional ovation at the opening of the program. Orchestra and most of the audience stood in greeting and applauded loud and long.



The fact that every season ticket for every series in Boston Symphony concerts in Boston and in New York is taken, and the waiting list for next year already long speaks volumes for the increased popularity of symphony concerts in general and of Mr Koussevitzky's brilliantly personal conducting in particular.

There are few outstanding changes of personnel in the orchestra. Jacques Hoffman has retired from the first violin section. Augusto Vannini no longer figures among the clarinets. His place with the E flat clarinet is filled by Edmond Allegra, who was first clarinet last year, and a new first clarinet, Georges Hamelin has come from Europe.

### Fewer Rush Seats

The only new detail in the routine management of the concerts which was noted yesterday is the reduction of the number of second balcony rush seats. The entire first row of the second balcony has been reserved and sold for the season. This reduces the number of rush seats from 505 to about 400. The price of the rush seats remains at half a dollar, to which it was raised from 25 cents two years ago.

One assumes that the trustees find themselves financially unable to give students and other impecunious music lovers the same opportunities that Maj Higginson so wisely and generously gave them to hear these concerts.

It is a pity that some benefactor does not come forward and provide a gift of sufficient annual revenue so that the entire second balcony may be sold at 25 cents as "rush seats" for every concert.

In yesterday's program the trustees present to the subscribers a balance sheet showing a net loss of \$53,802 last season and an anticipated deficit this year of \$75,000, toward which sum contributions are earnestly solicited.

The sum of \$16,001 has been pledged already. Pledges may be sent to E. B. Dane, treasurer, 6 Beacon st. Boston.

Through Mr Quimby's munificence the radio audience is again to enjoy the Saturday evening concerts, which this season will be broadcast so as to be heard throughout the Eastern United States and Canada.

The only novelty of yesterday's program was a suite of four numbers from Prokofieff's ballet "Chout." This proved to be admirable up-to-date light music, full of rhythmic vitality, amusingly scored and, for the work of a renowned modernist, surprisingly simple of comprehension at a first hearing.

One greatly preferred these delightfully unpretentious dances to the more intricate pieces about Scythians and Assyrians by which Prokofieff is best known here. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation had admirable clarity and verve.

### On Its Own Feet

Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, Mr Koussevitzky treated with unwonted respect for the composer's intention. Except for a few tempi one found none of the personal idiosyncrasies of the conductor between one and Beethoven. The sweep and breadth of the first movement, the mournful surge of the adagio, the exultation of the finale were all conveyed to the listener unalloyed. This symphony, as the conductor no doubt felt, is music capable of standing on its own feet.

Not so Weber's "Freischuetz" overture. Mr Koussevitzky here wreaked his personality upon the familiar music with stirring but not wholly satisfying results. It was hard to forgive the dragging pace of the beautiful theme for horns in the introduction. And Agathe's measures can be made to sound less flauntingly trite than they did yesterday.

With Debussy's nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals" Mr Koussevitzky was as hitherto very successful. One particularly admires the gusto, the poise stresses of his version of "Festivals." Here Debussy was so evidently no mere impressionist working in pastel shades, but a holiday maker out for a good time and not delicate about his effects.

The radio audience should particularly enjoy the Beethoven, the Weber, and Debussy's "Festivals." The microphones in the hall were yesterday in a new position, proving that the broadcasters are endeavoring to secure by experimentation the best possible results.

Next week's program as now announced will include Cesar Franck's symphony, Mozart's "Little Night Music" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel." Its novelty will be the first public performance of a new tone poem, "Southern Night," by the young Boston composer, Alexander Steinert.

P. R.

### Re-Entrance

FOR a forty-sixth season, the Symphony Concerts begin anew on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Symphony Hall again houses them; every seat for both series is taken; there is little change in the personnel of the orchestra; for a third year Mr. Koussevitzky returns as conductor. For the most part the program assembles familiar numbers in which he has already proved his mettle—the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven; Weber's Overture to "Des Freischuetz," Debussy's Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Fetes." For novel piece stands a Suite from "Chout," Prokofiev's serio-comic ballet of Russian clowns, first seen and heard at Paris in 1921.

## KOUSSEVITZSKY BACK IN BOSTON

*Herald Sept. 23, 1926*  
Symphony Conductor Has  
Entire Program Made  
Out for Season

### DID MUCH WORK IN 'VACATION' ABROAD

Sergei Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, returned to Boston yesterday after four months in Europe, technically a vacation, though in reality a period for the most part tense with industry.

As evidence of the manner in which he spent his vacation, he had with him the entire program of the coming season of Symphony concerts, revised according to his latest decisions, and written out neatly on note paper of the S. S. France of the French Line on which he and Madame Koussevitzsky made the return voyage.

#### PROGRAMS PREPARED

Last night he was found in a suite at the Vendome, enjoying a little real relaxation for a change. There he granted an interview to the Herald, during which, literally dragged out of him, came to light the story of the manner of his "vacation." He was willing enough to talk of the coming Symphony season, and all the treasures and oddities of the musical world which it held. Never backward in whole-hearted praise of this or that composer, examples of whose genius will be heard here this season.

Yes, he was enthusiastic over prospects for the Symphony season, this quiet man of the magic baton, fired with true love of his art, but when it came to discussion of the work that

had been entailed for him—"in gathering the wealth of melody which he brought back for the delight of Boston music lovers—well, as the saying goes, that's another story."

Music, scores never heard in this country, scores, many of which were written especially for the Boston Symphony, were mentioned by Mr. Koussevitzsky, who gave great praise to these famous composers of Europe. Then, with the closing statement "written especially for the Boston Symphony" he dismissed the trouble, the disappointments which had faced him in the process of getting them to bring them back to Boston. Many scores, signed by famous men, he would not discuss at all at this time, or even mention.

Outside of this business of gathering such a wealth of material for the coming symphony season he conducted, while in Paris, his annual series of four "Concerts Koussevitzsky" at the Opera, one of the most popular of Europe's summer musical seasons.

Later he went to urlich, where he assisted at the International Musical Festival, to which every country in the world sends its representative musicians and music.

"Did you find anything there you considered worthy of bringing back with you," he was asked?

"Yes," he replied, "I found there both good and bad, but among the good I found three studies which I will give this season. As a matter of fact I cannot help being pleased with the results of my searches. I have a number of things with me."

He almost seemed to begrudge shedding the light of publicity on his treasures, but among those of which he would speak were Respighi, the Italian composer, who wrote four studies for Boston. Albert Roussel composed an orchestral suite for the symphony, Alexander Tansman a symphony for Boston's orchestra. Others are three bits by the Russian, Phokofieff, never heard in this country, and Dorfseinen, written by the great Hungarian, Bela-Bartok, for the League of Modern Composers, but to have its premiere here.

#### Items of the Day *Sept. 24, 1926*

The Symphony Orchestra reassembled this morning for rehearsal at Symphony Hall. A new first clarinetist, Mr. Gaston Hamelin, of high repute in Paris, took his seat. Three violinists—Messrs. Elcus, Graeser and Leibovici—joined the string-choir. To it also comes a new player of the double-bass, Mr. Lemaire, while at the second harp, Mr. Zighera now partners Mr. Holy. Otherwise the personnel of the band is unchanged.



## The Symphony in Crescendo

Mr. Koussevitzky's return quickens but can scarcely enlarge Boston's interest in the impending Symphony season. The orchestra, under his baton, has established such breadth of appeal that talk of still further increasing it is, in one sense of the word, for the moment quite idle. Long before the conductor had finished his European vacation, the mere knowledge that he would return for the current year had led to almost complete sale of all available tickets for the regular concerts of 1926-27. Today the hall for Friday afternoons, Saturday evenings and Monday evenings is fully sold out. A few scattering seats remain for the Tuesday series. To be sure, tickets for the Thursday concerts in Cambridge have not yet been offered, but shortly they will be, and when they are it is a foregone conclusion that not a place will remain. Apparently, if we are to talk of broadening the public in actual attendance upon the Symphony Concerts, we now must talk of broadening Symphony Hall, arcaiding it, perhaps, so that the audience room will cover all of Massachusetts avenue!

In the light of this situation, the decision of the trustees to accept the generous private offer for broadcasting all of this year's twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings seems all the more surely commendable. An opportunity to follow the concerts will thus be given not only to thousands who never would have been inclined to give them ear were it not for the radio, but also in many cases to persons who cannot secure seats for the concerts, no matter how much they may desire to be within the hall. Moreover, the extension of Boston's interest in the Symphony Orchestra during recent years, whether as shown by the increased attendance or as encouraged among the vast new public that follows the radio, is obviously a force that is full of creative power. Just what the

Symphony's way of responding to the new demand will be, precisely what lines of growth or modes of progress the orchestra will follow, no man can yet say. But one thing is certain. The demand cannot be denied satisfaction. So firmly founded, so notably excellent an institution as the Boston Symphony Orchestra will grow with the times. It will come to influence popular taste and popular standards in matters of music even more widely and richly than has ever yet been guessed. *Trans. Sept. 23. 1926.*

## LECTURES ON SYMPHONY

*Trans. — Sept. 20. 1926.*  
Course Interpreting Friday and Saturday Programs Opens Oct. 13 at Public Library

The third annual course of lectures "to aid in the appreciation of Boston Symphony Concerts" is announced by the Division of University Extension, State Department of Education, acting in co-operation with the Boston Public Library. The series, twenty-four lectures in all, will begin Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 5.15 P. M. in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library and will continue on Wednesdays preceding concerts throughout the fall and winter. Each week the program of the concerts to be given on the following Friday and Saturday in Symphony Hall, will be considered and illustrated on the piano. The lecturers will include: Alfred H. Meyer, John A. O'Shea, Stuart Mason, Henry Levine, Warren Story Smith, Nicholas Slonimsky, Joseph F. Wagner, Penfield Roberts, and Malcolm Lang.

According to Charles F. D. Belden, director of the Boston Public Library, "the course is designed for all who wish to gain a keener enjoyment in the appreciation of orchestral music as well as for teachers and students. Although based on the current repertory, it will be essentially a study of orchestral composition from the listener's point of view. The principles of music relating to form and design, the principles of interpretation and the characteristics of the different musical instruments will be studied, together with practice in score reading."

The first meeting, on Oct. 13, will be open to the public. A nominal fee for clerical expenses will be the only charge for the course.

## NOTES and LINES

— By PHILIP HALE —

Prokofieff's Suite taken from the music of his ballet "Chout" ("The Buffoon"), will be performed at the Symphony concerts this week for the first time in Boston. In 1915 Prokofieff wrote two ballets, "Harlequin" (or "The Harlequin's Story"), and "Chout." The former is still in manuscript. It was to have been performed in Paris and London, but the war prevented a production.

"Chout" was brought out by the Diaghileff Russian ballet at the Theatre de la Gaite Lyrique, on May 17, 1921. The drop curtain, the stage settings and the costumes were all in highly colored "futurist" designs.

The Young Buffoon's pretty wife is also a buffoon. They wish to play a joke on the Seven Old Buffoons, who visit them. He pretends to order a meal; she pretends to refuse; then he pretends to kill her, but he revives her by cracking a whip at her.

The Old Buffoons are greatly pleased by the miracle. They purchase the whip, and, going home, try the experiment on their own wives. They kill them, but the whip does not bring them to life.

In the next scene the Young Buffoon disguises himself to escape the wrath of the old men. He appears dressed in his wife's clothes, but his movements betray him. He is taken away, still in his wife's dress, as a servant to the seven. They have seven frolicsome daughters and wish to see them married. A rich merchant comes to inspect the daughters; he chooses the Young Buffoon, who is in a sad plight. At the end there is a fantastic mix-up.

M. Slawinsky played the Young Buffoon; Mme. Sokolova took the part of the wife.

When the ballet was produced in London in June, 1921, Prokofieff conducted.

The Suite was performed for the first time at Brussels in 1924.

There were performances of "Chout" at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, beginning March 6, 1924. Albert Carroll was the chief dancer. It was said at the time that the piece would have an entirely new choreography and setting, "and since this new interpretation emphasizes the folk character of the piece the farce is broader and more naive." It is doubtful if Prokofieff's score was then used, for it calls for a huge orchestra.

## Classics and "Chout"

First Program for the Re-Opening Symphony Concerts

SEEMINGLY, centenaries lurked at the back of Mr. Koussevitzky's head as he made the program for the first pair of Symphony Concerts on Friday, Oct. 8, and Saturday, Oct. 9, beginning the forty-sixth season. A hundred years ago last June, Weber died in London, and on the conductor's list is the Overture to his opera, "Der Freischütz." In March of 1827, Beethoven departed this life in Vienna, and Mr. Koussevitzky is anticipating the anniversary with performances of the "Eroica Symphony," heard from him, ably, in his first autumn at Symphony Hall. Faithful to Prokofiev, he announces for the first times in Boston the Suite from "Chout," a ballet of Russian clowns, staged some years ago in Paris by Mr. Dyagilev. The fourth number of the awaited program is the paired Nocturnes of Debussy—"Clouds" and "Fetes," music also in which Mr. Koussevitzky proved his mettle two seasons ago. In sum, a program to please conservatives and leave the innocent untarnished.

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra will miss the presence of Mr. Hoffmann, the violinist, on the stage. He has been a member for nearly 40 years, and has rendered loyal and helpful service. An excellent musician, with great experience in routine work, he has resigned his membership, wishing to devote his time to the exercise of his profession in other ways. It is a pleasure to note that the trustees of the orchestra, through their president, Judge Cabot, have expressed in writing their warm appreciation of Mr. Hoffmann's services and their regret at his resignation.

There are few changes in the membership of the orchestra. Mr. Hamelin, the new first clarinet, a pupil of Turban, was awarded a second prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1903; a first prize in 1904. There are two new violinists, a new double-bass player, and a new second harpist. Mr. Allegra, the first clarinet of last season, has taken the place left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Vannini.



## CUTTINGS

### Our Own Philip Hale Included

(From the New York Herald-Tribune)

One by one the elder statesmen among the music critics of America go to their honored rest. Hunker, Krehbiel, and now Finck—the versatile, pertinacious, inimitable Henry T. Finck, who retired from the New York Evening Post in 1924 after a service of 43 years as music editor of that journal, and who is now dead at 72.

It was an extraordinary group of critics, that Big Six, which included the three who have left us and those three others who still happily survive—Aldrich and Henderson and Hale. These men did pioneer work in the advancement of musical understanding and appreciation in this country. It was largely due to them that much of the music which now is our daily bread was first tolerated, then accepted, then enjoyed.

Finck was the most pugnacious of the six. His great and excellent quality was courage. No critic was ever less hampered by conventions and fetishes, less awed by the sacred cows of musical respectability. It required high courage to speak well of Wagner in the early '80s, when he was abhorred as a revolutionist—almost as much as it takes to speak well of him today, when he is unfashionable and derided. But Finck, with a glad shout, threw his hat into the Wagnerian ring half a century ago, and he fought for this strange new music until he saw Wagner triumphant throughout the world. Yet Finck showed even greater courage: he dared to say that the mighty occasionally nod—that Beethoven, for instance, was sometimes tedious and banal. He said these things not delicately, tentatively, but bluntly and in a loud voice, to the horror of the and in a loud voice, to the horror of the thought the same thoughts but lacked the audacity to confess them.

Another of Finck's rare qualities was his ardor. He never lost his zest for the things he loved, never wearied of hymning his adored Grieg, Dvorak, Liszt, MacDowell. He never wrote as if he were bored, though sometimes he declared that he was—by Brahms, for instance, whom he disliked and engagingly disparaged.

He did not always persuade one to agree with him; and he had, like all of us, his prejudices and prepossessions. But what counted was his delight in the beauty and greatness that took possession of his spirit, and his determination that the things he loved and valued we too should enjoy and esteem. That delight and that conviction he succeeded often in communicating to those who read his words. What more could he have wished?

### A Good Memory *Jan. 7, 1926.*

One by one the Elder Statesmen among the music-critics of America go to their honored rest. Hunker, Krehbiel, and now Finck—the versatile, pertinacious, inimitable Henry T. Finck, who retired from The New York Evening Post in 1924 after a service of forty-three years as music-editor of that journal, and who is now dead at seventy-two. It was an extraordinary group of critics, that Big Six, which included the three who have left us and those three others who still happily survive—Aldrich and Henderson and Hale. These men did pioneer work in the advancement of musical understanding and appreciation in this country. It was largely due to them that much of the music which now is our daily bread was first tolerated, then accepted, then enjoyed.

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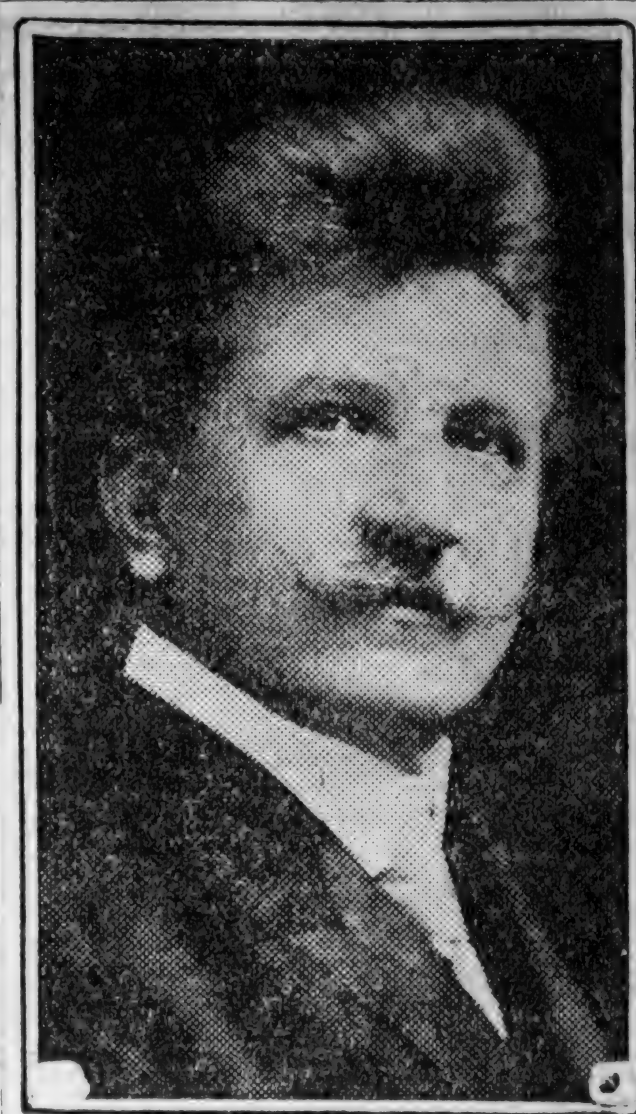
## TO OPEN WITH HUB SYMPHONY

### Pittsburgh Concert Season Starts with Boston Orchestra

Under the leadership of its conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony orchestra will have the honor of opening the Symphony concert season in Pittsburgh when it plays in the Syria Mosque on Nov. 5 and 6.

The Pittsburgh season will present a series of seven pairs, numbering the finest orchestras in the United States, but to the Boston orchestra has been given the honor of opening the program. Other concerts to be given include those by the New York Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, the Cincinnati Symphony, the Cleveland Symphony and the Minneapolis orchestra.

Conductor Koussevitzky of the Boston orchestra is highly regarded in Pittsburgh.



Alfred Holy, harpist.

## SELECTIONS FROM OUR MAIL BAG

### LIKES PHILIP HALE

To the Editor of The Herald:

For the past 40 years I have lived in Boston, during which time I have been a faithful reader of The Boston Herald.

Presently I am leaving Boston to locate in San Francisco, Cal. I am writing to say that I feel I should express if I were to be deprived of reading Mr. Hale's column, "As the World Wags," as well as his exceedingly worth while musical criticisms.

HARRIETTE W. WOOLLEY.  
407 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Dec. 20.





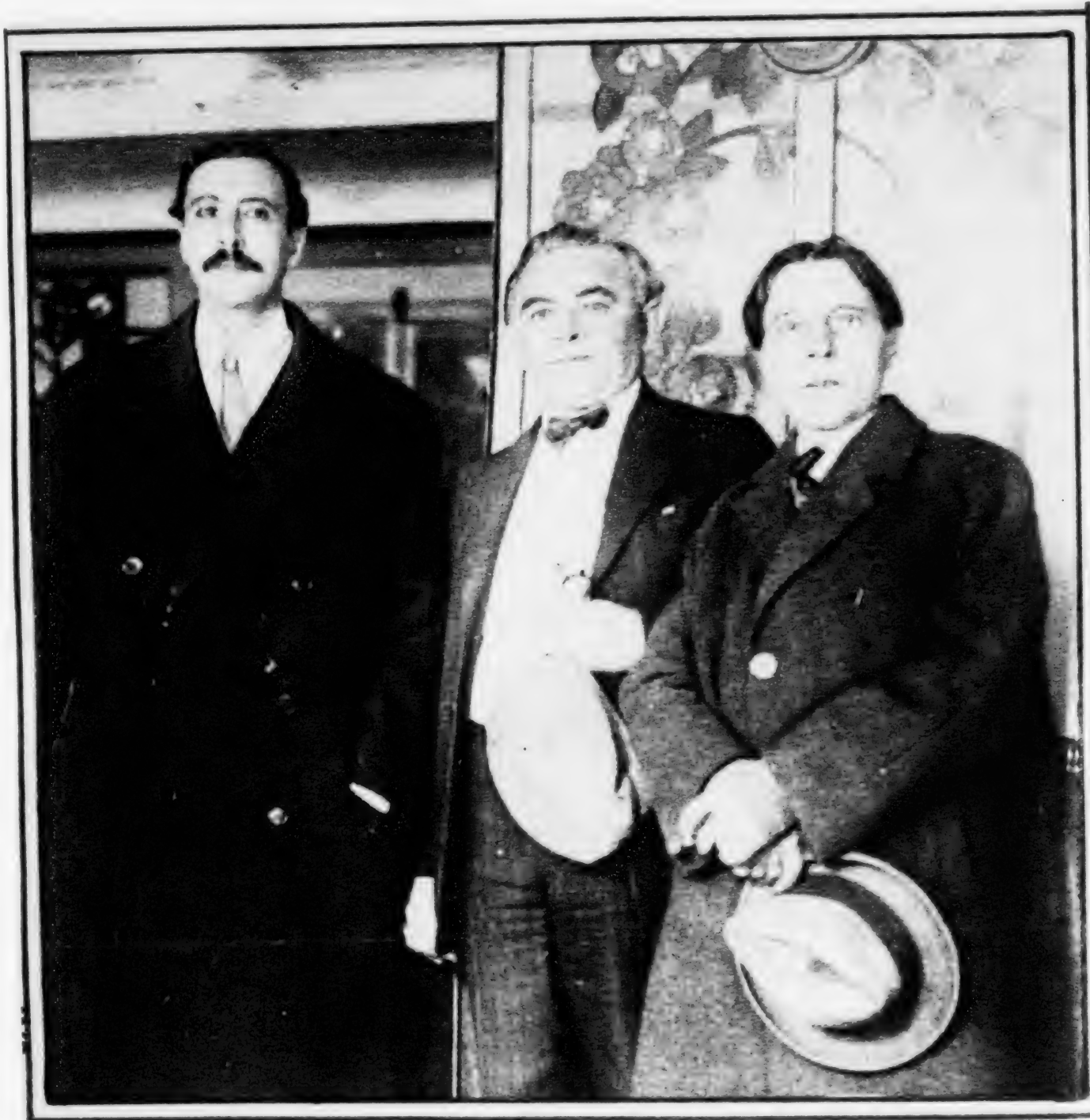
A trio of musicians arrives in New York on the S. S. Paris. Left to right: Ernest Schilling of New York, Ignaz Friedman of Poland and Alfred Cortot of Paris, pianists who have come for this season's concert tours.

(Keystone)



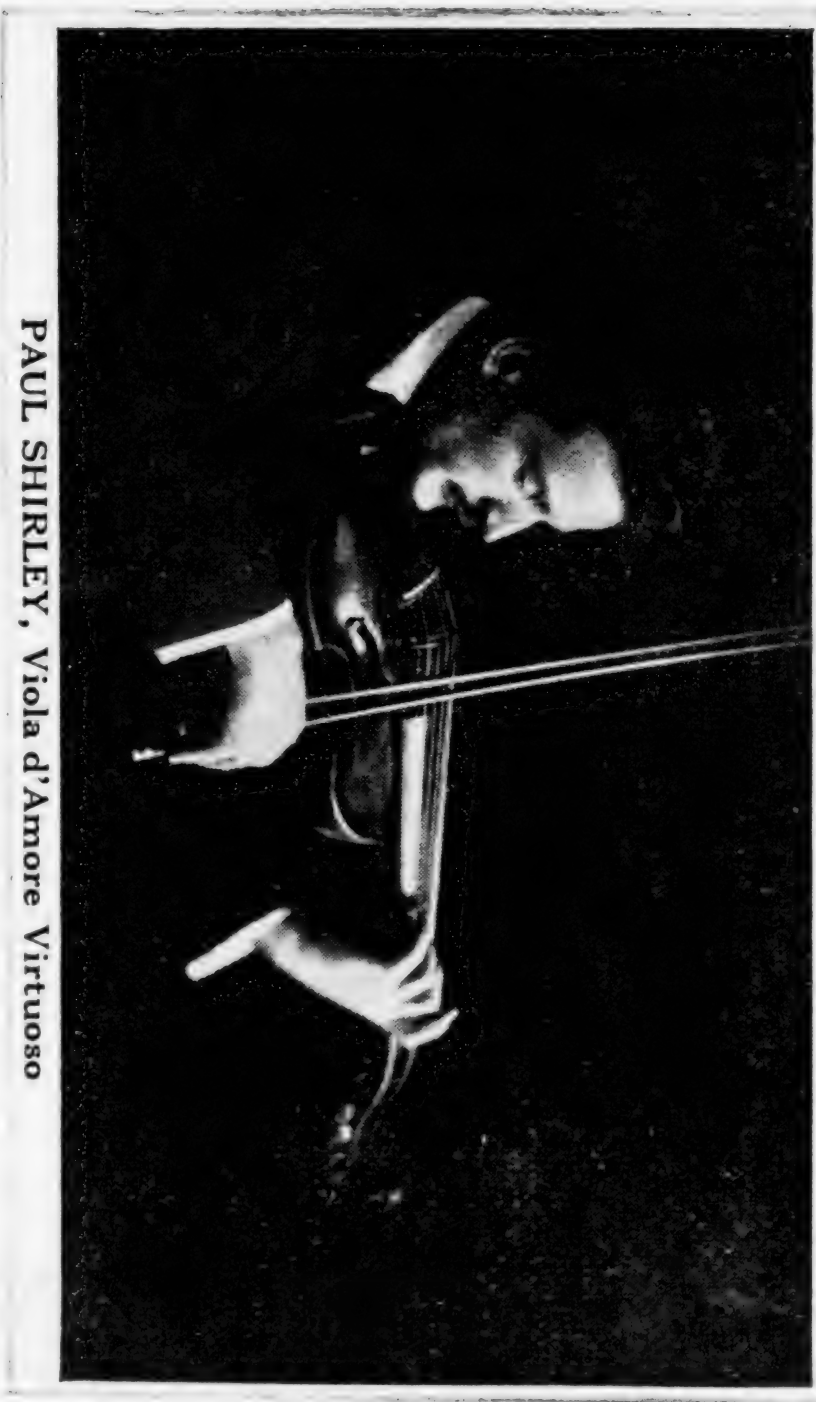
PAUL SHIRLEY, Viola d'Amore Virtuoso





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(Keystone)



PAUL SHIRLEY, Viola d'Amore Virtuoso



## TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND PATRONS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, INC.

We submit herewith a comparative statement for the years 1924, 1925 and 1926 at the close of business July 31st. For the past season the operating income increased \$40,487.93, and the expenses increased \$54,984.76, due almost entirely to increased salaries and additional men in the Orchestra. The income from the Endowment Fund increased \$2,500.00.

RECEIPTS	1924	1925	1926
Gross Income from Concerts	\$435,445.97	\$458,963.02	\$490,821.50
Symphony Hall Rents, etc. .	95,833.35	113,640.22	115,364.99
Programmes . . . . .	42,547.28	48,154.93	53,566.65
Sale of Bound Volumes . .	280.50	901.33	884.20
Interest on Bank Balances .	1,831.71	2,343.38	3,225.01
Sundry Receipts . . . . .	354.63		628.46
Operating Income . . . . .	\$576,293.44	\$624,002.88	\$664,490.81
Payments . . . . .	664,332.62	674,502.26	729,487.02
Operating Deficit . . . . .	\$88,039.18	\$50,499.38	\$64,996.21
Income Endowment Fund and Interest . . . . .	6,713.80	8,685.83	11,194.21
Net Loss . . . . .	\$81,325.38	\$41,813.55	\$53,802.00

PAYMENTS	1924	1925	1926
Expense of Concerts, Rents, Travelling Expenses, Solo- ists, etc. . . . .	\$165,183.77	\$156,904.82	\$158,230.92
Symphony Hall Mainte- nance . . . . .	101,401.16	117,311.90	120,262.16
Programmes . . . . .	35,702.10	39,287.35	42,069.73
Orchestra Salaries . . . . .	317,661.11	318,121.60	361,756.71
Other Salaries . . . . .	29,403.25	27,662.00	29,093.00
Insurance . . . . .	1,998.76	2,105.03	1,530.24
Music . . . . .	2,248.71	2,397.03	4,205.04
Interest on Notes . . . . .	481.74		
Sundry Expense . . . . .	10,252.02	10,712.53	12,339.22
	\$664,332.62	\$674,502.26	\$729,487.02

Again this year the Orchestra salaries must be increased by about \$15,000.00, and taxes have increased \$5,000.00 owing to the increased tax rate in the City of Boston. The estimated deficit for the season 1926-27 is \$75,000.00. We have pledges of \$16,001.67 towards this deficit. We hope the total pledges will be increased to at least \$75,000.00.

E. B. DANE, Treasurer,  
6 Beacon Street,  
Boston, Mass.

FREDERICK P. CABOT  
ERNEST B. DANE  
M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE  
JOHN ELLERTON LODGE  
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ARTHUR LYMAN  
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GALEN L. STONE  
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*Trustees*

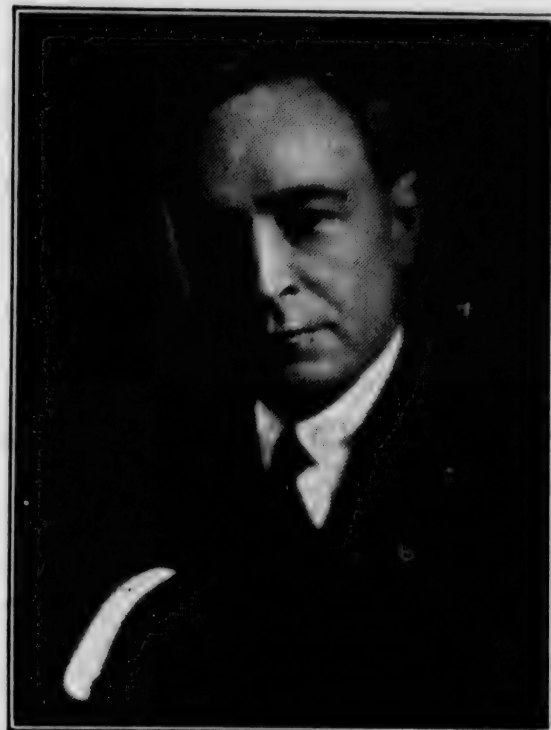


SYMPHONY HALL

46th Season, 1926-1927

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor



## FIVE TUESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS

at 3.15

NOV. 30

JAN. 4

FEB. 8

MAR. 1

APR. 26

The Tuesday Afternoon Concerts, so successfully instituted last season, are to be continued. Mr. Koussevitzky will again give programmes of special interest and character, which shall be representative of each important period or style of symphonic music. The programmes will be grouped according to the various national schools.

A few season tickets for this series are now available at the subscription office

## CHILDREN'S CONCERTS

conducted by

ERNEST SCHELLING

ASSISTED BY FIFTY MEMBERS OF  
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

at Jordan Hall

on SATURDAY MORNINGS at ELEVEN

January 15, 29

February 12, 26

BALCONY SEATS FOR THE SERIES, \$8.00, \$6.00

(No tax)

Application by mail to

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Kindly enclose checks

## TO OUR SYMPHONY SUBSCRIBERS

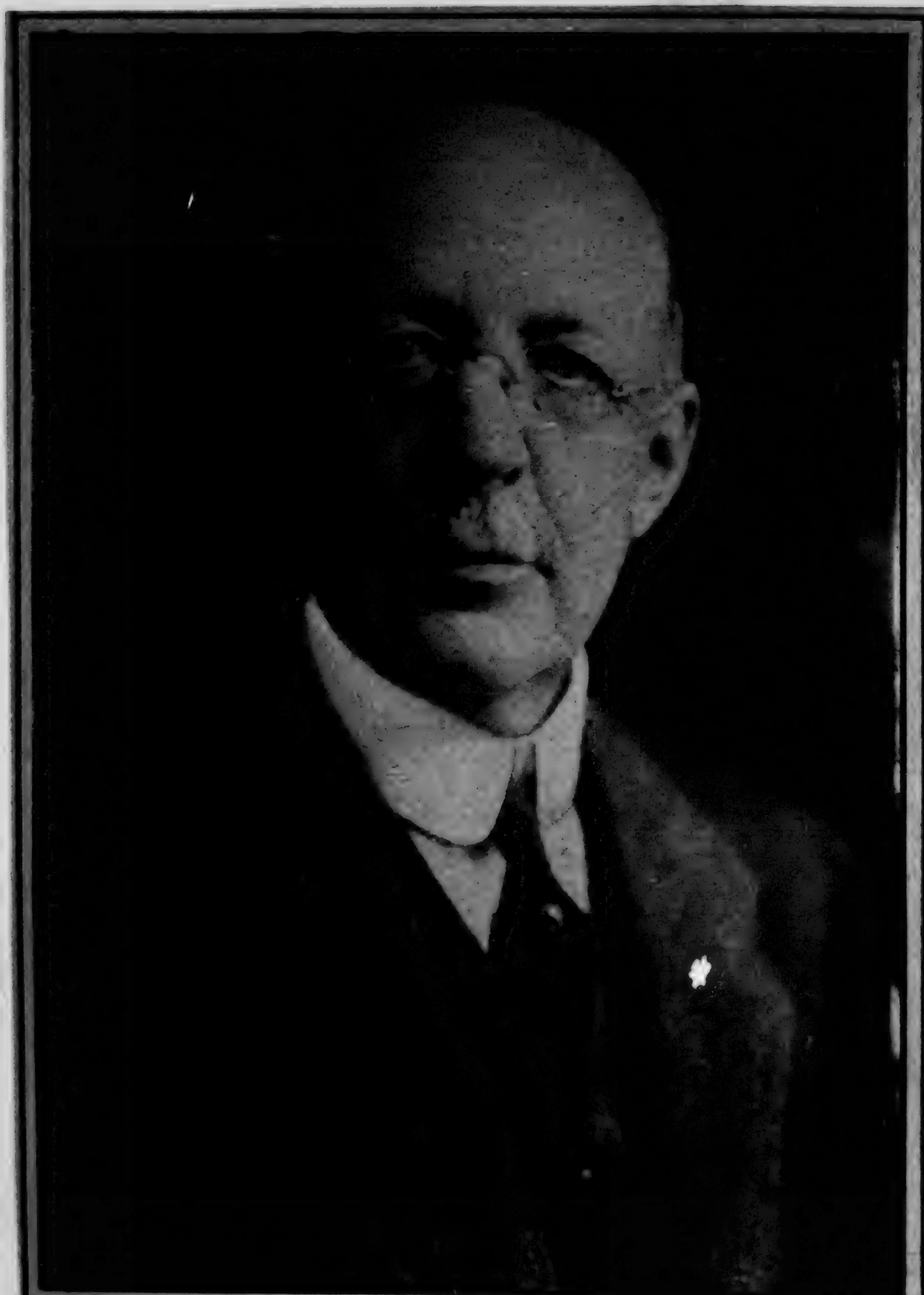
It has been suggested that subscribers who for any reason find themselves unable to attend the Symphony Concerts, and whose tickets would not otherwise be used, send them in to be sold for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc. Endowment Fund.

(If it is too late to mail the tickets, kindly telephone their location to Symphony Hall, Back Bay 1492.)

Kindly send such tickets as early each week as convenient to Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc.

Symphony Hall, Boston.





W. S. Quinby, who made it possible for millions of music lovers throughout America to enjoy the Boston Symphony Orchestra by radio. Mr. Quinby is head of the Boston, New York and Chicago house bearing his name.

(Bachrach)

The Massachusetts Division of University Extension  
in coöperation with  
The Public Library of the City of Boston

OFFERS

A Series of  
Lectures, with Music  
ON THE  
**Boston Symphony Concerts**

Beginning Wednesday, October 13, 1926

at 5.15 p.m.

in the

Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library

(Boylston Street Entrance)

These lectures are intended for all those who wish to gain a keener enjoyment and appreciation of symphonic music, as well as for teachers and students of music. The lecturers analyze on each Wednesday the music to be performed at the Boston Symphony Concert of that week. It is intended whenever possible to secure the coöperation of lecturers or artists to assist in presenting numbers for which they are especially qualified.

**LECTURERS**

RICHARD G. APPEL  
EDWARD BALLANTINE  
JOHN N. BURK  
HENRY GIDEON  
HENRY F. GILBERT  
WILLIAM C. HEILMAN  
EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL  
MALCOLM LANG  
HENRY LEVINE  
LEO RICH LEWIS  
HAMILTON C. MACDOUGALL  
JOHN P. MARSHALL  
STUART MASON  
ALFRED H. MEYER  
JOHN A. O'SHEA

CARL F. PFATTEICHER  
PENFIELD ROBERTS  
RAYMOND C. ROBINSON  
NICOLAS SLONIMSKY  
WALTER R. SPALDING  
WARREN STOREY SMITH  
TIMOTHY MATHER SPELMAN  
THOMPSON STONE  
OTTO G. T. STRAUB  
GRACE MAY STUTSMANN  
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE  
CATHERINE S. SWETT  
JOSEPH H. WAGNER  
FRANK WALLER

**Assisting Artists 1924-1926**

GASTON BLADET, *flute*  
ARTHUR FIEDLER, *piano*  
WALTER HANSON, *piano*  
MAX HESS, *French horn*  
JEAN LEFRANC, *viola*

PAUL MIMART, *clarinet*  
ALESSANDRO NICCOLI, *violin*  
BOAZ PILLER, *bassoon*  
JESUS SANROMA, *piano*  
LUDWIG SPEYER, *oboe*

Enrollment fee \$1.00 for the course. The first lecture is open free to the public.

JAMES A. MOYER, *Director*,  
The Division of University Extension.

CHARLES F. D. BELDEN, *Director*.  
The Public Library of the City of Boston.





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STUART MASON  
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JESUS SANROMA, *piano*  
LUDWIG SPEYER, *oboe*

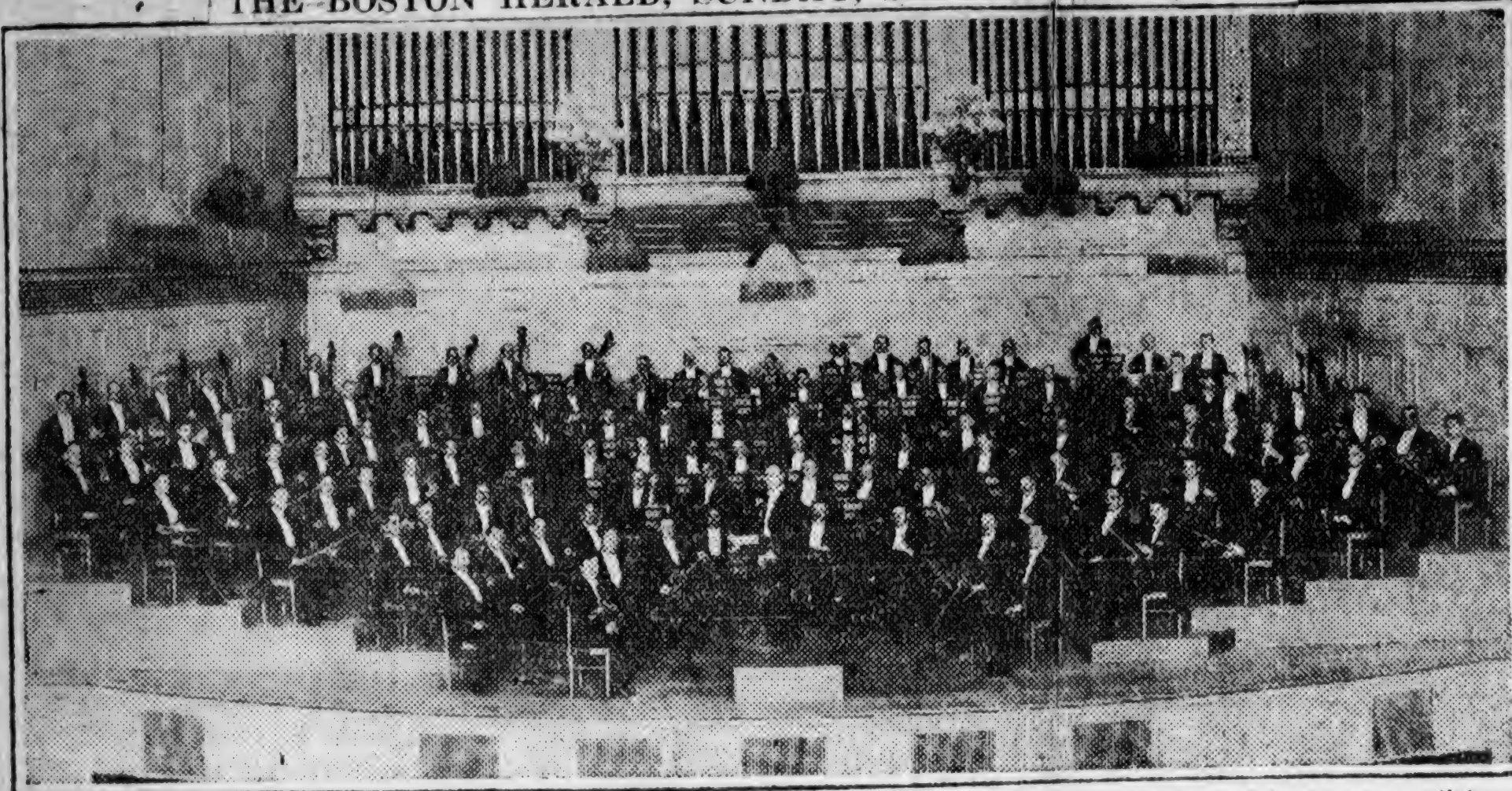
Enrollment fee \$1.00 for the course. The first lecture is open free to the public.

JAMES A. MOYER, *Director*,  
The Division of University Extension.  
CHARLES F. D. BELDEN, *Director*,  
The Public Library of the City of Boston.



# WBZ TO BROADCAST BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE BOSTON HERALD, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1926



The Boston Symphony orchestra, famous throughout the world as an outstanding example of musicianly accomplishment, will be heard by thousands of radio listeners throughout the country over station WBZ and through a network of other nationally heard stations, including WJZ, New York; WGY, Schenectady, and WRC, Washington, D. C. These symphony concerts are sponsored by W. S. Quinby, prominent Boston business man, who also made possible the concerts of this orchestra and the Pops, last year.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ON WBZ AND CHAIN

### WJZ, WRC and WGY to Take Several of Concerts

Marking the first time that a chain of radio stations of national coverings will tie in with a New England station for transmitting a series of broadcasts, it was announced yesterday that 15 concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which opens its 46th season Oct. 9, will be sent out through a network including some of the most powerful broadcasters in the world.

#### FROM STATION WBZ

The entire series of 24 Saturday evening concerts by this world-famous organization of 107 musicians, directed by the Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitsky, will be broadcast by Westing-

house station WBZ, which will feed 15 of the Symphony concerts to a chain including WJZ, New York; WGY, Schenectady, and WRC, Washington, D. C. This tie in will thus make the concerts available to all listeners as far west as the Mississippi river, while owners of powerful receivers located still farther west will be in position to hear the broadcasts.

The concerts which will be heard through WBZ and the chain network will be given to the radio audience by W. S. Quinby, head of the Boston, New York and Chicago houses bearing his name, who last season sponsored the broadcasting of both the Boston Symphony and Pops concerts.

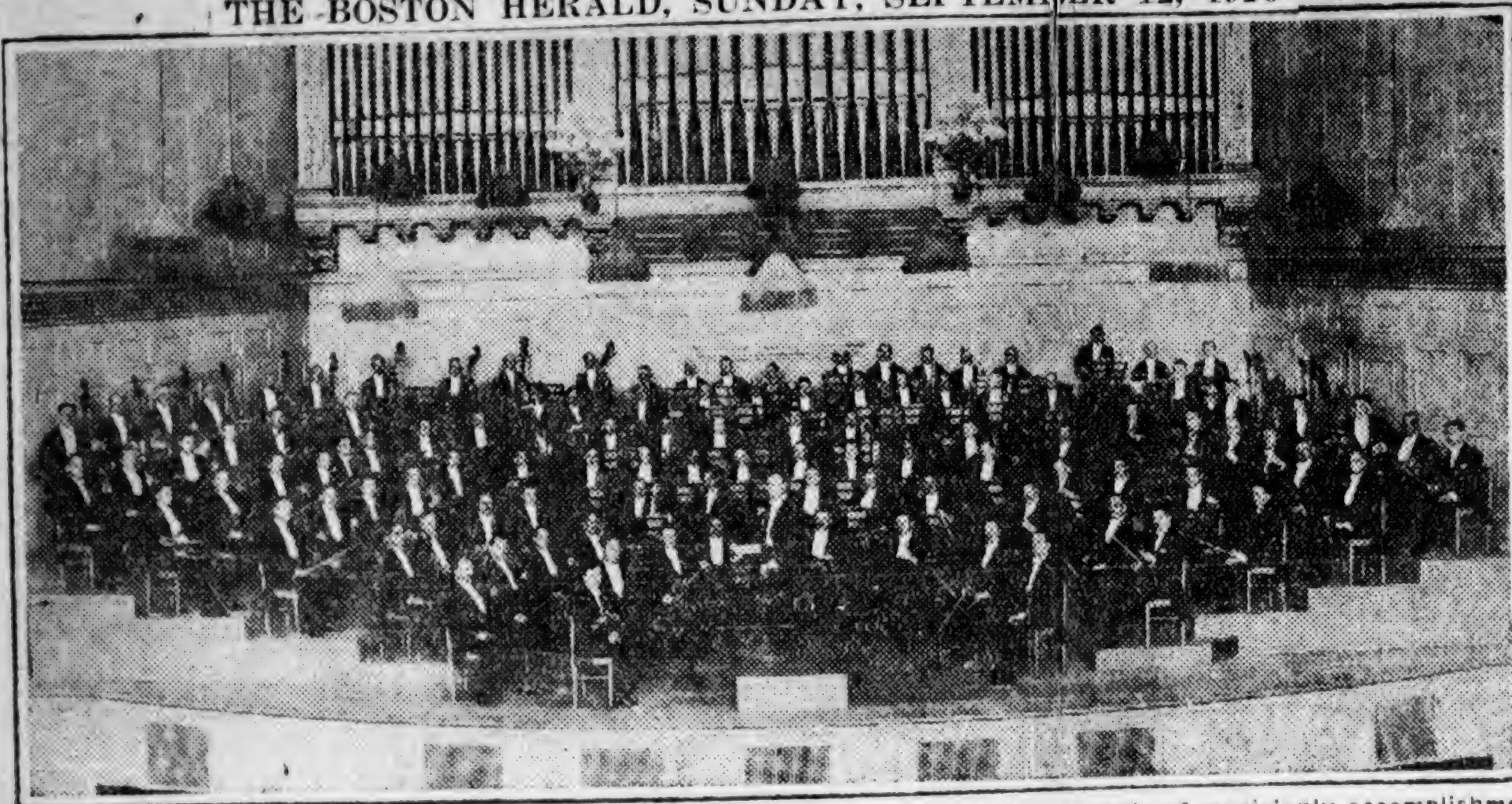
The dates of the broadcasts by the WBZ chain are Oct. 9, 16 and 23, Nov. 20, Dec. 4, 11 and 25, Jan. 22 and 29, Feb. 19 and 26, March 5, April 16, 23 and 30.

The other nine of the 24 Saturday night concerts will only be broadcast through Westinghouse station WBZ. The dates of these programs are Oct. 30, Nov. 13, Dec. 18, Jan. 1 and 15, Feb. 12, March 19 and 26 and April 2.



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## WBZ TO BROADCAST

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY



The Boston Symphony orchestra, famous throughout the world, will be heard by thousands of radio listeners through nationally heard stations, including WBZ. The symphony concerts are sponsored by Westinghouse.

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## LIST of CASTS in SYMPHONY HALL

As you face the stage, the casts on the right, beginning with the one nearest the stage, are as follows: Faun with Infant Bacchus (Naples); Apollo Citharoedus (Rome); Girl of Herculaneum (Dresden); Dancing Faun (Rome); Demosthenes (Rome); Sitting Anacreon (Copenhagen); Euripides (Rome); Diana of Versailles (Paris).

The casts on the left are the Faun of Praxiteles (Rome); Amazon (Berlin); Hermes Logios (Paris); Lemnian Athena (Dresden, head in Bologna); Sophocles (Rome); Standing Anacreon (Copenhagen); Aeschines (Naples); Apollo Belvedere (Rome).

The reliefs in the passage are: Bacchic Procession (Naples); Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes (Naples).

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# A BALLET OF CLOWNS: MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S FIRST NOVEL PIECE

*Trans. — Oct. 7, 1926*  
FRAGMENTS FROM PROKOVIEV'S  
"CHOUT"

A Lusty Folk-Tale to Lively Music—A  
Scenario of Hearty Burlesque—The Good  
Memory of Henry T. Finck—Forthcoming  
Programs—Incidents and Prospects

**T**O PARIS last summer Mr. Koussevitzky took many things from his Bostonian repertory. Turn about is fair play; to his first pair of concerts in Boston on Friday and Saturday next, he brings a novelty from his concert in Paris on June third. His friend Prokoviev is the composer. "Chout"—Russian for clown or buffoon—is the title. "Chout" was originally written as a ballet for Dyaghilev's troupe of dancers. In 1915 Prokoviev began sketches for the piece. Interrupted by the war, he completed it in 1920. On the seventeenth of May, 1921, it received first performance—from Dyaghilev's Russian Ballet in Paris. Early in June London also sat before it. In 1923 the composer arranged an orchestral suite from the music, first heard at Brussels in November of 1924. For the ballet Prokoviev wrote the scenario as well as the music. Upon a Russian folk-tale he based it. Into six scenes he cast it. Turned into the spoken English of the year 1926, the sub-title might run: "Story of a Young Clown Who Got the Best of Seven Older Clowns."

Scene I. Once upon a time there was a clown—"Le Bouffon." The clown had a wife—"La Bouffonne." The clown was seated on the edge of his stove trying to invent a trick to play on some other clowns. His wife was scrubbing the floor. Finally the clown found what he was looking for. He jumped to the ground and said: "Wife, listen to me. Shortly seven clowns are coming to visit us. When I tell you to set the table, you will refuse and I will seem to



Four Figures—The Old Clown, The Soldier, The Young Clown's Wife, The Matchmaker — from Larionov's Designs for the Russian Folk-Tale of Clowns, to Be Heard as Concert-Music at Symphony Hall

kill you. When you have fallen, I will take my whip. At the first crack of the whip, make some movement; at the second, turn around; at the third, get up and set the table. Then we shall be able to sell our whip at a good price." No sooner said than done: the clowns came, saw the miracle, and paid three hundred rubles for the whip.

Scene II. Returned to their own home, the seven clowns decided to test their purchase. They killed their seven wives; cracked the whip over them; but not one came back to life.

from "Prince Igor." The setting and decorations for "Chout" were designed by Michel Larionov, and four of the costumes are pictured herewith. The color-scheme was of brilliant reds and vivid oranges, in the cubistic manner. Prokoviev conducted. Apparently the chief interest of the day lay in "Chout," and chief interest in "Chout" was concentrated on the music. To it dancing and stage-pictures both gave way. Of this music Parisian reviewers have written:

burlesque. It is thoroughly delightful, the whole thing, just harmless, good-natured fooling. Musically speaking, this sort of work does more to "place" modernistic music than all of the writings on the subject put together. For the sake of fun-making day, Rikshaw was third. Rozetta Volo offspring, won second money to at the finish, Susan Volo, another Peter Avon, where she broke and was headed only other lost heat this year was at outbushed her at the finish. Tipple's when Rikshaw, given by last finish

Scene III. The widowers, furious, ran the house of the young clown, dated

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## in Dyaghilev's Stage



Designs for the Russian Folk-Tale of Clowns, to Be Heard as

"Story of a Young Clown Who Got the Best of Seven Older Clowns."

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Scene II. Returned to their own home, the seven clowns decided to test their purchase. They killed their seven wives; cracked the whip over them; but not one came back to life.

Scene III. The widowers, furious, ran to the house of the young clown, determined to make him pay dearly. He became frightened, hid his wife, disguised himself in his sister's clothes. When the clowns came to seek out the culprit, he was seated at the spinning-wheel. But his "sister" pleased them. They seized her, led her away, and decided to keep her as their kitchen-maid until they might find the clown.

Scene IV. The seven clowns had seven daughters. The time had come to find husbands for them. A merchant came with two match-makers to choose a bride from the seven daughters. The merchant was rich, oh! so rich. What good fortune! But the daughters of the clowns did not please the merchant. He chose the "maid."

Scene V. Arrived at home, the merchant took the young wife to his chamber. At first the clown-maid did not know how to get himself out of this situation. He said to the merchant: "I am ill. Tie a sheet to me and lower me through the window into the yard. When I give you the signal, draw me back up." The merchant did as requested. But when he drew up the sheet, he found a goat tied to it, and a great fear came upon him. He cried aloud for help. Hasten to me, good people; my wife has been turned into a goat." The match-makers and servants came quickly, and tried by magic formulas and by turning and twisting the goat to break the spell. Finally the goat died of their efforts.

Scene VI. The merchant, heart-broken, began to bury his goat-wife. The clowns laughed and mocked him: "You wanted a kitchen-maid; so much the worse for you." Suddenly the young clown appeared, and with him seven soldiers. "Dogs!" said he, "what have you done? Where is my sister?" They gave him the goat. Whereupon he ordered the soldiers to arrest the seven clowns and obliged the merchant to pay three hundred rubles. And the clown and his wife amused themselves with the money, while the seven soldiers amused themselves with the daughters of the seven clowns.

At the first performance of the ballet in 1921, "Chout" shared the program with "The Firebird," a suite of Andalusian Dances under the general title "Quadro Flamenco" and the Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor." The setting and decorations for "Chout" were designed by Michel Larinov, and four of the costumes are pictured herewith. The color-scheme was of brilliant reds and vivid oranges, in the cubistic manner. Prokofiev conducted. Apparently the chief interest of the day lay in "Chout," and chief interest in "Chout" was concentrated on the music. To it dancing and stage-pictures both gave way. Of this music Parisian reviewers have written:

"Chout" is an important work from the point of view of the evolution of musical art. Prokofiev does not follow in the footsteps of Stravinsky. Surely there is no relation to "Le Sacre" in a music the most striking quality of which is transparency. Wilfully aggressive dissonances, brutality, violence are here displaced by a frenetic, laughing vitality, running course like a pure mountain-stream, full of brilliance and light. Nor does Prokofiev share Stravinsky's rhythmic complexities. Rather he invents rapidly running melodic lines with an irresistible force of expression. Without recourse to exceptional accentuation, they give the feeling of continuous activity and motion. Everything in the ballet is of youth, lightness, freshness. With means much simpler than those of his compatriots Prokofiev obtains effects of a delicious novelty.

There is here a new force, lively, supple, tending toward simplicity rather than complexity, toward clarity and melodic plenty. Using all the innovations of his time, Prokofiev creates a new style, infinitely seductive.

One encounters in "Chout" for the first time in Prokofiev, a number of Russian folk-themes, stoutly disguised, to be sure. Indeed, this music is not Russian in the same sense as the music of Balakirev or Musorgsky. It reminds one rather of the Russianism of Rimsky-Korsakov. Occasionally it makes one think even of Mozart and particularly of Scarlatti.

An adaptation of "Chout" under the title "Buffoon" was staged at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, March 15, 1924. The orchestral score was arranged for two pianos, violin, flute, oboe, percussion. A reviewer with a point of view of his own wrote in The Musical Courier:

For his ballet Prokofiev has written music that has the same relation to real music as the comic sections of our newspapers have to real art, and the pantomime to which he attaches it is of the same nature, real burlesque. It is thoroughly delightful, the whole thing, just harmless, good-natured fooling. Musically speaking, this sort of work does more to 'place' modernistic music than all of the writings on the subject put together. For the sake of fun-making

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## Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 15, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart . . . . . "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade  
for String Orchestra (K. 525)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Romanza: Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto.
- IV. Rondo: Allegro.

Steinert . . . . . "Southern Night," Poem for Orchestra  
(First Performance)

Strauss . . . . . "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the  
Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner,"—in  
Rondo Form, Op. 28

Franck . . . . . Symphony in D minor

- I. Lento; Allegro non troppo.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Allegro non troppo.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



## On the Edge of Opportunity



Alexander Steinert

(Bachrach)

Introduced as Composer at the Symphony Concerts

## 2ND SYMPHONY OF SEASON GIVEN

Brilliant Performance of  
Strauss's Rondo by  
Orchestra

### STEINERT'S SOUTHERN NIGHT SHOWS COLOR

*Herald* — Oct. 16, 1926

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; A. L. Steinert, "Southern Night" (first performance); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Franck, Symphony, D minor.

There was a remarkably brilliant performance of Strauss' rondo, one of the few compositions by him that will persevere his memory for some years to come. It has been said that this rondo is one of his best works, perhaps the one that shows the most musical individuality, because it portrays some of his personal characteristics: his rough humor, his love of musical tricks that in this case embellish, in other instances disfigures his music, a certain slyness, a desire to be sensational. In the rondo these characteristics unite, with his indisputable vein of poetry, in creating a masterpiece. For this composer who finds in Till a congenial playfellow, introduces him to the audience with a few lovely measures, as a man telling a fairy story, beginning "once upon a time," and after the tale is told, and the scapegrace has been judged and sentenced to the scaffold, one hears Strauss saying: "I've told the story. Till is dead; think kindly of him, for through me he has amused you."

In the performance of Franck's Symphony yesterday the second movement, beautifully played and poetically read, was the salient feature. Is it blasphemous to say that it is not easy to understand why Franck in the first movement repeats the opening slow passage? Whether the effect of its first appearance is not frittered away? Whether by the repetition the movement has less fine proportions? M. d'Iny would of course not or omit any change; he would scout the idea that in the whole work there is a superfluous measure.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the symphony was eminently dramatic, as it was free in the matter of tempi. To those who look on Franck only as a saint, composing on his knees, intoxicated with pious orgies, or rapt in mystical visions, Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation in some respects would seem too passionate, too worldly. But why refuse human qualities to Franck? He was not always in the church; his ecstasy was not always spiritual. When he wrote this symphony, it was not necessary as an act of faith; he wrote music, and for the most part he wrote eloquently whether in tender or triumphant mood.

In comparatively recent years Mr. Gerick was the only conductor who gave the first theme of the Finale its proper sweep and dignity. Whether this theme nor the first of the first Allegro endures hurrying and agitation. An Allegro non troppo even when it is in 2-2 time is not necessarily an "Allegro molto." We are not strickers for strict observance of a composer's indications; they have been more than once misleading; composers conducting have often ignored them. But the pace of first section is to be regulated by nature of the phrase and its immediate development. These phrases of Franck's to which we have attended do not admit of restlessness and rush.

Mr. Steinert says that his "Southern Night," while it has no program, was influenced by the beauty of Southern France and the Maritime Alps.

M. d'Indy, one of Mr. Steinert's teachers, in composition, wrote last summer two orchestral pieces, "Dip-tique Mediterranee," giving "impressions of meridional light"; so that master and pupil sought inspiration in a southern clime. It is natural that a young composer living in Paris and hearing much ultra-modern music should be led to write in an impressionistic vein; but Mr. Steinert's studies have not led him to believe that beauty lies only in wild irregularity nor is he a wooer of the purely fantastical. For a first orchestral work, this



"Southern Night" is creditable to the composer, since it reveals his possession of a sense of color. The opening measures establish at once a mood. Later there are sections that show fancy, and in one there is an emotional outburst. On the other hand there are pages without marked significance, pages that seem tentative, experimental. This is not surprising. The composer, himself, would probably be the first to admit it. Let us not talk about "form" and "development"; for the tendency today is to put greater stress on color and rhythm. The conception of form today reminds one of the saying of Plotinus reasoning about beauty, a saying which once would have seemed paradoxical if not unintelligible: "Fire surpasses other bodies in beauty because, compared with the other elements, it obtains the order of form; for it is more eminent than the rest, and is the most subtle of all, bordering, as it were, on an incorporeal nature." We have had too much corporeal music. "Southern Night" and its composer were warmly applauded by the great audience.

How charming in its artistic simplicity, its spontaneous and vital beauty is Mozart's little Serenade for strings. There has been only one Mozart. The Serenade was delightfully performed.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Haydn, Symphony, E flat major (B. & H. No. 3—not No. 1 as announced in the program book); Ibert, "Les Rencontres," three pieces for ballet (first time in the United States); Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin," Funeral Music of Siegfried, "Waldweben" and Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

## VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Tone Poem by Steinert in First Performance

Globe — Oct. 16, 1926

Mr Koussevitzky has set a varied program for this week's Symphony concerts. Yesterday afternoon the audience applauded enthusiastically interpretations of Mozart's "Little Night Music," Straus' "Till Eulenspiegel," Cesar Frank's Symphony, and a new tone poem by Alexander Lang Steinert, entitled "Southern Night."

Mr Steinert was present to hear the first public performance of his first orchestral work. He rose in his place near the centre of the hall and bowed in acknowledgment of the applause.

Thereupon Mr Koussevitzky, in his anxiety to show his regard for Mr Steinert and his music, beckoned imperiously from the stage, and the young composer was led on the platform, as soon as he could hurry hither, to receive the redoubled plaudits of a friendly audience.

Mr Steinert, a member of a family well known in Boston, was graduated from Harvard in 1922. He has since continued his musical studies in Paris. Piano pieces and songs of his have been performed publicly in Boston by Percy Grainger, Eva Gautier and others.

According to a program note furnished by the composer, "Southern Night" was composed in the South of France during the Summer of 1925. "The beauty of this country had a decided influence upon the character of the work, but there is no particular story connected with it."

The opening measures are eloquent and atmospheric, there is a loud climax, then a return to a more lyric mood. Mr Steinert, as is natural with a young American trained in more than one school, is something of an eclectic.

One traced such diverse influences as Ravel and Brahms upon his style. The climax had a psychic affinity with those of Tchaikovsky, but for this the interpretation of the conductor may have been responsible.

Mr Steinert will no doubt have perceived some measures which could be retrenched, also various places where he has scored overheavily and not sonorously enough for full measure. But there was real promise in the genuine lyricism of many passages of "Southern Night," evidence of greater maturity and creative independence than one had felt in hearing Mr Steinert's earlier works in lesser forms.

Mozart's "Kleine Nacht Musik," a serenade for string orchestra, gave ample opportunity to display the virtuosity of the strings in the present orchestra, of which Mr Koussevitzky is obviously and justly proud. He made the melody of the romanza poignant, but for the rest confined himself to burnishing the surfaces of the music until they glittered.

One has learned to hold "Till Eulenspiegel" as Richard Strauss' most durable work, nor did yesterday's spirited, whimsical interpretation alter a previously formed opinion that there is less alloy of triviality and dullness in this than one now finds in "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung."

Mr Koussevitzky's version of the Franck Symphony, first revealed to Bostonian ears at yesterday's concert, is vivid, melodramatic, Lisztian in quality. The climaxes in the finale had, as Franck himself directed, "the utmost possible sonority." The whole third movement was taken at height-

ened templ. The allegretto became an andante. The whole conception of the piece in Mr Koussevitzky's imagination is plainly different from those in the imaginations of other conductors.

It does not follow that the Koussevitzky melodramatic version is untrue to Franck's real character. The composer's pupils have become his apostles, and beatified their master in the public mind until from being a bourgeois saint he has become an academic bore. But are such things as "Le chasseur maudit" really the work of a hallowed mediaeval mystic? Isn't the kinship of Franck's music with that of Berlioz and Liszt, both of them tonal melodramatists par excellence, rather more obvious than its kinship with Palestrina or Bach or Gregorian church pieces? Mr Koussevitzky, at any rate, appears to feel so, and he certainly gave yesterday a brilliant and persuasive interpretation.

Next week's program, as now announced, includes a Haydn symphony, in E flat, the first in Brelkopf and Haertel's edition, a group of Wagner excerpts, and some new ballet pieces by the Parisian composer Jacques Ibert, whose "Escalaes" Mr Koussevitzky introduced here last season.

P. R.

## Mr. Koussevitzky and César Franck

Monitor — Oct. 16, 1926

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, gave the first concert of the second pair of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program, which will be repeated this evening, follows:

"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra (K. 525)...Mozart  
"Southern Night," Poem for Orchestra Steinert  
"Till Eulenspiegel".....Strauss  
Symphony in D minor.....Franck

Mr. Steinert's poem received its first performance. The composer was born in Boston, and was graduated from Harvard in 1922; but he has lived much in France, and the South referred to in the title is Provence, and not the southern United States. This would be apparent from the music itself without biographical information concerning the composer and his teachers. The composition is a direct descendant from Debussy and Ravel, and bears a strong resemblance to its ancestors. Indeed this Provençal night is lovely, and to live through its brief length is a delightful experience. One both

senses the atmospheric effects given by impressionistic methods and observes the logical structure characteristic of Ravel, called the typical French artist. The musical ideas are pleasing, the development expert, the orchestration elaborate but not heavy. Mr. Steinert's æsthetic school is the Apollonian. All is restrained, balanced; nothing is in excess. In fine, this orchestral poem possesses every virtue save that of originality. We shall now wait with interest for Mr. Steinert, with his superior musical equipment and training, to strike out on a path of his own. The composer was present yesterday, and was called to the stage and warmly applauded.

The Franck Symphony had the interest of a novelty because this was the first time Mr. Koussevitzky had played it in Boston, and it was unlikely that his interpretation would closely resemble those of other conductors. Whatever his virtues or faults, he is never dull. When this symphony was last played at these concerts, 2½ years ago under Pierre Monteux, the present reviewer suggested that perhaps it was because it had been heard too often that it seemed tedious. Yesterday it was not tedious, because a new content was revealed in it. It has always been customary to speak of the nobility, the grandeur, of Franck's Symphony. Would these descriptive terms have occurred to anybody hearing it for the first time yesterday? We doubt it. Yesterday, for the first time in our experience, this symphony became racy; this Gallic melodic stream took on a Russian tinge; the benign Frenchman spoke with a guttural accent; César Franck seemed to be using the language of Tchaikovsky. Now you may not approve of such a transformation, but you cannot deny it is interesting. The audience found it so. A few went out between the movements. (The conductor would not have to suffer this cause of displeasure if he placed his symphony before the intermission.) But the majority remained to applaud until Mr. Koussevitzky called the orchestra to its feet.

That was the second time in the afternoon that the players shared the applause. The previous occasion was at the close of the Strauss item, a piece singularly well suited to the conductor's genius, as he had proved formerly. Yesterday's reading was a



repetition of that remembered, lucid and eloquent; yet perhaps because it was remembered, less thrilling than before.

The Mozart number also had previously been performed under Mr. Koussevitzky. Again it served to display the glorious beauty and power of the string sections, strengthened, perhaps, by two new violinists. Indeed the entire orchestra has played with such virtuosity in these first two concerts that there is no need to make allowances on account of the youth of the season. L. A. S.

## STEINERT'S WRITING BY SYMPHONY

"Southern Night" Given First Performance at Matinee

Post — Oct. 16, 1926.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although the number of orchestral pieces is legion, there are yet not so many of the "sure-fire" variety, and Mr. Koussevitzky's placing on the programme of this week both Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and the Symphony of Cesar Franck savored of prodigality.

### A FIRST PERFORMANCE

As preface to these two high-powered compositions there came yesterday afternoon, and will come again this evening, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," for string orchestra, and Alexander Steinert's "Southern Night," a poem for orchestra, the last named in its initial public performance.

To discuss first the novelty of the afternoon, the title of Mr. Steinert's piece refers, not to our own Southland, but to the Provencal region of Southern France and the Maritime Alps where, in the summer of 1925, the music was composed. Since it is the first of Mr. Steinert's compositions for orchestra it was altogether fitting that "Southern Night" should have its premiere in its composer's home city.

### Singularly Agreeable

From the little of his music that had come to performance hereabouts it was easy to see in Mr. Steinert a composer of promise. By token of "Southern Night" that promise is not yet wholly fulfilled—Mr. Steinert is still young—but his score shows a warmth of mood, of melodic invention and of orchestral coloring that are doubly welcome in these days of tonal acidities and asperities.

In its opening section Mr. Steinert's piece is, indeed, singularly agreeable, and there is a poetic close. The essential mood of the music is, however, scarcely maintained throughout; for a few moments the composer's invention falters and the spell is broken.

### Well Received

According to his fashion with the music of young composers, be they French, Polish or American, Mr. Koussevitzky conducted Mr. Steinert's poem with unmistakable enthusiasm, and it was received in like fashion. From his seat in the auditorium the composer was forced to bow and bow again, then, summoned at length to the stage, he bowed once more, while still another salvo of applause greeted his re-entry into the hall. Boston, one might say, is generous towards its own composers, disproving quite completely the legend of the prophet without honor.

Two seasons ago Mr. Koussevitzky introduced to Boston his stimulating version of Strauss' "Till," one in which full justice was done the poetic and fanciful as well as the humorous and boisterous portions of this engaging composition. Yesterday it seemed now and then that the conductor's tendency to poetize, to make the most of a tender melodic phrase, halted too much the natural flow of the music, but the performance as a whole, discerning, sympathetic and brilliant, was heartening to hear. Beautifully, too, went the charming Serenade of Mozart, a lovely gem in a flawless setting.

### The Spirit Missed

But what shall be said of Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of Franck's Symphony, unheard in Symphony

and in the rehearsal room, but somehow except in the Allegretto its inward nature, its ecstasy that is of the spirit rather than of the flesh, seemed to escape him. Say rather that in the first and third movements an evil genius seemed to stand at the conductor's elbow, urging him now to a slowness of pace, now to an uncalled-for speed and again to a blatancy of brassy tone that transformed Father Franck into a second Liszt and changed the noble into the grandiose.

There never was a great interpreter of music, conductor, violinist or pianist, who had not among composers some "blind spot," some temperamental impasse. Perhaps Mr. Koussevitzky's is Cesar Franck.

## CONCERT-CHRONICLE: ENTER MR. STEINERT; BUSY MISS LEGINSKA

Herald — Oct. 16, 1926.

HIS "POEM" FROM THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A Note About "Southern Night" and the Composer — Public and Pieces for the Philharmonic Sundays—Old Acquaintances in Boston Give Pleasure in London —Forthcoming Programs — Chamber-Music at the Public Library

WITH Mr. Koussevitzky it is nothing against a composer that he is an American. He has played the music of Americans in both Boston and Paris. Performing artists receive their chance at his hands as well. Thus, as a pianist in Skriabin's "Prometheus" he introduced last year to the public of the Symphony Concerts Mr. Alexander Steinert. Those who follow closely musical affairs in Boston had already known him through the medium of numerous songs and piano-pieces. And this year—this week in fact—he is to make his bow in Symphony Hall as composer for orchestra in "Southern Night."

The tone-poem was composed in the summer of 1925 and scored during the early part of the following winter. It is based on no program or story; but it was undoubtedly influenced by the character of the country in which Mr. Steinert spends much of his time. For he has a studio at St. Paul, in the Maritime

Alps, not far from Nice. Here he and his young wife spend most of their winters, both engaged in creative work. While Mr. Steinert composes, Mrs. Steinert paints; and each knows well the field of the other. The summer and early autumn they like to spend in New England. But it is the rugged Provence that lends its flavor to "Southern Night." There the old feudal atmosphere is still strongly in evidence. Time, the process of modernization, have not yet affected this part of the world.

"Southern Night" runs in simple, free, three-part form. The music is based on two important phrases of the first section. It affects neither the swollen orchestra used by some contemporary composers, nor the most recent harmonic idiom. Rather is its language that of ten or fifteen years ago, the current musical speech of the days just before the war. "Southern Night" is not a long piece; eight minutes—no more—suffice for performance. Nor is it an objective music, attempting to paint the country so dear to Mr. Steinert. Quite the contrary. Despite the ruggedness, it is a personal music, a subjective music, releasing moods aroused in the composer by his environment.

Mr. Steinert, now in his twenty-sixth year, began the study of the piano when he was eight years old. He is a graduate of Harvard College ("magna cum laude"), where he continued his musical studies. He lays much stress on the instruction in composition which he received from Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler. After his college days Mr. Steinert went to Paris. There he studied for two years at the Conservatory and privately with d'Indy and Gédalge.

Mr. Steinert published his first piece when he was sixteen years old—to his present regret. He has not published anything since 1922, wishing to be certain of the quality of his work before placing it in the hands of the public. In the larger forms he wrote in 1924-25 a Sonata for Violin and Piano, in the usual three movements, as yet unpublished and unplayed. Of it Mr. Steinert says whimsically: "The first movement took me two years; the second two months, and the last two weeks." Pondering it he has been merciless with his own criticism, subjecting it to much revision. (Beethoven's habit is not yet extinct among composers.) Since July Mr. Steinert has been at work on a Trio for Violin, Violoncello and Piano. A week after the performance of "Southern Night" Mr. and Mrs. Steinert expect to return to their beloved studio in France.

Mr. Steinert has definite preferences among composers and definite opinions of them. Without sacrificing in the least a broadly catholic taste, his preference goes to Musorgsky, and, in particu-



lar, to Ravel, Debussy and Stravinsky. He believes that Ravel is the greatest living musician, but that history will in time rank Debussy higher than Ravel, because of Debussy's pioneering work. He sees a long and easily traceable line of development in the music of Stravinsky; believes that before his recent turn into a "classical" period of his own Stravinsky was the greatest among living composers; is not so certain about this latest phase. Mr. Steinert has experienced a period of warm admiration for Strauss and Scriabin, who have now given way in his mind to the four named above. Further, he gives no small allegiance to the classics—including Brahms—amongst whom he prefers Mozart and Bach.

Mr. Steinert agrees with the current opinion that nowhere is music so well performed as in America. Also that nowhere is appreciation so broadly developed. In Paris his friends cannot see how he can admire Brahms at the same time as the chosen four. Further, in Paris he is called upon to take sides among the cliques and "chapels" into which musicians align themselves. Likewise, in Germany there is little knowledge of the music of the French or feeling for it. Only in America is there a broad catholicity of understanding—which is best brought home to one by going abroad. A. H. M.

## After Many Days

Franck's Symphony Again at Symphony Hall

IMPATIENCE and conjecture need chafe no more. At last, Mr. Koussevitzky is ready to restore Franck's Symphony to the active repertory of the Symphony Orchestra. Since April of 1924, in Mr. Monteux's final year, it has not been heard at Symphony Hall. A cherished piece in Boston, many have wondered why Mr. Koussevitzky put it by through two seasons. He did so because his predecessors had repeated it to surfeit and because he himself waited for leisure to study and prepare it. Last summer he found the opportunity and at the second pair of Symphony Concerts, on Oct. 15 and 16, an expectant public will hear his version. In the same program, he includes Mr. Alexander Steinert's first piece of symphonic dimensions, "Southern Night."

*Trans. Oct. 16, 1926.*

## SYMPHONY OVER RADIO BIG SUCCESS

Prof. Marshall Will Go on Air Again Tonight

*Herald Oct. 16, 1926.*

The volume of telegrams, letters, and post cards received, following the broadcasting of the opening concert last Saturday evening of the Boston Symphony orchestra, proved beyond doubt that these concerts, which are being broadcasted through Westinghouse Station WBZ and the chain network including WJZ, WGY, and WRC, by arrangement with W. S. Quinby, head of Boston, New York and Chicago houses bearing his name, will bet he outstanding success of the coming radio season. The concert was enjoyed not only by listeners on the Atlantic seaboard but by those as far West as the Mississippi river.

Prof. Marshall will again go on the air tonight to interpret the symphony program and he will give a sketch of the life of Mozart and familiarize the radio audience with the principal themes of his Kleinenacht musik, the opening selection on tonight's program. He will discuss Cesar Franck, playing portions of his noble symphony in D minor. He will illustrate Strauss's symphonic poem "Till Eulenspiegel," explaining how the music is connected with the legend. The novelty tonight will be the tone poem, "Southern Nights," by Alexander Lang Steinert.

The complete program follows:  
Mozart, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" Serenade I. Allegro; II. Romanza, Andante; III. Menuetto, Allegretto; IV. Rondo, Allegro.  
Steinert, "Southern Night" poem for orchestra.  
Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," After the Old-fashioned, roguish Manner.  
Franck, Symphony in D minor I. Lento, Allegro non troppo; II. Allegretto; III. Allegro non troppo.

### Items of the Day

A close student of the departures on Friday afternoons from Symphony Hall, which again "held up" Mr. Koussevitzky between the movements of Franck's Symphony, sends word (1) that they are confined almost wholly to the occupants of seats on the floor; (2) that hardly a man is to be numbered among the departing—only fifty-odd women at each pause.

## SENSUOUS FRANCK, MASTERLY STRAUSS, OTHERS VARIOUSLY

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY IN NEW AND OLD COMPANY

*Trans. Oct. 16, 1926.*

The Renowned Symphony in D-Minor Through the Conductor's Temperament—"Till Eulenspiegel," Undiminished in Itself, by Performance Heightened—Mozart Does the Day's Work and Mr. Steinert Seems Not Too Sure of Purpose or Means

IN RESIDUE, if not in process, the Symphony Concert yesterday, consisted of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Franck's Symphony. True, it began with a Serenade of Mozart, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," written for string choir and, doubtless, for some commissioning patron in Vienna, 1787. In turn, the strings of the Symphony Orchestra of Boston, 1926, gave it whatever interest it retains. They put by dry brilliance; were light, supple, fleet; wove the first movement in finely running pattern, dressed it in warm, bright tone; charmed all ears with the little song in the minuet as by improvisation of the moment; kept the finale to rhythmic and racing return. With more glow to their tone, they will not deserve a critical reservation. Mozart, indeed, served them less well than they served him. Truth to tell, the little Serenade must have been all in the day's work for the composer, and by no means hard work. His fancy was fertile; his hand skilful; such pieces ran off his fingers' ends. Worse luck! the "Nachtmusik" lacks the quality most commending Mozart to the general twentieth-century ear. It loves him pensive; it cherishes him for melancholy; not even through the Romanza does either state exhale from the Serenade. Many miss the expected sweetmeat; find the music all workmanship; soothe themselves by declining Mozart and listening to the strings.

True also, Mr. Steinert's "Southern Night: Poem for Orchestra" was played for the first time anywhere—to the neighborly applause with which audiences at Symphony Hall habitually reward more or less resident composers. At the outset, Mr. Koussevitzky answered it,

beckoning to the young composer who had risen in a corner; finally persuaded him to the platform; held him there, seemingly more eager to return thanks to the orchestra than to the public. At the least, Mr. Steinert did not tax its patience, since his "Poem" is brief in good current fashion. Yet it did strain his more attentive listeners because the music seems the product of thought and reflection, will and labor, rather than spontaneous and ardent generation. It is also difficult to follow and to feel because it lacks unity of purpose and firmness of mood. Of course it hangs together structurally—about two recognizable phrases rhythmically developed and fructified. Yet the hearer is never quite sure what the composer would be about.

Plainly Mr. Steinert has no mind to a voluptuous tone-picture of a Mediterranean night, in music velvet-like and lustrous. Graver, more austere, are his mood and method, but wavering—whether to be subjective or objective, or both at once. Through nearly half the tone-poem the listener is ready to believe him finely subjective. He would write no rhapsody of the senses. Rather he would transfuse into tones the spiritual sensation of this star-studded, far-spreading, serene but troubling night. Then, of a sudden, he is off into what seems objective suggestion of night-stir and night sounds; finally, back to the subjective mood. Likewise with the workmanship: from moment to moment Mr. Steinert teeters on the edge of modernism in the nineteen-twenties; then pulls himself back into modernism as it went in 1910. Possibly, for discipline's sake, he over-curbs natural warmth and inclination. Certainly, he needs to unify his purpose to a less vacillating progress.

By anticipation, the revival of Franck's Symphony should have been the event of the day. It is favorite and long-established piece with the public of these concerts. It had not been heard for two years and six months. Rumor asserted that Mr. Koussevitzky would "do wonders" with it: that he was by no means minded to the traditional courses. The second part of this prophecy stood fulfilled; but the departures from precedent were in the main those to be expected from the conductor's manifest and familiar temperament. It is quite true that Father Franck was a pure and pious soul. The reverend and honorable Monsieur d'Indy has affirmed it seventy times seven. It is no less true that he knew the ecstasies of aspiration, depressed, struggling, exalted, triumphant. It seems true also—say by the evidence of his music—that these fervors bred in him a considerable sensuous warmth; that he released these heats not only in the "cycle form," which the dutiful



d'Indy delights to expound, but also in a feverish chromaticism. The Symphony in D-minor dates from the eighties, when there was none so bold as to question the sharps, flats and accidentals of Richard the First.

This sensuous quality in Franck's music, this fluttering, darting, titillating chromaticism, plainly stirred Mr. Koussevitzky, and throughout the Symphony by the devices proper to a conductor, he stressed both. For outcome the opening of the first movement quivered with agitation; the Allegretto of the second movement ran voluptuously melancholy; the scherzo-like intermezzo wore an almost wanton lightness, flickering upon the ear. More stirred was the conductor by the striding, joyous, triumphal motif heard toward the end of the first movement. There and thereafter, whenever it reappeared, at Mr. Koussevitzky's hands it entered in and possessed the music, foil to the sensuous warmth and glimmers, "speaking nobly of the soul." Indeed the conductor seemed to conceive the finale as a succession of contrasts—now the vigors of the triumphal melody, again the aspiring fervors of the beginning, between whiles the melancholies of the Allegretto. Preoccupied with this cut and thrust, he tended to forget the steadfast and joyous ascent of that same finale, the unfurling sonorities, the incandescent close. The listener heard an episodic rather than a climactic music. . . . Some remember in the Symphony in D-minor, the epic Franck of Dr. Muck. More recall the sentimental Franck of Mr. Monteux. We bathed yesterday in the sensuous Franck of Mr. Koussevitzky.

By the measure of applause, which may signify little; by the measure, in some of us, of immediate, sustained and deep-seated response, the Strauss of "Till Eulenspiegel" bore away the honors. Agree that "Death and Transfiguration" begins to fade in Lisztian shadows. Debate, if the bystanders like, the decline and fall—for the while—of the later and longer tone-poems, always putting by that most human of all Strauss's music—"Don Quixote." Yet for the twentieth time considered and compared, this Rondo of "Till" remains a consummate masterpiece. It follows a prescribed form, now amplified, now subtilized, again made plastic almost beyond belief. The motifs, the development of motifs, the progress by interplay, allusion and return, are written plain. If there be such a pedant in the world, he could desecrate "Till" before his composition-class to the ultimate note. The symphonic course runs clear; yet steadily with it march musical characterization and quasi-musical narrative.

Upon the orchestra Strauss outpours an imagination and a skill with timbres—and harmonies—that make the choirs, the groups, the isolated voices, the very instruments of delineation and suggestion. With them he is myriad-tongued, in accents and shadings numberless. In a motif, Till, the rascal, reckless, ramping jester, springs into musical being. The motif is developed and transformed, and we listeners hear him, feel him, veritably see him crossing the musical scene—the perfect art, the unflagging resource, of characterization by tones. The knave passes from prank to prank—upsets the market-place, teases the women, mocks the good and great; is seized, tried, convicted dangles from the gallows-tree. A Rondo, an orchestra, and a Strauss, become musical narrative that needs but a chapter-head to send every listening imagination trailing after.

And the humanity of the music! No till he put "Don Quixote" upon the staves was the composer to match it. "Once upon a time," the tonal tale of Till begins and at least half the ironies begin also to twinkle from Strauss's notes. The fellow is hanged. By all odds he should be. And now in the epilogue Strauss is converting these ironies into as many pities. Like Figaro in the comedy, contemplating the ways of mankind, if he did not gibe, he would weep, which is exactly the mood of these semi-reckless nineteen-twenties. As long ago as 1895—the year of "Till" at Munich—Strauss was anticipating and nurturing it. Add Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra actually tossing off the endless instrumental conjuring; add the conductor himself taking every measure at Strauss's word and usually going it one—or two—better. . . . To sit twenty-five minutes before a masterpiece, in as masterly performance, has its stimulations. H. T. P.

The New York Times seems to hit the mark when it says editorially:

Excellent as is the transmission of a symphony concert over a good radio, it will never completely satisfy the wishes of those who have the money and the opportunity to attend the concerts in person. The value of the radio is primarily to thousands most of whom could not get to the hall, if they would. Listeners in the suburban and out-of-town districts have to take their fill of jazz if the management fears that to broadcast symphony programs may lose a few tickets.

OCTOBER 16, 1926

*Christian Science Monitor*

## SYMPHONY PLAYERS PLAN PRISON CONCERT

### Volunteer Service for Program at Charlestown

Under the direction of Augusto Vannini, 21 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give a concert for the inmates of the Massa-



A. VANNINI

Will Direct 21 Members of Boston Symphony in Program at State Prison.

chusetts State Prison at Charlestown tomorrow, beginning at 2:15 p. m. These musicians have volunteered their services for the concert. Becoming interested in the work of social service that is carried on there a few musicians of the orchestra volunteered their services to Alvah L. McMullin, one of the workers, several years ago, offering to play for the men. Since then they have played every year and their numbers have grown.

"We are used to applause, for we have played in many concerts both with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and in smaller groups; we have also appeared as soloists, but never have we gotten as much pleasure out of playing as we do in these concerts at the prison," Mr. Vannini and P. Albert Amerena said yesterday. There is something in the men's attitude that comes back to them, these artists say, as though their appreciation included more than that of the music alone.

The program for tomorrow has been carefully planned and will be of about two hours' duration. The concert will be exclusively for the men of the prison. Preceding the concert the prison orchestra of about 30 players will give several numbers.

Besides Mr. Vannini and Mr. Amerena the players include A. Gerardi, P. Mayer, V. Mariotti, F. Thillois, J. Murray, S. Messina, M. Zung, G. Fourel, J. Cauhape, A. Zighera, E. Fabrizio, I. Frankel, J. Devergie, E. Arcieri, B. Piller, W. Valkenien, C. Van Den Berg, G. Mager, L. Hansotte, and S. Sternburg.



George Magee, trumpeter



## Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 22, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, at 8.15 o'clock

Haydn . . . . . Symphony in E-flat major (B. & H. No. 3)  
I. Adagio; Allegro con spirito.  
II. Andante.  
III. Menuetto; Trio.  
IV. Allegro con spirito.

Ibert . . . . . "Les Rencontres," Three Pieces for Ballet  
(First time in the United States)  
I. Les Bouquetières.  
II. Les Créoles.  
III. Les Bavardes.

Wagner . . . . . Prelude to "Lohengrin"

Wagner . . . . . Funeral Music of Siegfried from  
"Dusk of the Gods" (Act III)

Wagner . . . . . "Forest Murmurs" from Siegfried (Act II)

Wagner . . . . . Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

There will be an intermission after Ibert's "Les Rencontres"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Wagner

## 3D SYMPHONY CONCERT HELD

Koussevitzky Leads Boston  
Orchestra — Selections  
of Haydn Feature

*Herald* Oct. 23, 1926  
**PROGRAM BRILLIANT f  
IN ALL ITS NUMBERS**

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, E flat major (B. & H., No. 3); Ibert, "Les Rencontres," three pieces for ballet (first time in this country); Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin," "Funeral Music of Siegfried from "Dusk of the Gods," "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

This was an extraordinarily brilliant concert. Not the least striking feature of it was the performance of the Symphony by Haydn, a Symphony that had not been played at these concerts for 40 years. Why conductors have neglected this work is a mystery.

Haydn, the composer for orchestra, is known here only by a few of his many symphonies. The few have been repeated ad nauseam, and too often they have been ground out in a perfunctory manner, so that the younger generation is not to blame if it has considered this music "old hat." He has been sadly misunderstood by present followers of tradition who have spoken of him as a man of the old school, while Mozart was a forerunner of Beethoven. Thus they erred. Mozart summed up the school of his day and wrote imperishable music. There has been only one Mozart, and there is no probability of another being born for generations to come; but Haydn was often nearer in spirit to the young Beethoven. It is customary to speak lightly of Haydn as an honest Austrian who wrote light-hearted allegros, also minuets by which one is not reminded of a court with noble dames smiling graciously on gallant cavaliers, but sees peasants thumping the ground with heavy feet and uttering joyful cries. It is said carelessly that Haydn was a simple fellow who wrote at ease many symphonies and quartets that, to quote

Berlioz, recall "the innocent joys of the fireside and the pot-au-feu"; but Haydn was shrewd and observing—read his diary kept in London—and if he was plagued with a shrewish wife he found favor with other women. Dear Mrs. Schroeter of London received letters from him breathing love, not manly complimentary affection. And it is said of Haydn that he was only sportive in his music, having a fondness for the bassoon, "the clown of the instruments"; but the bassoon can be sepulchral, sinister, macabre—witness the evocation of the nuns in "Robert the Devil", Berlioz's "March to the Scaffold", Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Haydn could express tenderness, regret, sorrow in his music, but conductors seldom allow us to hear works in which there is the expression of these sentiments and emotions.

In the symphony heard yesterday there are passages that are singularly modern: There is a pervading freshness. How unexpected is the thematic treatment in the slow movements! How unconventional the Trio in the minuet!

When a symphony by Haydn was performed here in 1793 the program stated: "Mr. Pettit will neglect nothing for the execution of the music." Mr. Koussevitzky not only "neglected nothing," he was concerned with the spirit as well as the flesh. There was no attempt to modernize this music; Haydn had his say as he would have wished it said. The orchestral performance of the Finale, at an extremely rapid pace, but without injury to the musical thought, was a triumph of virtuosity.

Here is Mr. Koussevitzky who makes, what are often thought, the dry bones of the old masters live; who gives us the most eloquent interpretations of symphonies by Beethoven and Brahms that we have heard for years; who is wholly in sympathy with contemporaneous composers of the ultra-modern school and skilful in the revelation of their purposes and idioms. Grant that Ibert's three pieces, "Les Bouquetieres," "Les Creoles" and "Les Bavarides" are for the ballet and heard in the theatre would have greater significance than in the concert hall, nevertheless, as music pure and simple they were interesting and unusual. The first movement has charging ideas finely expressed. The movement is something more than patches of bewitching or dazzling color. In the middle section, one of genuine beauty, one fancies the entrance of the leading ballerina for a voluptuous, fascinating pas seue.

In "Les Creoles" perhaps the frequent repetition of the shone languorous theme becomes monotonous, though appropriate to the title and no doubt to the scene on the stage. Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked for enlarging our acquaintance with this composer of talent, two of whose works were heard here last season.



Then followed four extracts from Wagner's operas—for his "music Dramas" are after all to be ranked among operas—played with a wealth of sonorous beauty and, when the occasion demanded, with dramatic force. Hearing the superb performance of the prelude to "Lohengrin," we remembered how at one of Theodore Thomas's concerts at Central Park Garden in New York—it was in the '70s—when this prelude was played we heard strong hissing from many who would not have "the music of the future." And so today there are "lovers of music" in Boston who can not endure the music of the present and swear it cannot be the music of the future, for they have ears but they do not and will not hear.

Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.

The great audience was enthusiastic, and no wonder. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Berlioz, Overture "The Roman Carnival." Barodln, Symphony No. 2, B minor. Lazar, "Gyulies." Scherzo (first performance). Respighi, Symphonic poem "Pines of Rome."

## ASSORTED WAGNER, NEW-FOUND HAYDN, IBERT TO PLEASE

Trans. — Oct. 23, 1926.

### MAKESHIFT PROGRAM FOR THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Wagner Out of the Opera House and According to Mr. Koussevitzky — Doubts and Also Questionings — The Grave Haydn Twice Over in a Resurrected Piece—A Parisian Who Trifles and Who Charms, Modern Style

**B**ACKWARD and forward in the planning of programs pointed Mr. Koussevitzky's array of pieces at Symphony Hall yesterday. As the list originally stood for this third pair of concerts, it was to assemble three modernist numbers—one by Webern, the Viennese follower of Schönberg, another by young Mr. Walton of London—offset them with the Fourth Symphony of Brahms. Orchestral parts, however, failed to arrive, and the whole scheme was deferred to more propitious occasion. A makeshift-program accordingly impended. A week hence, however, conductor and orchestra depart on the first of the annual

journeys—this time to Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh. For these trips, as the vernacular at Symphony Hall names them, a quantum of miscellaneous and certain-sure pieces is desirable. Who better provides it than Richard Wagner of ten available operas? What prelude thereto or fragment thereof may not be safely laid on the laps of this orchestral hinterland? "Wagner Concerts" do not often disturb its peace; nor are "Siegfried" or "Die Meistersinger" its operative fare.

Not a whit less grateful to Boston, as it happens, are these same Wagner-excerpts. Not less than a million and a half souls fill the city and tributary territory; yet obstinately, singularly, and by no means shame-facedly, it remains opera-less. By grace of the Chicago Company, it hears sixteen operas annually, fortunate if as many as two of them are the handiwork of Richard the Great. Not to shave the truth, it usually thinks and speaks of him as composer for the concert-hall—maker of overtures or preludes, incidental provider of the Ride of the Valkyrs or the music for the dead Siegfried. Therefore, to a double purpose, four Wagner-numbers upon the program of yesterday, with a seldom played symphony of Haydn and three ballet-pieces from Monsieur Jacques Ibert as preface.

If we in Boston are to hear Wagner at all—outside "Tristan" once in seven years, or "The Ring" once in thirty—we must hear him by excerpts in concerts. There, as it also happens, most listen gladly and clap lustily. Consequently it is useless to debate anew the wisdom and the justice of Wagner outside the theater or of Wagner by fragments. The fanatic loyalists, the spotless purists, deny to the concert-hall even the overtures and the preludes. They would have said, Friday afternoon, that the Prelude to "Lohengrin" is not wholly itself unless it is heard across an expectant opera house, unless the curtains forthwith part upon King Henry and his liegemen of Brabant. They would have remarked also, when the larger-voiced measures in the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" sounded thick and coarse, that the clouding and blunting were less the over-zeal of the conductor for a big tone than the inevitable consequence of playing in the open a music written for a partially covered pit. Yet there is no reasonable demur to either piece in the concert-hall. In many, the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," for a fiftieth time, stirs deep musical and emotional experience. Down the years the Prelude to "Lohengrin" persists as test-piece for string choirs and as popular classic. The audience of yesterday manifestly delighted in it. If extras were lawful at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Koussevitzky might have added gratefully the March from "Tannhäuser."

The music from "Götterdämmerung" that glorifies the dead Siegfried, the pastiche—of Wagner's own pasting—from the second act of "Siegfried," are another, more debatable, matter. Again, on Friday, the mingled mourning and glorification of the hero sustained itself as concert-piece. Yet it is within reason to doubt whether many hear it as more than epic outpouring of plangent sonorities and piercing melody. (Else it would never be used, as mistakenly it is, for memorial piece to merely mortal men.) Only in the opera house, through the might of the third act of "Götterdämmerung," with "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried" behind, does it sound as the epitome of a hero's life, the climactic postlude to a hero's death—Siegfried the Volsung and Siegfried to Brünnhilde rejoined. The ear indeed hears; but only the eye of memory, which is not the freshest, sees the moonlight shimmer the darkling forest until it silvers the shield death-laden, upborne by the Gibichung train, slow-paced and dreading.

With the pastiche from the Forest Scene there can be a deal of quarreling. It belongs in fact to those distant days when Wagner must needs get specimens of "The Ring" played somehow and anywhere. Here is music of the hum and glitter of the wood in summer sunlight—only half illuding without the glowing stage. Here sings the Forest-Bird, much too manifestly out of the first flute, who in due season rises to bow acknowledgments. And the joyous confusion of the end leads no-whither beyond excitement to the aural nerves. As calmly as though it were exploring the origins of the oboe, the program-book suggests the upspringing Siegfried—toward the fire-girt Valkyr, locked in Wotan's sleep. Though Wagner himself made it, this "Waldweben" is not Wagner.

It is also permissible to question, as politely as may be, Mr. Koussevitzky's versions of three of these excerpts. He is as fond of slow pace and long-drawn phrasing as though he also had sat by on that fateful day at Baireuth, when his fellow-workers, "to please the old man," bade him conduct through the third act at the final rehearsal of "Parsifal." Then and there, "the master" dragged the pace abominably, in flat variance from his reiterated directions. The accident of an hour has become the precedent of a decade: "He wanted his music taken slowly." Not only does Mr. Koussevitzky stay the Wagnerian advance; he also sentimentalizes the Wagnerian melody until it loses both body and poignance. Nor does he sentimentalize it in the German fashion, which dilution the ear makes shift to endure. Instead, he gives it a softening Slavic tinge, a morbidezza, altogether in place with Chaikovsky or Skriabin, veritably characterizing their music, but at odds

with the firm-paced, deep-throated, clear-focussed Wagnerian melody. Finally, he is prone to a quality of tone that is not always voice to the music or to the imaginings that gave it birth. He hardens till it is crystalline the lucent glow of the strings conveying the Grail through the Prelude to "Lohengrin"; while he wrecks himself upon the intermediate tumult of earth. In quest of power, he thickens and coarsens the sonorities of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Oftener than it flows, that wondrous sea of counterpoint twists, tosses and jerks to his nervous bidding. Only with the music of the dead Siegfried was he truly Wagnerian on Friday, up-piling lambent sonorities, passionate not sentimental, puissant of march and climax.

Wagner aside—Mr. Koussevitzky's prefatory numbers gave instant and continuing pleasure. His quests into eighteenth-century music are almost always fruitful; he has a divining hand in the playing of it; for the first time in the forty-odd years of the Symphony Concerts he has given it just place within them. Yesterday he unearthed a symphony of Haydn, in E-flat major, tenth of the series for Salomon's concerts in London, written in the composer's early sixties, unheard in this town since the dark ages of 1886. True; it is not very different Haydn from the better-known symphonies bestowed upon Mr. Salomon; yet different enough to freshen interest. A curious enigmatic gravity haunts the slow introduction. Whither it may lead seems uncertain—until it quickens into the light-paced, smiling Vivace with which Haydn puts by this questioning melancholy. In the slow movement, pensive gravity returns, brooding; the gentle beauty deepens; there is pathos in the melody, while harmonically it goes a lonely way. So far did Haydn release and gratify himself; then took contractual thought of good Mr. Salomon and "the quality" that would be listening in London; turned off a minuet of grace, a rondo of gayety, both "true to type." Yet when he no more than does his job in this honest fashion, Haydn plies light fancies, neat inventions, adroit workmanship, pleasing to the attentive ear. Mr. Koussevitzky, while he keeps the music in full tide, misses not one of these wavelets. His orchestra is as fluid as he. Fittingly also, he polishes Haydn's gravities. Fancy a composer of Vienna and London, A. D. 1793, without elegance. His brocaded coat was not more essential.

Next, and contrastingly, Monsieur Ibert entertained. Upon a day he wrote three little tone-pictures for piano-duet—"Les Bouquetières," "Les Créoles" or "Nègres" (which is an unwitting or an unkind cut), "Les Bavardes." Upon another day he included them in a ballet, "Les Rencontres." Upon a third, he extracted and col-



lated them as suite for the concert hall; upon a fourth, and for the first time, they now awaited American ears. Monsieur Ibert has a pleasing skill with bright tonal bustle; he lays a caressing hand upon sensuous tonal melancholy; he whirrs away into the liveliest tonal snip-snap. Taking this exercise, he discloses a sportive fancy with musical ideas; ready rhythms, neither too reminiscent nor too uneasy; harmonic subtlety, without over-complexity; a quick, inventive sense of instrumental color and suggestion. He prefers surface to substance; the hint above the affirmation. He is not ashamed to trifle—artfully; to be amusing with the merest tinge of implication. Unassertively in these little pieces he writes a music to please—and pleases.

H. T. P.

## WAGNER MUSIC ON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Emotional Reading Given by Koussevitzky

Globe — Oct. 23, 1926.

Mr Koussevitzky filled the latter half of yesterday's Boston Symphony program with music by Wagner, of which he gave emotional readings that went far to atone for the dullness of the Haydn Symphony and the new suite by Ibert which preceded. The audience applauded the Wagner enthusiastically.

Of Ibert's three pieces for ballet, collectively entitled "Les Rencontres" the second, called "Les Créoles" has some evocative power. The rest of the music is well written, and scored with a zestful display of tricks of the trade, but without originality or emotional energy.

This was the first performance in the United States, but "Les Rencontres" is announced for performance next week in New York under Walter Damrosch.

Ibert, to judge by the several samples of his work heard here, is one of the mob of young Parisians who write music with ease. He won the Prix de Rome in 1919, but it takes more than a Prix de Rome to make a notable composer.

### Haydn Symphony

The Haydn Symphony played yesterday had been heard but once before at these concerts, in 1886. It is the 10th of the set written for Solomon's concerts in London. In Breitkopf and

Haertel's edition it is No. 3, in E flat major.

One was not satisfied that Mr Koussevitzky had done either himself or Haydn justice yesterday. The pace of the slow movement was far too slow. "Adagio" in this instance indicates mood rather than metronome mark. The structure of the other movements was not clearly set forth, nor did one feel that the conductor understood or cared for the piece, which, to be sure, is hardly among Haydn's best.

But one hopes that this not wholly fortunate experiment will not deter Mr Koussevitzky, whose zeal for lesser 18th century music has long been widely known, from reviving other half or wholly forgotten pieces by Haydn and Mozart, instead of sticking to the symphonies already familiar to concert goers.

The reading given the Prelude to "Lohengrin" was the most vivid and impressive of yesterday's interpretations of Wagner. Mr Koussevitzky wrung the last drop of emotion out of the familiar mounting climax. His decrescendo close was less subdued at the end than one expected. But the penultimate sonorities he so loves made as always an effect.

One marveled anew at the sheer genius displayed in the "Siegfried Funeral Music." This is nothing but a succession of the chief musical ideas used in the "Ring" operas.

The power of these themes is the clearest possible evidence of Wagner's title to supreme fame. For no man unable to create pregnant simple themes like these can ever become a great composer.

### Next Week's Program

Mr Koussevitzky stressed heavily the rhythms of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." He brought out sedulously the famous contrapuntal interweaving of the chief themes at the climax. But elsewhere the orchestral balance was frequently distorted. Much of the announcement of the first theme was, for example, obscured by allowing the brass to drown out the strings.

The quality of tone from the orchestra yesterday seemed often rough and harsh. The attacks were not as clean cut as they will no doubt become later in the season.

The volume of sound was too great, and by overdriving his players Mr Koussevitzky sometimes caused tone to degenerate into noise.

The program announced for next week includes Borodin's Second Symphony, Respighi's "Pines of Rome," Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture, and the first public performance of a scherzo entitled "Tziganes" (Gypsies) by a Rumanian composer named Lazar.

P. R.

## Novelties New and Old

Monitor Oct. 23, 1926.

**S**YMPHONY HALL, Boston — The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gives its third pair of concerts for the season, Oct. 22-23. The program:

Haydn—Symphony in E flat major (B. & H. No. 3)  
Ibert—"Les Rencontres," Three Pieces for Ballet

Wagner { Prelude to "Lohengrin"  
Siegfried's Funeral Music from "Götterdämmerung"  
Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"  
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"

The Haydn Symphony comes under the heading of novelties, having been performed previously at the concerts of this orchestra only once, in 1886. As the present reviewer was prevented from attending the concerts of that year, he is unable to compare the interpretation of Mr. Koussevitzky with that of Mr. Gericke. There can be no question, however, about the excellence of yesterday's performance; nor about the conductor's wisdom in reviving the work. There may be some who will argue that we have plenty of Haydn already, and since he's all pretty much the same, why bother to dig up new examples? To this it may be replied that this symphony, composed in 1793 for Salomon's concerts in London, is sufficiently familiar-sounding to win our affection, yet sufficiently individual to stir our interest. The introduction to the first movement, for example, is informed by a foreboding mood that seemed to presage some such profound utterance as the Præludium from "The Creation," quite unlike the joyful measures associated by custom with the composer's name. It is true that this mood was presently put off for the typical gaiety of the opening Allegro; but it had not been banished for good, for throughout, even in the midst of the most radiant sunshine, there was a suggestion of clouds. The material of the symphony (with the exception of the main subject of the minuet, which seemed banal) struck us as more lovely even than most of Haydn's musical ideas. Such beautiful stuff as the second theme of the first movement, or the subject of the Trio in the third, do not issue daily

from the workroom of the ordinary composer. And the final movement had the vision that clearly forecast greater things to come in the symphonic form.

I. Ibert's three pieces, played for the first time in America, were composed, it appears, as piano pieces for four hands before they became either a ballet or an orchestral suite. Therefore it could hardly be maintained that they require the choreographic action to make them clear, especially since the Paris reviewers did not find the dancing of much help at the first production of the ballet. The subtitles, then, should give hint enough: "Les Bouquetières," "Les Créoles" and "Les Bavardes." Nevertheless, we think we could supply titles that would better describe the effect of the music, whatever the intent. The first section suggests not so much flower girls as shop girls on a holiday. The second might be included in the composer's "Escales" as representing a port of call in Indo-China. The last is reminiscent less of chatterboxes than of the hubbub of a festival. But is all this important? One can take pleasure in this music without regard to its literary connotations. Once more we have a direct descendant of the Debussy-Ravel line, dropping fragments of elusive melody on the tonal scale. The distinction of this score is the resource and expertness of the tonal web; as an exercise in virtuosic composition it is admirable. And the result has much of pure beauty.

Nevertheless, it was fortunate for the Frenchman that the laws of program making did not permit of his following Wagner. For the fragility and ethereality of M. Ibert—or, for that matter, of M. Debussy—would seem merely anæmic after the lush Wagnerian tonal growths. Often in the last two seasons one has wondered why a conductor of Mr. Koussevitzky's qualities should have had such moderate success with some of the Wagnerian scores, with which one would have supposed he would have the strongest affiliations. Yesterday he was far more in the vein.



The "Lohengrin" Prelude in particular came to the hearer as one would have it, unmarred by eccentricities. The fabric was woven with full regard to the values of the myriad threads. The crescendo was built up with irresistible effect, and even at the climactic point the brasses were not allowed to drown the other voices. The Funeral Music seemed at first in danger of dropping to the ground from inertia, but was happily revived, and received a dramatic reading—possibly overdramatic. The Forest Murmurs gave opportunity to hear to advantage Mr. Laurent's incomparable flute, Mr. Gillet's oboe and (of particular interest) the clarinet of Mr. Hamelin, newly come to the orchestra this year as first clarinet. These earned the reward of special recognition from the conductor. A thrilling performance of the "Meistersinger" Prelude brought the proceedings to a brilliant close. A "Bravo" was even heard from the floor. L. A. S.

## SYMPHONY GETS OLD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Collection of 144 Pieces Made by  
Casadesus

A collection of 144 ancient musical instruments, acquired by the celebrated French musician, Henri Casadesus, was yesterday formally presented to the Boston Symphony orchestra. The presentation was made in the corridor of the first balcony in Symphony hall. N. Penrose Hallowell made the address to Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the trustees of the orchestra. The collection is one of the finest in existence. It is the gift of a group of Boston citizens, who withhold their names, and the presentation is in memory of Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony.

The instruments, mounted in glass cases, have been placed in the balcony corridor and are now open for inspection by the public.

The set includes the viola d'amore, on which M. Casadesus played during his visit to this country in 1918.

State and city officials, prominent patrons of the Symphony concerts, musicians and music lovers, were among the special guests at the ceremony yesterday.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ON AIR TONIGHT

Third Concert Sponsored by  
W. S. Quinby

One of the largest audiences to listen to a given broadcast program in the brief history of radio, will assemble this evening to hear the third of this season's series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, Russian conductor.

The concerts are made available to the radio audience through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby of the Boston, New York and Chicago house bearing his name. The program of tonight will be broadcast by Westinghouse station WBZ and the chain of stations including WGY, WJZ and WRC. Taking the reports on the two preceding concerts heard on the air as a criterion, the symphony broadcasts are proving one of the stellar radio attractions of the season.

Former members of the Boston Symphony orchestra will assist Prof. John Patten Marshall during his interpretive lecture at the time of intermission and just prior to each number. Haydn's Symphony in E flat will open tonight's program and Prof. Marshall will tell his listeners something about Haydn's life and style. This symphony was first produced in London in 1795 and is known as the symphony with the drum roll. In illustrating musically the themes from this symphony, Prof. Marshall will be assisted by the orchestra's harp soloist.

The second number on the program is a group of three pieces for ballet "Les Rencontres," by Ibert, a young French composer, one of the winners of the famous Prix de Rome. The titles of the three pieces are "Les Bouquetieres," "Les Creoles" and "Les Bavardes." Prof. Marshall will also discuss the four Wagner numbers which are to be played immediately following the Prelude to Lohengrin.

Enough of the story of each of music drama will be told to show where each selection occurs in the plot and the principal themes of each selection will be illustrated. In addition, Prof. Marshall will tell the audience something about Richard Wagner's life, his theories regarding the music drama as well as illustrating certain general features of the style of his music.

## SYMPHONY REVIVES AN OLD HAYDN

One in E Flat Heard  
After 40 Years'  
Silence

Post ——— Oct. 23, 1926

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Unfamiliar Haydn, novel Ibert and familiar Wagner made the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. And, needless, perhaps, to say, so far as the overwhelming majority of the audience was concerned, the music-dramatist prevailed alike over the classic symphonist and the contemporary Frenchman, turning his thoughts ballet-ward. Richard Wagner is still the most popular of all composers and his sway shows no signs of abating.

### AFTER 40 YEARS

Not since January, 1886, had Boston heard a performance of the Haydn Symphony of this week's concerts, that in E-flat major, one of the 12 composed for London and numbered three in the catalogue of Breitkopf and Hartel. Now conductors are a prying lot, and not easily does a masterpiece lurk unknown to them in the recesses of the library. That this symphony in E-flat had gone unplayed here for two-score years suggested on the face of it that perhaps the piece was after all not one of Papa Haydn's most genial efforts.

And so it proved in the hearing yesterday. The first movement is the strongest of the four. There is an interesting bit of scoring for the woodwind alone in the Adagio. The brief

trio of the Minuet is charming, and the last movement gay and sprightly in the typical Haydn manner. Yet, as a whole, a dozen others of Haydn's symphonies might well be preferred to it.

### Ibert's a Passing Fancy

But Haydn somewhat short of his best, is nevertheless a deal better than most of the composers of our own sterile day. The music of Jacques Ibert played yesterday, "Les Rencontres," three pieces for ballet, pleased as it passed. It has grace and piquancy, it is most ingeniously scored. But how many among yesterday's audience would care greatly whether or not they ever heard it again?

No less than four Wagnerian excerpts made the second half of the concert: the Prelude to "Lohengrin;" the funeral music of Siegfried from "The Dusk of the Gods;" the "Forest Murmurs," from "Siegfried" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

### Beautiful Orchestral Tone

Not before had Mr. Koussevitzky conducted here the "Siegfried" fragment, that perennially lovely music of youth and the world's springtide, and he played it most poetically, with due feeling for its dramatic significance, drawing from the orchestra a tone of ravishing beauty. Again, in the matter of orchestral tone the "Lohengrin" Prelude proved an ever-changing panorama of beautiful sonorities, while the apotheosis of the dead Siegfried, magnificently played, was fittingly impressive. Yet might it not have been even a shade more impressive had the tempo been a hair's breadth less slow? And did not the conductor's tendency to linger over a tempting melodic figure once or twice unduly halt the otherwise splendid progress of the Prelude to the "Mastersingers"?

Yesterday fewer members of the audience that at either of the preceding Friday concerts seemed to find it necessary to leave the hall ere the programme was done, and the applause at the end returned Mr. Koussevitzky many times to the stage and finally brought the orchestra to its feet.

Haydn's symphony is unknown to the younger generation in the symphony audience. The music has not been heard at these concerts since 1886. It was first played here at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. Surprising as the statement may seem, we know very little of Haydn in Boston. Conductors have not gone from the beaten track. They have been content with repeated performances of a few that give only an imperfect idea of Haydn's genius.



## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA RECEIVES RARE GIFT

*Trans. Oct. 23. 1924*  
CASADESUS COLLECTION OF AN-  
CIENT INSTRUMENTS INSTALLED  
THIS MORNING AT SYMPHONY  
HALL

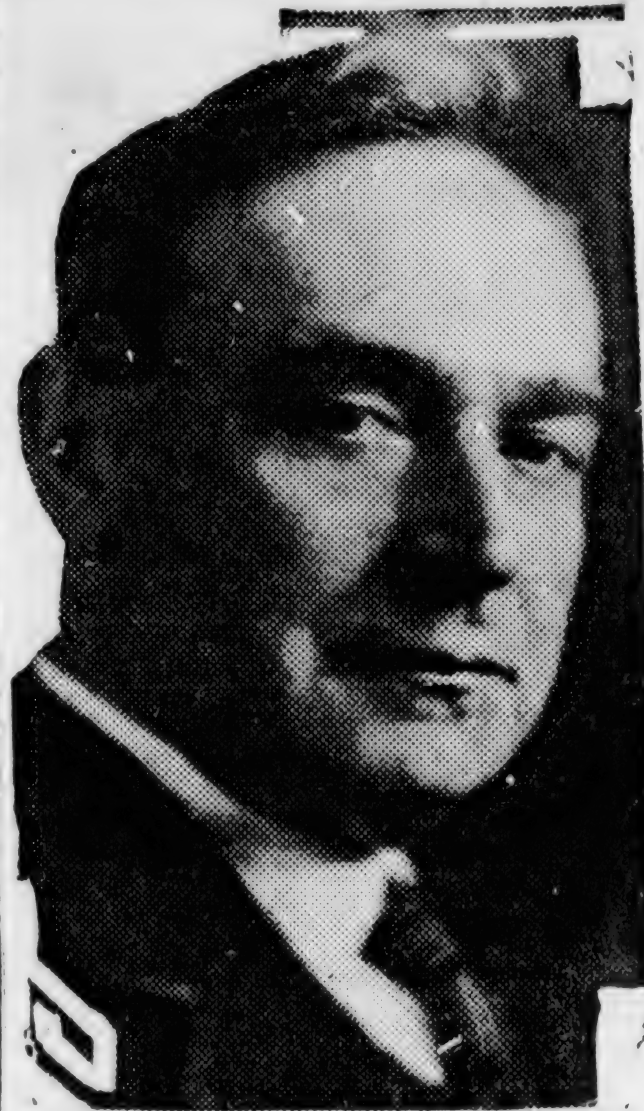
In a few minutes of informal ceremony—for they were both—the trustees of the Symphony Orchestra received this morning, at Symphony Hall, a considerable and valuable gift—the collection of ancient instruments lately the property of Monsieur Henri Casadesus of Paris. Through years he gathered it, with a scholar's knowledge of the field, a connoisseur's flare for rare pieces, a lover's patience to await the moment when the desired object should fall into his hands. In time he assembled a collection that scarcely a museum or private cabinets in Europe or America may equal. Described and illustrated elsewhere in this newspaper, it contains instruments of the seventeenth, the eighteenth and the early nineteenth century from a "consort of viols" to an accordion of the First Empire.

The financial burden laid by the war upon most Continental Europeans, compelled Monsieur Casadesus to part with his collection. His friend, Mr. Koussevitzky, learned his decision; suggested that the instruments be acquired for Boston, interested a committee in which Mr. N. Penrose Hallowell was the active force. The purchase-money was readily gathered; the collection shipped to Symphony Hall by the regretful Casadesus. There it was installed in a room off the corridor of the lower balcony overlooking Massachusetts avenue, where it will henceforth be on view. The cases of light brownish wood and clear glass were designed and the arrangement effected by Miss Elizabeth Benton, Messrs E. J. Hipkiss and Michael Moore of the Museum of Fine Arts. Both admirably display the pieces. A metal plate in the room notes the origin of the collection and the installation in memory of the late Henry L. Higginson, founder and for long sustainer of the Symphony Orchestra.

The transfer of the gift was briefly completed this morning before a score or two of guests. Mr. Hallowell spoke simply of the origins of the collection and of the committee's purchase of it. Judge Cabot received it as simply for the trustees of the orchestra and in honor of the founder.

With interest the little company inspected the instruments. It included by invitation: Mrs. R. L. Agassiz, Miss Marian L. Blake, Miss Coolidge, Miss Margaret Corlies, Mr. Ernest B. Dane, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Mr. George C. Greener, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Haughton, Mrs. William P. Homans, Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Miss Katharine P. Loring, Mrs. Thornton K. Lothrop, Mr. Arthur Lyman, Miss Fanny Mason, Miss Frances R. Morse, Dr. Henry L. Morse, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, 2d, Mrs. Henry Parkman, Mr. *Harvard D. Sawyer, Mr. Diamond L. Stock-*

### Expected to Direct Symphony Until 1929



Serge Koussevitzky is to continue as director of the Boston Symphony orchestra for two years more, it was reported yesterday. While his present contract is a flexible one, it is understood that he has agreed to stay on as conductor of the symphony until May, 1929. He could not be reached yesterday, but those in close touch with the orchestra management said that this decision was expected. *Herald Jan. 13. 1927*



## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA RECEIVES RARE GIFT

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## Mediation of ad in Nicaragua



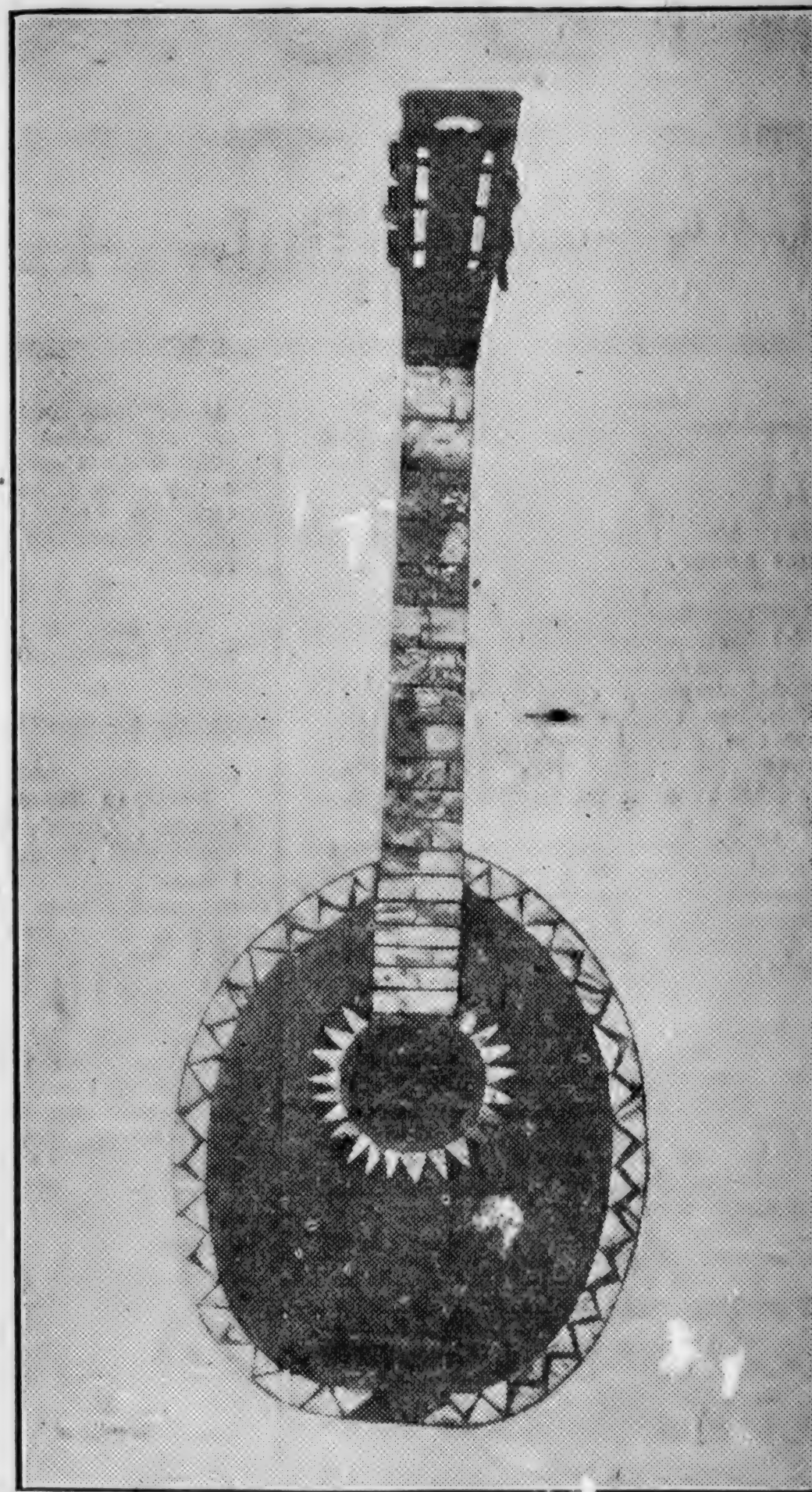
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The Casadesus Collection: Strings and Shapes



Viola d'Amore



Mandole Inlaid with Pearl



58

The Casadesus Collection: Twin Serpents



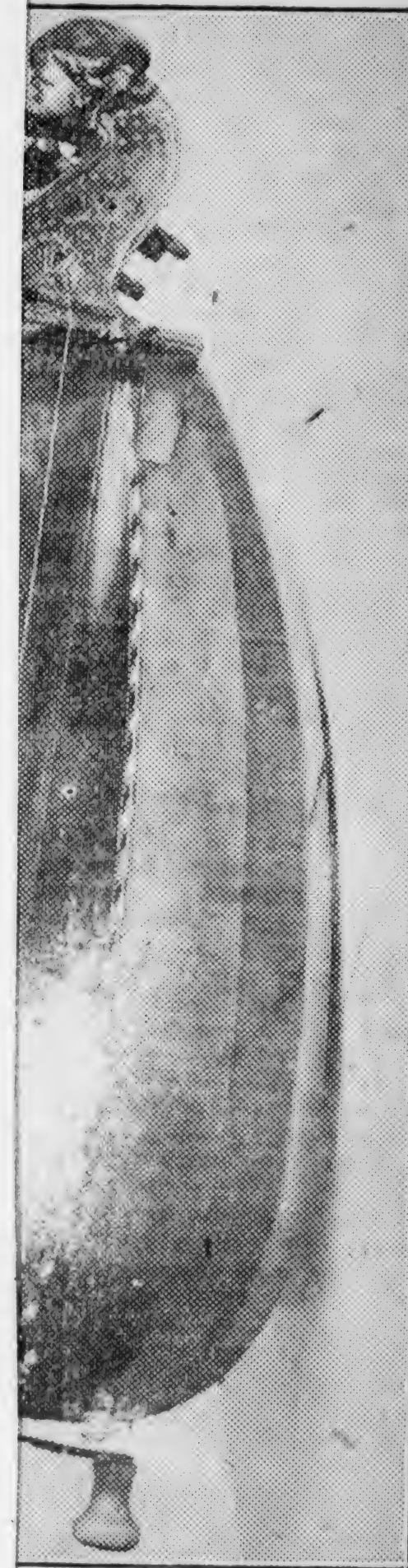
Of the Wars



Of the Church

59

Uniques



of Savoy

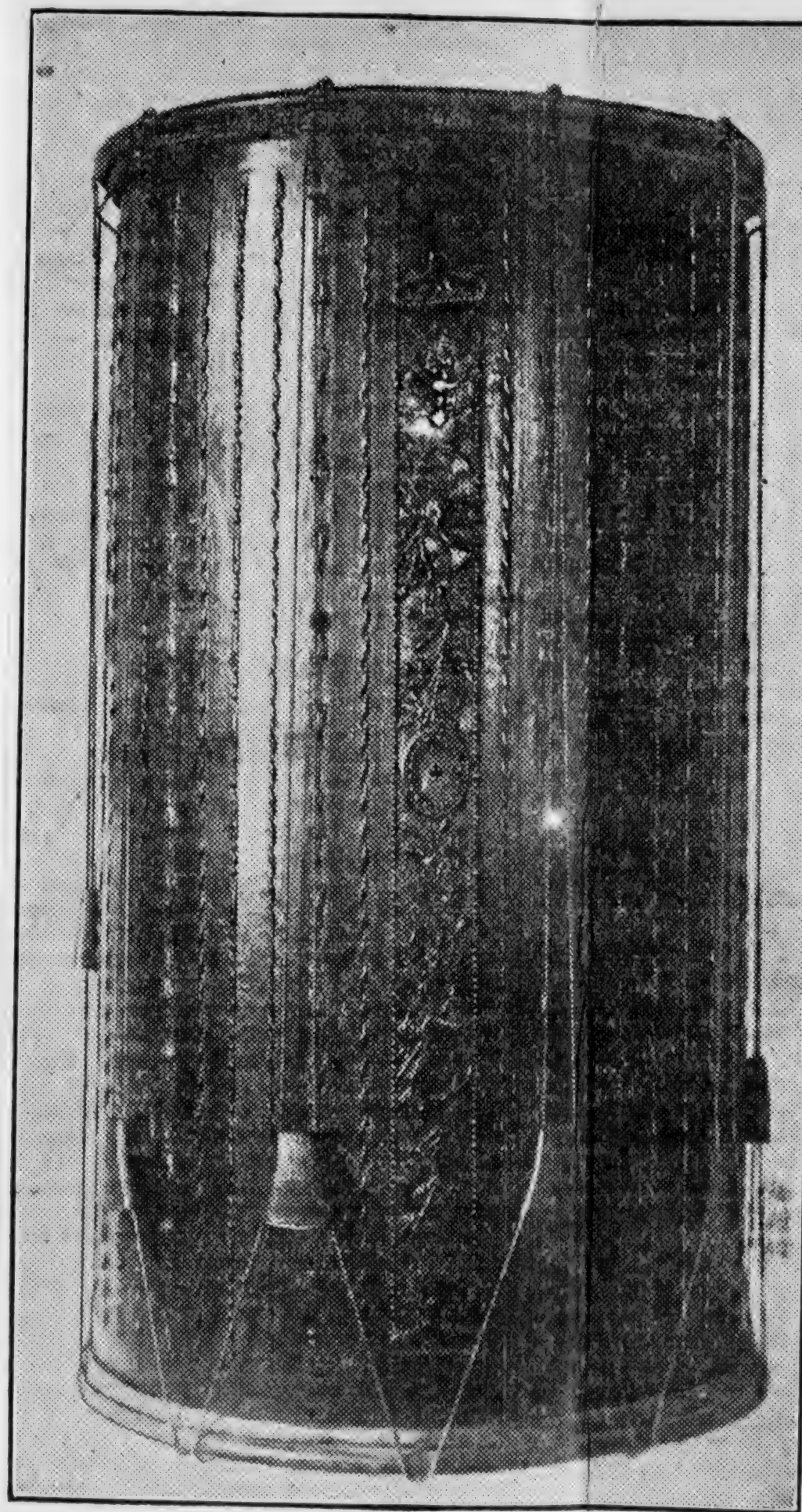


The Casadesus Collection: Pieces Uniques

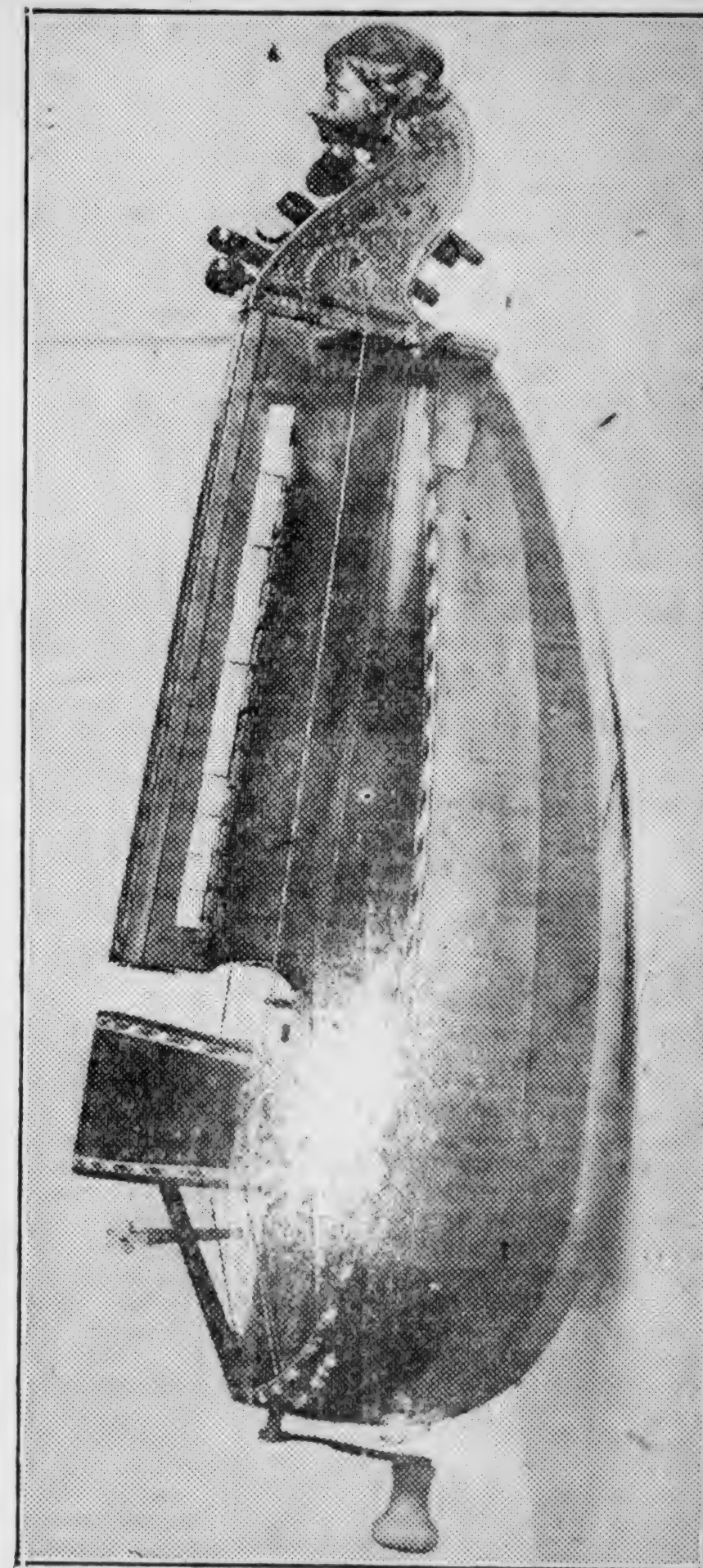


Of the

The Casadesus Collection: Pieces Uniques



Drum of Provence



Vielle of Savoy



SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, at 8.15 o'clock

Borodin . . . . . Symphony No. 2 in B minor  
I. Allegro moderato.  
II. Molto vivo.  
III. Andante.  
IV. Allegro.

Respighi . . . Symphonic Poem, "Pini di Roma" ("Pines of Rome")

- I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese.
- II. The Pines near a Catacomb.
- III. The Pines of the Janiculum.
- IV. The Pines of the Appian Way.

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Filip Lazar

Roumanian Composer Heard Today at the Symphony Concerts

## 4TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Koussevitzky Leads Boston  
Orchestra in Intricate  
Program

### SONOROUS TRIBUTE PAID BY AUDIENCE

*Herald*—Oct. 30, 1926.

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, overture, "The Roman Carnival," Borodin, Symphony No. 2, B minor, Lazar, Gypsies, a Scherzo (first performance). Respighi, Pines of Rome.

To some of us this program, brilliant as it was, suffered somewhat from a lack of contrast. The greater part of the music was of a fierce, strong, robust temper, truly in Ercole's vein. Yet the orchestra never showed greater virtuosity. The enthusiasm of the audience was a sonorous tribute to Mr. Koussevitzky and the members of the various choirs.

Borodin's symphony had not been heard here since the excellent Rabaud conducted it. Only a Russian can do justice to this music which is wildly Russian; that is to say, the Russia of the Orient. One is tempted, hearing the repetitions of the first leading theme, a motto phrase it may be called, to say with Hamlet: "Leave thy damnable faces and begin," but the monotony of repetition becomes irrepresive. A Russian critic was reminded more than once in the course of the first and last movements of the ancient Russian knights in their awkwardness, also in their greatness. We are told that Borodin intended to portray them in tones. He himself said that in the slow movement he wished to recall the songs of Slav troubadours; to picture in the first movement the gatherings of princes, and in the Finale the banquets of heroes where the Russian Guzla and bamboo flute were heard while the mighty men caroused. It is

easy in the lyrical passages to be reminded of corresponding phrases in "Prince Igor," nor is this surprising, for he was working on the symphony and the opera at the same time. He was then obsessed by the life of feudal Russia.

No composer can be called great simply because he is a Nationalist in his music. The folk tunes of a nation have often worked damage to the composer relying on them for his themes and content with the mere exposition of them. Rimsky-Korsakov and Moussorgsky were Nationalists, but their music passed the frontier; it gives pleasure in every country. Is Borodin to be ranked with them?

Eric Blom, speaking of Borodin as a pioneer, remembers how he was once condemned as an "incompetent amateur who wrote hideous discords because he did not know the rules of harmony"—an unwarranted and foolish condemnation, as unjust as Tchaikovsky's characterization in the bitter letter he wrote to Mme. Von Meck in 1878 the year after this symphony was first heard. Admitting that Borodin had talent "a very great talent," he said that it had come to nothing for the want of teaching, "because blind fate has led him into the science laboratories instead of a vital musical existence." The reference was to Borodin's fame as a chemist at the Academy of Medicine. This was written when Tchaikovsky was accused of that atrocious crime, cosmopolitanism, by his fellow laborers in the Russian vineyard.

There are pages of splendid savagery in this symphony; there are a few wild haunting melodies. No, the composer of the two symphonies, one at least of the string quartets, and a handful of exquisite songs is not to be flippantly dismissed.

Lazar, a Rumanian, born in 1894, studied at Bucharest and later at Leipzig. His "Gypsies" describes their dancing, shouting, wrangling near the court yard of a boyard. The belle among the women dances a dance of seduction and then leaves at twilight. The men would fain renew the dance, but they are driven away by the boyard's attendants, who were not to be blamed; nay, they were to be applauded, if the gypsy music in any way resembled Lazar's scherzo. A man of pronounced technical proficiency, his musical ideas, so far as the scherzo is concerned, are commonplace, not pleasing in an obvious way, not fascinating by exotic charm or fury. There was a chance for relieving contrast, for voluptuous measures in the episode of the woman's pas seul, but how dry, how tame the music Lazar provided for her!

To us the most prominent feature of the concert was the dazzling, marvelous performance of the "Roman Carnival." This music, composed over 80 years ago, is still irresistible in the beauty of the opening—the English horn solo was admirably played by Mr. Speyer—in the vivacity and dash of the allegro measures.



Will Respighi's "Pines of Rome" wear as well as his "Fountains of Rome"? We doubt it. After a third hearing the section "Pines near a Catacomb" is still the most imaginative, poetical, impressive. The effect of "The Appian Way" consists chiefly in its rhythm and the ever increasing sonority till the climax crashes.

The concert will be repeated tonight. As the orchestra will be out of town next week there will be no concerts. The program of Nov. 12, 13 will be as follows: Arensky, Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky, op. 35, a (first time in Boston); Schumann, Symphony, No. 1, B flat major; Bartok, Three Village Scenes (first time in Boston); Prokofiev, Suite from the opera "The Love of Three Oranges" (first time in Boston).

## NEW MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Lazar's 'Gypsies' Given First Public Performance

Post — Oct. 20, 1926

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Optimism or pessimism regarding the present estate of musical composition is apt to be governed by the listener's most recent experience with it. At the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, for example, two contemporary composers, the Italian Respighi and the Rumanian Filip Lazar, each represented by comparatively recent music, quite held their own with such departed worthies as Berlioz and Borodin.

### LAZAR'S MUSIC FRESH

Queen Marie's young countryman, the Filip Lazar in question, was until yes-

terday unknown to Boston, probably to the United States. Moreover the piece through which he was then heard, "Tziganes" (Gypsies), an orchestral Scherzo, received its first public performance. How strange, by the way, it would seem were some Bostonian piece to receive its initial hearing in Bucharest!

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's own altogether reasonable conviction that the freshest music of our immediate time is coming from those countries which have not already been saying their say in symphonic compositions for a century or two, and the abounding vitality of Mr. Lazar's Scherzo, contrasted, for convenient instance, with the polished superficialities of M. Ibert's "Rencontres" of last week, assuredly endorsed that point of view.

### Has Primitive Vigor

That Mr. Lazar's is a new and important voice in music might hardly be inferred from this "Tziganes," but the young man (he is not yet 33) writes with his ear to the earth. In his music is a primitive vigor and the unbridled abandon that one would expect of a Rumanian peasant's holiday. A pity that the composer could not have heard the remarkable performance of yesterday, a performance fittingly rhapsodic.

As for Respighi he was represented in Symphony Hall yesterday, and for the seventh time in 10 months, through his imaginative and effective "Pines of Rome." In the opinion of one who has heard five of those seven performances, the "Pines of Rome" would stand a frequency of repetition that would be fatal to most contemporary pieces. To be sure a hundred performances would hardly justify that plain lapse from artistic rectitude, the use of the phonograph record of the nightingale's song. The relentless approach of Cesar's legions may not quicken the pulse to quite the degree of last February. But the "Pines of Rome" still makes good listening. The shrilling exuberance of the first section, the solemnity of the second, the poetry of the third are still grateful to hear, while the final march is still stirring, still overpoweringly sonorous in its final climax.

One of the numbers on Mr. Koussevitzky's first Boston program two seasons ago, Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture received yesterday, as then, an electrifying performance, one in which the typical Berliozian brilliance was raised to the nth power. The Second Symphony of Borodin on the other hand, had not been heard here since the brief sojourn in our midst of Henri Rabaud. In the words of the composer's friend Stasov, Borodin was in the writing of this symphony haunted by the picture of feudal Russia. There is in the first movement something of the epic spirit that pervades Moussorgsky's "Boris."

This music speaks to us of an age half splendid, half barbaric. But Borodin, remarkably gifted man that he was, might hardly sustain himself throughout the four movements of a symphony. His genius has found sadder, more convincing expression in that more familiar music, the superb Dances from "Prince Igor."

### Brass Choir Direct

With his unfailing aptitude for all things Russian, Mr. Koussevitzky read this Symphony with full sympathy, laid bare its inmost soul. The performance of it, like that of Berlioz's Overture, was brilliant in the extreme: in one respect almost too brilliant.

In view of the terrific force of which the trombones and trumpets of the Symphony Orchestra are now capable might it not be the course of discretion, even of mercy, to return this choir to its former position at the side of the stage? As it is, to hear in fortissimo these brasses with bells directed straight towards the audience is a bit like looking at the sun.

## ROMAN TONE POEMS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Berlioz and Respighi Works Vividly Interpreted

Globe — Oct. 20, 1926.

Yesterday's Boston Symphony concert began with a remarkably brilliant performance of Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture. The final number was Respighi's "Pines of Rome," undeniably one of the most popular of tone poems. Mr. Koussevitzky's reading had the theatrical effectiveness which dazzled the audiences at the several performances last season.

The symphony was Borodin's second. The novelty of the afternoon, a scherzo entitled "Gypsies," composed by a young Rumanian, Filip Lazar, and played for the first time in public, proved dull and noisy.

One wondered how far the music of Berlioz and Respighi depends for its effect on the associations of the word "Rome." The "Roman Carnival" overture, originally intended as an introduction to the second act of Berlioz' opera "Benvenuto Cellini," is based on themes drawn from the opera, and written doubtless with quite as much reference to the dramatic situations as to the 16th century Rome of which Cellini has left us so vivid a picture in his Memoirs.

Respighi's tone poem has a program note, printed in the score, explaining that the first of the four sections depicts children at play in the pine grove of the Villa Borghese, the second, "the shadows of the pines which overhang the entrance to a catacomb," the third, moonlight on the pines of one of the seven hills, the Janiculum, and the fourth a vision of Roman legions seen at sunrise on the Via Sacra.

Here the attempt at picture making is more definite and the appeal to the fringe of memories clustering in the listener's imagination around such words as "catacombs" and "the army of the consul" more direct.

Yet one wondered whether Respighi wrote this program note before or after composing the music. One wondered also whether he or another might not easily supply for this music 20 programs as ingenious, all of them different, and none of them Roman.

Borodin's Second Symphony sounded yesterday turgid, lacking in melodic inspiration, full of passages in which the composer, his constructive sense faulty, or in abeyance, marked time vaguely without knowing whither he was proceeding. The repetitious confused rhetoric of many Russian pieces may or may not reflect something in the Slavic temperament. It certainly tends to weary the hearer.

This symphony's chief merit is its vigorous rhythms. There is a certain amount of use of material suggesting Russian popular music, but one again found reason for a belief that the difference between the much touted "Five" Russian Nationalist composers and such avowed eclectics as Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein has been absurdly exaggerated.

Filip Lazar's name was unknown here until the other day. He is not to be found in most books of reference. From the program notes one gleams the information that he lives at Bucharest, Rumania, and studied in 1913-14 at Leipzig. His scherzo, "Gypsies," played from manuscript, has in the score an explanation that the music depicts gypsies dancing, singing, quarreling over a pretty girl, and then driven from the village by the henchmen of the local landlord.

Lazar has used a very large orchestra, chosen with care, and including a great deal of percussion. He asks for three assorted saxophones, for which assorted clarinets were substituted yesterday. He uses the orchestra like a child with a new toy, trying many original effects, some of which come off.

His treatment of folk themes in modern guise is far from being as skilful and satisfying as that of Stravinsky or even Prokofiev. "Much ado about nothing," was one's snap judgment.

There are no concerts in the regular Symphony series next week, as the orchestra is going on a tour which will carry it to Toronto, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and way stations.

P. R.



# Boston Symphony Concert

**S**YMPHONY HALL, Boston —  
Fourth pair of concerts by the  
Boston Symphony Orchestra,  
Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Oct.  
29-30, 1926. The program:

Berlioz—Overture, "Le Carnaval Ro-  
main," op. 9.  
Borodin—Symphony No. 2 in B minor.  
Lazar—"Tziganes," Scherzo.  
Respighi—Symphonic Poem, "Pini di  
Roma."

For Russian music nowadays, go  
to Koussevitzky and the Boston  
Symphony. (Or, for that matter, by  
token of yesterday's concert, for  
French, Rumanian or Italian music.)  
Granted that Koussevitzky was  
somewhat less impressive in "Le  
Sacre" than Monteux. In "Schéhéraz-  
ade" or in Tchaikovsky's Fifth,  
who excels him? Now Borodin's  
Second Symphony is nearer to Stra-  
vinsky than to Tchaikovsky; not in  
structure, but in mood. The classic  
mold does not succeed in constrain-  
ing the Russian giant. And while  
there are primitive rhythms, the  
chief feature of the score is its Ori-  
ental color and tang—precisely what  
distinguishes the Polovtsian Dances  
from "Prince Igor" and Rimsky-Kor-  
sakoff's "Schéhérazade" Suite, in  
which the conductor shines.

It is not surprising, therefore, that  
Mr. Koussevitzky should convince us  
that this symphony, unheard in Bos-  
ton for eight years, was worth the  
reviving. Less brilliant in aspect,  
perhaps, because of the classic mask  
it wears, this music nevertheless, set  
down by the hand that penned  
"Prince Igor," and at about the same  
time, belongs definitely with the pro-  
ductions of the most famous of the  
composer's circle, Rimsky and Mous-  
sorgsky; and therefore it is fitting  
material for Koussevitzky's baton.  
And splendidly he directed it, and  
splendidly the men of the orchestra  
played it.

Some there will doubtless always  
be who will find the material of this  
symphony monotonous. Certainly  
little of it is ingratiating. Such evi-  
dently was not the composer's inten-  
tion. Stasoff's explanation that  
Borodin meant to portray the  
ancient Russian knights in their

awkwardness and in their greatness  
makes that clear; and certainly the  
rude themes and varied rhythms  
achieve his purpose. But was not  
Stasoff's account inadequate when  
he declared the purpose of the  
Andante to be to recall the songs of  
the Slav bayans, or troubadours?  
Surely the exquisite and melancholy  
lyricism of this movement is no less  
than an expression of the Russian  
people itself, like the scene that  
closed "Boris Godounoff" in the  
original version.

Filip Lazar's Scherzo was per-  
formed yesterday for the first time,  
and from manuscript. The com-  
poser is a Rumanian, 32 years old.  
The score calls for a large modern  
orchestra, and bears an "argument"  
indicating that it is intended to rep-  
resent a festal day in a Rumanian  
village, with gypsies dancing, sing-  
ing and wrangling. It was exceed-  
ingly difficult, on a first hearing, to  
call up with the aid of the music  
the scene suggested. The incidents  
and characters seemed insufficiently  
differentiated. Aside from the  
"story," the music held little inter-  
est. The thematic material is frag-  
mentary, and the chief use made of  
it is to repeat it indefinitely. The  
rhythms are more broken than  
varied and the whole effect is one of  
monotony. Moreover, while the com-  
poser uses mighty instrumental  
forces, his orchestration is thin and  
barren.

So much so as almost to make one  
like better than last year Respighi's  
too liquid pines. At least the pages  
just preceding the entrance of the  
nightingale record are of a rich and  
varied tonal and harmonic beauty  
that yesterday seemed to deserve  
better company.

When has there been heard in Sym-  
phony Hall so thrilling a perform-  
ance of Berlioz's Overture? Mr.  
Koussevitzky had a dramatic concep-  
tion of the music, which the mag-  
nificent playing of the orchestra en-  
abled him to project unalloyed. Mr.  
Speyer's English horn had unex-  
ampled tonal loveliness and delicacy  
of phrasing, and his associates met  
his challenge. Indeed, throughout the

program the orchestra played with  
astonishing finish and expressiveness.  
No wonder they were called to their  
feet after the overture and again at  
the close of the program, not a com-  
mon occurrence on a Friday after-  
noon. And few listeners left before  
the end of the concert. Perhaps the  
fact that the symphony came second  
on the program had something to do  
with that.

L. A. S.

## UNIQUE SYMPHONY; MORE SHOW-PIECES; LARGE ENJOYMENT

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY ENTERTAINS  
LAVISHLY

Color, Rhythm, Orchestral Virtuosity  
from Berlioz of the Eighteen-Forties to  
Lazar and Respighi of the Nineteen-  
Twenties—Borodin's Symphony, in the  
Orthodox Forms Imprisoning Old Russia

**I**T is not the least of Mr. Kousse-  
vitzky's merits as conductor that he  
feels the temper of the times. Un-  
like some of his brethren, he se-  
cludes himself in no ivory tower of hal-  
lowed classics and sanctified moderns, do-  
ing all things for edification. Nor does he  
descend into the market-place, opening  
both arms to whatever composers may  
be, for the hour, the critical or the popu-  
lar fashion. He is aware, however, that  
sundry forms of music and sundry man-  
ners of music-making please the nine-  
teen-twenties hereabouts, even as Sere-  
nades charmed the seventeen-eighties in  
Mozart's Salzburg and Vienna. Our cor-  
responding pleasure is the Rhapsody, the  
Caprice, the Scherzo, for orchestra. We  
like it better when it is spiced with folk-  
tunes, preferably remote and exotic; best  
of all, when it is also frosted with a  
stinging virtuosity.

The twentieth-century orchestra teems  
with possibilities. To exploit them is  
recurring temptation to many a com-  
poser; to enjoy them recurring stimula-  
tion to most audiences. Gradually this  
instrumental bravura has become a game  
for experts; while we listeners sit on  
the sidelines as eagerly as though we  
were watching tennis-champions volley-  
ing across the net. At the least, it is an  
amusing aural sport—and there is not

a valid reason why we should not be  
amused in the concert-hall. In fact to  
not a few of us amusement is the func-  
tioning and the flowering of the arts.

Often enough Mr. Koussevitzky acts ac-  
cordingly. Unashamed he and his orches-  
tra play pieces that are entertaining and  
little else—say Monsieur Ibert's "Ren-  
contres" a week ago. With zest they  
wreak—and distinguish—themselves up-  
on exercises in instrumental virtuosity.  
Their programs give frequent room to  
the Rhapsodies and Caprices aforesaid.  
More than once they have brought off  
"brilliant concerts" (as the jargon of re-  
viewing goes) in which games of skill  
and imagination with the orchestra were  
the higher lights. The audience has tes-  
tified loudly to its pleasure. Only purists  
and pedants have departed disconsolate  
or disgruntled.

Such a concert, for the most part, was  
that of yesterday. Berlioz's Overture,  
"Roman Carnival" is staple piece for  
these occasions. The new Scherzo,  
"Tziganes," of the Roumanian, Mr.  
Lazar, fitted amiably into the scheme.  
Respighi's "Pini di Roma" suited it well  
enough. Only the Symphony of Borodin  
hung, heavier-footed, upon the outskirts.  
Had any major and unadulterated classic  
of the symphonic fold companioned it,  
the association might have been less con-  
genial. So entertained, the audience of  
Friday outdid itself in applause; for the  
first time this autumn rediscovered the  
orchestra; twice had it upon acknowl-  
edging feet.

After eighty years the "Roman Carni-  
val" still amuses. The initial rush pro-  
vokes the ear; the song of the English  
horn agreeably soothes it; the recurring  
dance-tune has a pricking rhythm; from  
tumult to tumult Berlioz whips forward.  
The listener's attention is not strained.  
He is pleased, stimulated; has no occasion  
to reason why. Yes; these romanti-  
composers of the thirties and forties re-  
main exhilarating fellows. Berlioz, ever  
so long ago, knew an imaginative trick  
or two with instruments. Besides, con-  
sider the prowess of the orchestra! Only  
a Devil's Advocate would insinuate that  
he had heard Mr. Koussevitzky himself  
"read" the overture with less riot of  
color and more definition of line.

No less did Mr. Lazar's gypsy-scherzo  
suit the occasion. Nothing essential was  
lacking—folk-motifs (presumably) leap-  
ing readily into short-breathed, pungent  
melody; rhythms that kicked up their  
heels and snapped their fingers at the  
slightest urge from the composer; keen  
edged modulations, abrupt transitions,  
whippets of climax; repetitions in  
changeable harmonic dress and freshened  
instrumental color; skill, feeling, fertility  
with the timbres of a many-voiced or-  
chestra. True, Mr. Lazar was more



minded to toss about than to enrich his motifs; but this is a dynamic age; while what is to be expected of these Eastern Europeans except rhythms, color and fiery forwardness? True; he missed the goading repetitions and the pounding climax of Mr. Enesco's familiar Roumanian Rhapsody, but Mr. Lazar set himself a detailed program; while his elder compatriot put no limit to his native exuberance. Yes; this young Roumanian can play the game of vivid rhythm and orchestral flare as keenly and cleverly as most of his generation. Like the whiff of garlic in a salad were one or two of his native motifs.

In turn, Respighi's symphonic poem of the Roman pines, new piece last spring, bore autumn repetition well. Under the trees of the Villa Borghese, where children play, rhythms flicked and darted amid instrumental virtuosity unflagging—again the purpose and the enjoyment of the day. Counterpart were the thickening, mounting sonorities, the implacable drum-beats, the clattering, surging rhythms of the march of the legionaries under the pines of the Appian Way. Nor had the graver Respighi lost substance when the orchestra, still a band of virtuosos, chanted the holy hymn of the remote catacombs. Not too thin, either, was the mellifluous Respighi strolling the Janiculum in the quivering Roman night. Besides, it is pleasure to report the capital vocal form of the gramophone nightingale evidently returning refreshed to Symphony Hall. A more discreet bird, never before has he blended so well with the trilling orchestra. No doubt, "Pini di Roma" begins and ends in contrasting tours de force; between, under succulent surfaces go also streaks of substance; while ever there is instant and unaffected mood. Not a crack mars the musical vesture, splits the musical jointure. A craftsman with imagination is Respighi.

Tour de force is also Borodin's Symphony in B-minor—a symphony "thrown back," until it is primeval and barbaric, by a half-laboring, half-inspired Russian. Probably there is no other in the books; certainly none is current in western concert-halls. The pundits sit questionless before Borodin's orthodox form. He certifies at Cambridge has been rearranged overlooks no established prescription; in-so that the series will end at the middle trudes not one freedom. Like his fellow-composers in Petersburg of the seventies, he was proving to the Europeans over Oct. 14, Nov. 11, Dec. 2, Dec. 16, Jan. 13, he border that "we also can do it." Feb. 10, March 3, March 31, April 14. Yet seldom has a law-abiding symphony held such content or more strangely treated it. Not a motif or a melody next. Any seats then untaken will be scapes oriental contour and oriental accent. Straight from the mediaeval, Tar from Monday, Oct. 11.

ar, quasi-Asiatic Russia of Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor" matter and manner come. At the beginning and the end of the slow movement, the ancient minstrels twang their balalaikas, and we hearers enter and leave the world of Russian folk-tale. In cumbrous tonal masses move the first movement and the finale, though Allegro is written above them. Yet the tonal tread is stately. Plainly Borodin would evoke the boyards of old Russia, mountainous men, sitting at huge feasts, in slow defile across palace-courts and council-chambers. Thick is the texture of the music—for those seigneurs of matted beards and furred mantles.

Beginning the symphony, Borodin more reiterates his musical matter than transmutes or amplifies it—already the note of barbaric repetition. Often the musical progress is awkward—as though he groped for the primeval urge and stride. The instrumental color is primary-tinted; for the painted houses of mediaeval Russia are crossing his imagination. He essays the Scherzo. Through a few measures he wills it light—a music of the schools. Forthwith the Oriental prepossession returns; there are languors and tinklings. The balalaikas sound down the king's hall; melancholy, fitful, haunted, is the minstrels' song; again the tremulous strings and harps; as by magic the curtain drops. "Sonata-form," says the learned program-book, passing to the Finale. Quite so, laboriously, awkwardly, heavy-voiced; for Borodin, in spite of himself, turns back to his massive boyards, tuning his music to their feasts, rhythming and surfacing it to the rumble of the folk. What tone-poems and tone-pictures he might have written of this barbaric Russia, had he forsworn superfluous Western orthodoxies! Even in "Prince Igor" he was still deferring—and with the usual labor,—to the conventions of operatic virtue. He cut free in the Polovtsian games and dances, and they are his monument. Yet he wrote also this symphony like no other. H. T. P.

To make room for the projected Beethoven Festival next spring of the Symphony Orchestra, the schedule of its concert before Borodin's orthodox form. He certifies at Cambridge has been rearranged overlooks no established prescription; in-so that the series will end at the middle trudes not one freedom. Like his fellow-composers in Petersburg of the seventies, he was proving to the Europeans over Oct. 14, Nov. 11, Dec. 2, Dec. 16, Jan. 13, he border that "we also can do it." Feb. 10, March 3, March 31, April 14. Yet seldom has a law-abiding symphony held such content or more strangely treated it. Not a motif or a melody next. Any seats then untaken will be scapes oriental contour and oriental accent. Straight from the mediaeval, Tar from Monday, Oct. 11.

Timely Mr. Lazar Trans. Oct. 23, 1926.

From Roumania, as we all know in these days, comes something new—usually by way of Paris. This time, however, it is not a queen with princelings and other ares, but a composer, Mr. Filip Lazăr with a Scherzo for orchestra, "Gypsies," to be played at the Symphony Concerts tomorrow and Saturday. Mr. Lazăr, writes the inquiring A. H. M., was born in Roumania in 1894. At the age of nine he entered the Conservatory at Bucharest, studying the piano and the usual theoretical branches. Acting upon advice received there, he went to Leipzig to complete his musical studies. Here, through the year 1913-1914 he studied the piano with Teichmüller and composition with Stefan Krehl. A piano-sonata written at this time shows the influence of Brahms and Schumann. A few days before the declaration of war he returned to Roumania. In his native country he entered a military school, passed to the front; was cited for bravery, received the Roumanian Cross of War. Resuming his musical life after the armistice, Mr. Lazăr has been fertile as a composer since 1919. From his hand has come a sonata for violin and piano, two suites for piano, several pieces for orchestra, a "Bagatelle" for contra-bass or violoncello and piano, Roumanian folk-dances, songs and choral numbers.

The score of the Scherzo, "Tziganes," bears the following dates: "Bucharest, 15 Sept.—21 Nov., 1925; Second Version, 4 March—6 April, 1926." The piece is written for the usual large orchestra of the present day with the addition of three saxophones—soprano, tenor, bass. A note on the fly-leaf runs:

In a village of the district of Ilfov, in Roumania. . . . A holiday.

. . . . The gypsies have gathered round their vatav or chief near the house of the boyard (Roumanian noble). They dance, sing, quarrel.

. . . . Dancing a "danse d'amour," the comeliest of the gypsies fascinates the rest of them through her grace and beauty. . . . They resume the dance, until, drunk with the excitement of their own rhythm, they drop from fatigue. The beautiful one, singing, moves away, and disappears into the darkness of the approaching night. . . . They attempt to begin over again, but flee before the guard of the boyard.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1926

## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Filip Lazăr's "Gypsies," a scherzo, will be performed from manuscript, and for the first time, at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. Lazăr is a Roumanian, who, born in 1894, having studied under masters of that country, became a pupil of Stephan Krehl at the Leipzig Conservatory. Lazăr now lives at Bucharest. This scherzo, scored for the modern full orchestra, describes a scene in the courtyard of a nobleman. Gypsies enter, dance, sing, wrangle. The handsomest of the women dances voluptuously, then leaves the crowd. The gypsies again dance, but they are driven away by the boyard's attendants. Little Roumanian music has been heard in Boston. Enesco's is known, but he went to Vienna, then to Paris at an early age and is identified with the musical life of Paris, though in 1912 he founded a National Prize for works by young Roumanian composers, prizes that have been awarded to Otescu, Cuctin, Alexandrescu, Tora, Enacovici, and Golestani, names unfamiliar here. Franz Kneisel was born at Bucharest and made his first studies there, but, it is said, he was of a German family. National opera was not firmly established until 1919, when it was patronized by Queen Marie and aided by the state. The country is rich in folk tunes which have an ancient character.

The program of the week also comprises "The Roman Carnival" overture of Berlioz, Borodin's Second Symphony, which has not been performed at these concerts since Mr. Rabaud's time, and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," with the assistance of the gramophone nightingale.

Mr. Koussevitzky will take the orchestra next week on its first trip of the season. The program of the fifth pair of concerts, Nov. 12, 13, will be as follows: Arensky's Theme and Variations, Schumann's Symphony No. 1, B flat; Bartok, Village Scenes; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody.



Lazăr entered the Bucharest Conservatory of Music when he was nine years old. He studied the pianoforte with Emile Saegin, and theory with D. C. Kiriac. From 1909 to 1913 his teacher of harmony, counterpoint, and fugue was Alfonso Castaldi. At the Leipsic Conservatory of Music (1913-14), Lazăr took pianoforte lessons of Robert Teichmüller. His teacher in composition was Stephan Krehl.\* A pianoforte sonata showing the strong influence of Schumann and Brahms was written by Lazăr at this period. He returned to Roumania a few days before the war broke out. In 1915 he re-entered the military school, and remained there until Roumania declared war against the central allies. He served actively in the army, was cited in an "order of the day," and he received the Roumanian War-Cross.

The list of his compositions includes a violin sonata (1919), which was awarded the second national prize for composition; in 1920-22 he

## ENJOY SYMPHONY CONCERT BY RADIO

### Public Pleased by Prof. Marshall's Interpretive Talks

Such comments as "the most enjoyable broadcast ever presented," and "Prof. Marshall's interpretive talks are invaluable" attest the extravagant manner in which listeners throughout the United States are commenting on the concerts of the famous Boston Symphony orchestra sent out by Westinghouse Station WBZ and the chain including WJZ, WGY and WRC.

Thousands of letters have already been received by W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company of Boston, New York and Chicago, who is sponsoring the series of broadcasts and the various stations on the symphony chain which attest to the enthusiastic reception of the Saturday "symphonic night."

Stations WBZ and WBZA are the only stations which are to broadcast the concert tonight, since arrangements

for the chain broadcasts could not be made for more than 15 of the season's 24 concerts, all of which are to be broadcast by the Westinghouse stations at Springfield and Boston. Prof. John Patten Marshall, who is interpreting the selections for the radio audience, classes this week's concert as a modern one for, with the exception of a number by Berlioz, all the selections are of recent date.

Borodin, whose Symphony No. 2 furnishes the "piece de resistance" on tonight's program, was one of the five composers who were associated in an attempt to found a Russian school of composition. During the intermission, Prof. Marshall will illustrate with the assistance of Marjorie Posselt, violinist, the themes from Borodin's symphony, and will tell of the music of the new Russian school. The two numbers after the intermission are by living composers, Lazar, a Rumanian, and Respighi, one of the most prominent of modern Italian composers.

Prof. Marshall will tell his audience something about Rumanian music and in discussing Respighi's symphonic poem, "Pines of Rome," he will explain the connection between the music and the sub-titles. The complete program follows:

Berlioz..... Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain"  
Borodin..... Symphony No. 2 in B Minor  
I. Allegro moderato, II. Molto vivo, III. Andante, IV. Allegro  
Lazar..... "Tziganes," Scherzo  
Respighi..... Symphonic poem, "Pini di Roma"  
(Pines of Rome)  
I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese, II. The Pines near a Catacomb, III. The Pines of the Janiculum, IV. The Pines of the Appian Way.

# Tonight's Symphony Has Distinctly Modern Trend



Here is the WBZ broadcasting booth in Symphony Hall. At the microphone is Professor John P. Marshall who interprets the Symphony programmes for the Westinghouse station's audience. Standing, on the left, is W. S. Quincy, who is sponsoring the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts being broadcast by WBZ, WJZ, WGY and WRC. On the right is Alwyn E. W. Bach, WBZ announcer handling the Symphony broadcast. Operators at the control panels are D. A. Myer, engineer in charge of WBZ on the right, and G. William Lang in the background.

The first tour of the season for the Symphony Orchestra will take it to Montreal on Monday of next week; Toronto on Tuesday; Buffalo on Wednesday; Rochester on Thursday; Pittsburgh on Friday and Saturday. The programs array Franck's Symphony and the Fourth Symphony of Chaikovsky; Berlioz's overture, "Roman Carnival" and the Prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin"; Respighi's "Pines of Rome" and Debussy's two Nocturnes; suites from Stravinsky's "Petrushka" and Prokofiev's "Chout"; Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik."



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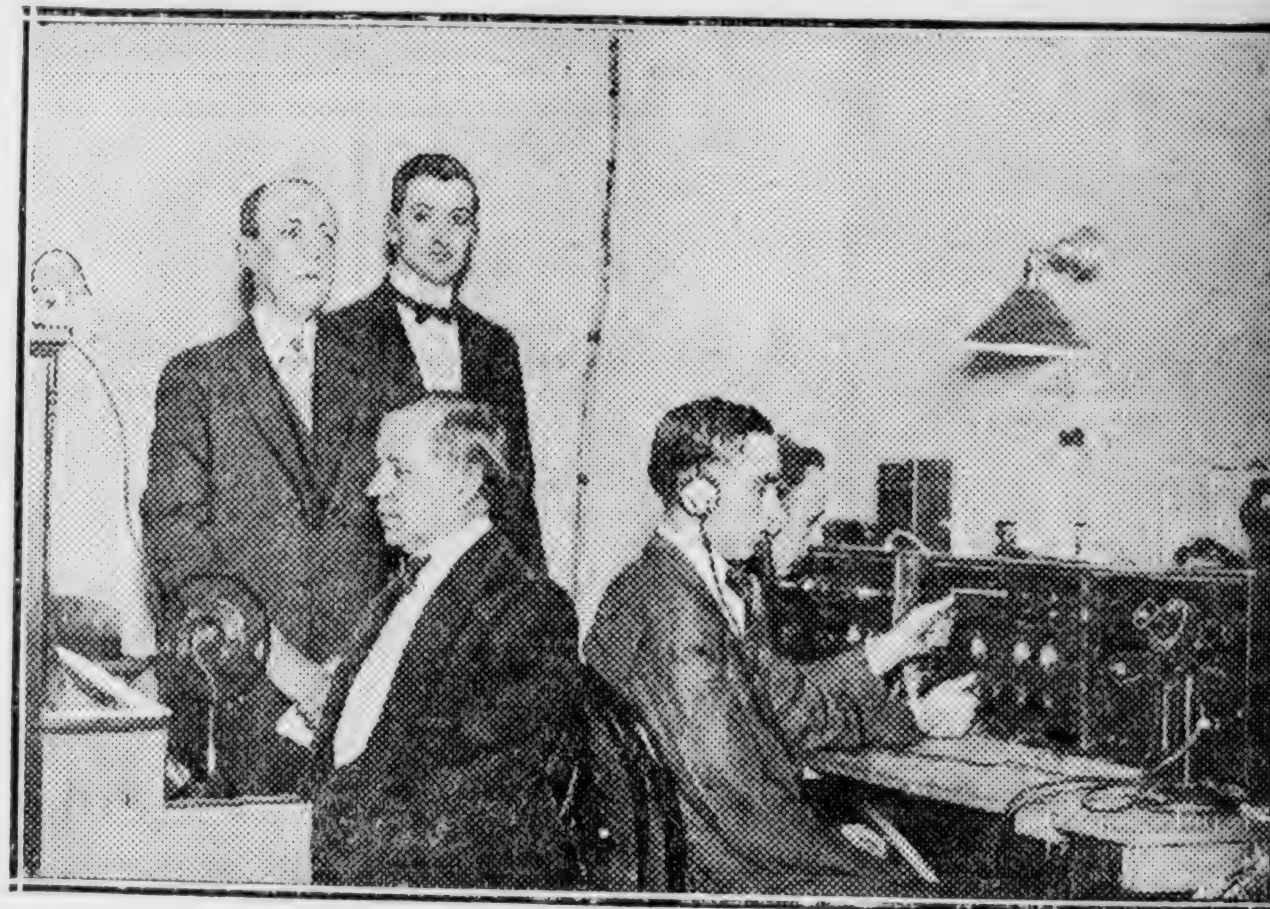
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Berlioz.....Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain"  
Borodin.....Symphony No. 2 in D Minor  
I. Allegro moderato, II. Molto vivo, III. Andante, IV. Allegro  
Lazar....."Tziganes," Scherzo  
Respighi.....Symphonic poem, "Pini di Roma" (Pines of Rome)  
I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese, II. The Pines near a Catacomb, III. The Pines of the Janiculum, IV. The Pines of the Appian Way.

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## Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 12, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

Prokofieff . . . . . Suite from the Opera, "The Love for Three Oranges"

- I. Les Ridicules.
- II. Scène Infernale.
- III. Marche.
- IV. Scherzo.
- V. Le Prince et la Princesse.
- VI. La Fuite.

(First time in the United States)

Bartók . . . . . Dance Suite for Orchestra

- I. Moderato.
- II. Allegro molto.
- III. Allegro vivace.
- IV. Molto tranquillo.
- V. Commodo.
- VI. Finale: Allegro.

(First time in Boston)

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andante moderato.
- III. Allegro giocoso.
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898. — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

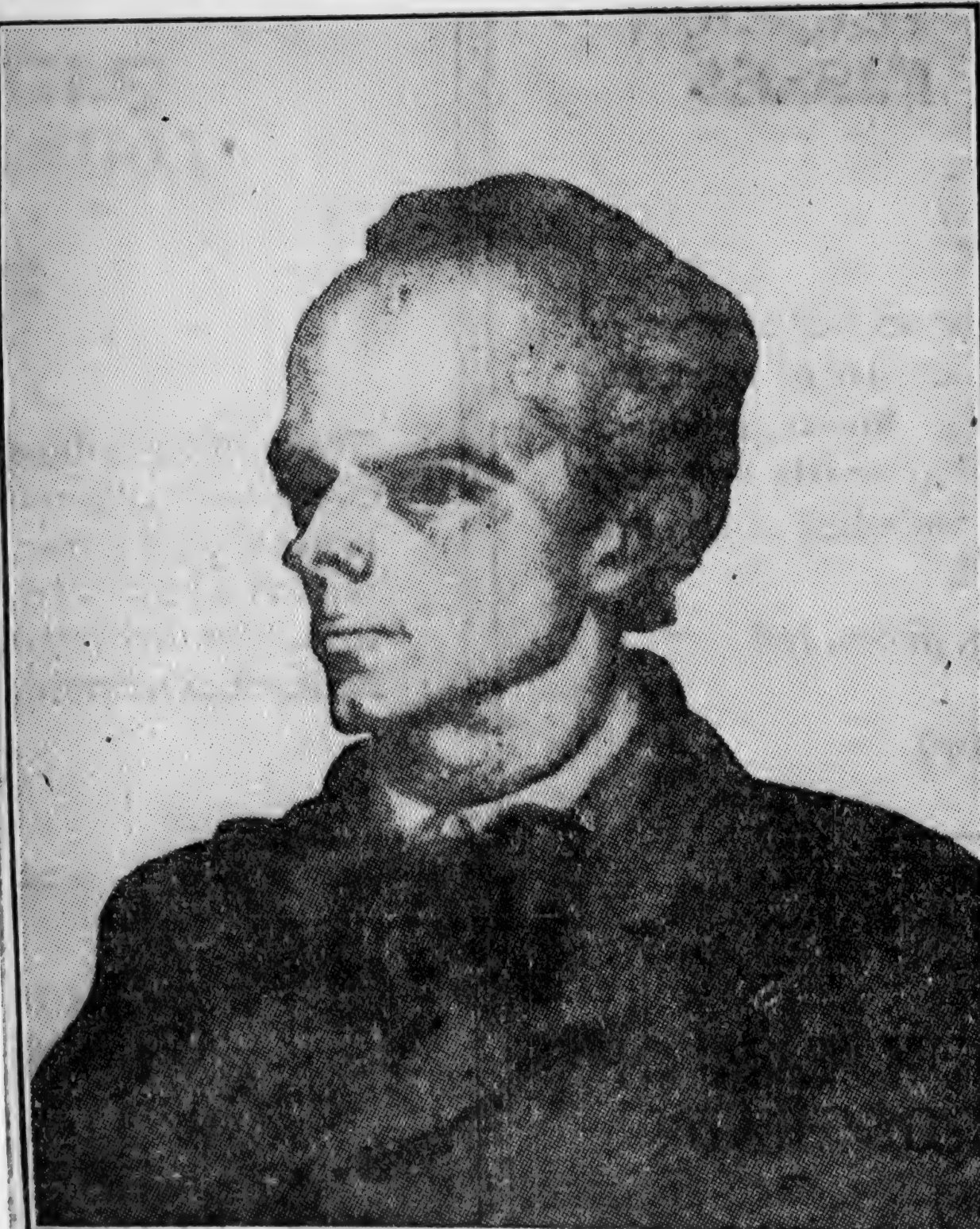
Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head-covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



## Sharpened Singularity



Bela Bartok

Hungarian Modernist, Entering the Symphony Concerts  
Tomorrow for the First Time

## SYMPHONY IN FIFTH CONCERT

*Herald* — Nov. 13, 1920

Prokofieff, Beethoven, Bartok and Brahms Works  
on Program

SAME BILL TO BE  
GIVEN TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to Goethe's "Egmont"; Prokofieff, Suite from the opera, "The Love for Three Oranges" (first time in this country); Bartok, Dance Suite (first time in Boston); Brahms, Symphony No. 4, E minor.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked heartily for producing Prokofieff's fascinating Suite and acquainting us with music by Bartok, concerning whose worth as a composer there is hot discussion. It would have been to the advantage of the composers and the audience if a repetition of the Suites had taken the place of the symphony with which we are all familiar. (No disrespect to Johannes.)

Prokofieff's opera, from which his Suite is derived, is based on Gozzi's satirical fairy play, which might well excite the imagination of any composer. There is no need in this instance of restating the old saw: "This music is for the stage and suffers when it is transferred to the concert hall," for with one possible exception, the "Scene Infernale," the movements are interesting, yes, delightful, as absolute music. They are not only brilliantly and, often, surprisingly orchestrated; they have original musical ideas, now impressive by their force, now giving great pleasure by their indisputable and peculiar beauty, as in the slow movement where the beauty of thought and expression is most poetic, a type of beauty that has not been revealed in other modern compositions now known to us. In the wilder passages there is no extravagance for the sake of making the bourgeois sit up. One feels throughout the suite the honesty of Prokofieff. Thus he thought; so he expressed himself; and how well he did it! A remarkable man this Serge Prokofieff, to us the most original, the most imaginative, and

the best equipped composer now creating music. With the hearing of each work by him, our admiration for him waxes stronger.

One has not heard enough of Bartok's music in Boston to judge him fairly, even with some show of intelligence. To many his music is a stumbling block; to some, the abomination of desolation; yet no less a man than the conservative Adolf Weissmann does not hesitate to say of Bartok's music that "even an unsympathetic hearer must feel that it is the work of a master musician and a man of character."

Bartok is a Hungarian. This Dance Suite was written for the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the union of the two cities Buda and Pest. As he is a zealous collector of folk music which has often served as the basis of his own, it is natural to suppose that for a civic and national celebration he made use of Hungarian folk tunes.

Late month in London Mme. Basilides sang "with evident conviction" songs by Bartok and Kodaly, and sang them in the Hungarian language. Mr. Ernest Newman, reviewing her recital, acknowledged his ignorance of Hungarian. "The singer seemed to be in turns tragic, minatory, sad and coquettish, but precisely why the one or the other I could not say. Mme. Basilides must not think our comparative apathy under the circumstances my reflection on her as an artist. After all we should hardly expect a Budapest audience to be completely responsive to the subtleties of such typically English songs as, 'Please sell no more drink to my father,' or 'Don't tell my mother I'm living in sin.'"

Many hearers yesterday, knowing that Bartok is a Hungarian, remembering Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, and reading that Bartok was an admirer of Liszt, probably expected to hear music of the gypsy order, intoxicating rhythms and effects like those produced by hammering on the cymbalom. They were disappointed. They heard little tunes without drunken frenzy; there were few maddening, dissolute rhythms.

We could not help recalling the remark of Sar Peladan concerning the music of our old friend Johannes Brahms: "that it was like a gypsy attempting to dance in a tightly laced corset."

Nor were we led astray by the title "Dance Suite." "Dance" admits of several definitions; there are solemn, sacred dances; dances, too, that are almost static; dances like those now popular, in which a young man embracing his girl shoves her backward and forwards and sideways and zigzag along a floor. Bartok's music seemed to us to be without sensuousness, without sentiment, without emotion. No doubt he felt his music; but in a way that is still foreign to us and in an idiom that, with slight knowledge of his work, is at present not easily understood or appreciated.



The orchestral performance of the two suites was of a dazzling brilliance. Mr. Koussevitzky gave a superb and appropriately dramatic reading of the overture, which, we should not forget, was written for a play and for performance in a theatre. To the joy of the faithful, a symphony by Brahms brought the end. Mr. Koussevitzky is fond of Brahms; he conducts the music of Johannes in a masterly manner—but *Toujours Brahms—toujours perdrix.*

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week comprises four unfamiliar pieces: Tansman's *Dance of The Sorceress* from a ballet "The Garden of Paradise"; Krasa's *March and Pastorale* from a symphony; Webern's five pieces for orchestra; Walton's Overture "Portsmouth Point" and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

## MODERN MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Nov. 13, 1926  
Bartok's 'Dance Suite' and  
Prokofieff Suite Heard

The program of yesterday's Symphony concert, after many changes, took final shape as follows: "Egmont" overture, Beethoven; suite from the opera "Love for Three Oranges," Prokofieff; dance suite, Bela Bartok; Fourth Symphony, Brahms. The modern pieces by Bartok and Prokofieff, played for the first time here, were coldly received, despite remarkably clear and brilliant performances.

The inertia and apathy of the average audience toward new music can only be overcome by such courageous and persistent performance of even the least-liked novelties as shall assure to the geniuses of the present day the perpetuation of their work.

It can hardly be too often repeated that not only Beethoven and Wagner, but even Mozart and Haydn, were regarded by the conservatives of their days as dangerous musical radicals, and denounced in the same phrases now used by irate listeners to condemn Bartok, Prokofieff, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Honegger, Copland and other 20th-century composers. The history of music did not end, nor did it begin, with the death of Brahms.

Mr. Koussevitzky has planned for next week a program divided evenly between assorted modernists, sure to irritate many in the audience, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which, it is to be hoped will come as balm to sore ears. The conductor's taste and courage in performing a reasonable

amount of modern music deserve high praise.

Bartok's *Dance Suite* is the first characteristic work in large form by that much discussed Hungarian modernist to be played here. The *Allegro barbaro*, and "Bear Dance" for piano, and an early string quartet, have hitherto scantily represented him in the memories of Boston concert goers.

One felt like exclaiming yesterday over this *Dance Suite* in Schumann's familiar phrase of salute to the youthful Brahms, "Hats off! A Genius!" It is music of extraordinary individuality and power. The rhythmic intricacy and intensity recall Stravinsky, but the themes are characteristic of Bartok, who has absorbed, it is said, the essence of Hungarian folk tunes as Stravinsky has of Russian.

The harmonies clash in this piece. There is what to many ears must seem wanton and wilful polytonality. Yet one felt that Bartok had not the slightest intention of startling his hearers. His interest appeared to be in interweaving rhythmic and melodic strands with a polyphony too free to deserve to be called counterpoint.

The themes are powerful, his use of them masterly. The emotional effect of the pieces is heightened by repeated contrasting use of a sort of motto theme, labelled in the score a "ritornello" and having something of the plaintive antique grace the name suggests.

It is curious that Bartok's music has been so little heard in a city to which some other modernists are well enough known. One hopes Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat this *Dance Suite* and offer us still more of Bartok.

The fragments from Prokofieff's opera, "Love for Three Oranges," arranged into a suite by that excellent musician, the violinist, Albert Spalding, suffer, of course, from the absence of the illustrative action. But they reveal an ability to depict the realm of fairy tales and folk lore with a curious blend of farce and horror far more human and plausible than the Shaksperian fairy music of Mendelssohn.

Prokofieff, one reflected, could write the score of a first-rate comic opera if only a librettist with genuine ironic wit and audiences eager to use rather than to forget their intelligence were to be had.

Mr. Koussevitzky was at his best as a poetic and emotional interpreter in Brahms' Fourth Symphony. He managed to disengage the real nobility and tragic power of the music from turgid and curiously constricted

The first two movements, which much the best in the symphony, poignantly and powerfully played without any substitution of hysteria for passion. The reading of the "Egmont" overture was superficial, and, except for the introductory measures, unemotional. P. R.

## Koussevitzky—Prokofieff—Bartók

Monitor Nov. 13, 1926

SYMPHONY HALL, Boston — Fifth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Nov. 12 and 13, 1926. The program:

Beethoven—  
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84  
Prokofieff—  
Suite from the Opera, "The Love for Three Oranges"  
Bartók.....*Dance Suite* for Orchestra  
Brahms—  
Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

Prokofieff's Suite was played for the first time in the United States, Bartók's for the first time in Boston. Prokofieff's opera, "The Love for Three Oranges," based on Carlo Gozzi's eighteenth-century comedy, was first performed by the Chicago Opera Company nearly five years ago. This Suite, played a year ago in Paris, is in six divisions, representing severally the "Jesters" of the play, the "Scène Infernale," March, Scherzo, the Prince and the Princess, and the Flight of Fata Morgana. We had previously heard from Mr. Koussevitzky in Boston, Prokofieff's Scythian Suite, his Violin Concerto, his Akkadian Incantation, "Sept, Ils Sont Sept," and his third piano Concerto, and had been duly impressed with the composer's powers.

Why did this Suite make less impression? Was it because Prokofieff is not inspired by the comic muse? There is plenty of contrast, a great deal of noise and considerable melodic loveliness in the Suite, but little effect of originality. The Violin Concerto and the Akkadian Incantation smite the listener with a sense of necessity. This suite gives an effect of cerebration, and also, alas, of familiarity. As a whole it is perhaps in direct descent from Rimsky-Korsakoff's musical fairy tales, but other names, too, are called up in memory. The Flight, for example, is distinctly Straussian. The Prince and the Princess obviously have wandered from the Bois de Boulogne into fairyland within quite recent years. And as for the march—it seems incredible, but it is the work of a Russian Sousa. Nevertheless there are moments of great beauty in those Parisian memories, and a lot of real fun in the

Scherzo. And who, not having seen and heard the opera, can say that the score is not admirably wedded to the action?

Probably the principal fault of Prokofieff's Suite is a lack of rhythmic vigor and variety. And it was particularly in that respect that Bartók's Suite shone by comparison. Bartók, strangely enough, was new to the programs of this orchestra, and he had been known previously in Boston only by his short piano pieces and his first String Quartet. It was time his orchestral work was introduced. The *Dance Suite*, played last year in Cincinnati and Chicago, starts under a handicap of suspicion, since it is "occasional" music, composed for a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary in 1923 of the union of the cities of Buda and Pesth. It is significant that the composition overcomes this handicap at once, and bears out in considerable degree the impression of originality given by the previously heard works of the composer.

Bartók, who seems to be a retiring and modest gentleman, has confessed to being influenced by Brahms, Dohnányi, Liszt, Wagner and Strauss. We ought to be glad to have him tell us of this indebtedness, for we should be unlikely to discover it in his work. But most astonishing of all is his statement that after falling under the spell of "Zarathustra" he reverted to Liszt, and presently "acknowledged in him a genius far greater than Wagner's or Strauss's." Certainly a man is "an original" who places Liszt above Wagner. How fortunate it is that his opinions do not affect his work. For nothing could be farther from Liszt than the utterly direct, sincere and straightforward writing of this modern Hungarian. It is mercifully distant from Gypsy tunes, and entirely free from both sentimentality and blatancy.

Like Prokofieff's, Bartók's Suite is divided into six sections, but there the resemblance ends. Bartók's Suite progresses from a Moderato through an Allegro molto to an Allegro vivace; then drops into a Molto tranquillo of exquisitely delicate melodic and harmonic beauty.



and slips from a Commode into a thrilling Finale. A sort of motto serves to connect the sections. Throughout there is material of value, remarkable economy of means in its use, and above all, the vital pulse of vigorous rhythm. There is other music by Bartók for orchestra. Let us hope we shall hear it.

Both these novel pieces were played with great virtuosity by the orchestra, and were received with quite extraordinary calm by the Friday afternoon audience, which much preferred the magnificent distances of Herr Brahms. Why was it that we constantly were thinking, during the Symphony, of "Tannhäuser"? Was it perhaps because the Brahms of 1885 had about caught up with the Wagner of 1850? L. A. S.

## NEW WORKS PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 13, 1926.  
Bartok's Dances and  
Prokofieff's Suite  
Performed

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In that it offered through that composer's Dance Suite the first performance in this city of an orchestral piece by the Hungarian Bela Bartok, the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon may, at some future date, be set down as a red-letter occasion.

It is never easy to evaluate one's contemporaries. Meyerbeer was once preferred to Schumann and Gyrowetz to Beethoven. And it is within the range of possibility that Bartok, whose music is now a stumbling-block to many, may some day be as-

signed a place among the foremost composers of this generation.

### BRAHMS SOUNDS MELLOW

In the text of the programme-book there is a reference to the "acerbity" of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, which follows this Dance Suite at this week's pair of Symphony concerts. Yet in contrast with the sour, astringent music of Bartok that of Brahms seemed yesterday in the last degree mellow and mellifluous, and this once baffling music must have fallen as balm upon many ears.

On the other hand it was also possible to find the first taste of Brahms in this juxtaposition a trifle flat and flavorless.

Written for the concert celebrating the 50th anniversary of the union of the cities of Buda and Pesth, Bartok's Suite has little of the festive element and none of the emptiness of most such occasional music. Its six movements bear no title other than the conventional Italian tempo indications: Moderato, Allegro molto, etc. And the musical idiom in which they are couched is so individual, so independent of conventionally sensuous elements that whether it repels, fascinates or merely fails to interest the listener, there is at present little point in disputing its merits.

### Prokofieff's Suite

Distinctly less original, indeed, than Bartok's Dances is the suite drawn from Prokofieff's fantastic opera "The Love For Three Oranges," publicly performed yesterday for the first time in the United States. Prokofieff is always entertaining, but he is usually more strikingly himself than in this particular music, which suggests now Rimsky-Korsakov of the folk-operas, now Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird," which itself stems from Rimsky, and, in the movement "De Prince et la Princesse," Ravel.

With an ear for contrasts and likewise a feeling for compensations, Mr. Koussevitzky has set his two moderns between the symphony aforementioned and Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont," which, in an uncommonly vital and stirring performance, began the concert. Nobly played, too, was Brahms' Symphony. Here, save for a fleeting instant or two, there was no hint of that more wayward Koussevitzky who sometimes remembers at inopportune moments his Slavic musical heritage. On a former occasion, in fact, there were those who found Mr. Koussevitzky Russianizing this very music. But not so yesterday. Brahms spoke, and spoke eloquently, with his own voice, albeit with a passionately earnest conductor and a marvellously expressive orchestra to give him substantial aid.

## BAFFLING BARTOK; PIQUANT PROKOFIEV; CLASSICS FOR FOIL

### NEW MASTER, OLD MASTERS AND A MYSTERY

Varied Fare at the Symphony Concert—  
The Hungarian Who Writes Like No  
Other—One More Side to the Manifold  
Russian—Waning Beethoven and Heroi-  
cal Brahms

THE SIN of Bartok in the Dance-Suite was the sin of Musorgsky in "Boris Godunov." He writes directly; he writes barely; he writes uncouthly; he writes in an idiom largely his own. Therefore Mr. Monteux, having conned one or another of his scores, put them all by. Bartok was then a rising figure in twentieth-century music. Chamber-pieces, symphonic pieces, from his pen were making way out of Hungary into western Europe. They baffled, confused, affronted. They were heard blankly, derisively, admiringly. The time was ripe to lead Bartok into Symphony Hall; but Mr. Monteux dared not—a cautious man before a singular music. Other conductors in America outstripped him—and he laid a soothing unction to his soul. The repercussions were exactly what he had foreseen.

Yesterday afternoon the more courageous Mr. Koussevitzky took the plunge. For the first time an orchestral piece of Bartok, the Dance-Suite of 1923, was played in Boston. The audience listened attentively enough—without smiles of superiority or postures of indifference. As plainly, the music left it baffled. Long instants of silence ensued upon the abrupt close; man for man and woman for woman, the house sat blank. At length a few hands stirred into perfunctory plaudits; a few more added the warmer note of acknowledgment, admiration, pleasure. Somehow or other the conductor was recalled; put a brave face upon a difficult moment; waved the faint response past himself to the deserving orchestra. Bartok and the Dance-Suite had been neither hailed nor scorned. They had proved merely incomprehensible. What listeners fail to grasp they usually mistrust. What they mistrust they are prone to decry. Making nothing out of the Dance-Suite, they

found no health in it. A Shalyapin could reveal "Boris" to a public avid of "personality." Two opera companies could bedeck Musorgsky's music-drama with the pageantry of a strange and vivid world. These are the privileges of the theater, not the concert-hall. There Bartok was merely "new: first time," an uninviting acquaintance, better passed by on the other side.

Rhythm is the animating element in the Dance-Suite; but it is not the familiar rhythm that pounds out of Stravinsky in "Le Sacre" and "Petrushka"; that leaps and swirls out of Prokofiev in the "Scythian Suite" or the final dance of "Chout"; that Ravel puts to sophisticated usage in "Daphnis and Chloë." The learned say that Bartok's rhythm derives from Hungarian or Roumanian folk-song. Few in Symphony Hall yesterday could meet him with such background. Most of us could only note that these rhythms ran free and firm, lightly, incisively; that they beat clean and penetrating; that they crossed and recrossed in vivid patterns. Their brightness won the ear and stirred the imagination. They were rhythm stripped and rhythm heated. They were like a fiery element in music-making.

Melody likewise has place in the Dance-Suite. It is most apparent in the fourth division, labelled Molto Tranquillo. There it has distinctly an oriental cast. The learned say, again, that there is affinity between Hungarian and Asiatic folk-music; that Bartok, having collected six-thousand odd folk-tunes, is impregnated with this kinship. Once more the hearer in Symphony Hall has no reciprocating background; but he does perceive that this oriental melody is pungent and penetrating beyond the usual. No dalliance, no titillation are in it. It bites and stings. Sharp line replaces soft curve. No sensuous languors haunt it. Acrid is the tang. There are quasi-melodic measures elsewhere in the Dance-Suite—in the Ritornello, for example, as Bartok names the recurring passage linking movement to movement. They are not necessarily out of folk-tune, Hungarian or Asiatic. Yet they lack neither momentary pungency nor instant penetration. Wherever melody recurs, passing or sustained, it is also relatively stripped. Here is no harmonic vesture in the usual sense of the words, enriching and enveloping. Throughout the Suite, Bartok reduces his harmony to the barest necessity; then inter-fuses it with the melody until both are one. He does not write a skeletonized music, but a music that is all sinews, wearing no luscious flesh. Through no veils need the rhythmic figures flash, the motifs shape, the melody pierce. Rough-coated, usually, is the polytonal skin.



Upon this rude surface, save once in shimmering, supporting chords, are laid sombre timbres, giving the Dance-Suite a color of its own. Nasal instruments like the oboe or the English horn invite Bartok. He prefers the hollower voices of the clarinets, the gruffer notes of the bassoons. His flutes are sharp-spoken. His trumpets cleave the air. His brighter strings twinge in the upper registers; his darker strings go deep into the lower. In melody, his wood-winds have edges. Spurred by rhythm, his whole orchestra clatters unashamed. He uses no broad brush like Stravinsky, sweeping through full strokes; no jewelled brush, like Ravel, in recurring coruscation; no flaming palette like Prokofiev minded to lustres. Bartok, by preference, deepens color or sharpens it. With a palette-knife he outspreads it—in points and ridges.

Writing music in this wise is to write music as has no other man since Musorgsky. Consider rhythms beating with every freedom and irregularity; motifs that are born bony and put on muscle, not fat: melody (when comes need of it) spare, angular, acidulated; harmonic bareness or bluntness; colors sharp, shadowed or for the instant merely dun. An elemental music, as it seems, is this Dance-Suite taking shape, substance, savor, from a solitary man, deep-tinctured with his own faiths and practice, drenched in his own background, confused and enfeebled when he follows voices from the outer world. At his fullest, he is strong enough to command the unaccustomed ear. Elsewhere he merely baffles and disconcerts it—the first fate, with many, of the "Boris" now universally acclaimed. Bartok will not have music a game of skill or a pretty sport. He will not have it a nervous excitement or a spicy condiment. He loves it not luscious, voluptuous or veiled. He is an "original"—and he pays the price of singularity.

And over the way Prokofiev was beckoning with a smile. Or, rather, one of the Prokofievs; for by grace of Mr. Koussevitzky's tuition, we frequenters of Symphony Hall are beginning to learn that they are many. There is the barbaric and puissant Prokofiev of the "Scythian Suite" and the Assyrian conjuration; the semi-classical and dryly elegant Prokofiev of the Second Piano Concerto; the nervous, capricious Prokofiev of the Violin-Concerto; the all-Russian Prokofiev, teeming with folk-humors and gamesome "theater" through "Chout." Now, via the orchestral suite from "The Love for Three Oranges," Prokofiev operative and fantastic, merry here, mocking there, taking every turn with a happy flourish. Enter "The Jesters" who are to conduct the play—and the music clacks with

their tongues and snaps with their feet, both busy. Wit brightens it. Since the Prince is doleful, he shall be entertained with a magician's Inferno. It is full of witches, devils and their familiars. It is also well provided with tricks of rhythm and modulation, harmonies and timbres. So much for music of characterization.

With the Prince off we go a-questing—for three oranges and a Princess. He shall have symphonic accompaniments—the neatest and brightest of marches, light rhythms, sunny sonorities, fresh figures. His mood is merry; his fancy takes wing; by all odds a Scherzo, rippling and glinting. It is time to sing. The Prince has released the Princess; they prattle of love; certainly they touched hands; probably they kissed and otherwise fondled—all to one of Prokofiev's simple tunes, clear, warm and fragrant as a June day. (What cannot the man do, as though each fresh need were choice and inclination?) Finally, back to the witch, who is decidedly nasty to the Princess. To hell with her, and exuberantly Prokofiev speeds the journey. Now and then a page falls flat for lack of visualized background and action. Usually, however, music and mood, suggestion and symphonic body hold firm. By these six samples, "The Love for Three Oranges" is opera of wit and humor, caprice and fantasy, gayeties, fooleries, graces, wherein aptness and abundance join hands to make a many-voiced music. And the Chicagoans who produced it are disinterring "Tiefeland"; while the Metropolitan makes ready a revival of "Mignon." May The Jesters, not to say the Witch, camp on their trails.

Centenary Beethoven began the day—the Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," not exactly unplayed at the Symphony Concerts, where through two years and two months the far mightier "Leonora" Overture, third of the name, has gone curiously overlooked. The great Ludwig was not too fortunate in his music to stage-pieces. There is the Overture to "King Stephen," for example, threadbare and creaking when Mr. Monteux lifted it off the backshelf. There is the March in "The Ruins of Athens," which the unregenerate call a Turkish Patrol. The Shakespearean background ekes out the Overture to another "Coriolanus." The beginning and the end of the Overture to "Egmont" yet hold time at arm's length. To high heaven ascends the lament of a stricken and prisoned people. Over the rejoicing earth spread the fanfares of liberation. Both are of Beethoven dramatist in music, epic poet in tones. Through much between a commissioned composer is discharging his obligation. Therefore conductors labor, as did Mr. Koussevitzky, to wring the utmost from pages already going dry.

Brahms of the Fourth Symphony ended the concert—the passionate and puissant Brahms, advancing to meet the ardent Koussevitzky, accepting freely the transfusion of conducting blood. The "heroical Brahms," as we of the twentieth century are bound to have him, surely wrote the Final—and characteristically. He manipulates an exacting form by music as mental creation; he chooses and accepts the bondage; within it confines the mights and the grandeurs of symphonic sound. May not man be the master of his fate? No less of the "heroical Brahms" is the first movement of rhythmical and songful energy, of harmonic and instrumental fiber all compact. Shall we not by taking thought release our souls? Yet beauty may hold us by a single hair—the haunting melody, returning ever fertile, through the slow division. And shall we not go cheerfully about this business of living so enriched? The third movement answers with expansive stride and joyous flourish. Brahms wrote no symphonies in the twelve years that remained to him. Enough that in this last he had clarified life in the alembic of music. The Germans dwarf him when they approach this Fourth Symphony never so studiously. A Koussevitzky, a Nikisch, a Stokowski a Toscanini, blows upon these autumn fires. H. T. P.

## OUR DAILY LESSON

By RUTH BROOKS

OBOE is a blessing to the crossword puzzle maker because of its three vowels. Words rich in vowels make puzzle building easier. Oboe comes from the French "hautbois" (high wood). The oboe or hautboy is one of the higher wind instruments of the modern orchestra. It is of great antiquity and has had various names in medieval and modern times.

In shape the oboe is a slender conical tube that flares slightly at the lower end. The mouthpiece is a double reed made of cane. The tones are reedy and penetrating and are suited for plaintive and pastoral effects.

## SYMPHONY IN RADIO CONCERT TONIGHT

Gives Fifth of Series from WBZ at 8:30

The Boston Symphony orchestra, absent from the WBZ wave last week while on its first concert tour of the season, will present the fifth of the series of radio concerts made available to listeners by W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company of Boston, New York and Chicago through the Westinghouse station tonight at 8:30.

This week's program by the celebrated orchestra of 107 musicians under the direction of the Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, will only be heard on the WBZ wave. The net work of stations including WJZ, WGY and WRC has arranged to broadcast 15 of the 24 concerts which will be sent out through WBZ, and the chain will not tie in with the Westinghouse station until the Saturday concert of Nov. 20.

Continuing the policy outlined at the start of the Symphony broadcasts, Prof. John P. Marshall will interpret the selections on this week's program for the radio audience. Miss Marjorie Posselt, violinist, and Miss Margaret Starr McLain, pianist, will assist him in illustrating musically his interpretations.

Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont" will open the Symphony concert and before this number is played Prof. Marshall will tell his listeners something of Beethoven's life and the style of his compositions. Bartok, whose "Dance Suite" will be played on this program, is a Hungarian composer and, in speaking of his work, Prof. Marshall will point out the national characteristics of his work so prominent in Hungarian music.

The story of Prokofiev's opera, "The Love of Three Oranges," will be told, with some comments on Prokofiev's modern Russian style. During the intermission Prof. Marshall will discuss the Brahms Symphony and themes from the various movements will be illustrated by Miss Posselt and Miss McLain.







## Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Tansman . . . . . "The Dance of the Sorceress," from the  
Ballet "The Garden of Paradise"  
(First time in Boston)

Krasa . . . . . March and Pastorale from Symphony  
(The March for the first time in Boston;  
the Pastorale for the first time in America.)

Webern . . . . . Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 10  
(First time in America)

Walton . . . . . Overture, "Portsmouth Point"  
(First time in America)

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67  
I. Allegro con brio.  
II. Andante con moto.  
III. Allegro; Trio.  
IV. Allegro.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





William T. Walton

## SYMPHONY GIVES SIXTH CONCERT

*Herald Nov. 20, 1926*  
Music by Four Composers  
Heard Here for the  
First Time

### PIECE BY BEETHOVEN BEAUTIFULLY PLAYED

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Tansman, "The Dance of the Sorceress" from the ballet "The Garden of Paradise"; Krasa, March and Pastorale from a symphony in three movements. Webern, Five Pieces for orchestra, op. 10. Walton, Overture, "Portsmouth Point," Beethoven, symphony, No. 5 C minor.

The music by Tansman and Krasa was heard for the first time in Boston; the music by Weber and Walton for the first time in this country, as was Krasa's Pastorale.

Mr. Koussevitzky heard these pieces at the festival of the International Society for New Music held at Zurich last summer. He regarded them as the most important of the many then performed. Krasa and Webern, what must the others have been!

Whether it was prudent to put the four new works in succession on one program is a subject for academic discussion. As for ourselves, we believe that one unfamiliar piece is enough for one concert; we also believe that if the music is of any worth there should be a repetition of it at the following concert. Mr. Koussevitzky did well, however, in allowing us to hear this new music; in letting us know what composers of various countries are doing; in driving from a rut good Bostonians who have complacently stood in it, suspicious of the present-day workers in the musical vineyard, confident that the wine coming from it would be muddy, or too heavy, or even poisonous.

As a disturber of our fozzillished smugness, Mr. Koussevitzky, a true musical benefactor, has worked a miracle. That some are shocked, and perhaps especially disturbed because he has given genuine interest to music by Beethoven and Brahms which had long been performed here in a perfunctory, dry-a-dust, taken-for granted manner—this works for musical righteousness. Let them rave! The great public hears Mr. Koussevitzky gladly.

Of the pieces performed yesterday, Walton's overture has the most vitality, in spite of its generally thick instrumentation. After all, this thickness may be in keeping with the subject. The music was suggested by Rowlandson's print, "Portsmouth Point," published over a century ago. This print pictures the bustling scene on the quay previous to the victualling and manning of the warships. There are drunken sailors; there are women also overcome by strong waters. There are sentimental and genteel farewells. Mr. Walton's music is typically English in its sturdiness. Hearing it one thinks of roast beef and ale, hearts of oak, the Union Jack. England expects every man to do her duty. Diddie's set songs. Black-eyed Susan, Peter Simple. There is no tender episode suggested by the officer farewelling his wife or light o' love. It's all hurrah, boys. Britannia rules the waves, one more glass before we go.

Tansman's "Dance of the Sorceress" is from his ballet "The Garden of Paradise," based on one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories. How is a "sorceress" introduced? Reading the tale in a German translation, we came across a good, kind fairy; but no witch that thought of raising the din that Tansman made, or dancing so convulsively and deliriously. See the action in the ballet, one might find this music appropriate, or one, lost in seeing, would only be conscious of infernal goings-on in the orchestral pit.

We were disappointed in Hans Krasa's music for a small orchestra. A hearer might have been pardoned for asking: "Which is the pastorale? which is the march?" Not that we expected a tum, tum, tumity-tum march, or one even in the 3-4 time made effective by one or two German writers for the piano; but this is the partition that divides Krasa's two movements. A Pastorale is usually associated with sheep, flute notes, an oboe piping, bewitching shepherdesses with short skirts and garlanded hats—peaceful, ever bleating music, but Mr. Krasa's Pastoral Muse must have been impressed and haunted at a 300 by the feeding of the carnivora.

The pieces of Webern, scored in a curious manner, are the shortest known to



us; impressionistic bits; dabs of pale colors; experimental expressing of the inaudible. In a way they are interesting; just as it would be interesting to hear the music played in compliment to the Princes of the North visiting the court of Herod in Jules Laforgue's "Salome."

"On a level and fatalistic mode, are orchestra of ivory instruments improvise da little unanimous overture."

To sum up: Walton's Overture was meaty and spontaneous; the hearty guaffaw of an Englishman seeing and amusing, yet stirring scene. Tansman, Krassa and Webern were as men condemned to hard labor and working out their punishment.

It is needless to say that the new music was played brilliantly and with exquisite delicacy, according to the composer's demands. Then came one of the most inspiring performances of the Fifth Symphony that we have ever heard. One might justly have put on the title page this line under "Beethoven: Symphony No. 5—"First time in Boston."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of the concerts on Dec. 3 and 4 is as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, for violin solo, two flutes and string orchestra. Mozart, Piano Concerto, E flat major. Franck, Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra. Debussy, Iberia. Alfred Cortot will be the pianist.

## MODERN MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

*Globe* — Nov. 20, 1926  
Pieces by Webern, Krassa,  
Tansman, Walton Heard

Mr Koussevitzky, listening last June to a five-day festival of modernist music at Zurich, selected what seemed to him the most significant of the pieces he then heard for performance at the Symphony concerts here. Yesterday afternoon half the program was filled with these Zurich discoveries, and the rest by Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

A few in the audience were deeply grateful to Mr Koussevitzky for the opportunity of hearing what proved to be an extraordinarily stimulating and original group of representative modern pieces. A few were actively annoyed, the great majority seemed polite rather than interested.

No doubt the reason for grouping the four modernist works on one program was that these pieces are to be introduced to New York by Mr Koussevitzky and members of the Boston Symphony, next week at a special concert of a society for the encouragement of modern music. Boston is obviously entitled to hear the first American performance of any novelty brought over by Mr Koussevitzky.

The pieces heard yesterday were "The Dance of the Sorceress," from a ballet called "The Garden of Paradise," by Tansman; a pastorelle and march from a little symphony by Krassa; five pieces for orchestra, opus 10, by Webern, and an overture "Portsmouth Point," by W. T. Walton. Tansman's dance and Krassa's march have been played in New York, but not in Boston. The other numbers were heard yesterday for the first time in America.

The most distinctive of these novelties was the five pieces by Anton von Webern, a pupil of Schoenberg. These pieces are each very short, scored for the fewest possible instruments, and almost never departing from the pianissimo said to be a mannerism of the composer.

Each of the little pieces conveys clearly and delicately a poetic mood, with the utmost concision. Webern scorns the artifices of musical rhetoric, he has abandoned conventional musical idiom and, like his master, Schoenberg, taken to a personal and highly original type of expression.

One felt yesterday perfectly assured that these little pieces, queer as they sounded measured by comparison with standard music, would grow rather than pall upon one with frequent repetition. After all the only real test of a new piece is the effect of a 150th hearing of it.

Hans Krassa's pastorelle and march, scored for the small orchestra for which composers in postwar Europe, are forced by economic conditions to write, introduced to Boston a Czech musician, still in his 20's, of notable individuality and skill. The pastorelle, in strict first movement form, according to the composer's note in the programs, is a flowing delicate mood picture. The march is a delightfully intricate yet vivacious interweaving of rhythms.

Krassa's music is written in an unforced yet original and personal modern idiom. It is curious that so young a man should think and feel so utterly for himself. This century is clearly to hear music of its own, as unlike 19th century music as that was unlike the 18th.

Krassa has very wisely disavowed "any literary, descriptive, or illustrative tendency," thus aligning himself with Stravinsky's latest phase, but there is nothing else that recalls Stravinsky in his work.

Walton, a young Englishman, has entitled his overture "Portsmouth Point" after a caricature in Mogarthian vein by Rowlandson. The Portsmouth it depicts is the English Naval base in the Napoleonic Wars which readers of Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park" will remember as the home of Fanny Price's family. But there is nothing spinsterish about the scene or about Walton's music, which has a Falstaffian robustness of comic humor. The vigorous syncopated rhythm and the gusto of the thing are infectious. There is something of striving for effects and for modernity in the musical idiom. This is definitely the work of a clever and wayward pupil rather than of a young master.

Tansman's dance is nolsy, heavily scored and not effective in the concert hall. One could make nothing of it yesterday, though with the ballet for which it was written it might seem more impressive.

Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave what appeared brilliant and sympathetic interpretations of all these novelties. The reading of the Fifth Symphony was the same that Mr Koussevitzky has given in other seasons, personal and unorthodox, but effective if one disregard's one's preconceived ideas of the music.

There are no concerts in the regular series next week.

P. R.

## RADICAL MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

*Post* — Nov. 20, 1926.  
Two Pieces Heard for  
the First Time in  
America

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Having heard at the International Festival for Contemporary Music at Zurich, last summer, certain pieces that interested him, Mr. Koussevitzky has placed these composi-

tions, four in number, upon the programme of this week's pair of Symphony Concerts, thus providing Boston with a brief but exceedingly pungent modernist festival of its own.

### MUSICAL RADICALISM

Formidable indeed was the printed list of these pieces that met the collective eye of yesterday's audience. Against two of them, the Five Pieces for orchestra by the Viennese Anton von Webern and the Overture "Portsmouth Point" by the Englishman William Turner Walton, was set the legend "First time in America." Of the Pastorelle and March from the Czech Hans Krassa's Symphony for chamber orchestra, the former was likewise new to the United States and the latter new to Boston, while the piece that headed this imposing list, Alexander Tansman's "Dance of the Sorceress," was also receiving its initial hearing in this city. Furthermore, of these composers only Mr. Tansman, whose Sinfonietta was played here last season, had previously been represented on the programmes of our orchestra.

Of course there must be toll to all this musical radicalism, and to that end Beethoven's Fifth Symphony brought this singular but, on the whole, most enjoyable concert to a close.

### Not at All Baffling

Of the four novelties those by Tansman and Walton come distinctly nearer than the other two to the musical norm, although the Parisianized Pole makes liberal use of the modern device of multiple tonality. But if they are harmonized in the "wrong key," Mr. Tansman's melodies are of themselves easily followed, while his rhythms are strongly marked, often to the point of obviousness. A dissonant, then, but hardly a baffling music. Nor does Mr. Walton's ingenious attempt to suggest in tone the bustle and confusion of the celebrated British landing-place contain anything that should rightly perplex even the listener unaccustomed to modernist ways.

Mr. Walton's music is distinctly muscular and vigorous, achieving its end through rhythmic emphasis allied to a complex polyphony.

### Faintest of Rustlings

But Krassa and Webern are another matter. Both composers have scored their music for chamber orchestra, Webern's much the smaller of the two. Heard after the energetic, full-bodied score of Tansman, Krassa seemed distinctly a worker in miniature; a composer, withal, of singularly fine tonal perceptions, although one whose idiom



is by no means to be readily assimilated. Yet compared to Webern of the Five Pieces, Krása of the Symphony is a coarse-fibred noise-maker. For with this pupil and disciple of Schoenberg music is reduced almost to the vanishing point. Not because there was so much going on, but because so little seemed to happen. Webern's pieces required of the listener the utmost concentration of attention. Inevitably these faint rustlings, these tiny squeaks and titterings, called to mind the activities of insects. As gossamer-light as a dragon fly's wings is Webern's tonal fabric, and beside it Berlioz's "Ballet of the Sylphs" or his "Queen Mab" is as the roaring of many waters. In speaking of Webern as a highly gifted composer whose "caution is increasing to the point of immobility," Adolph Weissmann seems to have penned a master-phrase of criticism.

#### Solidity of Beethoven

So this is the music of today. Contrasted with the music of the age that has passed, as represented in yesterday's concert by Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, ours is music of the intellect—witness the often fascinating abstractions of Krása and Webern—or music of the mind and muscles in combination, as in Tansman's Dance and Walton's Overture; but hardly music of the heart, the soul or the emotions. There should be room in the art for both types, but to judge by the applause lavished yesterday upon the eloquent, vital, dramatic performance of Beethoven's Symphony, the latter is still the more widely approved and appreciated.

Mr. Koussevitzky attended the Fourth Festival of the International Society for New Music held last June at Zurich, Switzerland. He was especially impressed by four compositions which will be heard in Boston for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra tomorrow afternoon and Saturday night: Tansman's "Dance of the Sorceress" from the ballet "The Garden of Paradise" (based on a fairy story by Hans Christian Andersen); Krása's March and Pastorale from a symphony in three movements. Webern's Five Pieces for Orchestra op. 10, and Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point." This overture was performed for the first time at the Zurich Festival. Walton was the only English composer there represented. The symphony this week will be Beethoven's Fifth, C-minor. Tansman has already been represented at the Symphony concerts. Beethoven's Fifth symphony has been performed at these and other orchestral concerts in Boston. No doubt many of the conservatives in the audience can hum or whistle some of the themes in a tolerably accurate manner.

## AWAITS SYMPHONY BROADCAST IN PARIS

### Young Composer to Listen in at Eiffel Tower

(By Associated Press)

A young musician will listen while a great American orchestra, 3000 miles distant, plays his composition next Saturday night. The composer is Alexander Tansman, who will wait in the Eiffel Tower in Paris, while the big French government station, FL, tries to pick up the radio broadcast of the "Dance of the Sorceress," being presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in America.

The composition was chosen by the famous Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, as the opening number on his symphony program on Saturday night. The young composer has arranged with the French station, located in the great steel tower, to try to pick up the broadcast as sent out by one of the four powerful stations linked up for the concert—WBZ, WJZ, WGY or WGR.

According to cabled arrangements with the Westinghouse station here and the symphony management, a special ceremony for the benefit of the listening composer will open the concert. Nicolai Slenimsky, noted pianist and secretary to Koussevitzky, will play a part of the composition on the piano and extend greetings in Russian to the listening Tansman.

The message and the opening concert will be transmitted at about 8:10 P. M. eastern standard time, but owing to the difference in time Tansman must wait until after 1 A. M. Paris time, to hear them.

## From Zurich to Boston

Monitor Nov. 20, 1926.

**S**YMPHONY HALL, Boston — Sixth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Nov. 19 and 20, 1926. The program:

"The Dance of the Sorceress," from the Ballet, "The Garden of Paradise" ..... Tansman  
March and Pastorale from Symphony

Five Pieces for Orchestra, op. 10.. Webern  
Overture, "Portsmouth Point".... Walton  
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, op. 67

Beethoven

Here was a field day of novelties. The music by Webern and Walton and Krása's Pastorale were performed for the first time in America; Tansman's Dance and Krása's March for the first time in Boston. All four items had been brought by Mr. Koussevitzky from the Zurich Festival last June of the International Society for Contemporary Music. The Fifth Symphony was added, as persons who write letters to the editor say, for obvious reasons.

It is asserted of Tansman that he developed "les Accords Tansman" all by himself, in his native Poland, unaware of the contemporary movement in other countries. This particular piece, however, like the Sinfonietta heard last year, was written after his removal to Paris in 1920. Possibly a hearing of some of his music written before that date might convince us that the composer is indebted to nobody. As it is, we can only observe that he is doing with competence what already had been done rather better. Therefore we cannot believe that this composition is the result of inner compulsion. By the way, we should like to see somebody try to dance to this music (or march to that of Krása).

#### Walton's Overture

Mr. Walton is another young man beginning to make a stir in the world. There was quite a fuss in London over his "Façade," to verses by Edith Sitwell, recited through a megaphone from behind a curtain. One item was a "Trio for Two Cats and a Trombone." Cynical persons complimented the poet and the composer on their advertising genius.

But this overture throws the composer open to no such suspicion. It is riotous music, but not calculated to cause outbreaks in the press. No, it is forthright, straight-from-the-shoulder British stuff. Its thematic material apparently is borrowed from various popular tunes, one of which sounds like "Johnny, Get Your Gun." Its rhythms give the effect of the quayside hubbub in the Rowlandson print which is supposed to have inspired it. Though we have never seen England's naval base at Portsmouth Point, and have visited Portsmouth, N. H., only at times of tranquillity, we were carried back by this overture to the diverse gayeties of the Canadian National Exposition at Toronto. Yes, distinctly British festival music. Not great music; but some day, when the general run of ears are attuned, it may replace "Pomp and Circumstance."

When Mr. Koussevitzky stepped on the podium yesterday afternoon, it was evident that he and his men had some rare jest up their sleeves. They smiled knowingly at each other, and all were in such high humor that it was clear something unusual was going to happen. Presently it became equally clear that Tansman's music was not it. Then the orchestra was reduced to chamber size and the joke was sprung. At least it seemed like a joke at first. What was the meaning of these strange sounds, pieces of melodies, starting from nowhere and arriving at their starting-point? No one could complain here of sound and fury, but the significance seemed no greater for that. We were unable to share the ecstasy of M. Ferroud at Zurich. We were not enchanted.

#### Webern's Five Pieces

Nevertheless, Krása's music had an effect. It prepared us for that of Webern. There is a certain affinity here. Krása, a young man, is a pupil of Zemlinsky, brother-in-law of Schönberg. Anton von Webern is one of Schönberg's principal disciples. Perhaps it was merely that Krása's music came first; perhaps that Webern, a mature composer, had succeeded with an even smaller orchestra in doing what Krása had



tempted. At all events, Webern's music made an impression. It was not a definite impression. Here were mere shadows of sounds, as fugacious as vapor. Yet one sensed, while unable to discern, relation, pattern. What sort of music, pray, is this? The only thing in our musical experience comparable to the atmosphere of this piece is that of the "Moonstruck Pierrot." Perhaps, if we hear enough of their music, we shall be able to follow the path of Schönberg and his associates.

All these items were received politely by the Friday audience, which by now expects the worst of Mr. Koussevitzky. Indeed, the Walton, which closed the first part of the program, caused enough applause to bring the conductor back for one bow, which without more ado he shared with the men.

Quite different was the spontaneous applause that greeted the symphony. And little wonder, for its reading was electric. There will doubtless be those who will quarrel with the conductor for his sharp contrasts, the startling suddenness of Fate's knocking, the emotionalism of the Andante, the violence of the double-basses' attack of their famous passages in the Trio, even the dramatic transition from Scherzo to Finale. But some of us, who have heard too many dull and literal performances of this symphony, rejoice in the kind of traditionalism that restores something of the effect this music must have had in its first impact.

L. A. S.

For the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge on Thursday evening of next week Mr. Koussevitzky announces the following numbers:

Variations on An Hungarian Theme—Introduction and Fugue from "Humoresques"—Adagio and Presto from "Ruralia Hungarica".....Dohnányi  
Sonata in E-flat, Op. 31, No. 3.....Beethoven  
Nocturne in C-sharp minor—Impromptu in A-flat—Mazurka in D.....Chopin  
Intermezzo in E-flat, Op. 117, No. 1.....Brahms  
Rondo alla Zingarese.....Brahms-Dohnányi

The first of the annual concerts of the Symphony Orchestra for the increase of its Pension Fund is now set for Sunday afternoon, Dec. 26—the day after Christmas and a difficult date for touring virtuosi.

## ERNISTS: OF WALTON, ALS OF WEBER

Nov. 25, 1926.  
ROUTINED; KRASA FOR  
ETCHER

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Few Perturbations—The  
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poetry; while the program-book—"the war being over"—shied at translation. Consequently Krasa escaped lightly, quite forgotten as soon as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was well under way.

For the youngest of us Tansman's dance was not in the least "devastating" or—to recall the next preceding word—even "intriguing." It began in nervous, skipping rhythms, sharp-set harmonies, warm instrumental colors, a pervading voice of tuneful tumult. An intermezzo hinted through harp and clarinet at a sensuous rather than a baleful witch. The finale returned to the tuneful tumult, variously multiplied it, conducted it to full-throated close. Most of the young lions of the musical hour can do this sort of thing. Tansman neither rises above nor falls below the usual standard. His distinction (if any) in this "Dance of the Sorcerers" is to slip now and again into ancient and orthodox devices like canons. Possibly he dreams of a ballet fabricated from the classical forms. Berg did as much with an opera—the notorious "Wozzeck."

In turn, Mr. Walton, writing his Overture, "Portsmouth Point," is "as English as they make 'em," which virtue once was, and now again is, excellent passport into good musical society. Upon a day, it appears, he looked upon a print of Rowlandson picturing that quayside what time the British were clearing the seas of Napoleon's fleets and French-borne commerce. He beheld bustling departures, exuberant farewells, gusty and lusty pleasures unhidden from the passing eye, rowdy gayeties, onlookers in the taverns, ships at anchorage—all put to paper with Hogarth's candors and Rowlandson's own sense of hearty caricature, an English scene, as some would say in England's palmiest day, before the descent of the Victorian eclipse. Forthwith, Mr. Walton had a mind to music and made it. Full-bodied, full-blooded melodies give it birth, singing by themselves, when the composer so chooses, in outspoken British fashion. They are Mr. Walton's own, but they had Elizabethan forbears. Purcell knew the like when he was "musicking" plays. Mr. George Frideric Handel, there is reason to believe, heard such tunes gladly. Through the eighteenth century, they flooded into ballad-opera.

So armed Mr. Walton keeps his overture in lively ferment. At will and need he crosses and re-crosses rhythms; from sheer exuberance cuts in with syncopations. Off a full palette of primary colors he lays on harmonies; free-handed and full, flings about the instrumental voices missing never a shot, exhilarating

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Rondo alla Zingarese.  
Brahms-D

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## MORE MODERNISTS: ARDORS OF WALTON, IDEALS OF WEBER

Trans. — Nov. 20, 1926.  
TANSMAN ROUTINED; KRASA FOR  
ETCHER

Mr. Koussevitzky Opens the Hamper from Zurich Amid Few Perturbations—The Exuberant Englishry of "Portsmouth Point"—A Visionary's Music Doubled—Distilled and Subtilized—Terra Firma of Beethoven

YOU never can tell. Mr. Koussevitzky's second matinée of modernists seemed more formidable than the first. He had distilled, so to say, from the multifold brew of the most recent Festival of Contemporary Music and there remained four ingredients—Tansman, Krása, Webern, Walton; whereas the week before he had merely set out the heady wine of Bartók and the spiced liqueur of Prokofiev operatic. The Hungarian drink left dazed most that absorbed it; while the Russian prompted them to gay chortlings and wavings of the glad arm. No such consequences descended yesterday afternoon upon the company at Symphony Hall. "The Dance of the Sorceress" from Tansman's ballet, "The Garden of Paradise" did not differ materially from a dozen other specimens of a familiar kind. Mr. Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point," stirred enough applause to make it a "repertory piece" for the remainder of the season; while the means were sturdy tunes, lively rhythms and syncopation, full-bodied tonal color, lusty progress, hearty speech, unflagging high spirits—for once in a way unlabored making of twentieth-century music. In turn, Webern was too brief for ennui and too delicate for discomfort. True, Krása, epitomized in a Pastoral and a March from a Symphony for Small Orchestra, brought trying moments; but what is to be expected from a tone-poet that adds to them a setting of Rimbaud's "Les Chercheuses de Poux?" Fortunately, Mr. Koussevitzky, taking cue from Zurich, omitted this exercise in tone-

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Nocturne in C-sharp minor—Imprompt  
A-flat—Mazurka in D.....  
Intermezzo in E-flat, Op. 117, No. 1.....  
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even when he makes a trick-play. Spon taneity and surety race along together; rough now and again is the surface thick upon occasion is the voice—what would you after Rowlandson? But there is no mistaking the pervading lustihood. John Bull is not easy to picture as com poser; but through "Portsmouth Point," Mr. Walton is working in his image. Expeditiously—to offset the waning "Pini di Roma"—Mr. Koussevitzky has equipped himself with a tour de force of robust gayety.

The other two modernists wrote for small orchestras subdued, in which each instrument might be as solo-voice. The conductor clustered the players in the center of the stage; bent over them with eager solicitude. Krasa would have none of the strings; paired his wind-choir; held at arm's length and to light touch drums, cymbals, celesta and harp. Thereby he achieved a music of individualized timbres laid side by side, thin-voiced, thin-bodied, of a curious sensibility, at the outset insinuating, tending as the pieces proceed ed, to become mannered and monotonous. He also brought to pass a music that unfolded in slender, fine-edged line at every turn subtly inflected; carrying not a su perfluous ounce of harmonic flesh, pene trating often, rarely piercing; placid, nervous, perturbed, as by some inner and instant flux of the composer's will. The Pastoral plainly traced a formal pattern; another was audible in the march. Both suggested an etching in tones, done with exceptional fineness of hand and keen ness of sensation; yet with a well-nigh wilful dryness. To the pulpy meas ures of the romantic age Krasa opposes a music stripped and sensitive to the quick. For others he prepares a way.

Delicacy, subtlety, sensibility, implicit substance and instant impression Webern also seeks. He writes for an orchestra of twenty-five single instruments, the voice of which is almost always hushed. He writes in the briefest of compass, with no more than thirty-one measures to the longest of the "Five Orchestral Pieces." He writes intricately and with consummate concentration; while upon the hearer he would impose as focussed and penetrating sensation. Believe that melody can be sublimated and condensed into a quintessence, almost note by note. Believe that each filament of harmony, each thread of instrumental color, may be clarified, subtilized, purged of every sensual dross. Attain thereby to a pure distillation of musical sound. Set it in limpid, aerial motion. Upon paper ruled in staves write the signs of these visions in tones. Fondly believe that there are lips and hands to give

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TANSMAN ROUTINED; KRASA FOR ETCHER

Mr. Koussevitzky Opens the Hamper from Zurich Amid Few Perturbations—The Exuberant Englishry of "Portsmouth Point"—A Visionary's Music Double-Distilled and Subtilized—Terra Firma of Beethoven

YOU never can tell. Mr. Koussevitzky's second matinée of modernists seemed more formidable than the first. He had distilled, so to say, from the multifold brew of the most recent Festival of Contemporary Music and there remained four Ingredients—Tansman, Krasa, Webern, Walton; whereas the week before he had merely set out the heady wine of Bartok and the spiced liqueur of Prokofiev operatic. The Hungarian drink left dazed most that absorbed it; while the Russian prompted them to gay chort lings and wavings of the glad arm. No such consequences descended yesterday afternoon upon the company at Symphony Hall. "The Dance of the Sorceress" from Tansman's ballet, "The Garden of Paradise" did not differ materially from a dozen other specimens of a famillar kind. Mr. Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point," stirred enough applause to make it a "repertory piece" for the remainder of the season; while the means were sturdy tunes, lively rhythms and syncopation, full-bodied tonal color, lusty progress, hearty speech, unflagging high spirits—for once in a way unlabored making of twentieth-century music. In turn, Webern was too brief for ennui and too delicate for discomfort. True, Krasa, epitomized in a Pastoral and a March from a Symphony for Small Orchestra, brought trying moments; but what is to be expected from a tone-poet that adds to them a setting of Rimbaud's "Les Chercheuses de Poux?" Fortunately, Mr. Koussevitzky, taking cue from Zurich, omitted this exercise in tone-

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streets covered by all the tions as well as part of the and Roxbury Crossing s Back Bay, and the service men have been requi traffic squads. To meet fifteen men were adde Hoppe's squad and twen tain Laffey's detail, so now number 200 and 11 The night details will be lieutenant and one sergea ent, but in all probability will be added to the force Week days the night at their station houses for thirty in the afternoon a to the relief of the men lar nine-hour day. The do six hours continuous a fifteen-minute relief o'clock. Special posts for an hour or more by will be taken care of b later relieve others on posts such as the corner Tremont streets, Park ston and Boylston stre Washington streets a where traffic is heavy These posts extend into Massachusetts avenue Huntington and Co Shawmut avenue and and even to Dudley st one man now statione square.

The creation of the traffic police comes a series of conferences vill. Upon composer and conductor the sioner Wilson, Deput Thomas F. Goode and to the end—on a Friday—it stayed.  
H. T. P.

them whispered orchestral speech for ears not a whit less sensitive in impres sion and understanding—and the Five Orchestral Pieces of Webern are writ ten, sounded, heard. A music of exper iment that must be conducted in the crowded laboratory of the concert-hall since elsewhere there are no orchestras; a music of the future since a generation or two must be attuned; a music that in the rounding of time may kindle a gen ius yet to be; a music, finally, pathetic, haunting in its infinite aspiration. There are less than seventy-five measures in the Five Orchestral Pieces; and in all the days of music there has been no purer quest of an ideal.

Thereafter the ease and comfort, the peace and plenty of the afternoon—Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, possibly in the biennial repetition proper to these con certs, possibly as one of several preludes to the centenary festival of the spring, possibly even as "repertory piece" when Mr. Koussevitzky is pressed with prepa ration for a visit to New York. The sonority of the orchestra in its present estate glorified the puissant Ludwig. The conductor dallied with no lingering pace or caressed accents; sought out no "inner voices"; discovered no unexpected modulations. Free and full ran the music, plangent and vitalized in every measure. Yet somehow Mr. Koussevitzky seemed more impersonal with the Fifth than he was with "The Eroica" a month ago or than is his habit with the masters. Perhaps there is no other way with a symphony so completely fulfilled, so compact of Beethoven's imperious will. Upon composer and conductor the audience lavished its amplest guerdon.





Anton von Webern



Hans Krasa



## Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 3, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72

Beethoven . . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in  
E-flat major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio un poco moto.
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo.

Moussorgsky . . . . . Pictures at an Exhibition (arranged  
for Orchestra by M. Ravel)

Promenade—Gnomus—Tuleries—Bydlo—Ballet des Poussins dans leur  
Coques—Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle—Catacombs (Con mortuis in lingua  
mortua)—La Cabane sur des Pattes de Poule—La Grande Porte de Kiev.

SOLOIST

ALFRED CORTOT

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





## FINE CONCERT AT SYMPHONY HALL

*Herald* — Dec. 4, 1924.

### Boston Orchestra Changes Program to Meet Cortot's Plans

### MUSICIANS REPEAT SELECTIONS TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged a pleasing concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that took place in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon: a concerto for solo violin, two flutes and strings by Bach; Debussy's "Iberia." Mr. Cortot was to play a piano concerto in E flat by Mozart and Cesar Franck's Symphonic Variations. The two concertos were little known to the Symphony audiences; probably not known at all. Mr. Cortot and Mr. Koussevitzky would no doubt have given a delightful performance of the music by Mozart and Franck; for Mr. Cortot is a master pianist; whether he devotes his great talent to ancient or modern composers, and Mozart has had no finer, more sympathetic interpreter in Boston than Mr. Koussevitzky.

For some reason or other Mr. Cortot changed his mind. (He had played the Variations at a concert seven years ago.) He chose Beethoven's Concerto No. 5, entitled by some one "The Emperor." This necessitated a change throughout the program, which yesterday was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore" No. 3 and Piano Concerto, No. 5; Ravel's orchestral transcription of Moussorgsky's piano suite "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Some of us were disappointed by the change. There is always the laudable curiosity to become acquainted with unfamiliar works. No matter how brilliant the performance of the overture and "the Emperor," two symphonies and an overture by Beethoven had already been played in the course of six concerts. It is eminently fitting

that the centenary exercises in commemoration of Beethoven's death should be held here next year. It has been announced that there would be a "Beethoven week" at the end of this season (Beethoven died in March). Why anticipate? Why not wait for the Beethoven gorge? Years ago old Moritz Hauptmann, who certainly was never accused of being a radical, protested vigorously against frequent performances of Beethoven's music. He argued against over-familiarity. There would be a loss of respect. The majesty and power of the greater works would soon not be appreciated. As dwellers among high mountains wonder at the enthusiasm of pilgrims coming from afar. The performance of a symphony or overture by Beethoven should be a sacred rite, as for a solemn festival.

Yet this all seems ungracious in view of yesterday's performance by the pianist and the orchestra. There was a marvelously dramatic interpretation of the overture, which is a drama in itself, an eloquent epitome of the opera for which it was composed. This music should be played in an intensively dramatic spirit, not in the perfunctory manner dear to certain conductors whose respect for Beethoven is, after all, obsequiousness. The interpretation yesterday was so vital, so convincing in the expression of anxiety, hope, relief, the ecstasy of passionate and triumphing love; the orchestra responded so to the poetic, one may say, epic wishes of the conductor; that the old became new and again one realized the greatness of the composer.

One cannot be so enthusiastic over the concerto itself, even when it is played by Mr. Cortot. There are noble pages, also moments of tenderness in the first movement; there is a majestic compelling sweep. In the second movement there is simplicity, serenity of contemplation, Buddhistic, music of singular detachment, found only in certain measures of Beethoven and Handel; but the finale with the endless repetitions of a Kangaroo theme leads one to long for the end. Mr. Cortot, it is true, gave a memorable performance; rich in color, poetic when there was occasion; there was a wealth of ravishing nuances; imposing strength did not sink into carelessness; rhythm, phrasing—nothing was lacking. Pianist and conductor were mutually inspired. *Par nobile fratrium.*

The surpassing technical proficiency of our virtuoso orchestra was shown in the entertaining transcription by Ravel. It may well be asked, how would Moussorgsky stand today were it not for his revisors and transcribers? Suppose that Rimsky-Korsakov, other Russians and Ravel had not interested themselves in his music? Would not his name be preserved chiefly, if not only by his songs?



It has been said that he influenced strongly Charles Debussy. We fail to find this influence. Debussy was more influenced by Gypsy music heard in Russia, still more by Oriental music, especially that of the Javanese he heard at a Paris exhibition. Would not Moussorgsky wonder at Ravel's ingenious orchestration of his piano pieces, and say: "It's all very dazzling, but I prefer my own thoughts expressed in my own way, though you may call it crude"? And so in this instance, with the exception of a few movements, the glory is Ravel's.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: C. P. E. Bach's Concerto for orchestra, D major, arranged by Steinberg; Sibelius, Symphony No. 7 in one movement, op. 105. Stravinsky Suite from "The Fire-Bird."

## CORTOT AS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Post — Dec. 4, 1926

Dull Concerto Made  
Fresh and Eloquent  
at Concert

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Since the coming to Boston of Serge Koussevitzky the Symphony Concerts had already offered four outstanding performances of piano concertos of Rachmaninoff's Second, with the composer as soloist; of Brahms' D minor, with Harold Bauer; of Beethoven's G major, with Myra Hess, and of Tchaikovsky's B flat minor with Josef Lhevinne. And to these was added yesterday afternoon a fifth no less remarkable, that of the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven, with Alfred Cortot as the pianist.

### FAR FROM BORESOME

A piece much played at the Symphony Concerts, this "Emperor" had begun to pall on more than one listener who had grown impatient of its lengths and even sceptical regarding the worth of certain portions of the music. Not too cheerfully, then, in some quarters had the announcement been received that for the originally intended pieces by Franck and Mozart, the eminent French pianist had substituted this Concerto of Beethoven. But with Mr. Koussevitzky at the helm it is scarcely safe to prophesy boredom at a Symphony Concert.

Not boresome, in truth, but deeply engrossing was this Concerto yesterday. The long orchestral tutti that stands at the head of the first movement had suddenly—and unexpectedly—the interest and significance of a Tenth Symphony.

### Vitalized and Invigorated

And that which Mr. Koussevitzky did for the orchestral portion was likewise accomplished, and no less persuasively, by Mr. Cortot for the often ungrateful and unrewarding piano part. In lofty beauty and rare richness of tone went the Adagio, and for once the final Rondo was not an anti-climax, a distinct letting down of the listener's interest. Again pianist, conductor and orchestra vitalized, freshened and invigorated the music until it sounded with a new voice, an unlooked-for eloquence.

For Mr. Cortot at the end there were many recalls, and seldom has applause been better deserved. But the wonder-working was by means his alone.

Before the concerto came yesterday yet more Beethoven, the overture to "Leonore" No. 3, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky for the first time in Boston at the supplementary Symphony concert of last Tuesday afternoon in a noteworthy performance that was yesterday renewed. If Beethoven is god of symphonic music, surely Mr. Koussevitzky is not the least among his prophets.

### Moussorgsky's Pictures

And after Beethoven came Moussorgsky, plus Ravel, with the Russian's piano-pieces "Pictures at an Exhibition" as arranged for orchestra by the distinguished French composer (at Mr. Koussevitzky's instigation) and conducted here by Mr. Koussevitzky two years ago.

Yesterday in a performance that quite surpassed its predecessor both in brilliance in the so-essential graphic qualities, this suite seemed distinctly worth while, one of the few instances in which a transcription has conspicuously enhanced the interest and value of the original.

## TWO-FOLD BEETHOVEN, MUSORGSKY ENLARGED, CONDUCTOR "IN HIGH"

THE "EMPEROR CONCERTO" AS BY  
MIRACLE

Mr. Koussevitzky Restores the Music to  
Itself—So It Was Written and So First  
Heard—An Overture Over-Dramatized—  
Ravel's Release of the Russian—Assist-  
ing, Mr. Cortot

THE MILLS of the gods are pleasing to watch. Not only do they grind slowly and small. They also grind—occasionally—with an exceeding justice. It was Mr. Alfred Cortot, the Parisian pianist and pedagogue, again on visit to the United States, who insisted upon the inclusion of Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto" in the Symphony Concert of yesterday. If he was to remount the platform of Symphony Hall, that lengthy and usually tedious masterpiece must be his medium. Neither to polite persuasion nor to reasoned objection was he susceptible. A kindly gentleman, accustomed to the unruly, Mr. Koussevitzky yielded to the guest; recast an entire program upon which as center-number stood this Concerto, No. 5, in E-flat major. In it he proceeded to rehearse the orchestra, bringing to bear his signal powers in the re-animation of devitalized Beethoven. Before he was done, he had transformed the "Emperor Concerto" as once upon a time Dr. Muck, with Mr. Kreisler by his side, re-valued and revived Beethoven's Violin-Concerto. Into Mr. Koussevitzky's symphonic scheme with the music, willy-nilly Mr. Cortot must fit himself. When that process was completed yesterday afternoon, he emerged unmistakably as "assisting artist" in the full sense of the adjective. The informed and unregenerate openly and indecently rejoiced. Of old they were irritated, when Mr. Cortot, descending upon Boston, took over a Symphony Concert—usually with two numbers—as though it existed, for the nonce, to glorify him.

Next, they were amused at this virtuoso-presumption. Now, Mr. Cortot would have the "Emperor Concerto" at all costs—only to recede in the actual performance to a relatively subordinate place. The New England word is "come-up-pance."

Scarcely a conductor, now practising his profession, excels Mr. Koussevitzky in this reanimation of Beethoven. Mr. Weingartner, at the opposite pole, plays him with a chaste and chiselled rectitude. Listen, my children, and you shall hear exactly why and how the great Ludwig became a classic. Mr. Weingartner's Beethoven is as pure as snow—and not much more warming. Not so Mr. Koussevitzky. For him Beethoven is everlastingly alive and unpedestalled. He is the frowsy Ludwig who quarrelled in Viennese cafés and was not too well-mannered in archdukes' drawing-rooms. He is the vehement Ludwig who paced his chamber and tore his hair and muttered and scribbled in the travail of composition. Above all, he is the Ludwig who was flooding and frightening Vienna with a music such as it had never heard before. It bemused by its power; it befuddled by its beauty; of its diversity there was no end. Listeners, stirred, marvelling, yet hesitant, called it soulful; or else cried in angry voices that it was not the regular thing in the regular way. As for the reviewers they shouted with joy and the neighbors mocked them for their folly. Or they kicked against the pricks and ever afterward posterity has jeered or pitied them. To his time, in such throb around him, Beethoven seemed a highly romantic figure. He remains such to Mr. Koussevitzky. When Beethoven was pondering a piece or setting it to ruled paper, there was but one thing in the world to him—the music-making. When Mr. Koussevitzky, a hundred years later, plays that "classic" similarly it possesses him.

From such daimonic possession sprang the miracle, yesterday, of the "Emperor Concerto." The conductor conceived the music symphonically, not pianistically, gave it depths and heights, stride and wing. The listener heard the unfolding of a far-spreading, full-freighted, design, conformable enough to the orthodoxies of Beethoven's time; but shaped to a manner and conveying a matter within him born. A Concerto of 1809-1811 unmistakably—the long first movement, the slow middle-song, the sharp-rhythmed rondo; subjects, "working-out," repeats, codas, nearly all the sonata-pedantries; the piano-part, the orchestral parts, pliant and adjusted. A Concerto, none-the-less, moving with a sweep of line and march far enough from the current virtuoso-practice; charged with thought,



emotion and creative passion, expanding, advancing, cumulating, in its own fervors. Dr. Dryasdust can assort the themes and counter-themes of the first movement, trace step by step the "organic development." Beethoven, however, flung each and all into a vast tapestry of sound; wrought and colored it with his own romantic ardors; bade now the orchestra and now the piano, bear his driving speech. Or else for the while stayed his hand and reposed his soul in a gentler contemplation. (So Beethoven strode the countryside crying out to himself, and of a sudden paused, still and rapt.)

The composer, not the classicists, gave the word to Mr. Koussevitzky. In might of line, glow of motion, splendor of progress, passed this first movement. Exaltation flung out the musical thought; sinewy and strong, it ran its course or else coiled for the instant upon its own beauty. The so-called "passage-work" was rhapsody between piano and orchestra; the mechanism, as it sometimes seems, of the instrumental voices became an interlaced musical speech, quick with life. Over the whole played that sense of newness and strangeness, in creation before watching eyes and listening ears, which is the essence of romance. So this "Emperor Concerto" must have sounded upon those that first heard it when Beethoven himself was the pianist. No doubt, Mr. Cortot did his part well; yet he was but chief among the means that up and down the orchestra the conductor was welding to his single-hearted end.

The slow movement gave the pianist more opportunity. His is the pervading voice in a song that yesterday anticipated the limpid depths, the serene heights, the celestial calm and visioning of the Adagios in the final quartets. He who would infiltrate such music into a horde of hearers, until it also possesses them, must know and feel it simply, directly, as one into whom it has passed both crystallized and diffused. And these are rather the ways of Mr. Koussevitzky with Beethoven than of the mentally musical Mr. Cortot. The conductor reacting upon the pianist, held these middle measures in the hollow of his spirit. Both in the finale fastened upon the exuberant rhapsody intrinsic in the music. They struck fire from the melodic flights and rhythmic turns; kept orchestral and piano tone incandescent joined Beethoven in a wild and elate juggle for the sake of its own intoxication—Beethoven the incorrigible at one more flare of romantic heats. Not since the days of Dr. Muck and Mr. Kreisler has a Concerto so renewed him.

Mr. Koussevitzky is often a logical program-maker. With Beethoven must walk Beethoven, both at prime; wherefore the

third "Leonora" Overture preceded the "Emperor Concerto." Only last Tuesday the conductor added it to his Bostonian repertory; while yesterday a "subscription-audience" heard him in it for the first time. In the whole range of music there is no such concentrated, climatic drama in such brief and manifold scope of tones. What Beethoven failed to do in the opera itself, with a text, a stage and singing-actors, to chain him closer to earth, he accomplished in this preface and epitome. Here "Fidelio" at last gains epic voice; while the doom of Leonora, the moment of fate, the final salvation, are stripped to the quick.

Mr. Koussevitzky missed none of the gathering dreads, the passionate outcry, the tragic suspense, the released and jubilant frenzy. Florestan has not sung more darkly or Leonora wept and pleaded; or the trumpets cried their mercy; or over faith and freedom a whole universe rejoiced. There were strokes, almost, of interpretive genius as when the whole orchestra seemed to hang hushed and anxious before the first trumpet-note. Yet Mr. Koussevitzky, in his eagerness to stress almost every measure musically and to bare it emotionally as well, tended to slice the overture into separate episodes; to take it not only intensely but spasmodically; to isolate the successive scenes rather than to maintain the whole ascending course of the tonal drama. Not always did the sharpened edges quite join. Not for an instant will Mr. Koussevitzky believe it—but it is possible to try too hard.

In the final number—Ravel's orchestral version of Musorgsky's piano-pieces, "Pictures at an Exhibition"—once more a moral was written clear. "New, first time" comes, and also goes, an interesting, impressive piece. Plainly it deserves more or less speedy repetition. Usually it misses that desert, because other "New, first times" crowd it to the back of the library-shelf and the choosing conductor's memory. Ravel's orchestral fantasia on these themes of Musorgsky has somehow escaped such fate. Two years ago, it was played to general and particular regard and approval. Yesterday it was replayed to welcoming and warming response. Musorgsky looked upon his dead-friend's pictures and to them wrote tonal notes—brief, simple, by affectionate memories intensified. He wrote also, thin-lined as it is, a graphic music of characterization. The quarreling Jews, one domineering, the other querulous; the peasant cart rumbling the roads among the folk; the lurching gnome; the chattering children; the tumult of the market-place; the ghostly chant of the catacombs; the witch riding the air; the state and din of old Russia feasting—bear manifold witness

With or without warrant, Ravel saw in these pieces sketches for the piano, rather than of it, out of which he might draw tone-pictures with the definition and the shadings of a twentieth-century orchestra. He set to the task resourcefully and sympathetically. Soon his own delineative imagination was kindled, his own faculty of tonal characterization in diverse play. Where Musorgsky sketched as with the Jews, he now etches. Where Musorgsky set down an impression as with the rumbling cart, he paints a full tone-picture. Musorgsky heard the music of the catacombs and grieved for his dead friend who had drawn the sketch; Ravel makes it poignant and haunting to all men. Musorgsky dreamed of old Russia; Ravel bids a whole orchestra throb with it and cry it to the heavens. Transformation, transfiguration; but, believably enough, an inarticulate and tentative music released, affirmed, in full contours and firm voice. Yesterday, an orchestra twice as sensitive, plastic, colorful and responsive as it was two years ago was the means—and the fulfillment.

H. T. P.

### Alfred Cortot Soloist

#### With Boston Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the seventh of its Friday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday, and will repeat it tonight. Alfred Cortot was soloist. The program:

Beethoven—Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.  
Beethoven—Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E flat major.  
Moussorgsky—"Pictures at an Exhibition" (arranged for orchestra by M. Ravel).

This is the first time Mr. Koussevitzky has presented a soloist at a symphony concert this season. Indeed it is one of the blessings of his administration that assisting artists seldom intrude upon our orchestral comfort, and when they do they must be of particular quality. Thus Mr. Cortot was welcome as an old acquaintance whose exquisitely sensitive (yet also sufficiently imperial) interpretation of the concerto could not fail to give pleasure, even though one would have preferred to hear him in a French composition. Mr. Koussevitzky's accompaniment was admirably discreet.

There is a great deal being done in the way of honoring Beethoven. Let us hope that when the centennial festival comes, next March, we shall not be overtrained. This overture was heard yesterday for the first time from Mr. Koussevitzky at a "regular" subscription concert, though it was presented by him last Tuesday afternoon in another series. That performance had served perhaps as a dress rehearsal, and yesterday's was rather more successful. That is, though the conductor's black and white dynamic scheme persisted there was greater unanimity among the instruments, the climaxes were somewhat more convincingly approached and the trumpet sounded more authoritative.

Moussorgsky's suite orchestrated by Ravel at Mr. Koussevitzky's request, was introduced to the United States by this conductor two years ago. The French composer has done an extraordinarily clever bit of work, using his mastery of the orchestra to sharpen the wit and intensify the color of these little piano pieces, while leaving their distinctively Russian flavor unimpaired. The items, however, are of uneven quality and some of them seem needlessly long—the Polish wagon was an unconscionable time getting out of hearing, and a wagon is less interesting than a Volga barge, anyhow. But the general effect was engagingly Russian. The performance was splendid. Judging by the amount of noise produced, one gathered that one of the composers at least must have attended what is known as a private pre-view of these pictures.

L. A. S.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY IN SEVENTH PROGRAM

### "Pictures at an Exhibition"

#### Again Heard

Global — Dec. 4, 1926

Mr. Koussevitzky, who frequently changes his programs after they have been announced, has this week provided the Symphony audience with a



completely different assortment of music from that foretold in the last program book. Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture, his "Emperor" concerto for pianoforte, and Ravel's arrangement for orchestra of Musorgsky's piano pieces, "Pictures at an Exhibition," filled yesterday's concert. Alfred Cortot played the piano solo in the concerto.

Ravel's arrangement for orchestra of Musorgsky's "Tableaux d'une Exposition" was made at Mr Koussevitzky's suggestion and first performed at one of his Paris concerts in May, 1923. Nov. 7, 1924, these pieces, in Ravel's arrangement, were played at a Boston Symphony concert under Koussevitzky, then a newcomer here. One remembered that performance as more brilliant than yesterday's, but so great is Ravel's skill as arranger that yesterday, even with a tired orchestra and a weary conductor but lately returned after a tour, the ten pieces made their effect. Yesterday the "Ox-Cart" and the "Great Gate at Kiev" seemed most vivid of these musical impressions.

### Episodic Character

This music, because of its episodic character, escapes the diffuseness and bombastic reiteration that disfigure so many Russian works. The primitive humor, the alternation of farce and horror, in it has many analogues in Russian literature. The dialogue between the rich Jew and the poor Jew, so whimsically portrayed here by two Hebraic themes, suggests Dostoevsky. The "ox cart," rumbling over the steppes and vanishing down the ratty ribbon of road through the waste somehow recalls Tolstoi's peasants.

Yet how much more real and more vigorous is Musorgsky's musical delineation than there is prose fiction. The fallacy of program music is that music without even a title to aid the imagination can by its own evocative power convey to the hearer more meaning than any written or spoken word.

Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture, can scarcely be played too often. It is one of these supremely great creative achievements which prove to be valid for centuries. The "Egmont" overture the other day failed to thrill. But even in a needlessly noisy and ill-balanced performance "Leonore No. 3" was deeply moving to at least one listener yesterday.

What more noble expression of joy is there in the world than the brief theme which betoken's Leonore's joy immediately following in the overture the famous repeated trumpet calls? The surest proof of Beethoven's supreme genius is not his harmonic

audacities not even his vivid rhythms, it is such primarily melodic inspirations as this one.

There is thanksgiving music equally beautiful melodically in the finale of the Pastoral Symphony, in the rondo of the "Waldstein" piano sonata, in half a hundred passages in his works, whether so labelled by him is unimportant.

### Various Interpretations

One greatly prefers M. Alfred Cortot's playing of music by Schumann and Franck on former occasions to his version of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, revealed to Bostonian ears yesterday. His chords have not the sonority and power, his phrases lack the breadth and sweep, his rhythms lack the intensity and gusto this music demands. Mr Koussevitzky by too rigid a beat destroyed the flexibility of the allegro movements, so far as the orchestral accompaniment is concerned. The orchestra hammered out the basic rhythms with a mechanical pertinacity which vulgarized Beethoven's music.

One recalled regretfully from among various former interpretations of this concerto at these concerts, that by Leonard Borwick and Dr Muck in 1915. But Borwick is dead, and Muck, so far as this city is concerned, lost in the irretrievable past.

It perhaps deserves mention that in the adagio un poco moto of the concerto Mr Koussevitzky contrary to his wont did not drag or slow down the pace. It was Cortot this time who seemed inclined to linger languishingly over any especially luscious bit. Mr Koussevitzky's tempo seemed perfectly just, contrary to one's usual opinion of his slow movements.

The program now announced for next week contains but three numbers, a concerto by Carl Phillip Emanuel Bach, arranged by Steinberg, Sibelius' latest symphony, No. 7, opus 105, and the familiar suite from Stravinsky's ballet "The Fire Bird." P. R.

## CHAMBER-CONCERT; MR. KOUSSEVITZKY; MODERNISTS AGAIN

### HIS EVENING WITH THE LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS

*Trans. Nov. 29, 1926*  
Annual Incident in New York—Setting and Audience—Webern Afresh—Krasa Supplemented—New Pieces from Bartok and Mr. Gruenberg—Praises for Conductor and Orchestra in Regular Course at Manhattan

ONCE a year, by present custom, Mr. Koussevitzky conducts in America at a concert outside the schedule of the Boston Orchestra. The League of Composers, one of the brotherhoods in New York for the fostering of modernist music, provides him with the occasion. The Bostonian trustees accord him the necessary permission. From his own forces he assembles a chamber-orchestra; with the League concocts a program of modernity unrelaxed. Sometimes a chosen piece is suitable also to Symphony Hall and may be prepared and tested in Boston. Otherwise, it is made ready in the scanty leisure of the November journey of the orchestra to New York. On Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky and the full band do their usual office at Carnegie Hall. On Saturday evening the conductor and a chosen thirty or forty minister in a smaller concert-room to the League and its public. A year ago these arrangements served the turn. This autumn there was only to renew them.

Town Hall—an amusing name in New York—was the auditorium last Saturday, broad, shallow, ivory-white, well suited to the performance of music "of small dimensions." Upon a sufficient stage, before a pleasing tapestry of Sophonisba and Massinissa sat the orchestra, in one piece no more than twelve or fifteen strong, in another as many as thirty-seven. From the first and the second "desks" of the several Bostonian choirs the players came, clustered loosely about Mr. Koussevitzky, who plainly enjoyed a closer contact than Symphony Hall permits with both orchestra and audience. Evidently conductor and men had the best will in the world; yet as clearly a week of unbroken work had tired them.

What the "Five Pieces" of Webern and the Chamber-Symphony of Krasa might have gained under performance in a small concert-room was lost in an impression of assiduous rather than animated effort. With Bartok's "Village Scenes" and Gruenberg's "Creation," both heard for the first time anywhere, comparisons were impossible; but it was within belief that longer rehearsal might have given either piece freer voice and motion. As it was, Stravinsky's "Story of the Soldier" had been put by in lack of time for preparation.

In such matters waifs and strays from Boston might trust their own ears. They were assured, moreover, by obliging Manhattanese that the audience was "brilliant," "representative" and all that sort of thing—encouraging sayings since modernists have rather fallen out of the fashion in New York. Their heyday waned when Stravinsky ceased to be modish. The intelligentsia, after their habit, passed to something else—to Bach, Handel, Mozart, whom it is their present pleasure to acclaim. By the signs of Saturday, however, they are still open-shouldered to negroid music and Gruenberg's setting of a darkey preacher's sermon—cast into verse by James Weldon Johnson and sung by the colored baritone, Mr. Bledsoe—stirred the listeners not a little. For the rest, they received Bartok's music rather blankly; in one breath, as it were, tittered and clapped over Webern's; regarded Krasa's as an endurance-test mitigated by amusement. The bystander Bostonian hesitates to venture judgment upon his musical and social betters of the capital; yet with humility suggests that the assembled company seemed overly conscious of itself and warily disposed to stand well in each other's eyes and ears. For there is good form, and also social error, in receptivity to modernist music.

Twice were Webern's "Five Pieces" played in Boston; twice in this concert of Saturday they were repeated in New York. They yielded no new impression and they may now recede into the modernist limbo to which most hearers smilingly consign them. At Town Hall, however, to Krasa's Pastoral and March was appended the final division of his Chamber-Symphony. It sets succinctly as song the verses of Rimbaud which the genteel editor of the program-book in Boston cited only under the French title, "Les Chercheuses de Poux." Yet more genteel, the leaflet of the League of Composers withheld the title, but of necessity printed the poem. Rimbaud assembles the voluptuous sensations (as in his nonage he imagines them) of the removal of "cooties" (to use the war-time euphemism) from the head of a child by two obliging sisters of the hospital, "grandes, charmantes, avec de frêles



doigts aux ongles argentins." As it pleased Rimbaud to poetize the scene, so now his verses move Krassa to clothe it in music—for alto voice and orchestra. Within his spareness and directness of tonal means, there are, no doubt, fine shadings of sensation; possibly also half-disclosed ironies. Yet with music as with poetry curiosity at the doing of the thing at all exceeds æsthetic pleasure in the process. There are latitudes and latitudes, not all within Anglo-Saxon metres and bounds—slants in which even the intelligentsia of Manhattan find no amusement. Mr. Koussevitzky did Krassa no disservice and stilled countless tongues when in Boston he cut away this Adagio des Poux. The French themselves were blandly shy of it.

Bartok in "Village Scenes," commissioned by the League of Composers, proved the Bartok of anticipation. They are written for small orchestra and a quartet of women's voices. They take title: "Wedding," "Lullaby," "Peasant Dance." They are plainly derived directly from the Hungarian folk-song by which the composer sets store; while through them threads the rueful mood of peasant marryings and givings in marriage that Stravinsky sounded in "Noces." There is dancing, to pounding rhythms, heavy-set and confused. There are orchestral and vocal outcry, shrill and shouting; wild vigor and as sudden brooding; bare and plaintive song; the swift rush of fired feet. Sadness haunts the songful measures—of the life that is gone and ended, of the new life beginning and dread-some. It is the way of the earth, though men's heels may beat upon it and women's voices speak low in adjuration. Often out of complexity, Bartok gains this rudeness and pungency, this sharpness and simplicity.

To our soil and to no distant Central Europe Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gruenberg are native. The poet once heard a negro-preacher describing the creation of the world, now in homeliness, now in exaltation; here the imagery and the speech of his own people, there the imagery and the speech of the English Bible; the whole in a mounting rhapsody of stilled or shouted fervors. God was lonely in the darkness; made the world; set in the lights of heaven. God looked upon the world and gave it the waters, the beasts, the birds, the flowers, the trees, the hills and valleys. At last, "lonely still" God "made him a man"—and creation was done. In Mr. Gruenberg's music, the voice over-shadows all else. It carries the narrative, taking new body and fresh color from each act of the Divine Will. It bears no less the fervors of the narrator—hushed in awe, alive with expectation, seeing the new world with the wondering eyes of the folk, evoking a Divinity like unto them, quivering with the

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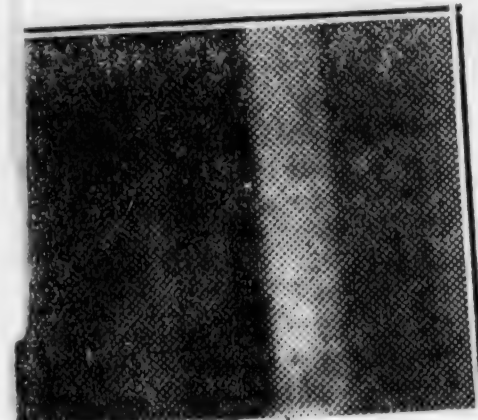
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passion of his faith, fired with the ecstasy of his proclamation. The surface is rough; the rhythms whip; the intervals leap and cut; to a crooning musical speech ensue the frenzies of exultant outcry. Instrument by instrument, the little orchestra slithers in with a flash of color, a dart of accent, longer measures of sustained melody, a motif reaffirmed, a jangle of aural excitement. The burden is upon the singer—in Mr. Bledsoe become singing actor by twenty racial instincts loosed. Music-making Mr. Gruenberg set the spark; poetizing Mr. Johnson blew the flame; yet out of the singer sprang the consuming fire. By no means is the negroid source-book yet exhausted.

#### Gathered Laurels

Praise was ple after the two concerts in New York—in regular course—by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra. On Thursday evening, they were heard in Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony whereupon Mr. Gilman wrote in the Herald-Tribune:

You can hardly deny to Mr. Koussevitzky the quality of Eventfulness. Some conductors have it—not many. It is not a quality that you can define. It is not even a quality that invariably calls forth praise in the observer. It may provoke exasperation and hot dislike. What it conspicuously does not provoke is boredom. Mr. Koussevitzky can be as irritating as a foreign body in the eye, as disappointing as Wall Street, as infuriating as the arrogance of what Whitman called "elected persons." He can be amazingly, extravagantly wrong—indeed, no conductor can be so wrong as Mr. Koussevitzky at his worst. But boring, tepid, Laodicean, he never is. He has the undecipherable gift.

There are those who call him a sensationalist. Their legend would paint him as a sort of embodied "Surprise" Symphony, with no higher purpose than to startle the somnolent. We do not believe it. Mr. Koussevitzky, as we perceive him, exudes sincerity. He strikes us as almost agonizingly genuine—a simple man, passionately and undis-suadably convinced that Beethoven meant this and that by the "Eroica"; that Schubert meant the "Unfinished" to go so and so; that Wagner (believe it or not) was more Russian than Rimsky-Korsakov. We happen to think that Mr. Koussevitzky sometimes misconceives Wagner and maltreats Schubert. We also happen to think that he plays Beethoven's

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The Times was as well-disposed to the  
orchestra, saying: "Every year the Bos-  
ton orchestra develops by leaps and  
bounds. Not only has it regained the  
resiliency and the glow of the old tone  
but it is more flexible and expressive  
under Mr. Koussevitzky's hand than it  
has been under any conductor since the  
days of Karl Muck. The various per-  
formances last evening were of virtuoso  
quality from the first note to the last.  
When Nikisch came to conduct the Bos-  
ton Orchestra he remarked on the drill-  
ing it had received from Wilhelm Ger-  
icke, then added that he had only to  
'sensitize' the band. Mr. Koussevitzky,  
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tage, and is 'sensitizing' it. The concert  
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doigts aux ongles passion of his  
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To our soil and Europe Mr. Johnson are native. The preacher describing world, now in home tion; here the ima of his own people, t the speech of the whole in a mountin or shouted fervors. the darkness; made lights of heaven world and gave it t the birds, the flower and valleys. At la "made him a man done. In Mr. Gry voice over-shadows the narrative, taking color from each act. It bears no less the tor—hushed in awe tion, seeing the new dering eyes of the ity like unto them.

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## Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 10, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach, C. P. E. . . . . Concerto for Orchestra in D major  
(Arranged by MAXIMILIAN STEINBERG)

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante lento moto.
- III. Allegro.

Stravinsky . . . . . Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"), A Danced Legend

- a. Introduction; Katschei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire-Bird.
- b. Supplication of the Fire-Bird.
- c. The Princesses Play with the Golden Apples.
- d. Dance of the Princesses.
- e. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei.
- f. Berceuse and Finale.

Sibelius . . . . . Symphony No. 7 (in one movement), Op. 105  
(First time in Boston)

Sibelius . . . . . "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem, Op. 26, No. 7

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# SYMPHONY IN EIGHTH CONCERT

Stravinsky, Sibelius and  
C. P. E. Bach Works  
Are Given

ORCHESTRA IS AT  
BEST IN PROGRAM

Dec. 11, 1925 — *Herald*

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: C. P. E. Bach, Concerto D major arranged by Steinberg. Stravinsky, Suite from "The Firebird." Sibelius, Symphony No. 7 in one movement (first time in Boston) and "Finlandia."

The symphony by Sibelius, published last year, was played in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia Orchestra on the third of last April. Sibelius is now 61 years old. Will he live to write his nine symphonies? For some composers wish to rival Beethoven in this respect, forgetting that he purposed to write a tenth, not remembering that among the ancients seven was a sacred number. Bruckner and Mahler wrote their nine; the latter indeed, left sketches for a tenth. Of composers living, Nicolas Miskowsky has written his eighth and he is only in his 45th year.

The question, after all, is whether Sibelius still has something to say in music. He could be content to rest his fame on earlier works than this symphony, works which show a strong, sometimes oppressing and depressing individuality. Perhaps his leading characteristic is a peculiar somberness. There are times when he has even seemed a "dismal Jemmy," but there was no denying his rugged strength, his disdain of cheap bids for immediate popularity.

Ingenious and imaginative critics have argued that Sibelius could not write otherwise because he has lived for the most of the time in Finland, and as a fervent patriot, has been influenced by the landscapes and the seascapes, the lowering sky, the blasted heaths, the forbidding wildness of the natural scenery, and by the thought of Russian domination. These critics have

found in his music fierce winds, stormy billows, desolate stretches, the cries of sea birds, etc., etc. Travelers inform us that Finland is a delightful, hospitable land; that the landscape can smile; that winds and waves are no more furious than in our own country. Nor is it safe to say that a composer is inevitably influenced by his environment. We forget whether Buckle has anything to say about the influence of natural scenery and climate on composers. Tschalkowsky saw Italy and wrote an Italian caprice, but he took Russia with him and composed his caprice in Russian. The Spaniard will not have Bizet's "Carmen." Auber was a Parisian of the boulevards; he seldom went beyond them; he never visited Naples, yet in the market scene of "La Muette de Portici" he caught in a marvellous manner the Neapolitan spirit.

Nor is it prudent to assert that a composer is always influenced by his mood. Beethoven wrote one of his most joyous symphonies when he was in particularly doleful dumps.

In all probability Sibelius would have composed in the Sibelius manner had he lived in Rome, Paris, Chicago. His is too strong a nature to be easily affected by sky, climate, city. In this seventh symphony one does not find the freshness, the wild charm, the tragic and sinister darkness associated with much of his music. It is scholarly rather than spontaneous, nor do the themes have the former distinction and personal quality. The first section, as of a long lamentation increasing in sonority, is at first impressive, but the very persistence of the mood leads the hearer to long for a contrasting section or even a lyric episode. That the symphony is solidly constructed is beyond question. So solidly that one recalls the criticism of the confused young man in "Great Expectations," who when asked by an actor what he thought of his performance, said that it was "massive and concrete."

As for "Finlandia," suddenly added to the program, though it was composed before Finland lost her identity as a nation, and is of so patriotic a nature that the performance was for a time prohibited in Finland, the thematic material is wholly Sibelius's own, not derived from folk tunes, or national anthems. The dynamic force of the music excites stormy applause, as it did yesterday, but this symphonic poem, or what-you-will, is not to be ranked among the best works of the composer. The more advanced Stravinskians regret that their master wrote "The Firebird." It is too melodious, this music, too "obvious," they say. But it is eminently beautiful to the ear, fascinating even in the concert hall, without the sight of the situations and the dancing, without thought of the legend.

An interesting concert in which Mr. Koussevitzky and his players gave us of their best, which reminds one of the



motto on bags of "Lone Jack" tobacco: "Or seek no farther; better can't be found." There will long be grateful remembrance of the manner in which Bach's concerto was performed, especially of the Andante, played with the genuine simplicity that is of the highest art. Steinberg published his arrangement 15 years ago, and Mr. Milhaud, the pianist of the next concert, brought it out in Philadelphia, when he, as guest, conducted the orchestra of that city in January, 1923.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Schumann's Symphony, No. 1, B flat major; Milhaud's "Carnaval d'Aix," a fantasy for piano and orchestra, derived from his ballet "Salado"; Debussy's "Iberia."

### Seventh Symphony of Sibelius in Boston

*Monitor* — Dec. 11, 1926  
The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the eighth program of the Friday afternoon series of concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program.

Bach, C. P. E.  
Concerto for Orchestra in D major  
(Arranged by Maximilian Steinberg)  
Stravinsky, Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu"  
Sibelius, Symphony No. 7  
Sibelius, "Finlandia" Symphonic Poem

The symphony by Sibelius which is written in one movement, received its first Boston performance yesterday. Sibelius has not drawn on an orchestra of great size. Neither has he sought out any bizarre or mangled harmonies. His work is a carefully wrought composition, based on well contrasted themes. An orthodox foundation, then, for music which is strangely powerful in its effect.

The mounting impetus of the opening theme, climbing step by step over the distance of an octave and a half, is hardly to be overestimated. There have been works before this one based on step-wise melodies, or simple scales. Sibelius has carried his theme to a point which leaves it clearly impressed on the memory. A second theme, given to solo trombone, and recurring several times through the composition, is equally well set in relief.

The symphony makes no attempt at bombast. It neither blares nor blazes. Yet it moves the listener far

more than many a work which has overreached its bounds. There is swift movement within the musical frame, movement dependent not on tempo, but on the basic rhythms which course through the measures. There is color, the hues of close-packed harmonic progressions flaunting themselves at the listener. There are brilliance and luster and clearly marked tonal design.

Sibelius' new work reveals a mature composer. No plainer evidence of his adult musical stature could have been offered than Mr. Koussevitzky's arrangement of the program. Sibelius' "Finlandia" followed immediately after the symphony. "Finlandia" is the composer's twenty-sixth opus. The symphony is numbered 105. "Finlandia" shouts and rants and makes a brave noise in passing. But it says little and serves principally as an exhibition of the composer's adeptness with instruments. Not so the symphony, which seemed on first hearing a work which will wear well.

Stravinsky enthusiasts must have found much pleasure in the reading given the "Fire-Bird" Suite. Once more Mr. Koussevitzky captured the fanciful lightness which is the very core of the music. Again he distilled and set forth mood and atmosphere of the exotic extravagances the composer has recorded in his music. Mr. Koussevitzky has occasionally been subjected to criticism for the manner in which he emotionalizes much of the music he plays. In this regard his treatment of the Suite yesterday was flawless. He neither overscored nor belittled its scope. Throughout he retained an aura of fantasy and legend which wreathed every measure.

The performance of a transcribed Concerto by one of the older writers usually signals two achievements. Music of melodious loveliness is expounded in contrapuntal weavings. The virtuosity of the string sections of this orchestra is made clearly apparent. Both these events befell yesterday when music by the greatest of Sebastian Bach's sons, now put in more modern and more elaborate dress by Maximilian Steinberg, brilliantly inaugurated the concert.

—C. S. S.

## SIBELIUS' DAY WITH SYMPHONY

His Seventh Played  
for First Time in  
Boston

*Post* — Dec. 11, 1926

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the 11th hour—so late, in fact, that the programme-notes could not be accommodated to the changes—Mr. Koussevitzky rearranged and extended the programme of this week's pair of symphony concerts, appending to the original list Sibelius' patriotic "Finlandia" and reversing the positions of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" suite and the new Seventh Symphony of Sibelius, but leaving in its place as opening number Philipp Emanuel Bach's Concerto in D major, as orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

### TOO NEAR TO BACK

Not through sheer perversity, as some may think, does Mr. Koussevitzky make such last-minute alterations; there is usually method in his seeming fickleness. No doubt a hearing of the works in rehearsal convinced him that Sibelius' Symphony and the younger Bach's Concerto were too much alike in manner if not in matter to stand in juxtaposition. And since this Symphony is a work of singular severity and concentration he preferred as sop the popular "Finlandia."

Despite the fact, however, that the same composer penned them both, placing the noisy "Finlandia" after this austere Symphony is a bit like playing a Sousa March as postlude to a per-

formance of "Parsifal." For symphonic poem and symphony are spiritually quite as far apart as are that composer's "Valse Triste" and "The Swan of Tuonela." A two-sided man is this Finn, a sort of Jekyll and Hyde of music who has succeeded both in catching the favor of the superficial and in impressing the most serious-minded devotee of the art.

### An Independent Orchestrator

Of Sibelius' seven symphonies Boston now knows all but the Third and Sixth—both by report semi-failures. The First suggests a little Tchaikovsky; the Second is true Sibelius and distinctively Finnish; the Fourth shows the influence of Debussy and of still later harmonic tendencies; the Fifth, harks back to Beethoven, the Seventh to Bach. Here is music palpably existing of and for itself, and a symphony only in the sense that it is symphonic in texture, since the conventional structure and division into separate movements is altogether disregarded. For the most part the thematic invention is diatonic—a "natural" scale of A minor serves as motto and kernel—and there are hints of folk-song. Always an independent and individual orchestrator. Sibelius here, as in the Fifth Symphony, contents himself with woodwinds in pairs, a quartet of horns, a trio each of trombones and trumpets with kettle-drums, and the usual strings.

Yet nowhere does the listener miss the instrumental luxuries of our day, for Sibelius' music speaks for itself, at times starkly and bluntly, but always with compelling force. Never, indeed, has this singular composer been more trenchant, forthright and sincere, more impatient of mere sensuousness and ear-tickling and more purely the musician.

### Demands a Rehearing

Music such as this not only merits but demands a rehearing, and Mr. Koussevitzky should afford it. In yesterday's audience there were enough who felt its power and mastery, its sober eloquence and grave beauty, to make a fair show of enthusiasm, though it was plain that the noisy obviousness of "Finlandia," played with amazing brilliance, was more to the liking of the majority.

The Concerto of Bach heard, here in Mr. Koussevitzky's first season, was deservedly played again. Of its three movements the two Allegros are sound, vital music, while the Andante moves in a serene and lofty beauty. Good, too, to hear again was the suite of Stravinsky, music as imaginative, fresh and charming, if not so startling, as when it first was heard some 15 years ago. The performance of it yesterday was one at which to marvel. Indeed, throughout the afternoon conductor and orchestra were at the top of their bent.



# NEW SYMPHONY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Koussevitzky Interprets  
Sibelius' Seventh

*Review* — Dec. 11, 1926

The only novelty on yesterday's Symphony program was the Seventh Symphony of the Finnish composer, Sibelius, to whose music other conductors here have in the past been far more hospitable than Mr Koussevitzky has hitherto shown himself. This symphony, published in 1925, was played for the first time in America by the Philadelphia Orchestra last April. It is in a single movement, beginning in A minor and ending in C major. The composer has not designated the key.

The other numbers were a concerto arranged for orchestra by Steinberg, ascribed to Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, and introduced here by Mr Koussevitzky in his first season, the suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire Bird," and Sibelius' "Finlandia," long a great favorite with the Pops audiences.

One listener found it impossible to get a definite intellectual or emotional impression of Sibelius' symphony from yesterday's performance. Mr Koussevitzky plainly took great pains with the piece, lavishing his nervous energy in an endeavor to make it effective. Clearly this is music stripped of superfluous conventional repetitions, music written in a distinctive style, with a character of its own. One of the strongest proofs of the genius of Sibelius has always been his ability to give to each of his works an individuality that prevents one from confusing, say, his First Symphony with his Fourth, or, to take more familiar examples, the idiom of the "Valse Triste" with that of "Finlandia."

## Distinctiveness

Now, there are composers like Cesar Franck, whose music seems all cut from one piece. A theme of Franck's strays into one's head and it becomes a problem whether it belongs in the symphony, the violin sonata, or the six pieces for organ, or the prelude, chorale and fugue for piano.

There are also composers like Beethoven and Wagner with whom one does not thus confuse separate works in memory. "Tristan" music cannot, very obviously, go into "Meistersinger" or anything from either of them fit into "Parsifal." The "Eroica" Fifth, "Pastoral," Seventh and Eighth Symphonies of Beethoven have each as

strongly marked a character. The distinctiveness of this Seventh Symphony of Sibelius may be an indication that it is a masterpiece.

These chords from brasses, now sombre, now strident, these wails from the strings have certainly individuality and possibly dignity. But one can scarcely recall a work which, when first heard, seemed so monotonously loud and so turgidly scored.

This may have been the fault of the performance. Mr Koussevitzky's conception of "Finlandia," again disclosed yesterday, is monotonously melodramatic, with the lyric element that to many ears has redeemed the piece in abeyance.

When he is especially anxious to make music expressive Mr Koussevitzky nearly always overdrives his orchestra, coarsening its tone and blurring the outlines of the music until they become momentarily obscured. One wishes he could listen from the rear of the hall at a few of the concerts he conducts. If this were not a manifest impossibility he would no doubt have done it long since.

Nobody in the midst of an orchestra playing full blast can really tell what the effect of all the sound and fury is like a hundred feet away, or observe when some of the instruments are drowning out others. Yet the conductor is forced to stay in the midst of the din and to guess as best he may whether the balance is being preserved between, say strings and brass,

## Musical Idiom

The Bach concerto would be more attractive in the original version, no doubt, but in the arrangement it has a certain sweep and breadth of style that recall Johann Sebastian Bach's lesser works. Except for the slow movement it does not appear to be characteristic of Philipp Emanuel Bach.

Stravinsky's "Firebird" betrays his indebtedness to some of his predecessors, notably to his teacher Rimsky Korsakoff, and foreshadows in places all the subsequent developments of his personal musical idiom. Though notably inferior to "Petrushka" it has that evocative power over the listener's imagination which is the artistic justification of program music. It suffers somewhat from fragmentary performance without the illustrative action, but is not without ability to stand on its own merits as sheer music. The performance was less incisive and more quietly poetic than one expected. Only the evil spirits in Katschell's baleful power were noisy.

The program now announced for next week includes Schumann's First Symphony, a new suite by Milhaud (who will himself play the piano solo in it), and Debussy's "Iberia."

P. R.

# MR. KOUSSEVITZKY ESSAYS THE WORK OF JAN SIBELIUS

THE "SEVENTH" AND FINLANDIA  
PAIRED

*Trans.*

A Direct and Single-Minded Music in a Vital Style—Individualism and Treatment—Steinberg Out of Bach for Fresh Values — Stravinsky, Too, for Good Measure

**B**ETWEEN the new and the old the program—the final one—at Symphony Hall was yesterday evenly divided. The new part fell entirely to the works of Jan Sibelius, whose Seventh Symphony is still a novelty virtually anywhere. For final piece Mr. Koussevitzky drew also upon Sibelius, choosing the popular "Finlandia," not yet performed at these concerts during the present conductor's régime. The first half of the program consisted of pieces already played by Mr. Koussevitzky: Maximilian Steinberg's arrangement of the Concerto in D major by Philip Emanuel Bach; a suite of pieces drawn from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Firebird." Such was the final version of a program parts of which were "changed too late for corresponding alterations to be made in the notes" of the program book.

Of first interest was of course Jan Sibelius's Symphony No. 7, in one movement, Opus 105. In one sense, and in one sense only, Sibelius has followed the main current of our times. All his life he has stood apart, a solitary figure in the musical world, working out his own salvation in his own personal way. And so he still stands. But one certain tendency, which has spread over the entire clan of musicians, the world over, Sibelius has not escaped. This is the tendency toward simplification, a reversion to older composers as models. Thus we have the neo-classicism of a Stravinsky, going back to Bach as a model (in certain limited senses only) for his latest works. Thus concertos of the type of the age of Bach and Handel have again become common in the works of a number of composers. More broadly, thus also must be mentioned the entire recent tendency away from "program music" and back toward "absolute music." In all these cases composers are borrowing from the Bach and Handel age chiefly in the field of form. The language spoken by the

individual composer is the language current at the present time. The content, the thing spoken about, depends on the personal individuality of the composer.

But when one has said of Sibelius that in this seventh symphony he is following the present tendency toward simplification, one has gone as far as it is possible to go in finding common ground between him and other contemporary progressive composers. He does not go back to the time of Bach and Handel for anything whatsoever. He has not borrowed a form from anywhere in the past. True, he is writing absolute music, like many another, but he has written six symphonies before the present one, none of them "program"-symphonies, in the usual meaning of that term; that is, he has been writing absolute music all his life. It is in his idiom rather than in other fields that Sibelius has turned back upon himself. Time was when the sharpness and acerbity of this idiom seemed a barrier between him and the public. In the present symphony many of the themes might have been written by the Beethoven of the early middle period. But in adopting an idiom of such comparative simplicity Sibelius has placed upon himself the obligation to write themes of the same interest, the same compelling quality, the same staying power, as one finds in themes already existent in such an idiom, say the themes of Beethoven himself. That these themes of Sibelius have this puissance, it would be foolhardy to say. They achieve beauty, high beauty. They are saturated with nobility. But they seem not quite to reach the heights already reached in the idiom chosen. For example, the trombone theme around which the whole work centers, hardly shines forth as brightly as might have been expected from examination of the score.

In the field of form Sibelius continues to be an experimenter. For each of his symphonies he has chosen such an adaptation of symphonic form as has seemed best suited to the peculiar thought he wished to express. The seventh symphony is no exception. The purely formal aspect centers about the problem of constructing a symphony in only one movement. Performance better than hasty examination of the score reveals the justification for calling the work a symphony. Indeed such justification is hardly needed as it is easily possible to find precedent for the use of the term as applied to works for large orchestra if the work be only of sufficient proportions. Nevertheless, if one consider the scale passages which begin the movement and which seem hardly to have genuine thematic character, but which pervade the entire symphony, as the "first theme," the trombone solo as the second or lyric theme; if one further



notes that the second of the three appearances of the lyric theme is somewhat in the nature of a "development," one can hardly fail to recognize the three phases of statement, development and re-statement which are essential to the sonata-form which is the corner stone of the symphony. Moreover, the Adagio divisions fill the need for slow movement. Two lively transitional divisions, each with its own theme, are obviously cast into the scherzo-mood, conventionally desirable in a symphony. And finally, the alternation of the three divisions dominated by the trombone solo with these scherzo-like transitions stand at the basis of the rondo form, much used for last movements. Pedantic formalists, who may be able to see nothing else in this symphony, will marvel at the neatness with which this single movement partakes of the characteristic of first-movement, slow movement, scherzo, final rondo. Sibelius the architect though experimenting, is a masterbuilder.

But there is more to be considered in this symphony than themes and form: apples never yet have made a tree, nor has the framework of a building made a home. The living whole gives the only basis for final and complete judgment. Indeed, if the themes be really lacking somewhat in individuality the reason may well be that they shall not intrude too much on the total effect of the whole. For if there is any composer who can write pleasing themes it is Sibelius. This music, solidly constructed as it is, is in constant state of flux. There are as many pleasing moments outside the formal themes as in them. From Adagio to Presto, with all intervening stages, the music flows, always gradually. As in a slowly turning kaleidoscope the themes melt into each other. Hand in hand with such flexibility goes a unity of effect as true and as compelling as is usually found only in shorter pieces. A Prelude of Chopin could hardly proceed with greater singleness of purpose. And what does it all suggest? It is a piece of self-revelation or the part of the composer, as all inspired music must be. As such it reveals the same Sibelius who years ago found difficulty in discovering a public which would understand him. The same northern ruggedness is there, mellowed by the years. There is a kindly austerity which makes the symphony likeable. Advancing age makes some men—Beethoven, let us say—reach out harder and harder after the unattainable final ideal. In others it develops the qualities which makes children sometimes pass by their parents in favor of their grandparents. Of these is the Sibelius of the seventh symphony. That impressions were thus definite and tangible speaks worlds of praise for Mr. Koussevitzky and his men. Not always does first performance yield as much.

"Finlandia" went its expected course. Themes of folk character sang their

plaintive way into the hearts of listeners as they always do. Tumults rose and were quelled. Incisive brass cut its sharp way through the whole. Masterly performance of work too well known.

When Mr. Koussevitzky first came to Symphony Hall, not the least of the pleasures he brought to it were those incident to the playing of pieces revived from a past rapidly turning from the gray of misty recollection to the black of positive oblivion. One of the first of such pieces was the new arrangement of Philip Emmanuel Bach's Concerto in D. Yesterday again renewed all the pleasures of a first hearing. Grateful passage work by full strings, by strings of solo voices, by piquant oboe and bassoon. Above the level of music that is merely a part of the day's work this concerto seems to reach. Solo virtuosity, orchestral virtuosity it yesterday called for and received. An entirely objective music, it went further. It established its own mood, as even things objective do. By which token orchestra and men went beyond its evident objectivity. The art of music is in everlasting debt to Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Steinberg for rescuing such a work from undeserved oblivion.

Also, Mr. Koussevitzky's powers with the music of Stravinsky are matters of common knowledge to music lovers in and about Boston. In those powers the music of the "Firebird" exhibited him yesterday. With the novel music of Sibelius in mind, the fullness of his revealing skill was hardly at the service of Stravinsky. He has risen to greater heights with him. On the other hand, no fault whatsoever can be found with the playing of the suite. It was Mr. Koussevitzky, not in the heights, not a whit below par, but Mr. Koussevitzky at his best daily level. The music of the "Firebird" hardly needs fresh comment at this time.

A. H. M.

## WILL BROADCAST STRAVINSKY SUITE

Symphony to Give "L'Oiseau  
de Feu" Tonight

Stravinsky's suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" (The Fire Bird), based on the weird dance legend of Russia which, according to Prof. John Pat-ten Marshall, is the basis of Stravinsky's music, will furnish the "piece de resistance" of tonight's broadcast of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be available to an audience aggregating millions, when six stations, including three of the most powerful broadcasters of the country, are linked together. In addition to stations WBZ, WJZ and WGY, the chain network now includes WFBL of Syracuse, N. Y.; WMAK of Buffalo, N. Y., and WHAM of Rochester, N. Y.

The broadcast of the entire series of 24 Saturday night concerts, of which this is the eighth, has been made possible by W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company of Boston, New York and Chicago, who arranged for the weekly symphony programs with G. H. Jaspert, director of WBZ.

In the explanatory remarks preceding the program, Prof. Marshall will discuss the Symphony No. 7 of Sibelius's life and work. During the intermission he will explain and illustrate some of the curious harmonic effects with which the composer Stravinsky is identified. The music of the suite, originally written for the Russian Ballet, has become a popular feature of symphonic programs and even those of the radio audience who are not favorably impressed by modern music are assured enjoyment in the Stravinsky work, particularly after hearing the story of the suite as portrayed by Prof. Marshall. In his musical illustrations, Prof. Marshall will be assisted by Miss Marjorie Posselt, violinist, and Miss Margaret Starr McLain, pianist.

The complete program follows:

Bach, C. P. E. Concerto for Orchestra in D major.  
(Arranged by Maximilian Steinberg.)  
I—Allegro moderato  
II—Andante lento moto  
III—Allegro  
Stravinsky, Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" (The Fire Bird). A Dance Legend.  
I—Introduction: Kastchei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire Bird.  
II—Supplication of the Fire Bird.  
III—The Princesses Play with the Golden Apples.  
IV—Dance of the Princesses.  
V—Infernal Dance of all the subjects of Kastchei.  
Sibelius—Symphony No. 7 (in one movement) Op. 105.  
Sibelius—"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem, Op. 26, No. 7.

## GIVES FIRST YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

Richard Burgin Conducts  
Symphony Orchestra

Herald—Dec. 9, 1926

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its first young people's concert, conducted by Richard Burgin, ordinarily concert-master of the orchestra. The program: Smetana: overture to "The Sold Bride"; Haydn: two movements from the Symphony in G major, "The Surprise" (a, Andante; b, finale: Allegro di molto); Grieg: Suite No. 1 from "Peer Gynt" (a, Morning Mood; b, Anitra's Dance; c, In the Troll King's Grotto); Debussy: from the "Little Suite" (a, In a Boat; b, Procession); Liadov: The Music Box; Chabrier: rhapsody "Es-pana."

The hall was filled. The listeners ranged in age from five to 20. To be sure, many of them were there by force of parental or scholastic "musts," and some of the younger ones were accompanied by teachers, but the program once started, signs of half-hearted attention were not much in evidence. On the contrary, understanding of the music and the appreciation of the orchestra's playing was expressed in no uncertain terms, and must have been a real satisfaction to Mr. Burgin. As one small boy expressed it, listening from his seat in the balcony, "that applause sounds like very heavy rain against the house."



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In a way this audience was ideal. It brought to the conductor not only attentiveness and enthusiasm, but obviously a knowledge of the music. These young people showed familiarity with those passages of the symphony which gave it its title; they became enthusiastic over the "Peer Gynt" suite—indeed, so tumultuous was the applause after "In the Troll King's Grotto" that it seemed the piece would have to be repeated; they gave respectful but cooler approval of the Debussy pieces; and Liadov's "Music Box" had to be played twice. The little boy who sat near us made sure of the words "music box" on the program, for he allowed "that does sound just like the one we had before it got lost or something."

Altogether the program proved a delightful one to the children. Mr. Burgin's conducting of it was admirable. Granted he had a wonderful instrument in the orchestra, and the pieces played were the simpler ones of the repertory, yet the phrasing, the handling of nuances, the building of climaxes as he did these things yesterday were not mere routine. Perhaps in Symphony hall yesterday sat the future audience before the future conductor.

The program will be repeated at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and there will be a second pair of concerts in January.

H. L.

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## Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18, at 8.15 o'clock

Schumann . . . . . Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38  
I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.  
II. Larghetto.  
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio I: Molto più vivace; Trio II.  
IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

Milhaud . . . . . "Le Carnaval d'Aix"; Fantasy for Piano and  
Orchestra on the Ballet, "Salade"  
(First time in Boston)

- I. Le Corso.
- II. Tartaglia.
- III. Isabelle.
- IV. Rosetta.
- V. Le Bon et le Mauvais Tuteur.
- VI. Coviello.
- VII. Le Capitaine Cartuccia.
- VIII. Polichinelle.
- IX. Polka.
- X. Cinzio.
- XI. Souvenir de Rio (tango).
- XII. Finale.

Ravel . . . . . "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem

SOLOIST

DARIUS MILHAUD

BALDWIN PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Darius Milhaud

Composer, Pianist, Guest at the Symphony Concerts

## SYMPHONY GIVES NINTH CONCERT

Schumann's "The Carnival  
of Aix" in B Flat Major  
Is Presented

*Herald* Dec. 18, 1926

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Schumann, Symphony, B flat major, No. 1. Milhaud, "The Carnival of Aix," fantasy for piano and orchestra on the Ballet "Salade" (Mr. Milhaud, pianist). Ravel, "The Waltz."

Schumann wished Taubert, the conductor, to infuse into his orchestra in the performance of this symphony "a sort of longing for the spring," which, he said, he had chiefly in mind when he wrote the music. He admitted that his thoughts were fantastic and came to him after the work was finished. (He did not give the titles to the sections of his "Carnival" for piano until the music was all written). His wife said that he called the symphony a "Spring" symphony; it is also reported that he at first purposed to name the moment, "Dawn of Spring, "Evening," "Joyful Playing," "Full Spring." It is known that a poem by Boettger about spring was in his mind.

But the symphony finally appeared as a symphony in B flat major—this and nothing more; and for dwellers in New England, this is enough. Spring is known to us only through poets of more favored climes. It is not easy for us to be rapturous about this season of the year. Whittier, the New Englander, as a poet of nature, was happiest when he wrote "Snowbound." In the concert hall the songs exulting in the spring leave us cold; the more joyous the song, the more foreign it is to us. Surely no one thinks of skipping lambs, nor is one inclined to join in the refrain, "Fa-la-la, Fal-lal-la" of many glees and madrigals. So we doubt whether Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday urged his players to think of spring when they were playing. This did not prevent the performance from being a glorious one, in headlong rush, in musically animal spirits, in the beauty of the more intimate passages which are

peculiarly Schumannian, in the finest sense of proportion in dialogue and ensemble, in the pervading genial and poetic nature of the interpretation.

And so whatever has been said in disparagement of Schumann's orchestration, there was no thought yesterday of crudeness or clumsiness; no one felt like repeating the well-worn saying that he wrote as for a piano. The musical thoughts of the composer were in the foreground; the symphony sounded far better than would appear from the cold and lifeless score, for the notes were vitalized and beautified by the aesthetic skill of the conductor and the technical proficiency of the players.

As we have said before, music is not music until it is performed, until it sounds. It is the task of the conductor to make it sound so that it stirs or moves the hearer. There should not be too rigid respect for the letter, for the mint and cummin. Indications of tempo should be as signposts, pointing the general direction, but allowing the traveler to loiter or hasten on the way, so that he finds new beauty in a landscape, or gathers flowers here and there, or passes quickly over muddy or rocky stretches. Schumann is not a composer for a metronomic time-beater. Poet calls unto poet; the poet thus called upon must not be of the Queen Anne school.

Mr. Milhaud drew a Suite from his ballet "Salade," especially for his present tour. The Philharmonic Society of New York was the first to play the Suite. The ballet itself was produced in Paris two years and a half ago. The ballet introduced characters from the old Italian Comedy, known to us by the drawings of Callot. Some of these characters give titles to movements in the Suite. There are 12 movements, some very short, none very long. The Tango (Souvenir de Rio) reminds one that Mr. Milhaud and Paul Claudel, now French Ambassador to this country, were in 1917 and 1918 in the diplomatic corps at Rio.

Those who were acquainted with some of Mr. Milhaud's earlier works, seeing yesterday the title "Salade," no doubt expected to find an undue use of vinegar with strange and unknown seasoning in the dressing, the "fatiguing" of this music. They were disappointed. There was little that was shocking to ultra-conservative ears, there was much to please, to amuse (in the better sense of that word.) We are all too much inclined to be unduly serious at Symphony Concerts; to insist on only the noble and sublime. Sir Thomas Browne was not of that mind.

"For even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer."



That the audience yesterday enjoyed the Suite was shown by the spontaneous applause at the end and the several calls for the composer-pianist. Three of the movements made an immediate direct appeal: Isabelle, Polka, Souvenir de Rio. There were interesting features in other movements.

It is extremely doubtful whether Ravel's "Waltz"—it has been put on the stage at Ghent—will stand among his better compositions. The mysterious opening, the muttered hints, the exposition with refined treatment of the chief items are still fresh; the latter half seems long spun out; to use a homely phrase "fussed-up."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows. Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 6, G minor. Vaughan Williams, A Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1. Wagner, Prelude and Love Death ("Tristan and Isolde"). Rimsky-Korsakov, "Scheherazade."

### M. Milhaud Appears

With Boston Symphony  
Monitor — Dec. 18, 1926.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its ninth program of the season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, and will repeat it this evening. Darius Milhaud was soloist in his "Le Carnaval d'Aix," Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra on the Ballet, "Salade." The other numbers were Schumann's First Symphony and Ravel's "La Valse."

No challenge there to the established order. Milhaud was once a name to scandalize the stationary. But the Group of Six, of which he and Honegger were the most distinguished components, has long since broken up, having achieved its object of making its members known to the world. M. Milhaud, one gathers, desired to revisit the United States this season. So he wrote himself a ticket in the form of this suite, drawn from a ballet. The music, therefore might be described as "occasional." He played the piano part for the first time the other day in New York, and doubtless will play it again with most of the American orchestras. Thus M. Milhaud tours the country, and musical Americans have the opportunity of greeting him.

The composer's Address to the American People is an ingratiating document, contrived with great cleverness and not a little humor.

There is real satire in the section entitled, "Le Capitaine Cartuccia," and considerable drollery in the very brief "Polichinelle." All of the pieces are well and economically made, worthy of a disciple of Satie. The composer himself appeared as a rather bored young man, tossing off some highly competent piano playing in passing. The orchestra served him well and seemed to enjoy doing it.

The symphony received a brilliant performance. It is difficult to imagine a conductor who would go to more pains to revitalize this score, or an orchestra more responsive to his will. Is it possible that this naïve music profits less from these furnishings than a more rugged type? We believe we prefer our symphonic spring songs in their native simplicity. Perfeveror better advantaged Ravel's ardent measures. L. A. S.

## MILHAUD SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Parisian Composer Plays

His Own Music

Epicure — Dec. 18, 1926

Darius Milhaud, much talked of Parisian composer, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. He played the piano part in his own fantasy for piano and orchestra "The Carnival at Aix," written "especially for my American tour," as he confided to New York interviewers the other day. It is based on a ballet called "Salade," performed in 1924 in Paris.

M. Milhaud in this fantasy has not written a serious masterpiece or advanced the art of music. But it should be counted to his credit that he has not tried to do so. The 12 brief sections of this fantasy are so many more or less amusing trifles, with a rhythmic ingenuity and frequently a rather naïve humor about them calculated to please an audience.

These pieces might have been written in 1900. Here are few traces of the appalling and irresponsible polytonality which won Milhaud a reputation as a dangerous musical radical.

The piano part in this suite is not written so as to demand of the performer any prodigious display of technical skill, nor is M. Milhaud a pianist of remarkable excellence.

As for his talent as composer, one would prefer to postpone passing judgment, until hearing a work which he himself appears to take seriously. Facility and, within a limited range, ingenuity he certainly has. Yesterday's audience applauded with the politeness expected in the case of distinguished visitors.

### "First in America"

It perhaps deserves mention that although the original announcement stated that the Boston performances would be "the first in America," the actual first performance anywhere was as it turned out, given in New York by the Philharmonic Orchestra Dec 9. The really remarkable circumstance is that both Koussevitzky and Mengelberg should have been willing to offer their audiences music so very slight, which the composer himself obviously wrote for a lark.

There is no further excuse for excluding from the Symphony concerts the works of Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, and Confrey, any one of whom handles rhythms more skilfully and invents more ingratiating themes than Milhaud's. But Milhaud is a Parisian "highbrow" and they are "American lowbrows." Of musical snobberies there is, in America, no end.

Mr Koussevitzky began the program with Schumann's First Symphony, and concluded it with Ravel's "La Valse." Debussy's "Iberia," several times announced, was again withdrawn, no doubt for further rehearsal.

The performance of the Schumann Symphony was on the whole among the most successful of all those that Mr Koussevitzky has conducted here. The first two movements, in particular were read with remarkable eloquence which in this instance did not result in violence being done to the letter and the spirit of Schumann's score. Mr Koussevitzky had taken great pains with the piece, which, because it is badly written for orchestra, is difficult to make sound as the composer meant it.

In the scherzo the old difficulty about establishing the proper tempo in the opening measure baffled the conductor's skill. Can it be, as a musician in the audience yesterday suggested, that Mr Koussevitzky's beat is in such cases momentarily obscure?

In places in the finale and scherzo there was ragged playing, with the strings, in particular, not quite together. But when the general effect was so impressive it is perhaps ungracious to point out these flaws in the execution, chronic faults with the orchestra under its present conductor.

### Dramatically Successful

There was a fitful hysterical eloquence in the reading of "La Valse,"

but the continuity of the set of waltzes which should be marked by the underlying waltz rhythm, was obscured by Mr Koussevitzky's tendency to make effects with particular passages. There were so many of these effects, often in themselves dramatically successful, that the effect of the whole piece was lost.

The Christmas program, as now announced, will include Rimsky Korsakov's "Scheherezade," a concerto grosso (which one is not stated), by Handel; the Prelude and "Love Death" from Wagner's "Tristan," and, for the first time here, "A Norfolk Rhapsody" by Vaughan Williams. P. R.

# SYMPHONY MAKES BABY MUSIC VOGUE

Milhaud Plays Piano

Part in Latest

"Salade"

Post — Dec. 18, 1926

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Whatever else the Symphony Concert of yesterday might be called, it might not properly be referred to as dull. First on Mr. Koussevitzky's list came Schumann's outspoken and tuneful B-flat major Symphony, the final number was that remarkable sublimation of the musically obvious, Ravel's "La Valse," and between these there appeared "in person" Darius Milhaud to play the solo piano part in his new "Le Carnaval d'Aix," a startling example of the infantism now in vogue among certain of the younger Parisian composers.

### OFF "HIGH BROW" STUFF

This is not M. Milhaud's first visit to Boston. He appeared here as lecturer and as pianist in his own cham-



ber-music in the season of 1922-23; and since M. Monteux conducted his darling Second Suite in the spring of 1921 his orchestral music was not previously unknown to Symphony hall. The evolution—some might perhaps call it the disintegration—as composer of M. Milhaud, now in his 35th year, has been curious. His early violin sonatas and string quartets might well be described as masterly.

He has had his fling at the writing of music of a violently dissonant and "futuristic" character. But of late he has chiefly cultivated two forms of expression: the dance style, either in terms of the Brazilian tango or of American jazz and the consciously naive.

#### Little Folks' Tunes

Twelve little pieces make the fantasy heard yesterday, a work derived, by the way, from the composer's ballet "Salade." Hearing them the listener was violently torn between the cafe-chantant and the nursery. Of the twelve the seventh, by title "Le Capitaine Cartiuccia," a march based upon the "Johnny-get-a-hatrack" rhythm long dear to beaters upon toy drums, evoked a burst of applause that for a moment disrupted the continuity of effect intended by composer and conductor.

And at the end M. Milhaud, a stoutish man exceedingly amiable of aspect who had played his music in a persistent staccato fashion, was many times recalled.

#### Revitalizing Schumann

That of yesterday was the first Boston performance under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction of Schumann's so-called "Spring" symphony. Realizing that its fading pages stand sorely in need of revitalizing, the conductor yesterday made a palpable effort to "pep up" this music, and to a generally satisfactory if sometimes over-noisy result. In this music which flowed so freely from Schumann's pen that the actual composition, aside from the orchestration, was completed in four days, the audience of yesterday took unbounded delight. By such token, then, the piece has not yet outlived its usefulness, although the hypercritical may still protest its lack of true symphonic texture, its want of proper symphonic dignity, its wearisome repetitions of inconsequential figures, its occasional triviality, its persistently gauche and amateurish instrumentation. Witness, then, in the Symphony's success of yesterday the combined triumph of melody, sing-song rhythm and conductorial enthusiasm.

Brilliant, too, was the performance yesterday accorded Ravel's apotheosis of the Viennese waltz, a piece in which Mr. Koussevitzky has more than once demonstrated his own and the orchestra's prowess.

## MILHAUD AS GUEST; SCHUMANN RENEWED; RAVEL THREADBARE

Trans. — Dec. 15, 1926.

### THE NEWCOMER'S ENTERTAINING MUSIC

A Light, Neat, Lively Suite of Dance-Tunes, Pleasantly Fanciful—"The Waltz" for Piece Too Often Played—The One "Spring Symphony" Under Mr. Koussevitzky's Hand

LIKE the Lady Angela in "Patience," Mr. Darius Milhaud, guest yesterday at the Symphony Concert, is "a plump and pleasing person." Self-effacingly and sufficiently, he played the piano-part in one of his pieces, designed in particular for his present American tour; smiled upon an applauding audience; waved a glad hand to an orchestra that had served him well; set quite enough tongues gossiping because he wore working dress for what some count a ceremonious occasion. (In spite of these good ladies, the fashion of jackets by day in the concert-hall is becoming custom—even such easy-going jackets as Mr. Milhaud's.) His piece was "The Carnival at Aix"—his native town—Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra in twelve divisions, drawn from "Salade," ballet, or as the composer chose to label it, "choreographic counterpoint," devised in the spring of 1924 for the esoteric "soirées" in Paris of the Count of Beaumont. "Salade" was then interspersed with speech and song. If the reviewers are to be believed, the "choreographic counterpoint" was intended to prove something—exactly what they fail to make clear. There is nothing, however, contentious or esoteric about Mr. Milhaud's derivative Fantasia. Its purpose is to please, and it pleases as "gayly and vivaciously" as the composer would have it.

The orchestra is a normal orchestra, seldom subtilized by sub-divided or intricately suffused timbres; rarely distorted, as in the ornate exercises for the tuba; then obviously for whim. The piano-part is as free from excursions into virtuosity or meanderings into decoration for decoration's sake, rhythms it. So far as this Fantasia goes, he lusts not at all for polytonality, atonality and other gawds of modernity. Nor is he inclined, beyond comfortable endurance, to acerbated and biting har-

monies. Mr. Milhaud would not be himself did he not wind into his "Carnival" speech incisive; while spiritedly he discordant keys. The zest for jazz that ran in him during his first visit to America seems to have "petered out"; while he chooses ragtime but, sparingly. In fact, the whole impression of the Fantasia is of a sprightly, smiling, occasionally fanciful music, simplified throughout. In not a few measures it would have suited a glorified musical comedy. No more persistently do composers in that genre rhythm with the drums.

There are twelve divisions in "The Carnival at Aix," so brief that the whole fête—and its music—barely consume a half hour. One, by way of introduction, is the street-scene ("Le Corso") with crowding figures and hurrying feet many-gaited, rhythmized and paced accordingly. Another is a bedizened, wanton, sophisticated polka, brought glintingly off. A third is the tango, deliciously languorous at the beginning, only to fling loose in syncopations and discordances—the two sides, as it were, of an intrinsically sensual music. For ending, a Finale of summarizing and departing gusto. The other divisions were each labelled with the name of a personage from the media dell' arte, even to such rarely reappearing figures as Coviello and Cinzio. Under these titles Mr. Milhaud wrote now a music of frank and lively humor; again a music of running melody and sportive sentiment; yet again a music of pleasing fancies, with harmonic and instrumental sauce piquante. Only at rare moments did one or another of these dainty dishes jell a bit too heavily. Often, for that matter, the orchestra seemed lighter-handed than the composer.

In sum a Fantasia (or a "choreographic counterpoint") that was entertainment, content with that office, by no means to be disparaged on either score. The over-righteous, the superfluously priggish, may spend all their time, if they like, in "communion" with "the masters"—like the kneeling figures, stiff-sculptured upon mediaeval tombs. For the rest of us, less free from human frailty, occasional half-hours of music that bears no "message," achieves no "heights," diverts and is done. There is reason to wish only that it be gaily invented, fancifully fashioned, piquantly flavored. Mr. Milhaud's Fantasia answers to these prescriptions. Though the will sometimes surpasses the deed, it is no small virtue in the younger French and Italian composers—Rieti for the latter—that they have led music as entertainment back into theater and concert-hall. Like the devil with the good tunes, the musical comedies need not have all the fun.

An elder Parisian succeeded Mr. Milhaud upon the symphonic scene—Ravel, of another "choreographic counterpoint," to wit "The Waltz." At five pairs of concerts within as many years has it been played in Symphony Hall. Agreed that conductors, the world over, love the piece to frequent repetition—as they cherish other singular and perverse affections. Admitted that Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, many times mated in it, have brought performance to high pitch of skill and surety. None the less, from sheer over-acquaintance, the music is wearing thin and shiny. We listeners hear all the shortcomings; half-close our ears to most of the accomplishment; heed the orchestra rather than the composer. The catastrophic close has become, for the while, rather empty sound and fury; the upbuilding and the shattering of the waltz-tune seem no more than adept conjuring; the waltz-motiv emerging from the dark, no longer stirs sensuous sensations, evokes no courtly visions. Not the substance and the imagery, but the rhetoric and the manipulation, now engage us. Hardly fair to Ravel is this present residue, though "The Waltz" falls short of his richest and keenest work. More unfair is the present seclusion, upon some overlooked shelf, of his "Spanish Rhapsody," the suite in memory of Couperin, even the orchestral version of "Alborada del Gracioso."

A welcome restoration, however, began the concert, applauded to the echo by an audience that remembered, anticipated and took fresh joy. For the first time in four or five seasons, Schumann's Symphony in B-flat major—his Symphony of the Spring—returned to the active repertory. It is true that he wrote for no such piercing brass as now answers to Mr. Koussevitzky's call. His was the mellower German way of the mid-nineteenth century. True also, the conductor over-labored sundry measures for the sake of musical emphasis or emotion outflung. Oftener than Mr. Koussevitzky seems to believe, the lyric Schumann, like the more lyric Schubert, is content merely to sing along. True, finally, he might have more clarified Schumann at his instrumental thickest and eased him when he is fumbling his symphonic tools. On the other hand, the conductor, after his habit, gave the composer rhythmic and melodic life; intensified the warm-running moods; achieved—the virtuosi of the orchestra aiding—many a rare and fine felicity.

Little matter these reservations of reflection. Led again into the living world, Schumann spoke out—or rather sung out—for himself. The introduction stirred from middle grayness into bright andici-



tion, and Mr. Koussevitzky gave it tonal splendor. The first movement ran quick with ardent mood, spurring rhythm, ascendant song. As an old English word has it, within and without was glee. Possibly Schumann wrote the Larghetto like a piano-piece; but it was in such musing and quick-coming fancies that he struck his most characteristic note. Nor, secreted in a piano, are there singing horns. The two Trios of the Scherzo are like gayety irresistibly renewed, brightening at each new flight. Ways and means rarely cumber. In the Finale, where Mr. Koussevitzky was over-strenuous, runs indeed the lustihood of spring and of symphonic song, but graciously, lightly, eagerly and evasively—both moods at once. "Full spring" indeed, as Schumann early purposed to label it, but spring still nymph-like, tripping the Rhenish hills. For once in a flood of moods, Schumann forgot anxious scruple over a form that the orthodox of those days too jealously guarded. Joyously, he wrote to a friend, he worked—and the one vernal rhapsody in symphonic music still gladdens the ears of men.

H. T. P.

Mr. Milhaud entered the Paris Conservatory in 1909 and studied there until 1915: the violin with Berthelier, harmony with Leroux, counterpoint with Gedalge, and composition with Widor. In 1911 he was awarded a first accessit for violin-playing; in 1914-15 a first accessit for counterpoint. "In 1915 he obtained a prize for composition by his sonata for two violins and pianoforte." Was this prize the first accessit? He spent the years 1917 and 1918 at Rio de Janeiro as attaché to the French Legation. Paul Claudel, now French ambassador to the United States, was then with the diplomatic corps at Rio de Janeiro.

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FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

## Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 25, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . . . Concerto Grosso, No. 6, G minor  
 I. Larghetto e affettuoso.  
 II. Allegro, ma non troppo.  
 III. Musette: Larghetto.  
 IV. Allegro.

Vaughan Williams . . . . . Norfolk Rhapsody, No. 1  
 (First time in Boston)

Wagner . . . . . Prelude and Love-Death, "Tristan and Isolde"

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . . Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35  
 I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.  
 II. The Story of the Kalandar Prince.  
 III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.  
 IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces on a Rock Surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion.

There will be an intermission after Wagner's "Prelude and Love-Death"

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# 10TH SYMPHONY IS BRILLIANT

Handel's Concerto Grosso  
Lends Dignity to Eve  
of Christmas

CONCERT WILL BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon. For the holidays Mr. Koussevitzky arranged an interesting and brilliant program.

First came Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 6. The solemn first movement, solemn but with Handel's peculiar tenderness, reminded the hearers that Christmas Eve should be something more than an excuse for eating and drinking, hysterical music and riotous jollity. The lively movements have a stirring virility. Those to whom the "Scotch snap" is a burning question, who trace this "snap" in music of every age and every school, rejoiced to find it in the Musette, a movement curiously named, for it is without the traditional form.

There was a passionately eloquent performance of the familiar excerpts from "Tristan and Isolde"; a remarkably effective reading and playing of Rimsky - Korsakov's "Scheherazade," that gorgeous tonal picture, reproducing wild tales of Ahrimanes and Jinns, one-eyed Kalanders and enchanting princesses, the sea of Sindbad with the magnetic mountain, the splendor of Baghdad under its great Caliph, the sensuality, the cruelty, the perfumes, the lust and the glamour of the Orient.

The second piece on the program was played here for the first time. It was well worth hearing. Vaughan Williams, a firm believer in folk-music as thematic material, although for his more important works he invented his own themes, heard over 20 years ago folk-songs in a Norfolk village that pleased him greatly, and inspired him to write three Norfolk Rhapsodies. The one performed yesterday was No. 1. The words of the songs used are delightfully naive; the tunes heard yesterday are for the most part pleasingly melancholy, with one that is rollicking and typically English in its straightforward-

wardness. The introductory section is beautiful by reason of the theme announced in a beautiful manner both in tone and in expression by Mr. Lafrance, the leader of the viola section, and by the treatment of this theme, the charming and original orchestration. The lively section is wholly free from the coarseness that is too frequently found in music of English and other composers when they wish to be unmistakably gay. The close, too, is beautiful in its unexpected quietness. This Rhapsody would bear repetition at an early day. The Rhapsody is nearer in spirit to the same composer's "Wenlock Edge" than to his "London" Symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Scarlatti, Three Pieces, arranged for orchestra by Roland-Manuel; de Falla, Concerto for Clavichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin (so the announcement states, but others say "viola") and violoncello; Mozart, Rondo (being the Finale of a piano concerto), for harpsichord and orchestra; Stravinsky, "The Rite of Spring." Wanda Landowska will be the soloist.

## VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Handel, Wagner, Williams  
and Rimsky Korsakov

Mr Koussevitzky has set an agreeably varied program for the Christmas pair of Boston Symphony concerts. Yesterday afternoon's audience seemed on the whole greatly pleased with a miscellany which ranged from a Handel concerto grosso, through a "Norfolk Rhapsody" by Vaughan Williams, and the prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan" to Rimsky Korsakov's "Scheherazade."

The majority of the subscribers had as usual in Christmas week given their tickets to friends. It is a pity that Mr Koussevitzky's midseason vacation cannot be given him at this time, by arranging to have no concert for two weeks, and lengthening the season in Fall or Spring. Too few people can find time for concerts amid the holiday rush.

The only novelty on yesterday's program, Vaughan Williams' "Norfolk Rhapsody, No. 1," was not so very new, having been composed in 1905. Its themes are old popular songs (therefore dignified by the title "folk songs") which Dr Williams collected at Kings Lynn, Norfolk, England, the



town for which our Lynn was named. The harmonization and arrangement are effective enough, but the introductory measures, especially a passage with viola solo, are the only really notable things about the piece. These measures, differently scored, recur at its close.

This is an early and not very characteristic work of the composer of the "London Symphony" and "Pastoral Symphony." The latter work has not been heard here, except at a New England Conservatory concert, though much praised elsewhere. It should be added that yesterday's audience was delighted with this Rhapsody, applauding it until Mr Koussevitzky brought the players to their feet after several recalls.

### Favorite Piece

The next number, the prelude and "Love-death" from "Tristan and Isolde," first performed in concert in 1859 (though the opera was not given until 1865), is music not merely (as is obvious) far greater than that of Vaughan Williams, but also far more modern in harmonic idiom. The audience received this coldly, one could not make out why, since it has long been a favorite piece at the Pops. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation is very eloquent, but not in accordance with those of other conductors.

He varies the tempi and at the final climax in the "Liebestod" so distorts the dynamics as to break the whole line of the melody, as though he did not feel the classic firmness and beauty of form underlying all the emotional and dramatic expression in the music. He also overdrives the orchestra in forte passages, and fails to keep the players absolutely together, though the luminous clarity of this score is not the least of its many superlative qualities.

This music should not be interpreted as though it were by Tchaikovsky. Yet nobody can justly accuse Koussevitzky of failing to make this or any piece interesting. Dullness is a musical crime not to be charged against him.

The first number was Handel's concerto grosso in G minor, No. 6. One wondered why it was not announced in advance just which of the 12 was to be played. A good many in these audiences try to prepare beforehand by looking over the chosen pieces, and therefore wish to know ahead which pieces have been chosen. Yet next week's audience is kept in the dark as to just which rondo by Mozart Mme Landowska will play with the orchestra.

This concerto was given yesterday a moving and eloquent reading. The quality of tone from the strings was beautiful in most of it, nor were those slight failures to keep together which so often coarsen the orchestra's play-

ing remarked more than once or twice. But why need they have been there at all? There seems no excuse now for this sort of thing from this orchestra, any more than there would have been before the war, however much one may have been willing to overlook in the past nine years.

### Of High Rank

Mr Koussevitzky is certainly in many ways a musician of very high rank. The present membership of the orchestra includes many first rate and no incompetent players. Why then need there have been rough places in yesterday's concert, in, for instance, so familiar a repertory piece as "Scheherezade," which was melodramatically interpreted without quite capturing the crude passion and terror of the "Arabian Nights" and at a sacrifice of some of its clarity and elegance of style.

When will Mr Koussevitzky realise that it is possible for an orchestra to play with the most intense emotion without coarsening of tone or blurring of musical outlines?

Mme Wanda Landowska will play the harpsichord in pieces by Mozart and de Falla next week. The rest of the program announced includes Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" and excerpts from Scarlatti arranged by Roland Manuel. P. R.

### First "Norfolk Rhapsody"

Introduced to Boston  
Monitor — Dec. 27, 1926.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its tenth pair of concerts last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Handel—Concerto Grosso No. 6 in G minor.  
Vaughan Williams—Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1  
Wagner—Prelude and Love-Death, "Tristan and Isolde"  
Rimsky-Korsakoff — "Scheherazade" Suite

Vaughan Williams's Rhapsody was heard at these concerts for the first time in Boston, although it was played in its original form in London in 1906. It served to confirm the conviction given by other music of his, in particular the "London" Symphony, that he is a modern master, though by no means a modernist; a composer of strong individuality and poetic imagination. Profound musician and finished craftsman, he has no need to resort to bizarreries to attract attention to himself; his

originality appears without the aid of either hideous din or attenuated hints of sound.

He sets his atmospheric background here by simple but extraordinarily effective use of high strings, in a manner suggestive of nothing more modern than the Wagner of "Lohengrin." Against this background he sets his folk songs, naïve but haunting. For development he limits himself to the most straightforward musical means, feeling the need of no distortion or "transformation." The instrumentation is always charming and appropriate to the mood, never drawing attention from the main musical ideas. Not only a highly competent but a thoroughly individual piece of music, which gives us to believe that when a composer thinks musically and expresses himself simply and directly, he still can write without leaping forward or backward 200 years. The work was very cordially received.

It is difficult not to regret Vaughan Williams's extreme deliberation in making his music known, which has prevented his publishing the present piece until this year, and still prevents his permitting performance of the two companion rhapsodies which were to make, with this one, a "Norfolk" Symphony. Yet in view of the result of all his revisings, it is perhaps better to await the composer's convenience with patience. Evidently he is one of those artists whose best work is achieved only by endless paring and reshaping.

The performance of the "Tristan" music was easily the best we have heard from Mr. Koussevitzky. Though there were still observable some of the exaggerations which had so marred past performances, there was apparent Friday an architectonic conception of the music that had been lacking before. Though the brass still submerged the strings at the climax of the Prelude, it was less strident at other points. There was better balance, a more subtle crescendo and a far more impressive close. In short, the drama was projected as a whole, instead of as a series of detached incidents.

The Handel was less satisfying. Here obtruded again Mr. Koussevitzky's besetting finicism, resulting in ragged attacks and a generally patchy effect.

Rimsky's fairy-tale suite is one of the great virtuoso pieces of Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, a composition in which the conductor can give free rein to his poetic and dramatic instincts, with the players in full flight with him. As one young woman was heard Friday afternoon to phrase it in good journalese: "Why, when that ship hits the rock, there's the thrill that comes once in a lifetime!" L. A. S.

## ENGLISH MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

### Williams' Rhapsody Is Striking Feature of Concert

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In that it was new to Boston, uncommonly interesting, beautifully played and most cordially received, Vaughan Williams' "Norfolk Rhapsody" No. 1 may be accounted the most striking feature of yesterday's Symphony Concert, even though its companion pieces were a Concerto Grosso of Handel's, the Prelude and Love-Death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherezade."

### TYPICALLY ENGLISH

As the years roll by Vaughan Williams seems more and more to loom above other living English makers of music. Among them, he alone is vir-



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tually free of the reproach of eclecticism. His musical idiom is at the same time typically English and characteristically personal. Not Wagner and Brahms, but Byrd and Tallis are his true musical ancestors. His music is not a compendium of various Continental influences, but a tonal speech that smacks of the soil, British through and through. And it is by virtue of this authenticity of utterance that to an outlander he seems to stand quite above and apart from his fellows, gifted in their several ways as are Elgar, Delius, Holst, Bax, Goossens and the rest.

The Rhapsody heard yesterday is not new. It was written, in fact, as long ago as 1906, though revised some eight years later. Folk-songs make the bulk of its thematic content, but in passing through the crucible of the composer's mind these simple and homely strains have emerged with a new dignity and expressiveness. Permeating the music, too, is a haunting suggestion of nostalgia, a mood that, by the way, permeates much of this composer's remarkable "Pastoral" Symphony, as yet heard in Boston only at the hands of the Conservatory Orchestra.

#### Received Cordially

That this Rhapsody, a composition unpretentious and unproclaimed, should have been so warmly applauded yesterday speaks well for the taste of an audience whose discrimination in matters musical has at times been called into question.

It was Beethoven himself who said: "Handel is the unattained master of all masters. Go to him and learn how to produce great effects with scant display of means." And how aptly these words apply to the Concerto Grosso heard yesterday, one of 12 composed, incredible as it seems, in the space of 32 days. Here is music scored only for strings, devoid of all tricks, free of all striving after effect, yet superbly vital, rich in substance, satisfying alike the mind and the heart.

#### Nobly Eloquent

Always happy with the music of the early 18th century, Mr. Koussevitzky conducted yesterday a nobly eloquent performance of this Concerto. In this music he was heard in Boston for the first time, whereas his prowess with the "Tristan" fragments and with "Scheherazade" is well known to us of this city.

It remains only to add that the orchestral performance was throughout the afternoon of a high order, and that the proximity of Christmas had little effect on the size of the audience, which remained almost in toto to the end of the concert and greeted with pronounced enthusiasm the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's glowing, gorgeously colored and imaginative suite.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY TO PLAY OLD MUSIC

### Concert to Be Broadcast Over Radio Tonight by WBZ

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be broadcast tonight through Westinghouse station WBZ and the chain network under the direction of the Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, is the most varied and in many respects the most interesting thus far in the series, according to Prof. John Patten Marshall who interprets the Saturday symphony programs for the radio audience.

Lovers of old music will delight in Handel's concerto, Wagnerians will welcome the performance of the Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," the modernists will receive their portion in the Vaughan Williams' Norfolk rhapsody and everyone will thoroughly enjoy Rimsky-Korsakov's popular symphonic suite, "Scheherazade."

In addition to WBZ, the "key" station, six stations are included in the network which will broadcast tonight's symphony concert through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company of Boston, New York and Chicago, producers of La Touraine coffee and tea. The stations which will make this concert available to an audience aggregating millions are WBZ, Boston and Springfield; WJZ, New York; WGY, Schenectady; WFBL, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; and WMAK, Buffalo.

Before the program, Professor Marshall will tell the audience of the six stations something about Vaughan Williams' work, which is performed at this concert for the first time in America, and will illustrate the motif from Isolde's Love-Death. During the intermission he will, with the assistance of Miss Marjorie Posselt, violinist, and Miss Margaret Starr McLain, pianist, illustrate the fascinating melodies of the Scheherazade. This music, which is illustrative of tales from the Arabian Nights, tells of Sinbad the Sailor, the Kalendar Prince and the evening which he spent with three ladies of Bagdad, and of the beautiful Scheherazade who appears in the music as a dream-like vision. Professor Marshall will not analyze this music, for such analysis will not help the listeners; he will confine himself to telling the story and pointing out some of the features of the work which the radio audience should not miss.

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Vaughan Williams was educated at Charterhouse (1887-90) and at Trinity College, Cambridge (1892-95). In 1890-92 he was at the Royal College of Music, London; and after taking his degree at Cambridge, he spent 1895-96 at the Music College, where he studied composition with Parry and Stanford, the organ with Parrett, the pianoforte with Herbert Sharpe and G. P. Moore. At Cambridge he had studied composition with Charles Wood. In 1897-98 he had lessons in composition from Max Bruch in Berlin. He also took lessons in Paris for two months from Ravel. "When the Frenchman had asked relentlessly, 'But why do you do so and so?' and 'Why should such and such be done?' the Englishman could only rub his eyes and say: 'Well, why indeed?' And thank you very much for the hint." After which he came home and wrote 'Wenlock Edge.' " In 1901 Williams received the degree of Mus. D. from Cambridge. From 1896 to 1899 he was organist of South Lambert Church. He has lectured for the Oxford University Extension in Oxford and London. In 1914, at the age of forty-two, he enlisted as a private in the R. A. M. C. As stretcher-bearer and scrubber of floors he served in France and at Salonica. He passed the examination for an artillery commission in 1917 and won special commendation for his place on the list. He is now conductor of the Bach Choir in London.

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#### Received Cordially

That this Rhapsody, a composition unpretentious and unproclaimed, should have been so warmly applauded yesterday speaks well for the taste of an audience whose discrimination in matters musical has at times been called into question.

It was Beethoven himself who said: "Handel is the unattained master of all masters. Go to him and learn how to produce great effects with scant display of means." And how aptly these words apply to the Concerto Grosso heard yesterday, one of 12 composed, incredible as it seems, in the space of 32 days. Here is music scored only for strings, devoid of all tricks, free of all striving after effect, yet superbly vital, rich in substance, satisfying alike the mind and the heart.

#### Nobly Eloquent

Always happy with the music of the early 18th century, Mr. Koussevitzky conducted yesterday a nobly eloquent performance of this Concerto. In this music he was heard in Boston for the first time, whereas his prowess with the "Tristan" fragments and with "Scheherazade" is well known to us of this city.

It remains only to add that the orchestral performance was throughout the afternoon of a high order, and that the proximity of Christmas had little effect on the size of the audience, which remained almost in toto to the end of the concert and greeted with pronounced enthusiasm the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's glowing, gorgeously colored and imaginative suite.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY TO PLAY OLD MUSIC

### Concert to Be Broadcast Over Radio Tonight by WBZ

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be broadcast tonight through Westinghouse station WBZ and the chain network under the direction of the Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, is the most varied and in many respects the most interesting thus far in the series, according to Prof. John Patten Marshall who interprets the Saturday symphony programs for the radio audience.

Lovers of old music will delight in Handel's concerto, Wagnerians will welcome the performance of the Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," the modernists will receive their portion in the Vaughan Williams' Norfolk rhapsody and everyone will thoroughly enjoy Rimsky-Korsakov's popular symphonic suite, "Scheherazade."

In addition to WBZ, the "key" station, six stations are included in the network which will broadcast tonight's symphony concert through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company of Boston, New York and Chicago, producers of La Touraine coffee and tea. The stations which will make this concert available to an audience aggregating millions are WBZ, Boston and Springfield; WJZ, New York; WGY, Schenectady; WFBL, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; and WMAK, Buffalo.

Before the program, Professor Marshall will tell the audience of the six stations something about Vaughan Williams' work, which is performed at this concert for the first time in America, and will illustrate the motif from Isolde's Love-Death. During the intermission he will, with the assistance of Miss Marjorie Posselt, violinist, and Miss Margaret Starr McLain, pianist, illustrate the fascinating melodies of the Scheherazade. This music, which is illustrative of tales from the Arabian Nights, tells of Sinbad the Sailor, the Kalendar Prince and the evening which he spent with three ladies of Bagdad, and of the beautiful Scheherazade who appears in the music as a dream-like vision. Professor Marshall will not analyze this music, for such analysis will not help the listeners; he will confine himself to telling the story and pointing out some of the features of the work which the radio audience should not miss.

Vaughan Williams was educated at Charterhouse (1887-90) and at Trinity College, Cambridge (1892-95). In 1890-92 he was at the Royal College of Music, London; and after taking his degree at Cambridge, he spent 1895-96 at the Music College, where he studied composition with Parry and Stanford, the organ with Parrett, the pianoforte with Herbert Sharpe and G. P. Moore. At Cambridge he had studied composition with Charles Wood. In 1897-98 he had lessons in composition from Max Bruch in Berlin. He also took lessons in Paris for two months from Ravel. "When the Frenchman had asked relentlessly, 'But why do you do so and so?' and 'Why should such and such be done?' the Englishman could only rub his eyes and say: 'Well, why indeed?' And thank you very much for the hint." After which he came home and wrote 'Wenlock Edge.' In 1901 Williams received the degree of Mus. D. from Cambridge. From 1896 to 1899 he was organist of South Lambert Church. He has lectured for the Oxford University Extension in Oxford and London. In 1914, at the age of forty-two, he enlisted as a private in the R. A. M. C. As stretcher-bearer and scrubber of floors he served in France and at Salonica. He passed the examination for an artillery commission in 1917 and won special commendation for his place on the list. He is now conductor of the Bach Choir in London.

## Bound Volumes OF THE Boston Symphony Orchestra Programme

Containing Mr. Philip Hale's analytical and descriptive notes  
on all works performed during the season

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BOSTON, MASS.



## Eleventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 31, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, at 8.15 o'clock

Scarlatti, D. . . . . Three Pieces, Arranged for Orchestra  
by Roland-Manuel  
(First time in Boston)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegrissimo (La Chasse)

De Falla . . . . . Concerto for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe,  
Clarinet, Violin and Violoncello  
(First time in America)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Lento giubiloso ed energico.
- III. Vivace flessibile scherzando.

Mozart . . . . . Rondo (Allegro di molto) for Harpsichord  
and Orchestra

Stravinsky . . . . . "Le Sacre du Printemps" ("The Rite of Spring"),  
A Picture of Pagan Russia

- I. The Adoration of the Earth.  
Introduction—Harbingers of Spring, Dance of the Adolescents—  
Abduction—Spring Rounds—Games of the Rival Cities—The  
Procession of the Wise Men—The Adoration of the Earth (The  
Wise Man)—Dance of the Earth.
- II. The Sacrifice.  
Introduction—Mysterious Circles of the Adolescents—Glorifica-  
tion of the Chosen One—Evocation of the Ancestors—Ritual of  
the Ancestors—The Sacrificial Dance of the Chosen One.

SOLOIST  
WANDA LANDOWSKA

HARPISCHORD, PLEYEL, PARIS

There will be an intermission after Mozart's Rondo.

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

## SYMPHONY GIVES NEW CONCERTO

De Falla's Composition  
for Mme. Landowska's  
Harpischord

*Herald — Jan. 8, 1927*  
NOTABLE PLAYING OF  
STRAVINSKY'S BALLET

By PHILIP HALE

The concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Scarlatti, three pieces orchestrated by Roland Manuel. De Falla, concerto for harpischord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violincello. Mozart, rondo for harpischord and orchestra. (This turned out to be the finale in Rondo form of Mozart's Concerto in D major for piano and orchestra K. 451). Stravinsky, Le Sacre du Printemps.

Mme. Landowska has for a long time been applauded as a mistress of the harpischord. It would be too much to say that she has consecrated her musical life to this instrument of ancient times, for she is an accomplished pianist; she has composed serious works; she has written wittily and sanely about music in general, the Clavecin music in particular, concerning the nature of desirable performances.

Knowing her technical skill and her artistic nature, the Spaniard Manuel de Falla wrote for her the Concerto, which, produced at Barcelona last November, was performed yesterday for the first time in this country. The concerto is in three movements, a lively first movement, a slow movement which suggests the sombre religious faith of Spain—music that might have been inspired by monkish life in Toledo—and a vivacious Finale, which is said by the enthusiastic Juan Thomas, who heard the performance at Barcelona, to move "with delicious freedom in the 18th

century."

The first movement is said to be taken from Catalan-Andalusian folk-music. The themes are either too artfully disguised, or they themselves are of little musical significance. This movement has been called "romantic." If romanticism in music may be defined as "all sounds but familiar," the characterization is a happy one. The composer's idiom is alien to us. In this movement we find neither grace nor beauty; neither an emotional quality nor an exotic piquancy. A flippant person might describe this movement as an assemblage of queer and distracting noises.

The second movement has a more fixed character; but in the antiphonal passages, one would wish an instrument that has more body, more sonority than the acid harpischord. The Finale is the most agreeable, the least forced of the three. The harpischord does not lend itself easily to a blending with the other instruments chosen by De Falla.

Mme. Landowska no doubt chose the harpischord for Mozart's rondo, because, though Mozart, as far as we know, never wrote deliberately for that instrument, the pianos of his day were feeble in comparison with the huge machines now put upon the concert stage, so that as she says in her "Ancient Music," a performance of this concerto with a modern piano would destroy the artistic ensemble; the piano would appear as a vaunting soloist with a timid, obsequious accompaniment. Whatever her reason, the performance justified her choice; it was delightful in every way. The harpischord was one of the instruments aiding in the revelation of Mozart's charming music, not dominating, not elbowing its way to the front, as if its associates had little to say.

Scarlatti's music has been maltreated by musicians that should have known better. Hans von Buelow, as an editor of the sonatas, was a shameless offender against Scarlatti's harmony and rhythm. Roland Manuel is more respectful. His orchestration does not pretend to be archaic; there is no attempt at an 18th century orchestral "atmosphere"; he takes the music and treats it in the modern way, but without losing he old spirit, without distorting the musical ideas or swelling them out of due proportion to give them incongruous importance. This arrangement, deftly performed, will repay later hearings.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the virtuoso orchestra—is there any orchestra now comparable with it in the musical world?—gave a remarkably brilliant performance of Stravinsky's extraordinary and enormously difficult ballet. The first section still seems to us by far the more impressive, the more appropriately barbaric in association with a subject that





## SYMPHONY GIVES NEW CONCERTO

De Falla's Composition  
for Mme. Landowska's  
Harpischord

*Herald Jan. 2, 1927*  
NOTABLE PLAYING OF  
STRAVINSKY'S BALLET

By PHILIP HALE

The concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Scarlatti, three pieces orchestrated by Roland Manuel. De Falla, concerto for harpischord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violincello. Mozart, rondo for harpischord and orchestra. (This turned out to be the finale in Rondo form of Mozart's Concerto in D major for piano and orchestra K. 451). Stravinsky, Le Sacre du Printemps.

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might have inspired the late Marcel Schwob for a tale of early years or move Algernon Blackwood to write another story of pre-existence. Perhaps the second section gains in impressiveness when it illustrates and emphasizes the scene upon the stage. In the concert hall the introduction of this section seems rambling and futile, nor is the measures that follow the mystery, the superb wildness, the intensity of pages in the first section.

At the beginning of the concert, the funeral march from "Dusk of the Gods" was played in memory of Galen I. Stone, vice-president of the board of trustees of the orchestra.

The next concerts will be on Jan. 14-15. They should be of great interest for Mr. Casella, the composer, will conduct, and that a admirable pianist, Mr. Giesea King, will be the soloist. Mozart, Symphony, G minor. Liszt, Piano Concerto, E flat, No 1; Casella, Partita for piano and orchestra and the Suite from the ballet "La Glara" (after Pirandello).

## SYMPHONY IN HOMAGE TO STONE

Memory of Orchestra's  
Vice-President Is  
Honored

Post — Jan. 11, 1927  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Music was by no means the least among the many interests and benefactions of the late Galen L. Stone. Since 1918 he had been vice-president of the board of trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and yesterday, with a performance of the Funeral Music from Wagner's "Dusk of the Gods," music of the fullness of life, as well as of its termination, the orchestra paid fitting tribute to his memory.

### RESEATS BAND AND AUDIENCE

Since the coming of Mr. Koussevitzky it has been the custom for orchestra and audience to stand while such memorial rites were in progress. Yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky chose a better way: at his bidding orchestra and audience rose, stood a moment in silence, then at a second signal reseated themselves and thus remained during the performance of the commemorative music.

Had the traditional man from Mars been in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon he would have found the ways of terrestrial orchestras strange indeed. For the music of Wagner virtually the full strength of the Symphony orchestra was required. These solemn measures concluded, there were many departures from the stage until, comparatively speaking, but a handful of players remained to perform the first item on the programme proper, three pieces by Domenico Scarlatti, arranged for reduced orchestra by the Parisian composer Roland-Manuel.

#### But Six Players

Next came a concerto made by Manuel de Falla for the soloist of the afternoon, Wanda Landowska, chief living exponent of the harpsichord, and scored only for that tinkling instrument and flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violoncello. Hence but six players now sat grouped about the conductor in the centre of Symphony Hall's vast stage.

For her second piece, however, Mme. Landowska had chosen a Rondo from a Concerto of Mozart: accordingly the orchestra was increased from five to 35. And finally Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," which ended the programme, augmented this latter number by another three score and ten.

#### Leaves Agreeable Memory

New to Boston were M. Roland-Manuel's deft and discreet arrangements of the younger Scarlatti's Allegro, Adagio and Allegro. Music pleasant rather than profound, the three pieces went their way in neatly adjusted performance, leaving an agreeable memory behind them.

But in at least one pair of listening ears de Falla's attempt to pour new harmonic wine into an old instrumental bottle proved a sorry failure, an experiment as curiously anachronistic as a self-propelled stagecoach. Perchance this Concerto might fare better in a smaller hall for after all it is chamber, not orchestral music, but yesterday it sounded meagre, dry, unsonorous, at times even unpleasant. Whatever the intrinsic value of de Falla's musical ideas, for the most part they failed to impress in the medium in which he had cast them.

### Music of Charm

More successful was Mme. Landowska's second venture, even though this Concerto was written for the pianoforte of Mozart's day, not for the already outmoded harpsichord. But the charm of the music, the grace and dexterity of Mme. Landowska's playing and the artistry of the accompaniment here compensated for the thinness of the harpsichord tone.

Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" is still a fearsome, formidable and forbidding thing in the minds of many Symphony subscribers. There were plentiful departures yesterday in advance of the performance of it, and more at the conclusion of its first half. Not for the tender-eared is this picture of pagan Russia, music of the terrors bred by natural forces uncomprehended, of savage ecstasy and human sacrifice. But once the composer's premises are accepted the "Sacre" becomes one of the masterpieces of music, an achievement little short of stupendous. Yesterday it received from Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra a performance eloquent, gripping and vital beyond all praise and, as it seemed, beyond all Bostonian precedent.

## LANDOWSKA PLAYS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Harpsichord Heard in Two  
Concertos

Globe — Jan. 11, 1927

Wanda Landowska, who has devoted a considerable musical talent very largely to endeavors to revive the use of the harpsichord, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. She played, for the first time in America, a concerto for harpsichord, flute, oboe, violin and violoncello, written for her by Manuel de Falla.

She also, rather curiously, elected to play on the harpsichord the rondo finale of Mozart's concerto in D major for pianoforte (No. 451 in Koechel's thematic catalogue of his work), omitting the other movements. Mme. Landowska has appeared as soloist at the Monday series of Boston Symphony concerts, but not before in the regular series.

Mr. Koussevitzky's other numbers were a little suite made by a Paris music critic, Roland Manuel, from pieces for harpsichord by Domenico Scarlatti, scored for a small modern orchestra, and Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring."

The concert began with a performance of the "Siegfried Funeral Music" from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," in memory of the late Galen L. Stone, the millionaire investment banker, who was vice president of the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the time of his death. This piece was last heard "in memoriam" for John Singer Sargent, before that for Nikisch.

### Displays Great Skill

Mme. Landowska's great skill with the harpsichord was most in evidence yesterday in Mozart's finale. An excellent pianist, she no doubt preferred to use the harpsichord in this number because it is superior to the 18th century forte piano and not so different from that bygone instrument as a modern concert grand would be.

In a smaller room the variety as well as the sonority of tone she elicited from her instrument (built for her use by a well-known French firm of piano manufacturers) would have seemed more notable. This Mozart rondo, an exquisite one, caused regrets that the rest of the concerto was omitted.

Manuel de Falla, on the strength of other pieces of his heard here, has seemed an admirable musician with not a little of his own to say in music. But the concerto heard yesterday, like most occasional pieces written to gratify an acquaintance, seemed less important.

The two allegros are either very ineffectively written for harpsichord and solo instruments, or else, as seems improbable, were poorly played. The "lento giubiloso ed energico" has more musical substance, a more genuine eloquence, akin to that of many a concerto grosso of Corelli or Handel. But Stravinsky and Ravel have each achieved results far more notable in the 18th-century genres.

M. Roland Manuel has taken three Scarlatti pieces, graceful, spirited, tender, justifying the recent vogue of that composer, and rewritten them for a small postwar orchestra, with no striving for archaism.

His aim is akin to that of the various Teutonic experimenters, who having noted that Beethoven often wrote for the pianoforte or for string quartet music with something orchestral in its quality, proceed to rewrite it for orchestra.

M. Roland Manuel has done his task very skillfully, but is it esthetically justifiable to seize upon a piece conceived for one medium and transfer it arbitrarily to another?

### Primitive Music

It must be added, for justice's sake, that his orchestration sounds as much like a harpsichord (or as little like it) as does the modern pianoforte upon



which these Scarlatti sonatas are now almost invariably performed. One regretted that Mme Landowska did not play these Scarlatti pieces in their original form yesterday.

Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" succeeded in driving away a considerable portion of the audience. Some left before it began, many more at the pause midway in the piece, a few while it was going on. To one hearing it for the fifth time this music was again intensely interesting, and in some of its episodes deeply moving. It is not as perfect as "Petrushka," and less beautiful than the more recent piano concerto and the sonata for piano. But the themes and the vigorously rhythmed, bitterly tinged working out of them betoken genius, not charlatanism, in the composer.

The composer has said that the title and the adaptation to ballet performance were afterthoughts. He wrote brutal, crude, primitive music because in 1912-13 that was his mood. As what followed would indicate, this mood was that of much of Europe in those years. Or is it merely fanciful to take "Le Sacre" as prefiguring the World War?

The performance yesterday was more eloquent than meticulous in accuracy. But the orchestra, reduced in size for the occasion, excelled its recent self in euphony and grace in the Scarlatti and Mozart. There are too many strings in the full orchestra at present, one reflected, after hearing from the smaller group of players the kind of performance one has so often vainly demanded of the whole orchestra under its present regime. P. R.

## ASSORTED ANCIENTS, MODERN INHERITORS, SAVAGE STRAVINSKY

HALF-SEASON AT THE SYMPHONY  
CONCERTS

*Trans. Jan. 3, 1927.*  
The Turn of a Year in Which Conductor  
and Orchestra Have Outdone Themselves  
—Scarlatti Refreshed—Mozart, a Harpsichord and Mme. Landowska—De Falla's Baffling Concerto, Old, New and Also "Quasi"—"Le Sacre" Still Reverberant

IT IS the turn of the year at the Symphony Concerts. Before Mr. Koussevitzky conducts again on a Friday and a Saturday, half the season

will be over-passed. Upon it he and his audiences—for he is unmistakably the magnet that draws them—may look back with just satisfaction. When he came first to Symphony Hall in the autumn of 1924, he came also to strange, new work. Since his migration from Russia, he had led the life of an itinerant conductor—eight concerts a year in Paris; two or three annually in London; visits, as opportunity offered, to this or that city of Western Europe. He had no orchestra permanently under his hand; no long series of programs to assort; no itinerary, seven months long, to fulfill. In Boston he gained the orchestra and undertook the other obligations. Since human nature persists even in conductors, only gradually has he adapted himself. Often during his first season at Symphony Hall, his program seemed hap-hazard; while the orchestra made little progress as responsive and ripening instrument. Plainly Mr. Koussevitzky was feeling his way into a new job, assimilating a past where he had been secure into a present where he was still uncertain. Through his second season there was clear advance. The programs gained in scope and proportion; the personnel of the orchestra was sifted and bettered; conductor and players reacted more sympathetically; quality of performance rose accordingly. Mr. Koussevitzky was perceiving and accepting the necessities of his post; the ground closed firmer under his feet.

With the first half of the present orchestral year, there can be no reasonable quarrel. The longest and the most exacting memory may hardly recall eleven pairs of more interesting Symphony Concerts. The programs have held the balance even between novel pieces, "standard" pieces, pieces freshly revived. Neither the ancients nor the moderns—to the last extremity of the latter word; neither the classics nor the romantics have been overlooked or over-cultivated. Composers of one or two nationalities have not thrust less-favored brethren into undeserved background. Strange and baffling music has gone hand in hand with familiar music easier to comprehend. Scarcely a pair of concerts has lacked a stimulating incident—the production of a notable "novelty," the coming of a distinguished visitor, a revival worth the making, a "repertory piece" re-animated.

Side by side with these betterments has gone heightened performance. Since the days of Dr. Muck the orchestra has not been so nearly at zenith. The strings have become equally remarkable for

power, plasticity and brilliancy. The wood-winds and the horns maintain the ancient reputation of that choir. The brass is modern brass—piercing and forceful rather than mellow and sedate. The whole ensemble excels in the works of mass and might—impact of tone, vigor of rhythm, stress of emphasis, sustained march, flooding climax. Yet at will and need it achieves gradation and balance, euphony and finesse. If it can be puissant, it can also be sensuous. It knows grace as well as weight of voice; the finer shadings, the luscious warmth no less than the large stride and the grosser magnitudes; while in a single concert, its sense of style will carry it equally through Scarlatti and Stravinsky. Upon every concert, moreover, Mr. Koussevitzky has lavished the utmost of his temperament and powers. Agree or disagree, there is no doubting his vitalizing force. As he abounds in ambition, so now he abounds also in accomplishment. Four-square he stands in a post finally conquered.

Scarlatti and Mozart for ancients, Stravinsky for a modern before he was self-diminished, stood over against each other at the concert of Saturday; while between was a modern, de Falla, exercising himself upon an ancient instrument, now and again in quasi-ancient style. Five years ago, Monsieur Roland-Manuel, who is expert, fanciful and light-fingered musician in Paris, arranged for small orchestra, in the current sense of the words, three pieces by Scarlatti. In form they make a miniature Suite of two quick movements, eighteenth-century fashion, with a slow and songful division between. For voices the transcriber has arrayed a small string choir; wood-winds, horns and trumpets in pairs, kettledrums and harp—by no means an orchestra of Scarlatti's time, yet ingeniously assembled and applied to convey to twentieth-century ears the flavors of his music.

The first Allegro is gay, smiling, bright-humored, jeu d'esprit in little, heightened in transcription by fugitive piquancies of harmonic and instrumental color. The Adagio is pensive but hardly melancholy song, with the strings for vehicle; while around them, like an escort, the wind-instruments curvet into solo-measures. The Finale begins and ends in conventional eighteenth century manner, with hunting-calls. (Since "the chase" occupied their noble patrons, composers must cultivate it as well.) Between, the little orchestra tosses and embroiders these figures, choir by choir, improvising, besides, lively measures of its own. The whole Suite eventuates as a music of sunny surfaces, rippling gaiety, quick-turned fancies, all wrought with a readiness that is never babble, a skill that assumes no airs, an animation that is spur to elegance. A Latin music—a

Mediterranean music as Nietzsche might have called it—that is bright, miniature, and both unashamed; light, air, and also manners, into tone transmuted.

From Mozart, Mme. Wanda Landowska, who was assisting artist, played upon the harpsichord, the Finale of the Piano-Concerto in D major, with an orchestra as scrupulously small and as assiduously elastic as that of Monsieur Roland-Manuel. For no larger band the composer may have written; while it is safe to say that her harpsichord of Pleyel—longer than our Dolmetsch Chickering model—more closely approximated the piano of 1784 than the post-Lisztian enginery of the modern concert-room. Here, then, was music of Mozart sounding at last in its own guise and voice. No weight of strings stayed progress or slowed turns; no thickness of tone dulled glint and blurred transparency; no "concert-grand" hammered out measures intended to fall on the ear flake-like or spark-like. Add the fine lusters of Mme. Landowska's harpsichord-palette, the elasticity of her touch, her ear and hand for silken textures, the running figures with which at the composer's will she brocades them—and the Mozart who may have written the Concerto for the rich banker's daughter, was his unalloyed self near a century and a half afterward. As likely as not he was more; for it is hard to believe that the skill and the musical feeling of Fraülein Ployer equalled those of the virtuosa-musician—of an eighteenth century reborn into the twentieth—that now played the solo-part. Since the program was short, it was a thousand pities not to hear the whole Concerto. Since a small orchestra restores one piece by Mozart, it might also restore many another.

De Falla's Concerto, like much more of his music at first performance, left the hearer groping. It is written for harpsichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violoncello—with the five supplementary instruments used each in its integrity rather than as subordinate accompaniment. It was played by Mme. Landowska, for whom it was written, Messrs. Laurent, Gillet, Hamelin, Burgin and Bedetti, by all odds a virtuoso-ensemble. It was not long; it ran in the conventional divisions, two quick and one slow; it was curiously labeled—"Lento glubioso" for what seemed a solemn and stately middle movement, "Vivace flessibile" for the Finale. It was buttressed as well by profound annotations in the program-book. From these it appeared that the materia musica, so to say, was intrinsically Spanish; yet as such, by evidence of the performance, unrecognizable to the foreign ear. (Time and again do Spaniards stir to de Falla's music; while the outsider wonders at their admiration and emotion.) Only from the slow division rose that somber splendor and grave ad-



vance which the remembering ear associated with the music of another Spaniard, Vittoria, to the Roman liturgy. Quicker and clearer came occasional impression of the Debussy who is de Falla's acknowledged master.

As plain was the discovery of the harpsichord as instrument for modern music in the modern concert-hall. Between them de Falla and Mme. Landowska make much of its elasticity and quickness, finely divided range of color, penetrating and transparent voice; its sonority within its gamut, its persistent individuality in conjunction with other instruments. This seemingly slender six attained a dark richness of tone in the slow movement, a voice as of monkish chanting, cloistered yet deep, propulsive, reverberant. De Falla does not hesitate to strew the concerto with post-Debussy and modernist devices. Some he confides to the assisting choir. Of others the harpsichord—and Mme. Landowska—are quite capable. Again, as in the Finale, he lapses into the ways and the quirks of the eighteenth-century and the harpsichord, as it were, turns homeward.

Elsewhere in the Concerto de Falla writes modal music in almost mediæval manner and, as in the slow movement, it is impressive. He is usually content with orthodox form and progress; yet upon them lays a top-dressing quasi-modernistic. He is prone to stripped unisons, and no less to incisive and dissonant chords A. D. 1927. In the Finale again, he would gain a quasi-ancient piliancy of matter and lightness of motion. In this "quasi-ness"—to make a utilitarian word—lie the weakness and, in degree, the sterility of the music. Only in the slow movement is de Falla doing the works of imagination; while the receiving ear cares not whether the means are ancient or modern or an ingenious over-lay of both. Elsewhere he is far too "quasi"—quasi-ancient, quasi-modern—generating, to non-Spanish ears, a music of prolonged reflection, subtilized mechanism and baffling voice.

The remainder of the concert fell to "The Rite of Spring"—for the eighth time within three years across Symphony Hall. Report had it that there were many departures on Friday of those that would not hear. On Saturday most tarried, listened intently, applauded heartily. The orchestra is now thoroughly schooled to the tone-poem that has ceased to be ballet; while the music invites many of the powers in which Mr. Koussevitzky has multiplied it. Hence overwhelming weight and vigor of rhythm, especially in the massed strings; precision of release and attack that stings every listening faculty; unflagging incisiveness of line and roughness of surface; keen contrasts, sharpened colors, goading reiterations; the dart, the leap, the cloven instant of

climax. Withal, the barbaric wildness, the inherent savagery, the drive and throb, the mystery returning insistent. Out of encompassing darkness and possessing dread, "Le Sacre" springs and pounds, cries and flames. In frenzies of ritual and salvation, it beats itself numb; at a stroke drops spent and still.

Mistaken seem those who would de-fine Stravinsky in the terms of this present world of din, machinery, the stout fist, the brazen tongue. Rather, in the ranks of music, ancient, modern and of this very hour, he stands isolated as the sole composer who can evoke the barbaric past of man. He glamoured it with beauty in "The Fire-Bird"; filtered it through the folk in the ensemble-scenes of "Petrushka"; released its furies and fears, renewed its ritual, in "Le Sacre"; wrought its marryings, meetings and partings into "Noces"; echoed its play in "Mavra." An old story is the influence of Stravinsky upon the music-making of his time. We live in the ebbing flood of it. As a tendency he passes; into the background slips the ill-favored and manneristic work of recent years. There still looms the figure of the one composer who has conjured savagery into tones—and in many voices.

H. T. P.

## Harpsichord-Lady

Rhapsody to Speed a Departed but Unforgettable Guest

WE AMERICANS, when we have thought of the harpsichord at all, have usually thought of it as the chattering instrument of a pedantic preciosity. A musical fossil, often of incontestable beauty as to the wood, the inlays, the modeling, the finish of its case, it would be viewed with pleasure in a museum or a royal palace, as long as its twanging keys were rigorously dumb. But as an actual participant in performances of music today—well, it might be admissible as an accompaniment for the "dry" recitatives in operas by Mozart and earlier masters, or in archaeological reconstructions of conditions as they existed in the days of Bach and Handel. To take the harpsichord seriously, however, as a means of music-making in a normal concert, that were a gray horse of a gruesome grayness bordering funerally on black!

Last week there came to us a supple and undulating lady out of Poland, by way of Berlin and of Paris, and lo! in a

trice all our preconceived notions and prejudices vanished into thin air—The sorcery of her mind and spirit, the pros-tidigitation of her fluttering, skimming hands—but hands of steely strength and temper—in their infallible response, and what was the magical result? The quaint and pretty fossil for antiquarian collections lived again. This is not the place in which to dwell on the enormous erudition of Mme. Landowska, on her unique and thorough-going study of the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or even on the taste, the wit, the sharpness of perception, the buoyant and finely ironic spirit, the deep and reverent enthusiasm that melt and mingle and combine to make of this femme savante a fascinating and irresistible artist. She wears her mighty learning like a gay and gallant plume. There is something almost jaunty in the ease and blitheness of her profound, triumphant art. "La galeté c'est la force" would be absolutely true of her were it not for the touch of Polish morbidezza, a caressing softness that bears no taint of morbidity as we Anglo-Saxons know it. So it happens that she herself is the most eloquent possible advocate for her harpsichord.

Mme. Landowska has had her instrument rebuilt in strict accordance with the theories and beliefs that are the fruit of her unremitting research among the predecessors of the pianoforte. Of the peculiar genius of the harpsichord, of its special possibilities, let Mme. Landowska herself speak:

It has, like the organ, two keyboards and a great number of registers, imitating the flute, the violin, the oboe, and the bag-pipe, which vivify the compositions with the glowing colors of old stained glass. Its deep registers make us feel the dark profoundness of certain preludes and fugues of Bach. The joyous brilliance of its two keyboards which, in their struggle one with the other, flash and sparkle into flame, impart to the sonatas of Scarlatti just the note of diabolical Neapolitan verve. The miracles of jocund grace and of melancholy tenderness of Couperin and Rameau find again their authentic poetry in that diaphanous and silvery sonority. They recall the fluid landscapes of Watteau, the noble portraits of Largillière, proud in their refined and aristocratic charm. This is praise indeed! But listen to Landowska and you will hear for yourself "the humming, the warbling, the fluting, the flashing, the sweep of arpeggios dripping gold, the resounding jubilation" which are the lordly boast of the puissant scholar of the rediscovered harpsichord.

From all this insistence on the special and revealing value of the harpsichord one would be wrong to infer that Mme. Landowska is not also a pianist. She is, and one of the finest of pianists. To hear her play a concerto of Mozart is to hear a veritable evocation of the marvelous boy of Salzburg. The perfect continence of her playing, her extraordinary musicianship and finesse, the justness of her accents, her chiseled phrasing, the variety and delicacy of her shading, the soft and iridescent coloring of her tone unite in a magic that really transports the listener to a higher and purer region of sound. Here, summoned by Wanda Landowska, is the essential and unsullied bel canto of Mozart, which in bright chastity, in airy evasion of clumsy mortal grasp, is something distinctly other than the bel canto of the nineteenth century, charged with the *maladie du siècle* of the early romantics, for which neither time nor a wilful refuge-seeking in the treacherous port of irony could quite contrive the cure. The sensuousness in her playing of a cantilena by Mozart is a sensuousness of angels. It was Oscar Wilde who said of her: "She plays Mozart as if Beethoven had never lived."

PITTS SANBORN

(Reprinted from The Nation, New York)



# Scarlatti to Stravinsky

Monitor

Jan. 3. 1927.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its eleventh pair of concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, with Wanda Landowska as soloist. The concert opened with an impressive performance of the Funeral Music from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," in memory of Mr. Galen L. Stone, vice-president of the board of trustees of the orchestra from 1918 to 1926. The regular program follows:

Scarlatti, D.—Three pieces, arranged for orchestra by Roland-Manuel  
De Falla—Concerto for harpsichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violoncello  
Mozart—Rondo for harpsichord and orchestra  
Stravinsky—"Le Sacre du Printemps"

The first number on this program was played for the first time in Boston, the second for the first time in America. Both in their degree are examples of that peculiar tendency which seems to be common nowadays to composers of music and manufacturers of household furnishings, the tendency to give their product an aspect other than that which it naturally would present. In both fields the result, though sometimes confusing, frequently reveals great cleverness. Still, one can't help wondering if these artists, whether in music or mahogany, would have time for these pleasing exercises if the stream of original inspiration flowed more generously.

Roland-Manuel's aim appears to have been to score these three harpsichord pieces as Scarlatti might have done if he had chosen to write them for small orchestra and had had the use of the instruments at the disposal of Roland-Manuel. At least, according to an apologist, "he has permitted himself to employ modern resources in trying to make orchestral sonorities correspond to those of the clavecin. It has seemed to him that as Scarlatti was a forerunner in musical evolution, it was only fair to profit by using clarinets, the glissando of harps, and, with still greater reason, the timbre of muted instruments, which Monteverdi had frequently employed a century before Scarlatti lived." Fair

enough, without doubt. The difficulty is that these timbres to our ears correspond not at all to that of the clavecin; they really constitute an alien tongue for the utterance of Scarlatti's thoughts. Scarlatti was one of the greatest and most original of composers for the harpsichord. Mme. Landowska is without doubt the greatest interpreter today of harpsichord music. It would have been of far greater interest and value to hear her play these pieces on her instrument and Scarlatti's; or failing that, perhaps to hear one of Roland-Manuel's own compositions.

## De Falla's Concerto

Manuel de Falla is one of the outstanding composers of the day. Delighted with Mme. Landowska's services to his "Retablo," he purposed, in writing this concerto and in dedicating it to her, to "pay a debt of gratitude." One sympathizes wholeheartedly with the composer's desire to do honor to Mme. Landowska. Yet in spite of her own kind words about this music and the learned comments on it quoted in the program notes, one still felt it to be inadequate to its purpose. Where Roland-Manuel has tried to bring Scarlatti to date, De Falla has projected himself into the past, carrying with him, however, the accoutrements of a modern composer. The result is a sort of Stravinsky of the seventeenth century. There is an attempt to adapt a twentieth century idiom to an ancient form. The product is neither particularly interesting nor particularly pleasing. What a splendid service to Mme. Landowska and her audiences it would have been if both these Manuels had simply refrained from these two excursions.

Mme. Landowska herself was not unknown in Boston, but so far as this program was concerned, she was not revealed until the Mozart "Rondo," which was the Finale of the Concerto in D major (K. 451) for pianoforte and orchestra. It may be objected that this concerto was not written for the harpsichord. But Mozart, unlike De Falla, was trained on the harpsichord, and the pianoforte of his time was not that of today. Therefore this concerto seemed a perfect vehicle for an incompar-

able player's art. While Mr. Koussevitzky kept the reduced orchestra appropriately subdued, the most enchanting sounds insinuated themselves into our consciousness, with the least possible suggestion of material means of communication. Certainly there was no thought of difficulty in production of these sounds; they simply dropped from the player's finger-tips like the gentle rain from heaven. A more finished art than this is hardly to be hoped for.

## The "Sacre" as Classic

"The Rite of Spring" of course has now taken its place among the classics. One listens to it as to the Fifth Symphony. And to think that it is not quite three years since it was first performed in Boston. It already seems strange that then it appeared a baffling, shocking composition, in which was no melody or form, but a great deal of dreadfully complicated rhythm. Today its form and its rhythms are as clear as those of Hadyn, and its melodies (can such things be?) begin to be a shade monotonous. Surely it will be but a very few years before everybody says: "Dear me, is he playing that thing again? Can't we have something later than the nineteen-hundreds?" Perhaps it was just such people who on Friday left their seats vacant during its performance. There are always listeners, even among the conservative, who don't care for certain of the classics.

Since the "Sacre" is a classic, the proper cue for the reviewer is to remark on the "reading" it receives from the conductor. And here, in all seriousness, it is possible to make a comment. It will be remembered that when Stravinsky first heard Koussevitzky conduct this work in London, he publicly complained that the conductor had missed the mood of the piece; had sentimentalized what was designed to be without emotion. The conductor defended himself; but yesterday we felt that probably the composer was right. But granted the interpretation, the performance was excellent.

L. A. S.

## As Guest-Conductors

Mr. Casella and Mr. Respighi at the Symphony Concerts

IN the first week of January, the Symphony Orchestra will make another journey to New York. Upon its return, Mr. Koussevitzky will take a fortnight's holiday. During his absence, two composers will be guest-conductors—Mr. Casella at the concerts of Jan. 14 and 15; Mr. Respighi at the concerts of Jan. 21 and 22. In Mr. Montoux's time, Mr. Casella came in both capacities to Symphony Hall, and was pianist as well. His own pieces lacked neither skill nor individual flavor; he was sufficiently able as conductor; as pianist he was notable. In the second visit, he will be heard in his own music and in the music of other composers. He will not, however, be pianist, since Mr. Gieseeking is "assisting artist" at the same pair of concerts, presumably in one or another of Mr. Casella's pieces for piano and orchestra. In outlook, the composer-conductor may be described as a modernist who has not forgotten the classics; cosmopolitan rather than Italian.

Mr. Respighi, overlooked in Boston during his first visit to the United States last winter, is the familiar composer of the two orchestral suites, "Fountains of Rome" and "Pines of Rome," the transcriber also of a remembered set of ancient dances. Other of his pieces are still unplayed in Boston—a "Dramatic Symphony," a second set of archaic dances, the prelude to his opera, "Belshazzor." One or more of these is likely to stand on his program. In Italy and Germany Mr. Respighi is favorably known as conductor; while as such a year ago, Philadelphia and Chicago received him warmly. He is older than Mr. Casella, more conservative and more Italian. . . . So choosing, the trustees of the Symphony Orchestra better the quality and enlarge the interest of their guest-conductors.



Mme. WANDA LANDOWSKA was born at Warsaw on July 5, 1881. She studied at the Music Conservatory of that city. At the age of fourteen, she left Warsaw to pursue her studies with Heinrich Urban\* at Berlin. She lived in Paris (1900-1913) and taught at the Schola Cantorum. Distinguished as a pianist, she made a specialty of the harpsichord, and from 1906 on toured with a repertoire of music for that instrument. In 1913, she directed the harpsichord class at the Berlin Hoch-Schule für Musik and continued in this position until 1919. Since then her dwelling place has been Basle, also Paris. She has composed orchestral music, pianoforte pieces, choruses, and songs, published "Bach et ses Interprètes" (1906), "La Musique ancienne" (the first edition was published at Paris in 1908), and contributed to various periodicals. She was the soloist at the Monday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, in Symphony Hall on December 3, 1923: Handel, Concerto for harpsichord, B-flat major; Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"; Bach, Gavotte; Scarlatti, Sonata for harpsichord.

## Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 14, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, at 8.15 o'clock

ALFREDO CASELLA will appear as guest conductor  
at this pair of concerts

Vivaldi . . . . . Concerto in A minor for String Orchestra  
(Arranged by Sam Franko)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Largo.
- III. Allegro.

(First time in Boston)

Mozart . . . . . Concerto in C major, for Pianoforte and  
Orchestra (Koechel No. 467)

- I. Allegro maestoso.
- II. Andante.
- III. Allegro vivace assai.

Casella . . . . . Partita for Pianoforte and Orchestra

- a. Sinfonia.
- b. Passacaglia.
- c. Burlesca.

(First time in Boston)

Casella . . . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet  
"La Giara" (after Pirandello)

- I. Prelude — Sicilian Dance.  
Tenor Solo: RULON Y. ROBISON.
- II. Nocturne — Dance of Nela — Entrance of the Peasants —  
Brindisi — General Dance — Finale.

(First time in Boston)

SOLOIST  
WALTER GIESEKING

BALDWIN PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the concerto of Mozart

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Walter Giesekeing, Soloist with Boston Symphony Orchestra January 14 and 15, and Alfredo Casella, Guest Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra January 14 and 15, use the BALDWIN piano exclusively.

## CASELLA LEADS THE SYMPHONY

*Harold Jan. 15, 1927*  
Guest Conductor in Masterly Rendition of Mozart Concerto

### PERFORMANCE ONE TO BE REMEMBERED

By PHILIP HALE

Alfredo Casella, as a guest, conducted the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Franko, Concerto, A minor for strings (first time at these concerts). Mozart, Piano Concerto, C major (K. 467). Casella, Partita for piano and orchestra, and Orchestra suite from the ballet "La Giara" ("The Jar") after Pirandello. The two compositions by Mr. Casella were played for the first time in Boston. Walter Giesekeing was the pianist. Rulon Y. Robison sang the tenor solo in the Suite.

The Program Book stated on the title page that Vivaldi's Concerto was to be performed for the first time in Boston. We have been told that it was played here at one of Mr. Toscanini's concerts; also at one of the 18th century "Candle Light" concerts; but whether Mr. Franko's arrangement was then used, we do not know. Mr. Casella at once showed that as a conductor he knew what he wanted; that his wishes were controlled by a fine musical taste; that the orchestra carried out his wishes gladly, one might say with enthusiasm. His choice of tempo, his sense of proportion and of rhythmic values, his unexaggerated command of expression, his authoritative spirit and contagious warmth, all combined in making the concert one of unusual interest. The interest might have been still greater in the remembrance of it, if the concert had been shorter by 20 minutes or half an hour.

The allegro movements of early 18th century concertos are often so alike that the name of the composer is immaterial. They are fresh, vivacious; too often in the case of Bach, long-winded. This concerto by Vivaldi is noteworthy chiefly by reason of the beautiful slow movement, noble in its dignity.

Mozart's concerto was no doubt unfamiliar to the great majority of the audience. No wonder that those who first heard it in Vienna, when Mozart was the pianist, were loud in praise, for here is pure music; music without alloy for virtuoso display; music that is golden, of wondrous charm. And it is a true concerto in which orchestra and piano unite and form a perfect ensemble.

It is not given to every pianist, not even the most celebrated, to catch the spirit of Mozart and his period, to be his sympathetic interpreter. Many who would shine brilliantly as performers of Liszt, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, would come to grief, attempting to ravish the ear by "condescending" to play Mozart's concertos, rondos, or sonatas. Each note must be a thing of beauty; passages, as he himself said, must flow like oil; there is nothing for vain glorious, arrogant assertion; there must be constant worship at the shrine. A pianist may thunder through a modern concerto and excite admiration by his strength, endurance, yet fail even technically when he plays Mozart.

We have never heard in any country so delightful a performance by pianist and orchestra of a concerto by Mozart than that of yesterday's. Mr. Casella gave full promise of what was to come, as far as the orchestra was concerned, by his masterly treatment of the long introduction. Throughout the performance the playing of the orchestra was of a nature long to be remembered. Mr. Giesekeing, by his recital last season, by his interpretation of music by Bach, Scarlatti, Schumann, and Debussy, showed that no period, no school was foreign to him; that he was not only a pianist of the very first rank; but that, as Swinburne said of the poet Coleridge, he was lonely and incomparable. No other pianist who as yet has visited Boston has the like qualities. One star differeth from another star in glory; one may shine with a baleful lustre, and excite only wonder; another fascinates by its radiant beauty, like "the large few stars" of Walt Whitman's summer night.

Mr. Casella's Partita is a strong, interesting, effective composition. The first movement is after the manner of the old Concerto Grosso but in a modern vein, harmonically and in the use of the wind instruments relieving the strings and contrasting with them. The themes have a salient character; the treatment of them is that of a well-equipped musician of marked individuality; interest does not flag. The finale, a Burlesca, is light hearted, frank music; one sees why Mr. Casella is an admirer of Rossini's gaiety and crescendos. But the middle section, the Passacaglia, is, after all, the most impressive portion of the Partita. The mysterious announcement of the sombre ground theme; the diversity in the variations while the haunting mood persists; the solemn tranquility of the ending, all set this music apart and gave the old passacaglia form unwonted significance.





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As for the ballet suite, one would like to hear the music in the theatre and for the Sicilian story. The Nocturne with the song sung by a Sicilian peasant behind the stage seems the best suited of the movements to the concert hall; the Nocturne and the Introduction are the pages that now remain in the memory.

The concert will be repeated tonight. For the concerto of next week Mr. Koussevitzky has arranged this program: Handel, Concerto Grosso, B minor, No. 12 for strings; Roussel, suite in F major (first performance); Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy."

## CASELLA CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Walter Giesecking Heard as  
Soloist

*Globe* Jan. 15, 1922

Alfredo Casella, noted Italian composer-pianist, conducted yesterday's Boston Symphony concert, allowing Mr. Koussevitzky a mid-season rest. The soloist was Walter Giesecking, noted German pianist, whose first recital here last season showed him to be an artist of the highest rank. Mr. Giesecking chose a Mozart concerto, in C major, in place of the Liszt originally announced. This substitution, otherwise a fortunate one, was to be regretted since it deprived the audience of Mozart's G-minor Symphony.

The program as played yesterday and to be played tonight runs as follows: Concerto in A minor for string orchestra, Vivaldi; Concerto in C major for pianoforte (K 467), Mozart; Partita for pianoforte and orchestra, and suite from the ballet "La Giara," Casella.

Mr. Giesecking again showed himself a remarkably fine pianist and an admirable musician. The audience applauded him with an extraordinary cordiality too seldom extended at these concerts to newcomers. His phenomenal technique made it possible for him to play Mozart's music with the utmost finesse, with the most exquisite nuances. Both he and Mr. Casella have, however, too much musical intelligence to fall into the common error of assuming that Mozart wrote without vitality and intensity of feeling. The first allegro of the concerto played yesterday is designated "maestoso," and has in fact something of the majesty of many Beethoven first movements. Mr. Giesecking here achieved the

difficult feat of playing "maestoso" without coarseness of tone or of style.

### **Demands Great Skill**

Mr. Casella's Partita is a little suite composed of a sinfonia, a passacaglia and a burlesca. The term "partita" has been seldom used since Bach. In his music it signifies either a suite of dances or a set of variations. The pianoforte part, which demands great skill of the player, is not written for display, but as though the instrument were a leading member of the orchestra granted an occasional solo passage. There is much ingenious treatment in modern guise of the forms of early 18th century music in the first two movements. The final "burlesca" is a lively and frankly tuneful piece influenced by the Italian masters of comedy music, such as Rossini, for whose work Casella professes great admiration.

The suite from the ballet "The Jar," based on a story by Pirandello, illustrates, like the Partita, many of the current fashions among the musical intelligentsia. Italian folk tunes are treated in it much as Stravinsky has frequently treated Russian folk tunes. But the two pieces are not mere cerebral music, but lively and agreeable, though without marked originality.

Casella has fine taste, considerable erudition and not a little facility as a composer. He is quick to adapt to his own imaginative purposes the procedures of other and, one feels, far greater contemporary composers, like Stravinsky. Casella is at his best when as, in his early rhapsody, "Italia," and in much of "La Giara," his melodic inspiration is drawn from Italian popular music.

### **Fine Musicianship**

As a conductor Mr. Casella's fine musicianship is somewhat hampered by what seemed yesterday imperfect technical equipment. He did not always convey to the orchestra authoritatively and promptly his musical wishes. There were, therefore, occasional bungled attacks, and other failures to secure precision of ensemble. Yet at times the orchestra played with zest and skill.

The Vivaldi concerto, arranged by Sam Franko, did not sound especially noteworthy. There were too many strings to permit the main body of players to equal the fineness of playing of the grouped soloists in the so-called concertino.

Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct, according to present plans, a program including Handel's B Minor Concerto Grosso, No. 12; a new suite by Roussel, and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." P. R.

# CASELLA CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Offers Old and Own  
Music and Delights  
Audience

*Post* Jan. 15, 1922  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Alfredo Casella, outstanding figure among what still passes for the younger generation of Italian composers, already known to Boston both as pianist and as conductor of his own music, led the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon; Walter Giesecking, most distinguished of the newer pianists, was the soloist, and the concert, which offered music by Vivaldi, Mozart and Casella, was as full of good things as a Christmas pudding.

### **LIST CHOSEN WITH SKILL**

To head the list that Mr. Casella had so judiciously prepared came a Concerto in A minor, for string orchestra, by Vivaldi, previously unheard here. For his contribution Mr. Giesecking played first a Mozart Concerto in C major and next a Partita of Mr. Casella's, for pianoforte and orchestra, the latter new to Boston, as was the concluding number, the Suite drawn from Mr. Casella's ballet "La Giara" (the Jar).

Gossip of the tuning room has it that the music of the Vivaldi Concerto arrived too late to permit of very thorough rehearsing. Technically the performance of this ancient work seemed unexceptionable, yet it was possible to feel that more might have been made of it on the interpretative side. The performance was, in short, a bit stilted and precise.

But if Vivaldi's music did not quite come to full release, that of Mozart was treated by pianist, conductor and orchestra with such beguiling grace, such bewitching delicacy, such limpid clarity and, in the Andante, such songful tenderness, that the oldest concertgoer must have been hard put to recall Mozart-playing that came closer to absolute perfection.

Not to stress a contrast but to disclose an ancestry did Mr. Casella precede his own Partita by music of the 18th century. Like others of the more progressive spirits among contemporary composers, Mr. Casella has lately perceived that the only way out of the harmonic chaos into which the tonal world was fast drifting consists in the return to fixed tonality and structural solidity. The essence of this neo-classicism was well exemplified by the piano concertos of Stravinsky and of Prokofiev, recently heard here with their respective composers as pianists. And Mr. Casella's is, if anything, a still more convincing proof that the old and the new ways of music may be reconciled.

### **Of Strength and Beauty**

The "futurist" Casella of a few years ago might well have been accused of having forfeited his Italian birthright of melody and lucidity. The Casella of this Partita is the true heir of Vivaldi, Corelli and the younger Scarlatti, while the Casella of "La Giara" stems from Rossini and the Verdi of "Falstaff," with an infusion of Neapolitan folk-song.

The Partita is, in fact, music of uncommon strength and beauty, economically but most tellingly orchestrated, and ornamentally rather than fundamentally dissonant. It received yesterday from all concerned a brilliant and compelling performance. Frankly, more obvious in character, the music of the ballet proved a riot of color, enough of modern harmony to spice and savor the whole. The incidental tenor solo, the voice of a peasant singing a folk-song, falls in this week's performances to Rulon Robison, who brought to it yesterday a luscious tone and becoming Italianate fervor. Throughout the afternoon the audience was uncommonly warm in its expressions of approval.



## CASELLA CONDUCTOR: MOZART FULL-SCALED, STRAVINSKY CLOWNING

HIS OWN "GIARA" CARRIES ALL  
BEFORE IT

Frank, Jan. 14, 1927  
A Discovering Audience at Cambridge—  
The Returning Figure — Tame Vivaldi  
and a New-Old Way with the Symphony  
in G Minor—"Pulcinella" and a Ballet-  
Suite Sounding Like a Stage-Show

**D**ISTINCTLY, last evening, the elect of the university and its city discovered Alfredo Casella. After his habit, he slipped upon the stage of Sanders Theater so unobtrusively that for the moment the audience was uncertain whether it looked upon one more player in the Symphony Orchestra, or upon the guest-conductor and composer. Consequently, the merest ripple of applause. An hour and three-quarters later, when the wooden walls of Sanders had rung to the slithering, pounding rhythms of "The Jar," the exuberant clatter, the unloosed jollities, all and sundry, well-nigh matched them with clapping. Time and again they called back the composer-conductor to make his rigid and impassive bow from the waist; then, with brightening face and expanding gesture, to turn to the orchestra as though the plaudits were his, to it.

The evening through, the concert had gone in crescendo. Vivaldi's Concerto, in A minor, for Strings, is hardly an eighteenth-century masterpiece, and was temperately received. Mr. Casella's version of Mozart's Symphony in G minor, was understanding and adept, graphic and sympathetic; but it more interested than ravished listening ears and clapping hands. With the two Ballet-Suites—one from Stravinsky's "Pulcinella," the other from Mr. Casella's own "Giara"—pleasure waxed. True, a distinguished listener, unable to endure more, withdrew conspicuously, when Stravinsky's double-basses, bassoons and trombones fell to baiting each other; but for the

majority the comic zest, the lusty vigors, the darting unexpectedness of the music was altogether amusing. Mr. Casella, moreover, was conducting as musician, comedian and master of the ballet—all in one. Then ensued "La Giara," and, as one audience discovered in Boston this afternoon and another will learn on Saturday, "La Giara" is irresistible.

For the few to whom Mr. Casella had a past as well as a present, it was a pleasure to salute again this manifold musician, now upon Europe, again upon America, bestowing these days of prime. Mr. Casella is a composer of parts, a pianist of distinction, a conductor of merit, a scholarly, keen-witted, persuasive writer about music, an editor both studious and alert, an organizer of good causes, counsellor and friend to proved and aspiring talents. From the work-table he passes to the concert-hall and is abundant and at ease; to the theater he goes, where directors, singers, dancers, heed his sense of the lyric or the choreographic stage. He is cosmopolite by choice, cultivated man of the world by breeding, inclination and habit—the Admirable Crichton of music in this second decade of the twentieth century. No genius, be it agreed, since such come seldom; no "master," and therefore never a bore; but a figure in high relief upon his musical time and no small influence within it.

His three-and-forty years have dealt kindly with Mr. Casella—the program-book had no need to assure us that he was "now living"; but his face is beginning to wear the antique Roman cast into which occasional Italians mature. His manner in the concert-room remains reticence itself. Conducting, he is no less sparing. A clear, firm, economical beat with the right arm; an occasional play of the left as though to lift from the orchestra the tone he would gain; a finger occasionally at lips for moderation, and the deed is done. No picture-writing upon the air, no nervous harrying of the players, neither exaction nor relaxation—only mutual understanding, confidence and regard. True, Mr. Casella's body often swayed to the rhythms of "La Giara," as though he would have the orchestra outfling them yet more vigorously. Under such impetus, the rest of us, had we not been cribbed in pews, might have been in like case. Austere dowagers were plainly observable—with uneasy hands.

Being a good modernist, as we all should be if we live in the world around us, Mr. Casella shaped his program accordingly—for first part, the eighteenth century of Vivaldi and Mozart; for second the twentieth of Stravinsky and himself. Upon a single hearing, Vivaldi's Concerto seemed no remarkable specimen of the kind. The slow movement, for example, courts no ascendant curve; less deepens than extends the melody. The linear development, the interplay of parts, the sober harmonies please—within a narrow scope; but the sentiment—not least of Vivaldi's tools of trade—runs constricted and dry. The enfolding Allegros are lustrous. Sharp-ened rhythm, quick givings and takings, meetings and partings, contrasting voices, solo-instruments for the moment upspringing—all animate it. Clearly, Mr. Casella, good modernist again, prefers his strings incisive. As plainly, rhythm is his conductor's virtue.

With the Symphony in G minor, the conductor was all for an ample Mozart, keeping the orchestra full-bodied and the tone robust, preferring propulsive motion to lingering refinement. At the outset and in the finale, his pace was relatively quick; while vigor of accent, breadth of phrase, firm but not rigid progress gave the music unusual dignity. For once, as it seemed, Mozart was writing in the grand manner, abounding in musical fertility, touched by musical emotion. Stirring to hear were the whipping strings of the first movement, giving way that the wind choir might sing its contrasts. To the Andante Mr. Casella gave a rhythmic motion that throughout characterized it, as of Mozart grave, intent, soliloquizing as he walked, but resolutely unsentimental. The Minuet went free-traced and firm-footed. The quick mind of the conductor did not overlook the upspringing of the Finale from the Trio; swept it forward large-voiced and striding—the antithesis of the light and racing Mozartean rondos. In his days, at Munich, of miscellaneous conducting Strauss used to contend that this Symphony in G minor must be played amply, darkly, even "grandly." Out of deepened mood and means enlarged, Mozart was evoking and sustaining music. For once the classic hand obeyed the romantic heart. Not even the Jupiter Symphony of these final years was designed more largely or more amply freighted. Seemingly, Mr. Casella is like-minded with Strauss.

With Part Second and the First Suite from "Pulcinella," the evening's sport began. "Pulcinella," needless to recall, is a ballet of Neapolitan folk-humors,

frank, abrupt, rowdy, "a gallimaufry of gambols." Stravinsky set it to music—both dance and song—more or less of the eighteenth-century Pergolesi, quite as much of his twentieth-century self; scored it, finally, for small orchestra, winds in pairs, diminished strings, trumpet and trombone, but neither kettle-drum nor any instrument of percussion. Diaghilev and Massine staged it; London and Paris took pleasure in it; while not far behind last evening lagged Harvard Square. For Mr. Casella has the rarest of conductor's powers with ballet-music shifted to the concert-hall. He trans-fuses it with sense of the theater; he sets in play upon it hearty Italian humors. Answering to a stage, not merely sounding from a concert-platform, went this Pulcinella. His black mask and long nose capered across the scene; cronies attended him; there were also "skirts." Not polite was the fun-making.

At first Stravinsky is dutiful to a fault, merely re-pointing Pergolesi's measures with sharper-edged harmonies, keener or warmer instrumental voices. The old Adam—or rather, the new Igor—soon wills out. The orchestra, small though it be, twitches and snaps, slithers and whirls with changeful rhythms. Instruments join or oppose voices in obviously comic conjunction. Bassoons lay in their throats; oboes shrill in their noses; the double-basses will not be comforted and make tonal faces at the trombones. A short toccata tries to be stately; a brief gavotte somehow generates variations—but before the one or the other has drawn a long breath grotesquerie chokes them. Only a tarantella gets a "fair show."

These fooleries are as hearty as they are adept. Here at last is music forgetting to be stately, pompous, sentimental, cerebral, pure, good and uplifting, what not, after nineteenth-century shibboleths and formulas. It is out for a good time with its pockets well lined; it has it—and the audience joins in. It is in order that this Suite from "Pulcinella" pass into the repertory of Symphony Hall. Between "Le Sacre" for power and "The Fire-Bird" for beauty we have nearly forgotten Stravinsky clowning it, lustily, abundantly, with finger to nose and quite as roughly as need be—in Naples, a city unlike dear Cambridge. . . . As for "La Giara" at least one more audience must hear it before it is meet to sing Mr. Casella's praises. Not Prokofiev himself has better "gone and done it." Imagine Sanders Theater become playhouse of Sicilian peasants, as drunk as they make 'em.

H. T. P.



Mr. ALFREDO CASELLA\* was born at Turin, Italy, on July 25, 1883. Casella's father was a violoncellist, a teacher at the Liceo Musicale, Turin; his mother was an excellent pianist, a pupil of Carlo Rossare; the celebrated violoncellist Alfredo Piatti was his godfather; all the boy's nearest relatives were violoncellists. He began to study the pianoforte when he was four years old, yet as a boy he was so interested in chemistry and electricity that Galileo Ferraris wished him to devote himself to science. In 1895, on the advice of Giuseppe Martucci, he turned at the age of twelve his attention wholly to music. (When he was ten he played in public.) He studied harmony with Cravero. The Parisian pianist, Louis Diémer, heard him in Paris, and in 1896 induced him to enter the Paris Conservatory. Casella took a first prize for pianoforte-playing in 1899; in 1901 as a pupil of Xaver Leroux a second prize for harmony. He made further studies in composition with Gabriel Fauré. After he left the Conservatory, he gave in 1914 concerts through Europe, conducted, taught the pianoforte at the Paris Conservatory, was the music critic of the *Homme Libre*, wrote for many reviews—a man of surprising activity, and of late years a composer of singular originality and audacity.

Mr. WALTER GIESEKING, pianist and composer, was born at Lyons, France. His father, a German physician, moved to the French-Italian Riviera, where Walter's early years were spent. In 1911, he began to take serious piano lessons of Karl Leimer at Hanover. His tours were distinguished by the catholicity of his taste in programmes, his interest in the music of the younger composers, and his masterly interpretations. He gave his first recital in the United States at New York on January 10, 1926. On January 17, he played with orchestra Hindemith's new piano concerto. He gave a recital in Boston on February 6, 1926, when his programme comprised music by Bach, Scarlatti, Schumann, Busoni, and Debussy.

## Music in Boston

### Casella and Boston

#### Symphony Orchestra

Alfredo Casella, as guest conductor, led the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall in the twelfth concert of the current Friday afternoon series. Walter Giesecking, pianist, and Rulon Robison, tenor, were the soloists, the latter singing the folk song which occurs in Casella's ballet suite. The program comprised Vivaldi's Concerto in A minor for String Orchestra (arranged by Sam Franko), Mozart's Concerto in C major for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Casella's Partita for Pianoforte and Orchestra, and Casella's Orchestral Suite from the ballet "La Giara." The Mozart alone had been heard in Boston on previous occasions; the others had their first performance here.

It is almost four years since Mr. Casella led the Boston Orchestra, so for many he was a newcomer. The audience received him in anticipatory mood, since guest conductors are rare with this orchestra. Appreciative applause followed the Vivaldi and the Mozart. But enthusiasm ran high only when Mr. Casella's own compositions were completed. For a striking difference of approach manifested itself in the conductor's methods with the eighteenth century works and with his own. In the Vivaldi he pursued a precise, exact course. It was almost as if he were making a mosaic of the music he traversed. Phrase by phrase it went, cleanly rhythmized, sharply approached. Patterns traced themselves deftly. Lines of melody crossed each other in carefully marshaled array. Dissonances were stressed according to the current fashion. But everything progressed as by plan. The listener might analyze and consider and assimilate.

The Mozartian music, again, plainly revealed Mr. Casella's guiding hand. Here was Mozart modernized, with brass sharp-edged and biting rather than played with the mellowness tradition ascribes to the "classical" manner. Rhythms were bouncing

and jubilant rather than restrained and clarified. The melodies waxed full and expressive. Mozart rejuvenated and rediscovered, as well as modernized, was the final outcome of the conductor's manner. To the Mozart Mr. Giesecking, as the soloist, also brought his persuasive powers. The grace and finish and luster he revealed in Boston a year ago again were in evidence. Delicate runs and trills well deserving of the old-fashioned adjective "pearly" decorated the finely wrought music. Form and outline stood forth clearly. And since Mr. Giesecking is as much a modernist as is Mr. Casella, the cadenzas of the soloist betrayed flashing linear dissonances and snatches of brilliant coloring.

Eighteenth century music has doubtless inspired Mr. Casella as it has inspired many others, but he and his music bear every mark of present-day tendencies. One could no more mistake his compositions for those of another generation than one could ascribe the radio to the nineties. It is brilliant, commanding, swift-moving, vigorous and always interesting. Like it or not, one must listen as the Casellan music flashes by. And again, there is more influence of recent composers than there is of anything two centuries removed. No musician worthy of consideration could escape the influence of Debussy and Strauss and Stravinsky. Mr. Casella has not been beyond their scope. Yet his Partita is completely his own. The impact and urge of the first movement, the dreamy spaces of the second, and the boisterous freedoms and humors of the third, these are evidence of purposeful and coherent writing.

A more evident originality manifests itself in the suite Mr. Casella has drawn from his Sicilian ballet "La Giara." It teems with rhythmic vitality and surging melodic undercurrents. Its orchestration is tersely explicit. There is no spreading of material. Each phrase seems essential and of consequence. In fine, it commands willing attentiveness from auditors, especially in the persuasive, emotional guidance Mr. Casella gave it.

C. S. S.



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C. S. S.





Alfredo Casella







Alfredo Casella

"Art Is Long"



GUYAS  
WILLIAMS

Alfredo Casella

Guest-Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, at Cambridge This Evening, in Symphony Hall  
Tomorrow Afternoon and Saturday Evening



## Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 21, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . . . Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra  
in B minor, No. 12

Largo — Allegro — Larghetto e piano — Largo — Allegro

Bach . . . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major for Violin,  
Two Flutes and String Orchestra

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Presto.

Roussel . . . . . Suite in F major

- I. Prelude.
- II. Sarabande.
- III. Gigue.

(First Performance)

Scriabin . . . . . "The Poem of Ecstasy," Op. 54

There will be an intermission after Roussel's Suite

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



# SYMPHONY IN 13TH CONCERT

Boston Orchestra Gives  
Fine Performance of  
Rousel's Suite

*Herald Jan. 22, 1927.*  
PROGRAM WILL BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, B minor, No. 12; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes and strings; Roussel, Suite in F major (first performance); Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy."

Whenever we hear one of Handel's concertos we realize the justice of John F. Runciman's characterization of the composer: "Mr. George Frideric Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music." And if he "lived his life straight through in the grand manner," he also wrote in the grand manner.

It was interesting to note yesterday the contrast between the concertos by Handel and Bach. In each work there is a "concertino" or group of solo instruments: in Handel's, two violins and a violoncello, played yesterday by Messrs. Burgin, Theodorowicz and Bedetti; in Bach's, a solo violin and two flutes (Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Bladet). There the resemblance ceases. There is difference in manner of workmanship, as there is in mood and spirit.

The grand style is evident throughout Handel's music; the concerto of Bach is more in the manner of a chamber work. Handel is authoritative, sure of himself, exulting in his strength. What he has to say is worth saying; when he has said his say, he stops. The performance of the solo players in Bach's concerto was worthy of all praise. It was not their fault that the music for them seemed inconsequential, interminable, chatter; pattern music, music written by the yard; music that might have stopped anywhere after a dozen or more measures, or gone on for half an hour. Handel, with the simplest means, produced music of astonishing vitality. What other composer has composed a slow movement

so full of sonorous beauty, at once majestic and tender, as that in this 12th concerto, which for some unaccountable reason is seldom played? Note, too, the little transitional slow movement just before the fugal finale is attacked. And so, after the performance of "The Poem of Ecstasy," the one abiding memory was that of Handel's music as interpreted, also in the grand and simple manner, by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, always fortunate in his reading of 18th century music, fully answered the demand of Romain Rolland with regard to the performance of Handel's instrumental works: "When you have studied with minute care each detail, obtained from your orchestra an irreproachable precision, tonal purity, and finish, you will have done nothing unless you have made the face of the improvising genius rise from the work."

Roussel's Suite for full orchestra was composed last year expressly for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom the score is dedicated. Roussel had no literary program in mind while he was writing the suite. To use his own words it is "de la musique pure."

The musical idiom of this composer, disclosed in works that have been performed in Boston, has been to us as a foreign tongue, except possibly in "The Spider's Festival," which was written as a ballet for the stage. French critics admire his compositions; Mr. Koussevitzky thinks highly of him. Roussel has been described by M. Coeuroy as "pure music." It has been said that his soul, wishing to be only tenderness and modesty, "palpitates" in his more important works. To us these works may contain emotion, but it is as repressed as if Roussel had lived in the New England of the 18th century; as if, whatever passion ravaged his soul, in his music he would be the Spartan boy; as if, appreciating beauty, he would blush if he were caught in the act of appreciation.

In the Sarabande of this Suite we find glimpses of the Roussel known to us of old, now imbued with a certain warmth; possessed also by the stately, melancholy mood of the Spanish dance; but in the Prelude and the Gigue, lo, a new Roussel, obviously lively, joyous, laughing as he neatly foots it. Is it possible that he thus thought to please American taste, and wrote the Sarabande to please himself? If in the merry movements he let himself go, he did it as an accomplished musician and a well-bred man. There is no bid for immediate popularity; no deliberate introduction of that which, though common and unclean, would excite noisy applause even from a Symphony audience in Boston.

We all know the devotion and affection shown by Mr. Koussevitzky toward



Scriabin living and dead. They worked together, they toured together in Scriabin's life time; now that Scriabin is no more, his former colleague and his still faithful friend delights in paying tribute to his memory. It is not surprising then that Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday gave an extraordinarily eloquent reading of a work, which—no doubt to our misfortune—does not appeal to us. Leaving out of the question the strange inflated poem written by Scriabin for this composition; paying no attention to his theosophic and neoplatonic theories, we cannot admire the musical form, contents, expression.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Prokofieff, Classic symphony (first time in Boston); Aaron Copland, Concerto for piano and orchestra (first performance); Schumann, Symphony, B flat major, No. 1.

### Roussel Suite Played

by Boston Orchestra

*Monitor* Jan. 22, 1927  
The Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the thirteenth program of the Friday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The music comprised Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra in B minor, No. 12, Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra, Roussel's Suite in F major (first time anywhere) and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," this last arriving at a clearly limned and unusually aspiring interpretation.

Mr. Koussevitzky's return from his brief vacation was the signal for prolonged applause from the audience. Finally, after many bows, he began the concert with the Handelian music which had not been heard in Boston for more than 20 years. Although Mr. Koussevitzky labored valiantly with it and although the men gave him amply and generously of their best efforts, one could hardly help feeling that this music should enjoy another rest, at least as long as its recent one.

Bach's Brandenburg Concerto fared far better than did the Handel. Messrs. Lugin, Laurent and Bladet

played the solo parts with brilliance and finish, while the surrounding ensemble glistened and scintillated. Fleeting polyphonies, answering melodic strands and rhythmic figures, full-throbbing tonal resonances all lent their glamour.

The first performance of the Roussel Suite occurred in a very effective setting. This music, dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky, is based on the classical suite of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. How better set in relief its every individual quality than by placing before it music of the period from which its form derives? This new work of Roussel's, not six months finished, consists of a Prelude, a Sarabande, and a Gigue, and is fully as individual as the earlier "Evocations" and the strident "Padmavati." Whether it be due to the classical form of the music or whether the years are mellowing M. Roussel's style of writing, this new work shows a richness of pattern and a tangibility not previously discoverable in his compositions.

Roussel has not discarded the exotisms of his instrumental technique; neither has he left behind him that multiplicity of tonal coloring and terseness of melodic idiom which grew from his contact with the Orient. But somehow, out of a combination of the formal methods of the eighteenth century music-makers and the diverseness which is modernity in music he has concocted a striking composition. There is dissonance aplenty, but not dissonance for its own sensational sake. May it not be that out of the present fashion among composers of turning to the past the music of today shall find coherent utterance? Dissonance untrammelled and formlessness carried to absurd extremes could never of themselves have led to worth-while music. But when, as M. Roussel has done, our present-day composers shall have diverted the experiments of the last quarter of a century into clearly defined highways rather than into the usual twisting and contorted bypaths, then we shall indeed have not only music but music of worth and permanence. C. S. S.

## ANCIENTS IN ARRAY; ROUSSEL NEW-VOICED; SKRIABIN FOR SLAYS

### WARM WELCOME FOR CONDUCTOR RETURNED

*Frank* Jan. 22, 1927  
Mr. Koussevitzky and the Old Masters—  
Workaday Concerto from Bach—Handel  
Striding and Glowing — Parisian Jeu  
d'Esprit—"The Poem of Ecstasy" for  
Better and for Worse

**B**Y the clapping that greeted Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon, he might have been absent three months, instead of three weeks, from the stage of Symphony Hall. No sooner had the audience caught sight of him than hands stirred. By the time he had reached his place the whole house was applauding. For three minutes at least it would not be stilled; while the conductor stood with the bent head of touched acknowledgment. As the Parisians have it, Mr. Koussevitzky is a "very personal" conductor. By the same token his regular hearers hold him in a "very personal" regard. Last year upon his return from a winter holiday they testified warmly to it. Yesterday the greeting was even heartier. Since the days of Nikisch (as those say that can recall a distant time) no such tie has bound conductor and public at the Symphony Concerts. In his itinerant years, Mr. Koussevitzky passed from audience to audience, first in eastern, then in western Europe, and no similar relation was possible. The more must it now pleasure him. . . .

It was stimulating also to hear these plaudits before the Concerto Grosso of Handel and the Brandenburg Concerto of Bach that began the afternoon. Both represented a considerable and desirable change, by Mr. Koussevitzky accomplished, in the routine of the concerts. Before his accession, Bach and Handel were rare comers to Symphony Hall. If twice or thrice a year they gained hearing, the conductorial duty was done; whereas the conductorial zeal usually began with Mozart and Haydn. How much

or how little Mr. Koussevitzky has absorbed the modernist gospel that skips the nineteenth century and returns from the twentieth to the eighteenth, is beside the point. Of himself he has a genuine flair, even a true affection for this music. He leads in it with an instinctive divination as well as a practised hand. Not Mozart and Haydn, as with Dr. Muck, but Bach and Handel, are second nature to him.

Besides, as Mr. Koussevitzky's term lengthens, he is more fortunate in the choice of these ancient numbers. At the outset, he seemed disposed to the pieces of secondary men, by him led from obscurity or by some archæologist of music re-discovered. Now and then the Muses did descend upon them, especially if they were the sons of Bach. Yet oftener they were doing the journeyman's stint in the pattern of their hour. Now Mr. Koussevitzky prefers the two perdurable and unquestioned masters of their age, Bach and Handel. With the latter—Concerti Grossi, Overtures and occasional pieces all counted—the field is wide. With the former, it is narrower and, in some respects, less representative. There are always the Brandenburg Concertos and the orchestral suites. Beyond, only transcriptions from choral-preludes, clavier or organ pieces stand in waiting, and these the ablest transcriber of this day—Mr. Stokowski—reserves obstinately for his own concerts.

The substance and the workmanship of the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, as played on Friday, gave point to these reflections. The whole series was written for a Margrave of the time who happened to have a taste for music, the means and rank to nourish it. As the seven-teen-twenties understood the term, all six Concertos were salon-music. In one or another Bach rose above the level of the commission and his own surface-intent. Yet again he was doing the job as a diligent, but by no means inspired, craftsman. To such composition belongs this Fourth Concerto for two flutes, violin and string-orchestra. The solo-instruments are insistently displayed in blending or in contrast; the flute-parts are incessantly "fussed up" as for favorite virtuosi. The germinating musical ideas do not seize either ear or mind; the counterpoint seldom rises above ready skill. The slow movement stirs no songful emotion; the quick movements attain no ardent stride. The Concerto resolves itself into a virtuoso-music, early eighteenth century manner and little else; while as such the audience plainly received it. Thrice it had Messrs. Laurent, Bladet and Burgin upon their feet, while Mr. Koussevitzky also blessed them. Once more, however,



his intelligence with eighteenth-century pieces stood him in good stead. To no more than twenty voices he reduced the string chorus, concentrating it around him. From a small orchestra, if not in a small room, music fashioned for both stood forth clear in every lineament, bright in every inflection.

The Twelfth Concerto Grosso of Handel (in B minor) asked and received no such diminution. The richer and more sonorous the string choir, the more stately, splendid and sumptuous goes the grandiose George Frederick. Here he writes no quick movements of racing, suspended or evenly balanced figures—for the seventeen-thirties, the regular thing in the regular way. Instead, the string-orchestra and the solo-voices span ample spaces with ardent stride. These allegros resound and march; a dignity that is almost exaltation garbs them; they are music by divine right—a faith in those days—of matter and manner. No whit behind lag the slow movements. Here are Handel's velvet depths and silken heights; while between expands the arc of his instrumental song.

Sentiment, as the eighteenth century interpreted it, little shapes and colors these Largos; still less does emotion, as the nineteenth century understood the term, fashion and impregnate them. Rather, they concentrate the nobility, even the sedate grandeur, of expanding and coalescing musical sound. In the very spacing dwells magnificence; while every period rounds proudly. Music-making in this Handel of maturity could be not only stately but superb. No doubt the time, like every other, loved its formulas; but on occasion Handel could vitalize them by the wealth of his resource, the puissance of his creative impulse. The orchestra, the conductor, felt the impetus. And for twenty-one years this Concerto has gathered dust on a back-shelf of the library! For a master Mr. Koussevitzky was now discoverer.

Yes: Monsieur Roussel, not too far from his sixties, has caught the infection. No more than the middle-aged Stravinsky and Casella, or the young modernists, still in exuberant twenties, does he resist it. He also must write his Suite, enclosed in the old bottles of eighteenth-century forms, fermented, from occasion to occasion, with the new wine of twentieth-century practice. When Mr. Koussevitzky proposed to him a piece for the conductor's concerts in Boston, New York and Paris, gleefully, as it seems, he set to the task. A Prelude, a Saraband and a Gigue were his molds; a full but not inflated, modern orchestra his instrument, well-filled in the percussive corner. The Prelude swings away full-voiced, warmly phrased, vigorously

rhythmed. Soon the whole orchestra, with which Monsieur Roussel seldom dispenses, is singing an unmistakable tune, light-hearted withal; while play of harmonies and timbres keep it glinting, and broadly wrought counterpoint gives it upward and downward sweep. Hear the usually brooding enigmatic Roussel, free-spoken, warm-spirited, gamesome.

The ensuing Saraband inclines more to modernist intricacy than to ancient simplicity, to decoration quite as much as development. Monsieur Roussel returns to short-breathed motifs, tingling harmonies, and individualized orchestra, keys not always amicably related. Through a modern lens and in novel aspect we regard—aurally—an ancient relief still large of line and grave of suggestion. With the Gigue, the austere Roussel (as it has been the custom to believe) is almost "on the loose." At the intermission some vowed they heard synopses worthy of Mr. Gershwin. Anyhow, there were dance-rhythms that the eighteenth century never knew; over all keen color and sharp accents. A jeu d'esprit is Monsieur Roussel's exercise with new wine in old bottles, refilled by a gay and free-handed vintner. By all odds he is a man and composer of more than one mood. Most un-Americanly, he refuses—this once—to conform to his nook.

For ending, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," played with the intense faith and the burning command of every measure that only Mr. Koussevitzky, among the conductors of these days, may still summon. Possibly, he overdoes the effort, since in the zeal of his devotion he would draw something from every measure. How well he unfolds and emphasizes Scriabin's technical skill and imagination—his sense of lambent woodwinds, deep-running basses, plangent strings, proclaiming trumpets! Like two field-m Marshals winning a battle of the concert-hall, composer and conductor organized ascents, descents and far-sweeping climaxes. Like two Slavs in a blood-brotherhood of tortured aspiration and up-coiling ecstasy, they sent themes writhing out of the tonal mass, gathering lush and lush harmonic vesture, finally clanging from a hundred surcharged voices. Magnitude without depth; might when it is also neurotic; smeary romanticism; morbid and self-titillating mysticism. No doubt Slavs understand, else they would not exalt "their" Scriabin. For us others only outer darkness, surfeited ears, cloyed imagination.

Eight horns do not a passion make  
Nor shrilling flutes a rage.

H. T. P.

# HEARTIEST GREETING TO CONDUCTOR

Symphony Audience  
Warmly Cordial to  
Koussevitzky

Post Jan. 22, 1927  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Returning to a Friday afternoon audience in Symphony Hall after an absence of two weeks, Mr. Koussevitzky was greeted yesterday with almost as much warmth as though the concert had been the first one of the season. In fact at no other time during the afternoon was there to be heard applause of like heartiness and fervor, although the concert was one of uncommon excellence.

## BEAUTY OF STRING TONE

Like Mr. Casella at the concerts of last week, Mr. Koussevitzky had in hand yesterday a modern piece in ancient style, a Suite in M major by Albert Roussel, written especially for performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky, and like Mr. Casella he chose to give this new-old music an 18th century setting, placing before it both a Concerto Grosso of Handel (No. 12, in B minor) and the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra.

Hearing Handel's Concerto yesterday one could but recall Beethoven's repeated assertion that Handel was the master of masters. Beside this noble music, as colossally great in invention as it is unpretentious in form and texture, the Concerto of Bach, so far

as its thematic substance is concerned, seemed almost paltry. But in Bach's piece there was for compensation the charm of color, created by the two flutes and the handful of strings, and also the perfection of the performance. And, for the matter of that, is there any other orchestra in the world today whose string choir, even with a Koussevitzky to guide and inspire it, could have played the music of Handel with such mingled richness and vitality of tone, such depth and breadth of expression?

## In Casella's Favor

As was indicated above, Roussel's new Suite, like Mr. Casella's Partita, aims at a union of the older style of composition and the newer musical formulas. Comparisons are, of course, odious although sometimes unavoidable; but of the two men the Italian seems to have done the sounder, the more convincing job.

Of the three movements that make Roussel's suite, the Prelude is marked by a certain strength of sinews, not of lungs; the Sarabande by the same strength plus no small degree of musical beauty; while the Gigue is essentially cheerful and invigorating. In short, a music ably made but smacking more of contrivance than of inner compulsion.

## "Poem of Ecstasy"

It was with Scriabin's gorgeously-toned, superbly sensuous "Poem of Ecstasy," relatively inarticulate in Symphony Hall until Mr. Koussevitzky disclosed its true voice, its full possibilities, that the conductor closed his first Boston concert more than two years ago. At that time the piece, or rather its stupendous presentation, created a veritable furore of excitement.

Repeated yesterday in a performance quite as remarkable in spirit and technically superior to its predecessor, it provoked enough plaudits to return the conductor once to the stage. Audiences, like individuals, it would seem, can get used to anything.

## VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Works by Bach, Handel,  
and Two Moderns Played

Jan. 22, 1927  
Mr. Koussevitzky chose a varied program for yesterday's Symphony concert. Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy"



was the chief number. The first part of the program included a Handel Concerto Grosso in B minor, last played here in 1905. Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, not previously heard at these concerts and a new Suite in F by the Parisian composer, Albert Roussel, written especially for Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony and performed yesterday for the first time anywhere.

Mr. Koussevitzky was applauded with exceptional warmth at his first appearance yesterday, presumably because of the recent announcement that he has consented to stay as conductor for two more seasons, perhaps because Casella conducted last week.

Roussel's new suite would, if the work of a man under 30, be regarded as showing great promise, despite frequent and obvious traces of the influence of such leading contemporary composers as Stravinsky. But Roussel was born in 1869, and is thus almost 60.

The suite, unlike nearly all the many previous works of Roussel, has no program. He describes it as "pure music," with no attempt to tell a story or paint a picture. There are but three movements, entitled prelude, sarabande, and gigue. The work is scored for full modern orchestra, of the type used in Stravinsky's "Sacre." The old dance forms are obscured in the two latter movements by a conscientious rather than hilarious syncopated rhyme.

The prelude is so elaborate a polyphonic allegro that one queries the use of the title. Its style is the recently fashionable curious attempted amalgam of Bach and jazz.

### Cordial Applause

One was distinctly of opinion that this suite is not a modern masterpiece, but the work of one who follows rather than leads the procession of musical history. Roussel, if he does not belong of right to the vanguard of progress, at least marches not far behind it. It is a long way from "La Ville Rose," written in 1909, to this suite, composed last year.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra spared no pains on the performance, which was cordially applauded.

The "Brandenburg Concerto" in G major, for violin, two flutes and strings, heard yesterday is an example of Bach's ability to write graceful and light-hearted music which after two centuries still sounds fresh. He was not always a ponderous Olympian.

The performance yesterday, though eloquent, differed in several details from the original score. The two flutes were modern flutes, not obsolete "flute-a-bec," which seems to have been the same, roughly speaking, as

the "recorder" referred to in our Elizabethan poets. The "continuo," or figured bass, which in the 18th century would have been played on a harpsichord by the conductor, was replaced yesterday by two double basses not in the original score. One assumes that since these could not of themselves supply the missing harmonies indicated by the figures some additional changes of scoring were made.

### "Poem of Ecstasy"

The Handel Concerto Grosso, eloquently played as it was, did not seem one of that master's major works. The slow movement has a ponderous dignified emotionalism.

Mr. Koussevitzky excels in the music of Scriabin. He chose the "Poem of Ecstasy," it will be recalled, as the chief number on his very first Boston program and gave then a reading hitherto unequalled here. Yesterday's performance of this strange, tortured, baffling music, full of ejaculatory fervor, was as remarkable for eloquence, and distinguished by a higher degree of competence from the orchestra, which has improved notably in the past two seasons.

One doubts if this piece has ever been better played anywhere than it was yesterday. Yet one cannot wholeheartedly admire it or understand its full significance.

Next week Aaron Copland will play the piano part in his new concerto for its first public performance. Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," and, rather curiously, Schumann's recently played B flat major symphony are the other numbers announced. P. R.

FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

## Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 28, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, at 8.15 o'clock

J. S. Bach . . . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major,  
for String Orchestra

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Allegro.

Prokofieff . . . . . Classic Symphony, Op. 25  
(First Performance in Boston)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Gavotte.
- IV. Finale.

Copland . . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra  
(In one movement)  
(First Performance)

Schumann . . . . . Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38

- I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio I: Molto piu vivace; Trio II.
- IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

SOLOIST  
AARON COPLAND

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



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## 14TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Program Includes Cop-  
land, Prokofieff, Schu-  
mann, and Bach Pieces

### CONCERT TO BE REPEATED TONIGHT

*Herald* — Jan. 29, 1929.  
By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Sym-  
phony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, con-  
ductor, took place yesterday afternoon  
in Symphony hall. The program was  
as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto  
No. 3 for strings; Prokofieff, "Classic"  
symphony (first time in Boston); Cop-  
land, concerto in one movement for  
piano and orchestra (first performance);  
Schumann, Symphony in B flat major,  
No. 1 op. 38. Mr. Copland was the pianist.

After a virile, strongly rhythmized per-  
formance of Bach's music, came the  
"Classic" symphony of Prokofieff. Were  
those who were disturbed by the  
"Scythian" suite and "They are Seven"  
of this composer, reassured by the word  
"Classic"? Did they enter the hall free  
from fear of the "Wild" Russian and  
his splendid savagery? The statement  
that his idea in this symphony was "to  
catch the spirit of Mozart and to put  
down that which, if he were living now,  
Mozart might put into his scores," did  
not inspire confidence or kindle joyful  
anticipation, for one remembered that  
the Stravinsky of the latter years in-  
sists that he is writing in the manner  
of Bach. And with what dire results!

Prokofieff's symphony turned out to  
be a delightful little work, fresh, melo-  
dious, vivacious, with significant themes;  
masterly, not pedantic treatment of  
them; charming orchestration achieved  
by apparently simple means, but show-  
ing consummate skill. The first move-  
ment and the finale were in many meas-  
ures truly Mozartian in mood, the Lar-  
ghetto and the Gavotte were more mod-  
ern but in no way aggressively contra-

dictory. The piquancy of the two middle  
movements was especially enjoyed by  
the audience, warmly applaudive of the  
whole work, as it had been of the Suite  
by Bach.

One should be sorry for Mr. Copland.  
His "Music for the Theatre, played here  
late in 1925, was much more to his  
credit than his Symphony for organ and  
orchestra heard earlier in that year.  
One hoped to note continued progress in  
the invention of thematic material; in  
firmness of control, so that one could  
say he was leaving the experimental  
state and writing with surety, no longer  
relying on what he thought would at-  
tract attention by novelty and audacity.

If this concerto shows the present  
condition of Mr. Copland's musical  
mind, he is on the wrong track. One is  
not easily annoyed in these days by a  
free use of dissonances, by daring juxta-  
positions of tonalities, if they are effec-  
tive; if they serve in establishing a  
mood, contemplative, fiery, sombre; if  
there is a revelation of strength, how-  
ever barbaric, of beauty, however  
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certo we found little to attract, little to  
admire, much to repel.

Jazz is not the monster it has been  
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It all depends on the use made of this  
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The Concerto also shows a shocking  
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one brass instrument vies with another  
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ments without logical connection, though  
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We do not doubt Mr. Copland's hon-  
esty of purpose; it is the purpose, the  
musical scheme that is to be deplored.  
Yesterday some in the audience laughed,  
as if the Concerto were a huge joke  
played on the hearers, also on Mr.  
Koussevitzky, who, as Mr. Copland says,  
suggested to him the composition of it.

The question comes up legitimately:  
Does Mr. Copland hear music in this  
way? Is his musical speech natural  
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Let us not forget that the leading  
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## 14TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Program Includes Cop-  
land, Prokofieff, Schu-  
mann, and Bach Pieces

### CONCERT TO BE REPEATED TONIGHT

*Herald* — Jan. 29, 1927.

By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Sym-  
phony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, con-  
ductor, took place yesterday afternoon  
in Symphony hall. The program was  
as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto  
No. 3 for strings; Prokofieff, "Classic"  
symphony (first time in Boston); Cop-  
land, concerto in one movement for  
piano and orchestra (first performance);  
Schumann, Symphony in B flat major,  
No. 1 op. 38. Mr. Copland was the pianist.

After a virile, strongly rhythmized per-  
formance of Bach's music, came the  
"Classic" symphony of Prokofieff. Were  
those who were disturbed by the  
"Scythian" suite and "They are Seven"  
of this composer, reassured by the word  
"Classic"? Did they enter the hall free  
from fear of the "Wild" Russian and  
his splendid savagery? The statement  
that his idea in this symphony was "to  
catch the spirit of Mozart and to put  
down that which, if he were living now,  
Mozart might put into his scores," did  
not inspire confidence or kindle joyful  
anticipation, for one remembered that  
the Stravinsky of the latter years in-  
dicated that he is writing in the manner  
of Bach. And with what dire results!

Prokofieff's symphony turned out to  
be a delightful little work, fresh, melo-  
dious, vivacious, with significant themes;  
masterly, not pedantic treatment of  
them; charming orchestration achieved  
by apparently simple means, but show-  
ing consummate skill. The first move-  
ment and the finale were in many meas-  
ures truly Mozartian in mood, the Lar-  
ghetto and the Gavotte were more mod-  
ern but in no way aggressively contra-

dictory. The piquancy of the two middle  
movements was especially enjoyed by  
the audience, warmly applaudive of the  
whole work, as it had been of the Suite  
by Bach.

One should be sorry for Mr. Copland.  
His "Music for the Theatre, played here  
late in 1925, was much more to his  
credit than his Symphony for organ and  
orchestra heard earlier in that year.  
One hoped to note continued progress in  
the invention of thematic material; in  
firmness of control, so that one could  
say he was leaving the experimental  
state and writing with surety, no longer  
relying on what he thought would at-  
tract attention by novelty and audacity.

If this concerto shows the present  
condition of Mr. Copland's musical  
mind, he is on the wrong track. One is  
not easily annoyed in these days by a  
free use of dissonances, by daring juxta-  
positions of tonalities, if they are effec-  
tive; if they serve in establishing a  
mood, contemplative, fervid, sombre; if  
there is a revelation of strength, how-  
ever barbaric, of beauty, however  
strange and fantastical. In this Con-  
certo we found little to attract, little to  
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English reviewers characterized Schu-  
mann's Symphony in B flat when they



first heard it as belonging to the "Broken Crockery School." Our objection to Mr. Copland's broken crockery is that it is not of the first quality.

This Symphony of Schumann's was eloquently performed, so eloquently that one forgot the various adverse judgments that have been passed upon it from the days of Chorley and Davidson to those of Vincent d'Indy.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program of Feb. 11 and 12 is as follows: Langendoen, Variations for strings on a Dutch Theme of A. Valerius; Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 2, B flat minor (Moriz Rosenthal, pianist); Elgar, Variations on an Original Theme. Mr. Langendoen is a violoncellist in the orchestra.

## COPLAND'S LATEST IS POOR STUFF

Symphony in Banal  
Piece With the  
Composer

Post Jan. 29, 1927  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There are some who do not hold in especially high regard the First Symphony of Robert Schumann, but the harshest critic of this simple-minded music must have warmed to it at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon since, repeating the Symphony from the concerts of a few weeks ago, Mr. Koussevitzky gave it on this occasion a singularly flattering setting.

### PROKOFIEFF'S SYMPHONY

By way of beginning to as oddly assorted a Symphony programme as one

hears often, came the Third Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, already conducted here by Mr. Koussevitzky. A work in which Bach is less the poet in tones than the spinner of an intricate and somewhat monotonous contrapuntal web, this concerto was magnificently played by the orchestra's string choir, and Mr. Koussevitzky bade these gentlemen rise in response to the warm applause.

From Bach the programme leapt a couple of centuries to the so-called "classic" Symphony of Prokofieff. But the leap proved not such a wide one after all, since in this work of his 27th year the gifted Russian set out, and with a measure of success, to ape the manner, style and idiom of Mozart. Brief, tuneful, cleverly made, this symphony in miniature is pleasant enough to hear, and yesterday's audience received it gracefully. Only a captious critic would suggest that Mozart wrote better "Mozart" than Prokofieff possibly could, and that Prokofieff writes "Prokofieff" far better than he does "Mozart."

And then came the aural sensation, not merely of the afternoon, but of the season, the first performance on any concert stage of Aaron Copland's new Concerto for piano and orchestra, with the composer himself as pianist assisting in the deed. Thrice has this youngest of recognized American composers been honored by Mr. Koussevitzky in Boston.

To question Mr. Copland's sincerity would be unjust and unkind. It was necessary only to watch him yesterday to be convinced that he is in deadly earnest. But if there exists anywhere in the world of music a stranger concatenation of meaninglessly ugly sounds and distorted rhythms, Boston has been spared it. Since there must be a bit of jazz in all American music nowadays, Mr. Copland has his measures in that vein, but as one young man in the audience remarked, no dance-hall would tolerate jazz of such utter badness. No doubt a European audience would have hissed Mr. Copland's Concerto. That of yesterday merely snickered, and was politely ap-  
plausive when the piece was done.

## Copland's Piano Concerto

Monitor Jan. 29, 1927.  
SYMPHONY HALL, Boston

Fourteenth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, Jan. 28 and 29, 1927. The program:

J. S. Bach—Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major, for string orchestra.  
Prokofieff—Classic Symphony, op. 25.  
Copland—Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra.  
Schumann—Symphony in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38.

Schumann's Symphony had been played earlier in the season. The third Brandenburg Concerto has been heard in previous seasons under Mr. Koussevitzky, but when has it been performed with such limpidity, flexibility and grace as on Friday afternoon? No wonder the audience applauded until Mr. Koussevitzky called the men to their feet.

A similar tribute was paid after the "Classic" Symphony of Prokofieff, which received its first performance in Boston. Some, having listened previously to the Suites from "The Loves of the Three Oranges" and "Chout," the "Scythian" Suite and the choral piece "They Are Seven," may have been perturbed at the sight of Prokofieff's name again on the program. The designation "Classic," coming from so horrendous a composer, might well have caused apprehension of sardonic intentions. Apprehension quite unfounded. This is a Prokofieff milder even than he of the violin and piano concertos. When he said "Classic" he meant it. His symphony is quite Mozartean, especially in the first movement. In the Larghetto a Russian shadow is discernible behind peruke and ruffles, and does not wholly fade away in the Gavotte or the Finale. But the composition is quite eighteenth century in mood.

Aaron Copland played the piano part in his Concerto, performed at the Friday concert for the first time anywhere. He is a young American, in whose importance as a composer Mr. Koussevitzky evidently believes devotedly; for the Boston conductor already had introduced his Symphony for organ and orchestra and his "Music for the Theater," and suggested the writing of the present work.

The Concerto is in one movement, but is divided into two sections, "a slow lyric section" and "a fast rhythmic one," to borrow the composer's description. Although the harmonies are acrid throughout, the first part of this composition may fairly be called lyric, and not unpleasant, even if the thematic material does not on a first hearing strike one as vital. In the second portion the composer frankly goes over to the enemy, and writes in the idiom of jazz. Apparently he has been sitting at the feet of Henry Cowell, too, for he introduces the first theme of this section on the piano with bunched fingers; and although he refrains from using his elbows and his forearm, the effect is at times much the same as if he had not exercised such restraint.

It is in this section that saxophones and other wind instruments introduce sounds that suggest domestic animals. Both this farmyard dialogue and the "tone-cluster" effects on the piano stirred the listeners to hilarity. This showed a marked growth on the part of the Friday audience, which not long ago would have been affronted. We regretted to observe that even the men of the orchestra were unable to preserve a fitting gravity. But both composer and conductor registered utmost seriousness, a sufficient rebuke to audience and instrumentalists.

It would have been easier to believe in the solemnity of the occasion if the composer had not been reported as saying that his work is to be regarded as absolute music, entirely innocent of a program. The bellowings of primeval animals in Stravinsky's "Rite" are justified by the "argument," but such sounds are not readily reconciled with pure music. Mr. Copland is said to have declared of the Concerto that "you couldn't read a program into it if you tried." But with no effort at all the listener visualizes a jazz dance hall next door to a poultry yard. But let us be warned by experience and observation, and not be too hasty in dismissing this novel piece. Mr. Koussevitzky worked hard for its success and applauded its composer with more than conventional warmth. It may be that in a few years we shall all agree that Copland's Piano Concerto and Gersh-



win's "Rhapsody in Blue" mark the high-water mark of American composition. Or it may be we shall not.

Inserted in the program book was an announcement of the orchestra's Beethoven centenary festival, March 22 to 29, at which the nine symphonies, the Missa Solemnis and chamber music by the master will be performed, and commemorative addresses will be made. L. A. S.

## COPLAND HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

His New Concerto Proves

Sensational  
Globe Jan. 29, 1927

Aaron Copland, "born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1900," as the program had it, was the soloist at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. He played the piano part in a new concerto, written at the suggestion of Mr. Koussevitzky, and performed yesterday for the first time anywhere.

No music heard at these concerts in the past 15 seasons has created so great a sensation. The audience forgot its manners, exchanged scathing verbal comments, and giggled nervously while the piece was being played, creating so great a bustle that at times it was difficult to hear the music clearly. The writer had the misfortune to be near a particularly perturbed portion of the congregation, but there was a distinct undercurrent of commotion all over the hall during the final allegro.

At the close of the piece there were a few scattered hisses, a few scattered handclaps, and a general appearance of stupefaction. Mr. Koussevitzky led out Mr. Copland to acknowledge the applause which thereupon swelled to respectable proportions.

The scandal was created by the wholly incidental use of saxophones, muted trumpets, bits of jazz rhythm and other effects which the public has come to associate with modern dancing rather than with the Symphony concerts. Since Mr. Copland has written in this concerto compact, clearly thought out and almost excessively formal music, not melodramatic and not intrinsically incoherent or vulgar, it is perhaps to be regretted that he chose to score it with such self-conscious audacity.

Though still a young man, he ought by the age of 27 to have learned to restrain what is sometimes a pardon-

able desire to thumb one's nose at the stupidities of audiences. One could not see that the offending bits of tone color were essential to his artistic design.

### Difficult to Judge Work

It is impossible to judge a new work finally at a first hearing, but this new concerto, the aforesaid experiment in scoring apart, sounded yesterday like the early work of a man who may become a great composer. The themes are salient and memorable.

His treatment of them in the slow first section is long-breathed and assured, attaining lyric utterance, with very little fumbling. In the allegro finale, the capricious and fragmentary use of rhythm is a bit questionable. But even here it is at Copland's quarters, at details in his development, not at his themes or at the main outlines of his music, that one cavils.

The piano in this concerto is not treated as a solo instrument, but as a member of the orchestra with a function near the percussion section, akin to that of the harp. But the audience, of course, giggled at watching Mr. Copland in one portion of the finale solemnly pounding rhythmically at a handful of the extreme top notes of the keyboard, not realizing that his proper place on the stage was momentarily not that of a piano soloist but up in a humble rear corner near the triangle and the Chinese drum. He is too good a pianist, by the way, to deserve the old joke that some may inflict upon him of "playing like a composer."

The other new piece at this concert, Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony" is an amusing bit of light music, written in an attempt to create out of an ingenious musical imagination the style which Mozart, if miraculously brought to life in the present decade, might conceivably use. The four movements are very brief, deftly turned, with a rather obvious prettiness of detail. They were gracefully played and very warmly applauded.

### Program Lengthened

The program has been lengthened by prefixing to it the familiar G major third "Brandenburg" concerto of Bach, a nobly energetic piece always gladly listened to. The scoring again was not that of the original. No piano replaced the missing "cembalo," as it has on some previous occasions. The performance was eloquent and full of energy.

The final number was Schumann's First Symphony, already performed this season at these concerts. It was an interview with the Boston agents and letter to Atty Gen Sargent, asking for He read parts of Mr. Thompson's

Federal Agents' Action

## PROKOFIEV'S FEAT; COPLAND THE OGRE; SCHUMANN RENEWED

PLEASURE, PLAUDITS, DERISION,  
WRATH

Trans. Jan. 29, 1927  
A Many-Tempered Symphony Concert—  
Stirring Beginning with Bach—Mozart  
via Leningrad—Mr. Koussevitzky Takes  
a New Way—"That Terrible Concerto"

THERE IS but one sentence where with to describe the Symphony Concert of yesterday. The rural press provides it: "A good time was had by all." Mr. Koussevitzky surely enjoyed the afternoon, since he was setting forth a Symphony by his friend, Prokofiev, and a Concerto by his protégé, Aaron Copland. Mr. Copland had the pleasure of a piece played and heard for the first time in public. As for the audience, it passed from one rapture to another, save through the brief space in which the new Concerto—"the jazz-concerto"—burst like a hail-storm upon the sunlit scene. The listeners of Friday salute Mr. Koussevitzky more heartily than do those of Saturday; while yesterday they fell not a whit below the mark. The creative fire, the vivid rhythmic motion, the bite of the strings, through Bach's third Brandenburg Concerto expulsi-

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of them are in- ack and white.  
another may es all, the gentler  
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Globe Jan. 27, 1927

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No music heard at these concerts in the past 15 seasons has created so great a sensation. The audience forgot its manners, exchanged scathing verbal comments, and giggled nervously while the piece was being played, creating so great a bustle that at times it was difficult to hear the music clearly. The writer had the misfortune to be near a particularly perturbed portion of the congregation, but there was a distinct undercurrent of commotion all over the hall during the final allegro.

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Though still a young man, he ought by the age of 27 to have learned to restrain what is sometimes a pardon-

able desire to thumb one's nose at the stupidities of audiences. One could not see that the offending bits of color were essential to his artistic design.

### Difficult to Judge Work

It is impossible to judge a new work finally at a first hearing, but this new concerto, the aforesaid experimental scoring apart, sounded yesterday like the early work of a man who is to become a great composer. The themes are salient and memorable.

His treatment of them in the first section is long-breathed and assured, attaining lyric utterance, very little fumbling. In the alleluia finale, the capricious and fragmentary use of rhythm is a bit questionable. Even here it is at Copland's epistolary details in his development, not his themes or at the main outlines of his music, that one cavils.

The piano in this concerto is treated as a solo instrument, but a member of the orchestra with function near the percussion section, akin to that of the harp. But the audience, of course, giggled at watching Mr. Copland in one portion of the solemnly pounding rhythmically at handful of the extreme top notes of the keyboard, not realizing that proper place on the stage was manifestly not that of a piano soloist, up in a humble rear corner near triangle and the Chinese drum. He is too good a pianist, by the way, to serve the old gibe that some may flit upon him of "playing like a composer."

The other new piece at this concert, Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," an amusing bit of light music, written in an attempt to create out of a genuine musical imagination the kind which Mozart, if miraculously brought to life in the present decade, might conceivably use. The four movements are very brief, deftly turned, with rather obvious prettiness of design. They were gracefully played and warmly applauded.

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The final number was Schubert's First Symphony, already performed in this concert. Department of Justice and review with the Boston agents to Alty Gen Sargent, asking for lead parts of Mr. Thompson's "Al Agents' Action."



No doubt the Brandenburg Concertos enjoy a questionable prominence in the music of Bach because, among his meagre orchestral pieces, they are the most viable. The devoted and deep-dyed Bachians, setting largest store by the church cantatas, the choral preludes and the Passions, regard his courtly music almost scornfully. He who dallies with it lingers in triviality—at the ante-chamber of a master. Yet all six of the Concertos are amusing; most of them are interesting; while one or another may seize the mind and stir the heart. Possibly the third in G major, as played yesterday, partakes of all three merits. It is written for string choir, used often in en masse or group by group, seldom in solo-voices. There are but two movements, both Allegros. The pace is brisk, the rhythms firm-footed and lively; the play of counterpoint energetic, vivid, manifold. Distributed among sixty-odd voices, as the Concerto was on Friday, it is in perpetual flood of tone. Off the bows of Mr. Koussevitzky's choir, it came also warm-phrased and sharp edged.

The steady stream of musical sound, blended or parted, stirred or sped, thrilled the ear. The creative urge, driving the music forward at every turn, stinging it home at almost every stroke, whipped the aural nerves. As in a fiery pageant moved these masses of tone, pathing the air. The reaction to changeeful patterns in motion and counter-motion could hardly have been deeper. No doubt, this Concerto in G major was another thing when the three violins, three violas, three violoncellos, with bass, of the manuscript, played it in the salons of Cöthen; but projected by the string choir of Symphony Hall, it evokes the magnificences of manipulation, the fervor and sweep of progress that a Bach, for the moment Handellian, could also summon. As nowadays conductors broaden his place on programs, so do they deepen and sharpen his voice. Sonorities, rhythm, plasticity—and the deed is done upon an exulting audience. Why not match it with that sixth Brandenburg Concerto, almost never heard in Boston, for violas, violoncellos and basses, with a slow movement to boot?

The "Classical Symphony" of Prokofiev is a miniature miracle of happy artifice. It traverses four brief movements in the orthodox succession of keys from D major back to D major. There is little or no lyric melody, only patterns woven from themes, adroitly adjusted, neatly accented, once and again with too persistent staccato lisp. The harmony is elementary and transparent, reaching occasionally toward mild chromatics. The instrumental voices speak from an eighteenth-century orchestra in the smoothest and clearest of tones. A

a formal garden or freer from sentiment, laid by his native his scholarship and d to be gently but No doubt he has job; one does when Mozart was hard every phrase; so rases and tick-tock from sentiment, so ack and white.

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No music heard at these concerts in the past 15 seasons has created so great a sensation. The audience forgot its manners, exchanged scolding verbal comments, and giggled nervously while the piece was being played, creating so great a bustle that at times it was difficult to hear the music clearly. The writer had the misfortune to be near a particularly perturbed portion of the congregation, but there was a distinct undercurrent of commotion all over the hall during the final allegro.

At the close of the piece there were a few scattered hisses, a few scattered handclaps, and a general appearance of stupefaction. Mr. Koussevitzky led out Mr. Copland to acknowledge the applause which thereupon swelled to respectable proportions.

The scandal was created by the wholly incidental use of saxophones, muted trumpets, bits of jazz rhythm and other effects which the public has come to associate with modern dancing rather than with the Symphony concerts. Since Mr. Copland has written in this concerto compact, clearly thought out and almost excessively formal music, not melodramatic and not intrinsically incoherent or vulgar. It is perhaps to be regretted that he chose to score it with such self-conscious audacity.

Though still a young man, he ought by the age of 27 to have learned to restrain what is sometimes a pardon-

able desire to thumb one's nose at the stupidities of audiences. One could not see that the offending bits of tonal color were essential to his artist's design.

### Difficult to Judge Work

It is impossible to judge a new work finally at a first hearing, but this new concerto, the aforesaid experimental scoring apart, sounded yesterday like the early work of a man who may become a great composer. The themes are salient and memorable.

His treatment of them in the first section is long-breathed and assured, attaining lyric utterance, very little fumbling. In the allg. finale, the capricious and fragmentary use of rhythm is a bit questionable, even here it is at Copland's expense at details in his development, not his themes or at the main outlines of his music, that one cavils.

The piano in this concerto is treated as a solo instrument, but a member of the orchestra with function near the percussion section, akin to that of the harp. But the audience, of course, giggled at watching Mr. Copland in one portion of the final solemnly pounding rhythmically at handful of the extreme top notes of the keyboard, not realizing that the proper place on the stage was momentarily not that of a piano soloist, up in a huddle near corner near triangle and the Chinese drum. He too good a pianist, by the way, to serve the old gibe that some may flit upon him of "playing like a composer."

The other new piece at this concert, Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," an amusing bit of light music, written in an attempt to create out of an enormous musical imagination the style which Mozart, if miraculously brought to life in the present decade, might conceivably use. The four movements are very brief, deftly turned, with rather obvious prettiness of design. They were gracefully played and warmly applauded.

### Program Lengthened

The program has been lengthened by prefixing to it the familiar G. F. Händel "Brandenburg" concerto of E major, a nobly energetic piece always listened to. The scoring again not that of the original. No replacement of the missing "cembalo," it has on some previous occasions. The performance was eloquent and full of energy.

The final number was Schumann's First Symphony, already performed at the Department of Justice and reviewed with the Boston agents for the Attorney General's office. The parts of Mr. Thompson's Agents' Action



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trimmed hedge and a formal garden could not be neater—or freer from sentiment. Prokofiev has laid by his native wildness; summoned his scholarship and susceptibility; resolved to be gently but firmly Mozartean. No doubt he has slightly overdone the job; one does when one is intent upon it. Mozart was hardly so obvious in every phrase; so fond of staccato phrases and tick-tock rhythms; so detached from sentiment, so committed to tonal black and white.

Pardonable excesses all, the gentler ardors of a fascinating game, not to be remembered beside the charm of Prokofiev's invention, his elegance of handling and vivacity of progress, the limpid lightness and fleetness of it all. Once more was sound mirror-like, reflecting only its own fair patterns. In Prokofiev dwell—or dwelt ten years ago—a scholarship wreathed in fancy, a Slav sensibility that can absorb, give back and smile through its masking; a hand to draw forth the desired music effortlessly and conjuring. Most ventures into the "ancient" or the "classic" style are dry exercises of learning blunt-fingered. Prokofiev's sparkles upon the ear. Consider also the equally susceptible Koussevitzky. In a trice he changed the tone, accent, euphony of his orchestra from Bachian vigors to Mozartean grace.

If the listener would have romantic mood and gesture, he had only to wait for Schumann's Symphony of the incoming spring. Hear the horns full-throated, almost tremulous, with songful emotion; the trombones chortling vigorously in their vernal joy; the woodwinds for color, the strings for accent. The orchestra is restless; sturdy and stormy; blithe with rhythmic life. Dreamfully Schumann writes a slow movement, and it sounds sweetish and pasty beside the cool, clean-edged measures of the "classical" Prokofiev. He plunges into the élan of his finale—sights, sounds, sensations a-quiver with romantic eagerness, crying for instrumental song. His music tumbles forth. There is barely time to bank and guide the course. In the Scherzo, such is the romantic afflatus, Schumann must have two trios instead of one through a down-pour of gaudy notes. And sentiment? There is hardly a measure that it leaves unthickened. For Schumann, writing for orchestra, was a romantic, less flowing than clotted.

To this fault, Mr. Koussevitzky has found characteristic cloak and offset. Dr. Muck, like Mr. Weingartner, used to do sleight-of-hand with Schumann's inept scoring. By subtle modifications should it be persuaded into revealing and poetizing voice. Mr. Koussevitzky takes another way. By sheer intensity Schumann shall prevail over viscous and clumsy speech. Time and again, the



conductor heats the music white-hot with his own intensity, spurs it forward with his own ardors; to the heart of it burns away every barrier. Here was Schumann as he believed he spoke in the hour of creation. Question Mr. Koussevitzky's details as pedant or purist may, yet has he charged with new life a fading music, inhibited besides. Such a feat, not easy to grasp at one hearing, was the warrant, perhaps, for a repetition new to the annals of Symphony Hall.

Around the corner lurks the ogre—the "terrible" Concerto of Mr. Aaron Copland. Consider, first, in cool blood, what some of us, at least, believe we heard. At the outset, an introductory passage for orchestra, with the trumpets driven to piercing utmost, with the orchestra swirling up and up until the motifs flare and blaze across the tumult. Then songful measures for the piano, melting into euphonies with the wood winds. Next more intricate and discursive periods until the slow division ends in broad-phrased, firmly mounting sonorities. A few measures of uneasy transition and the quick division ensues. It is expanded from sharp-edged motifs; goaded by changeful, complex, keen-cutting rhythms. It is persistently restless—sonata-form flinging off into tangents, rocketing back again; incessantly discordant, by its own frenzies rather than by any new atonal or polytonal gospel. It shouts; it flings up fragments of the first movement; it finally explodes, as to many it seemed, through a hailstorm of broken crockery. Furthermore: recollect that Mr. Copland himself is an exasperating pianist, quite unable to do justice to his own music. Rhythm he has in degree; but scarcely a sense of tone. Even as a percussive instrument—for so he usually employs it—the piano evaded him. Mr. Koussevitzky was clearly mistaken when he sat him upon a piano-stool.

Now, without losing one's temper or using vain and angry words, try to discover the backgrounds and suggestion of this music. Mr. Copland is in his twenty-seventh year. He grew up bodily and mentally in America, in the New York which is the capital of our arts. Study and occasional residence overseas have not Europeanized him. Like everyone else, who can keep his head free from fantastic praise or equally fantastic blame, he has heard our one native and urban music which is jazz. As studious and ambitious musician, neither ashamed

of his own soil nor over-imitative of foreign example, Mr. Copland has tried to derive from jazz, which was and is intrinsically a dance music, such ways and means as could be used to other ends. Jazz teems with rhythmic life, twisting and turning, crossing and re-crossing, snapping short, flinging broad, wanton and wilful. Jazz also flares with instrumental color as wayward and instant. Jazz, yet again, is often enough the gregarious racket which is characteristic outpouring of the American spirit.

Therein are the background and therein the implications of the quick division of Mr. Copland's Concerto. It is furiously rhythmized; it is harsh, vociferous, lurid, defiant of every musical respectability. Being such, it has transmuted jazz much beyond Mr. Gershwin's ruses and candors. It has also transmuted it without loss of jagged edge or native pungency, without the dilution that neither Mr. Carpenter nor Mr. Sowerby may escape. Furthermore, who that dwells in this America of ours does not know the raucous din, the exuberant fervors helter-skelter, the quick breath, the whirlpool days and nights that pass for the joy of living? Consciously or unconsciously the quick division of Mr. Copland's Concerto is impregnated with this air and temperament. It is ugly; it could not be anything else.

There is also a slow division, rather perfunctory, as it seemed, when it came to songful periods. Certainly they lack the melodic fertility, warmth and individuality impressed upon sundry pages of the earlier "Music for the Theater." Possibly they bear hint of the commoner sentimental strain inherent in jazz, by Mr. Copland not yet wholly transmuted. For offset through introductory measures, ferments that passionate intensity of mood and treatment by which the youngest generation would make the orchestra a two-edged sword, cleaving and piercing. Finally, the form of the concerto in these two contrasting and quasi-rhapsodic divisions frees and shapes it to new contents and new purposes. Mr. Gershwin in his Concerto wrestles with old molds and procedures. Mr. Copland cracks them for more adaptable vessels; finds more tractable means. . . . The way of the experimenter is hard; his voice is seldom low and sweet; not often is his countenance gentle and comely. Notoriously bad are his manners. Skew-eyed look the righteous; the children whoop as he passes. H. T. P.

## Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 11, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, at 8.15 o'clock

Brahms . . . . . Overture, "Tragic," Op. 81

Brahms . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in B-flat major for  
Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 83

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Allegro appassionato.
- III. Andante.
- IV. Allegretto grazioso.

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Adagio non troppo.
- III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
- IV. Allegro con spirito.

SOLOIST  
MORIZ ROSENTHAL

KNABE PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

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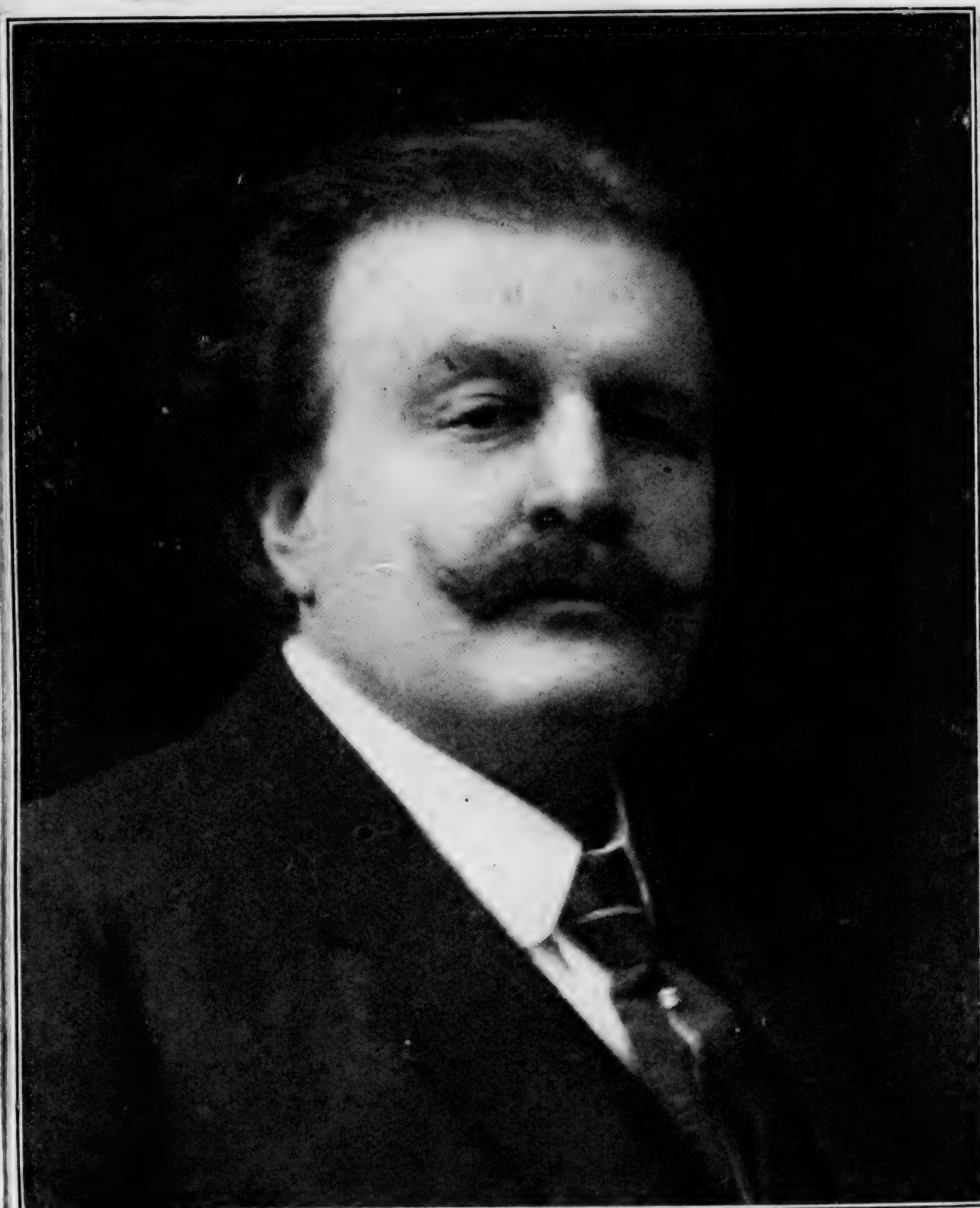
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MORIZ ROSENTHAL

## 15TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Admirers of Composer En-  
joy "An Afternoon  
with Brahms"

PERFORMANCE IS  
AN ADMIRABLE ONE

By PHILIP HALE

It was a grand and glorious afternoon for the Brahmsites great and small, assembled in Symphony hall to do homage to their patron saint. The program of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra led by Mr. Koussevitzky, comprised the "Tragic" overture; the second piano concerto and the second symphony by Johannes Brahms.

Overture, concerto and symphony of Master Johannes, all in one afternoon! "My darling, what would'st thou have more?" Yet one of Brahms's compositions for the voice might have been added to swell the joy of the faithful.

It is not easy to see why some admirers of Brahms class the "Tragic" overture among his lesser orchestral works. It is not necessary to ask whether he had any particular tragedy in mind; or whether, as the extractors of sunbeams from cucumbers, would have it, not being content with the sombre nobility of the music, our Brahms endeavored to portray in those a hero struggling against fate. The title "Tragic" is enough; the tragic mood is firmly established and impressively expressed. The choice of the symphony for "An Afternoon with Brahms" was a happy one. By reason of the tincture of Mendelssohn in the first movement, and the genial mood in the pages that follow, one is tempted to answer Brahms's own statement to Dr. Billroth—"I do not know whether I have a pretty symphony"—in the affirmative.

Let us remember that when this symphony in D major was first performed in Boston nearly fifty years ago the audience thought the music perplexing, cryptic. John S. Dwight, the oracle of the audience in 1873, declared in print that he could conceive of Sterndale Bennett writing a better symphony; Sterndale Bennett of all men in the world!

The third and fourth movements of the concerto in B-flat major are well worth playing and hearing; the Andante has the quiet, gentle spirit of the Brahms in better mood, when he was not over-anxious about thematic development, when he was not afraid lest he should not be recognized as Beethoven's immediate successor. No pianist however gifted can make the first, long-winded Allegro, tolerable and to be endured. Nor has the second movement marked charm or distinction.

It was not Mr. Rosenthal's fault, nor was it the fault of Mr. Koussevitzky, that the first half of the Concerto was a weariness to the flesh and spirit. Mr. Rosenthal was especially fortunate in his interpretation of the Andante and the fascinating Finale with its intoxicating Hungarian rhythms and melodic suggestions. He has the Brahmsian traditions in his fingers and in his mind. And when he played this concerto he played as one having authority.

Mr. Koussevitzky holds the music of Brahms in high esteem. By his regard for pages that should be sung, by his recognition of dramatic qualities that have not appealed to other conductors whose fetishtic adoration was so timid and obsequious that they did not do Brahms justice, he is an admirable interpreter of the composer.

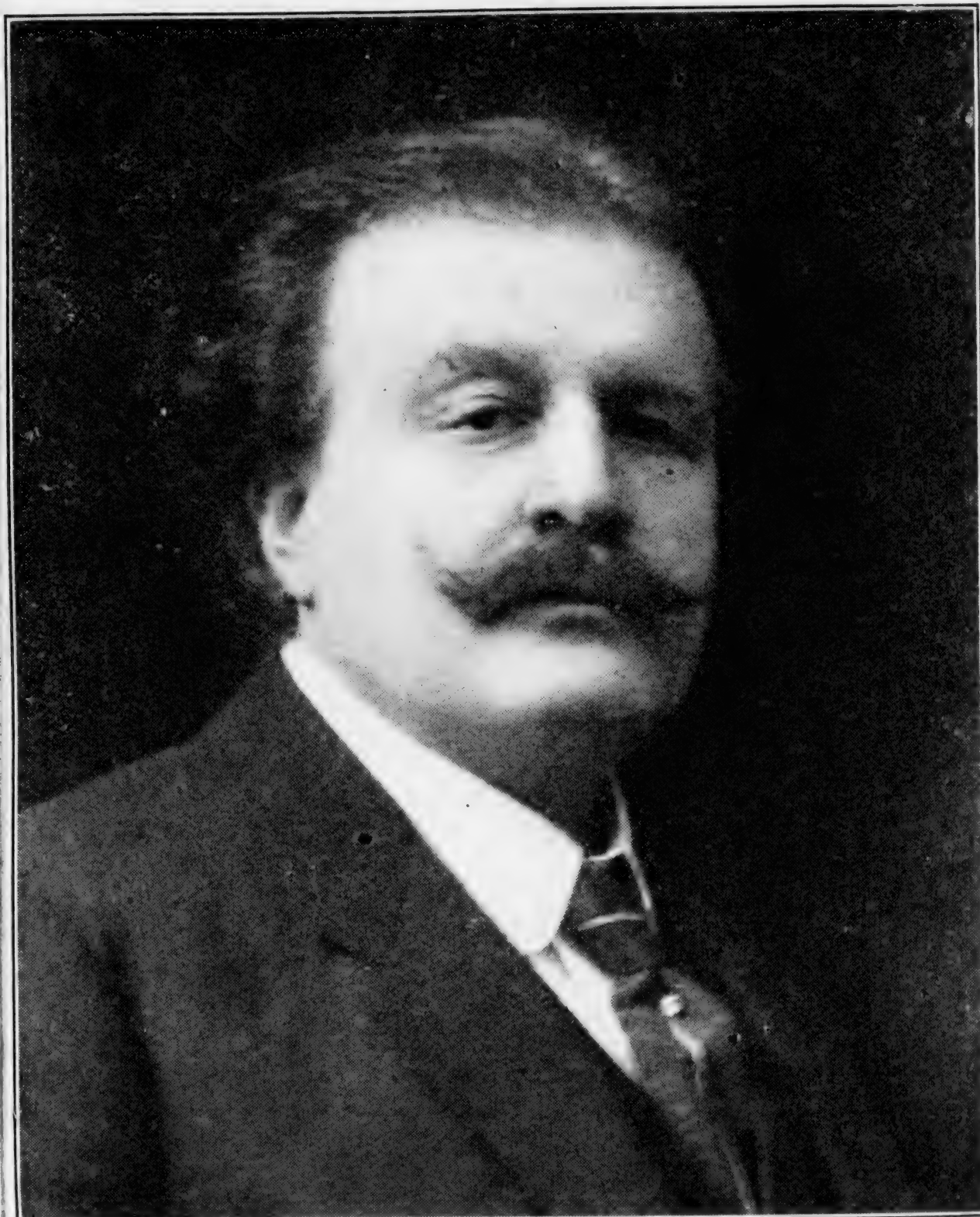
The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week there will be "A Friday Afternoon With the Respighi Family." Mr. Respighi will appear as composer, pianist and conductor. He will play his piano concerto in the mixolydian mood, while Mr. Casella will conduct. Respighi's Second Suite of "Old Dances and Airs," the overture to his opera "Belfagor," as well as the concerto, will be performed here for the first time. Mme. Respighi will sing his "Sunset" (after Shelley's poems). "Fountains of Rome" will bring the end to this interesting concert.

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Mr. Rosenthal will play the concerto by Brahms. He first appeared in Boston, in the Music Hall, in 1888. An orchestra was conducted by Walter Damrosch. Mr. Rosenthal was then 26 years old. He played Liszt's Concerto in E flat and solo pieces by Henselt, Schumann and Liszt. "Master" Fritz Kreisler also then made his first appearance here. He was in his 14th year. Mr. Rosenthal's last performance at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was on April 11, 12, 1924, when he played Chopin's Concerto in E minor. Sickness prevented his appearance here in 1896. Stricken with typhoid fever, he went from Boston to Chicago, where he barely escaped death. In 1898 he played here with the orchestra Scharwenka's Concerto in B flat minor; in 1906 Liszt's Concerto in E flat.

## ALL BRAHMS LIST WITH SYMPHONY

### Rosenthal at Piano in Great Second Concerto

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

No "outrageous" modernist disturbed the musical peace at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. From beginning to end the programme was given over to the music of that safest and sanest of composers, Johannes Brahms.

And yet there must have been more than one listener in Symphony Hall who could look back upon that not-so-far distant time when a Symphony of Brahms would disperse an audience almost as effectually as an alarm of fire.

### THE TRAGIC DISPLAYED

For beginning to a programme that proved in the hearing less forbidding and austers than on paper it may have looked to some, came the "Tragic" Overture, unplayed at these concerts for some years and altogether welcome when it returned in such performance as was yesterday given it. There are pages in this Overture that breathe the dismal and depressing solemnity characteristic of the piano Ballad in the same key, D minor, but for the most part this Overture is a noble, forceful and eloquent expression of the tragic spirit. Responding to the piece as he ever does when such meaty music is before him, Mr. Koussevitzky brought to the fore all its gloomy grandeur and sombre passion.

To make the latter half of the concert came the serene Second symphony, which as conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky last season seemed for once a music that presaged the coming of spring. In short, what there is of exuberance and vigor in the score is seized upon and emphasized by Mr. Koussevitzky, who will have none of the lethargic, stodgy or merely passive Brahms. And for the third and middle number there was offered the first performance under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction of the Second Piano Concerto, with none other than the eminent Moriz Rosenthal as the soloist.

Somehow one does not think of Mr. Rosenthal as a Brahms pianist. Certainly he does not look the part as does, for example, Mr. Bauer. Yet in so far as the music itself permitted, Mr. Rosenthal brought this Concerto yesterday to engrossing performance. It is in the third and fourth movements that Brahms is himself most persuasive, and here Mr. Rosenthal, with conductor and orchestra to aid, made the most of the lofty lyricism of the one and of the contrasted graces and energies of the other. He was stormily applauded and many times recalled.

### Brahms Program Given

by Mr. Koussevitzky

Monitor Feb. 12, 1927

After the storm, the rainbow. After the Copland Concerto, which in the last fortnight has divided brother against brother, and doubtless will be forgotten within a twelvemonth, an all-Brahms program was offered yesterday by Serge Koussevitzky to the patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It opened with the "Tragic" Overture, closed with the Second Symphony and contained between these the Second Piano Concerto in B flat, with Moriz Rosenthal as soloist. Subscribers, therefore, may take heart; the foundations of Symphony Hall no doubt will stand secure at least until after the Beethoven Festival in March.

Nor was there anything in the performance which should upset the defenders of the established order. The conductor, and the soloist as well, appeared to be concerned only with vitalizing the music of the venerated composer. Naturally, having the qualifications, they succeeded. The symphony, for example, was lyrically and stirringly set forth, to the clear delight of the audience. Strangely enough, the overture, quite as eloquently done, was received impassively.

Mr. Rosenthal was an excellent choice for soloist in such a program. For a forthright composer, let there be a forthright pianist, with superlative technique and no nonsense about him. But this, of course, does not mean that there was any lack of poetic charm. Indeed the pianist's qualities were less evident in the stress of the first movement than in the Andante and the Allegretto.

L. A. S.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT BY RADIO Monitor Feb. 12, 1927 Brahms Program Tonight on Stations WBZ and KDKA

Tonight's program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be radio-cast by Stations WBZ and KDKA through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby

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of the W. S. Quinby Company of Boston, New York, and Chicago. The program is made up entirely of compositions of Johannes Brahms. Three of his works will be presented. The first is the "Tragic" Overture, Opus 81, and the second is the Concerto in B flat major for pianoforte and orchestra, Opus 83. The concluding composition is Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 73.

In the concerto for pianoforte, the orchestra will be assisted by Moriz Rosenthal, pianist, who appears as guest soloist for the occasion.

Just before the opening of the concert, Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of the Boston University and Holy Cross College, will give a talk on the compositions to be played. Professor Marshall will again be heard during the intermission assisted by Roland E. Partridge, who will sing two songs by Brahms, Miss Marjorie Possett, violinist, and Miss Margaret Starr McLain, pianist.

### BRAHMS PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

#### Rosenthal Soloist in Second Concerto

The program of yesterday's Symphony concert as finally revised was devoted to the music of Brahms. It began with the "Tragic Overture." The other numbers were the Second Piano Concerto, with Moriz Rosenthal as soloist, and the Second Symphony. There was hearty applause after the concerto and after the symphony.

Mr. Koussevitzky is said to be especially fond of Brahms, of whose music he frequently gives eloquent and personal readings. Yesterday the orchestra, lately returned from one of its monthly visits to New York and smaller cities, was not in its best form. The conductor's striving for eloquence was at times more obvious to the eye than the orchestral response was to the ear.

Mr. Rosenthal has played many times in this city since he was first heard here 39 years ago. His reputation as



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a virtuoso was long since firmly established. One particularly admired yesterday the deftness of his playing of the third and fourth movements of the concerto.

Although Brahms was himself a pianist, he does not as a rule write music easy to make sound well. Neither conductor nor soloist managed to make the long and intricate first movement of the concerto interesting as a whole. But the fault is the composer's.

### Noble Style

The "Tragic Overture" is one of Brahms' major works, showing his ponderous, noble style at very nearly its best. Yesterday's performance did little to redeem the muddy quality of the scoring. It seemed superficial, compared with one's memories of performance under other conductors.

The Second Symphony, easily the most ingratiating of the four Brahms wrote, was made more dramatic and less graceful than usual. With the slow movement Mr. Koussevitzky was more successful than his predecessors, at the rest one questioned as one has questioned his reading of other essentially lyric things like Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony." Lyric grace, classic serenity, formal elegance, romantic tenderness seem all more or less alien to this conductor's moods.

Brahms died in 1897, yet his place in the history of music is still uncertain. In Germanic countries, and wherever, as in America, Germanic influences have predominated musically, he is already canonized among the immortal dead as hardly below Beethoven himself. In France Brahms to this day has not found ungrudging acceptance. Paris critics still often comment on his music in the terms New York reviewers reserve for their pet detestation, Mahler.

Yesterday's concert proved to at least one listener that the monotonous and heavy style of Brahms makes his music unfit for a whole program. One can wholeheartedly enjoy an all-Beethoven or an all-Wagner program, because those composers wrote music in such varied styles.

One can endure without undue boredom a program of Chopin. But yesterday's concert seemed very long, and toward the end one sighed for some Mozart or even some Johann Strauss to clear the atmosphere.

### Wears Well

After one has known pieces such as those played yesterday for a decade or more one begins to discover what wears well and what does not. Each of these works of Brahms thrilled at a first hearing. None of them gave an equal thrill yesterday. The fault may have been in the performance,

which had too many fortissimi and too little tonal beauty. The fault may have been in the listener, yet Beethoven has not lost his thrill, and Mozart and Bach seem more moving year by year.

One inclines regretfully to the view that Brahms' reputation will eventually decline, as that of his master, Schumann, is in these days perpetually declining.

Next week Ottorino Respighi will conduct a program of his own music, his wife will sing one of his songs, and he himself will play his piano concerto, with Alfredo Casella conducting that number.

### From a Distinguished Hand

7th. 18. 1904  
A WEEK ago, Mr. Moriz Rosenthal, eminent pianist, cultivated musician, practised man of the world, was "assisting artist" at the Symphony Concerts. Then and there he played the solo-part in the Second Concerto, in B-flat, of Brahms. The review of the occasion in the Transcript prompts Mr. Rosenthal to reflections which it is a privilege to print herewith:

Your highly esteemed musical critic, signing himself A. H. M., bestowed so much praise on me that I bow to him repeatedly in order to express my thanks. He adds some other reflections, however, which I feel I should like to discuss, both on account of their general interest, and because of the important and much misunderstood musical and pianistic question, that they touch upon.

Mr. A. H. M. says: "The Boston of the twenties has heard Giesecking and Myra Hess. And after them, pianists of the Lisztian school appear as of a lesser breed. The net impression is of a concerto (Brahms) masterful but aging, beautifully played according to standards which are rapidly losing validity."

Let us begin at the tail of that pronouncement. The standard after which I modeled my interpretation of the Brahms concerto, is not only in accordance with that composer's general style, but represents also the will and wish of the Master himself.

I heard Brahms play very often, and he heard me more than a dozen times. His consent to my interpretations, and his satisfaction with them, I treasure and cherish as proudly and pricelessly as the praises I had the honor to receive from Liszt and Rubinstein.

I know no other standard and naturally cannot admit any other standard for the interpretation of the Brahms concerto, than the will and

desire of the Master himself, whom I heard in a performance of this very concerto in Vienna. How could this standard ever lose validity?

Shall we exchange the authoritative interpretation of the illustrious composers for the individual whims or fancies of any other person? That would be a "progress backward," as Hans von Bulow used to say.

As for the Lisztian pupils being of a lesser breed than those excellent but comparative newcomers, Giesecking and Myra Hess? I take it for granted that Mr. A. H. M. knows much about Franz Liszt. If so, he must be fully aware that Liszt was not only a composer of high rank (who influenced even a Wagner) and not only one of the most formidable musicians of all times, but also he towers as the greatest pianist of all the centuries.

Let me, therefore, ask a sincere question: "Who were the teachers of Mr. Giesecking and Miss Hess? Perhaps some mysterious supeman who towered head and shoulders above Liszt?" If your esteemed critic will reveal their names I shall make haste to see them and pray for tiny morsels of their exalted wisdom, which now seems to have consigned Liszt, Rubinstein and Brahms to oblivion.

It may be that possibly a penchant for the latest modern music, and so called modern interpretations, influenced your esteemed critic in his surprising statements. But is this disregard of the grand manner, the heroic style, resulting in a more restrained and tame method of piano-playing, and somewhat pallid tonal painting, "a la Watteau," is this trend either new, or pathbreaking?

I remember very well when I heard (as a twelve-year-old boy, in 1875) with breathless astonishment, the piano performances of Rafael Joseffy. Those whispering, murmuring, dulcet pianissimos, those pearl and diamond like runs, the absence of every harsh note, and his phenomenal shading in the true "mezza voce" style, all were then something unheard of, novel, astounding. Five years afterwards I heard De Pachmann in Vienna, who seemed a mentally much lesser edition of Joseffy, but possessor of an even more remarkable pianissimo technic in double notes. Those things were the talk of the day, half a century ago! When I men-

tioned those players to Liszt, the old eagle smiled ironically (and, always brimful of wit and irony) pronounced the following judgment: "Yes, they both are wonderful pianissimists."

Let it be emphasized again, that such playing, proclaimed nowadays by some critics, as the sweetest fruit on the tree of modernism, is only a feeble echo of nearly forgotten olden times. Rabbi Akiba, who believed there was nothing new under the sun, triumphs once more.

It is my own firm and unalterable opinion, that the eloquence, pathos, passion, greatness, and heroic expression, as exemplified in the traditional grand manner of piano-playing, cannot and will not die, because they are in accordance with the ideals of those gods, demigods and heroes of music, who are named Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Weber, Schubert, Wagner, Liszt, and if you please, Johannes Brahms.

### Programs in Prospect

There is more to come from Mr. Respighi. As guest at Symphony Hall today and tomorrow, he will be pianist or conductor in four of his own pieces. Upon the heels of all these, Mr. Koussevitzky will produce at the Symphony concerts of next week, Mr. Respighi's newest music, "Stained Glass Windows," a symphonic poem suggested by angelic or saintly figures seen across a cathedral and stirring the beholder to pious vision. Otherwise the program for next week traverses Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-picture, "Sadko," after old Russian legend; Elgar's "Enigma Variations," long unheard here; Sibelius's tone-poem, "The Swan of Tuonela," a favorite piece in Dr. Muck's time.

For the supplementary Symphony Concert on Monday evening next, in Symphony Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky proposes the third of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, in G major, for three string orchestras; the second Symphony, in D major, of Brahms; the Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Ravel's unescapable tone poem, "The Waltz."



# MORIZ ROSENTHAL

IS A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF

## THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

WHERE HE PERSONALLY INSTRUCTS A LIMITED NUMBER  
OF ESPECIALLY TALENTED STUDENTS OF THE PIANO.

MORIZ (MORITZ) ROSENTHAL, pianist, was born on December 18, 1862, at Lemberg. He showed pronounced musical ability when he was four years old. His first teacher, when he was eight years old, was Golath. At the age of ten he played in public a duet with his teacher Carl Mikuli (1821-97), a pupil of Chopin and Reber. In 1875 Mr. Rosenthal studied with Rafael Joseffy in Vienna. The next year he gave a concert there, then went to Bucharest, where he was appointed pianist to the Roumanian Court. Liszt invited him to Weimar in 1877 and received him as his pupil. Mr. Rosenthal in 1878 gave recitals in Paris, Warsaw, and Leningrad. He did not devote himself exclusively to music; he attended lectures on philosophy and musical æsthetics and passed examinations at the University of Vienna. His "mature début" was made with the Leipsic Liszt Society in 1886. Then followed tours in Europe. In 1912 he was appointed Imperial Kammervirtuoso to the Austrian Court. His compositions include Variations on a Single Theme, "Papillons," Romance, Preludes, Transcriptions, Paraphrases, Études, etc., for the pianoforte. His home town is Vienna.

FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

## Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19, at 8.15 o'clock

OTTORINO RESPIGHI will be the guest conductor  
of this pair of concerts

Respighi . . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra  
in the Mixolydian Mode

- I. Moderato.
- II. Lento.
- III. Allegro energico.

(First time in Boston)

(The composer will play the piano solo in his concerto;  
ALFREDO CASELLA will conduct)

Respighi . . . . . Old Dances and Airs for the Lute (Freely arranged)  
(Second Suite)

- I. Laura Soave, Balletto con Gagliarda, Saltarello e Canario  
(Fabrizio Caroso).
- II. Danza rustica (Giovanni Battista Besardo).
- III. a. Campanæ Parisienses (Author unknown).
- b. Aria (Marin Mersenne).
- IV. Bergamasca (Bernardo Gianoncelli).

(First time in Boston)

Respighi . . . . . Overture to the Opera "Belfagor"  
(First time in Boston)

Respighi . . . . . "Il Tramonto," for Soprano and Orchestra  
(after Shelley's Poem)  
(First time at these concerts)

Respighi . . . . . "Fontane di Roma" ("Fountains of Rome")  
Symphonic Poem

- I. The Fountains of Valle Giulia at Dawn.
- II. The Triton Fountain at Morn.
- III. The Fountain of Trevi at Midday.
- IV. The Villa Medici Fountains at Sunset.

SOLOIST  
ELSA RESPIGHI

BALDWIN PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the Old Dances

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Ottorino Respighi (Sitting) and Alfredo Casella (Standing)

Guests of Yesterday and Today at the Symphony Concerts

Mr. Respighi Plays the Piano-Part in His Own Concerto; While Mr. Casella Leads the Orchestra.

## IGHI WITH MPHONY

ser Plays and  
ducts Own  
Pieces

Feb. 19, 1927

REN STOREY SMITH

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an Italian occasion.

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upon the platform yes-  
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Casella, now known to all  
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the successful man of affairs quite as  
much as the artist. Mr. Respighi, on  
the contrary, is short and thick-set.  
His hair, far from short, easily be-  
comes unruly; his whole exterior con-  
fidently suggests the artist. Indeed the  
external resemblance noted by some to  
the current likenesses of Beethoven  
was by no means far-fetched.

One Familiar Number

In the main the all-Respighi pro-  
gramme of yesterday was made or  
music unknown to Boston. Only the  
closing number, "The Fountains of  
Rome," had been heard at the Sym-  
phony Concerts, although "Il Tramon-  
to" has twice been sung in Jordan  
Hall with accompaniment of string  
quartet. New altogether was the  
Concerto for piano and orchestra,  
written steadfastly in the Mixolydian  
mode: that is to say, the scale of G  
major with F-natural. New, too, the  
second set of orchestral transcriptions  
of old airs and dances for the lute and  
the overture to "Belfagor," an opera  
produced at Milan in 1923.

As instrumental composer Respighi  
wears a double face. There is the  
Respighi whose imagination is aroused  
by pictorial suggestion and who has  
written in "The Fountains of Rome,"  
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lar "Pines of Rome," in the "Ballad  
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next week, music of distinctively,  
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also the contemplative Respighi, en-  
amoured of the Gregorian scales and  
assiduous in his effort to apply these  
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sition.

A Trifle Monotonous

From him came the Gregorian Con-  
certo played here two seasons ago by  
Albert Spalding, the Doric String Quar-  
tet and the Concerto of yesterday. To  
base an entire concerto on a single  
mode is, perforce, to court monotony,  
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Ottorino Respighi (Sitting) and All

Guests of Yesterday and Today at the

Mr. Respighi Plays the Piano-Part in His Own Concerto; W

# RESPIGHI DAY WITH SYMPHONY

## Composer Plays and Conducts Own Pieces

*Post* — Feb. 19, 1927

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With Ottorini Respighi responsible for every number upon the programme and conductor in them all save his new Concerto, in which, to the conducting of Alfredo Casella, he assumed the role of pianist, and with Elsa Respighi as singer in her husband's "Il Tramonto," the Symphony Concert of yesterday may fitly be described as an Italian occasion.

### WELCOMED AS FRIEND

Not before had this distinguished musician visited Boston, but since his music is both well known and well liked at the Symphony Concerts the audience could welcome him not merely as a celebrity but also as a friend. And that the warmth of his reception both on his initial appearance and throughout the afternoon touched him not a little was plainly written on his countenance.

Close on the heels of Mr. Respighi as he first came upon the platform yesterday followed his colleague and compatriot, Mr. Casella, now known to all and sundry as the new leader of the Pop Concerts, and it might then be seen that a contrast as strong as that which marks their music marks the men themselves. Tall and spare is Mr. Casella, and his alertness and nervous energy together with his sleek

and close-cropped hair might betoken the successful man of affairs quite as much as the artist. Mr. Respighi, on the contrary, is short and thick-set. His hair, far from short, easily becomes unruly; his whole exterior definitely suggests the artist. Indeed the external resemblance noted by some to the current likenesses of Beethoven was by no means far-fetched.

### One Familiar Number

In the main the all-Respighi programme of yesterday was made of music unknown to Boston. Only the closing number, "The Fountains of Rome," had been heard at the Symphony Concerts, although "Il Tramonto" has twice been sung in Jordan Hall with accompaniment of string quartet. New altogether was the Concerto for piano and orchestra, written steadfastly in the Mixolydian mode: that is to say, the scale of G major with F-natural. New, too, the second set of orchestral transcriptions of old airs and dances for the lute and the overture to "Belfagor," an opera produced at Milan in 1923.

As instrumental composer Respighi wears a double face. There is the Respighi whose imagination is aroused by pictorial suggestion and who has written in "The Fountains of Rome," in the later and now immensely popular "Pines of Rome," in the "Ballad of the Gnomides," in the overture aforementioned and presumably in the "Stained Glass Windows," impending next week, music of distinctively, though by no means crassly or obviously graphic quality. And there is also the contemplative Respighi, enamoured of the Gregorian scales and assiduous in his effort to apply these once archaic modes to modern composition.

### A Trifle Monotonous

From him came the Gregorian Concerto played here two seasons ago by Albert Spalding, the Doric String Quartet and the Concerto of yesterday. To base an entire concerto on a single mode is, perforce, to court monotony, and it must be admitted that in this Mixolydian Concerto that difficulty has not been avoided. In it are impressive pages; there is a pervading mood of exaltation. But, to speak tersely, less of it would have made more effect. In so far as could be judged, Mr. Respighi played his music to excellent advantage and Mr. Casella conducted con amore.

Not so distinctive as the earlier set, the Ancient Dances played yesterday have a similar charm and grace, a like Old World flavor, and the audience delighted in them. Hearing the overture to "Belfagor," an opera based on



the legend of Satan experimenting with mortal marriage, one did not wonder at the failure of the opera despite its admittedly high musical worth. This is symphonic rather than dramatic music, and as such it scarcely seems one of Mr. Respighi's more noteworthy efforts.

#### Mme. Respighi Sings

A poetic piece, "Il Tramonto," gains by the transfer of its accompaniment to string orchestra. In it Mme. Respighi yesterday displayed a voice of warmth and color if not of great power. Her quiet dignity and Latin comeliness also pleased.

Of the "Fountains of Rome" it is not necessary to speak at length at this date. A singularly ingratiating, imaginative and technically brilliant achievement, it received yesterday a performance that bore convincing and cumulative testimony to Mr. Respighi's abilities as conductor.

### Respighi Boston Symphony Guest

OTTORINO RESPIGHI, circling the United States as guest conductor and pianist in programs of his own compositions, reached Boston yesterday and directed the first concert of the season's sixteenth pair by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, substituting for Mr. Koussevitzky, who is on the second installment of his winter vacation. Mr. Respighi's program consisted of the Piano Concerto in the Mixolydian Mode, the Second Suite of Old Dances and Airs for the Lute, the "Belfagor" Overture, "Il Tramonto" for soprano and strings, and "Fountains of Rome." Alfredo Casella conducted the accompaniment to the concerto, and Mme. Elsa Respighi was the singer. All the visitors were warmly received.

The first three of these items were performed for the first time in Boston, the song for the first time at these concerts; but all of them have been reviewed at some length in these columns when presented in other cities, and therefore do not demand extended comment now. Respighi is one of the modern Italian group who look to the past for their inspiration. Melody, clarity, har-

monic beauty, he regards as his inheritance. These qualities are found in all his works, original or arranged. Dissonance is used sparingly. These compositions are very well made, very ingratiating.

Respighi has a distinctive style. His works would be as readily recognizable as Wagner's or Mozart's. This fact of course tends to monotony in a program made up exclusively of his compositions. He endeavored to overcome the difficulty by carefully arranging the order of the program with a view to contrasting moods. This had its effect.

Would the concert have profited by the baton of another conductor than the composer? Judging by the playing of the orchestra in the accompaniment to the concerto as compared with its later performances, and by the interpretation of the only item with which we were familiar, the "Fountains of Rome," we should answer this question decidedly in the affirmative. There can hardly be any doubt that the composer knew how he desired these works to sound. There is a grave doubt whether he was able to present them in their best light. To be a distinguished composer is a great achievement. To be a distinguished conductor is another. Either career is sufficient to occupy a man, and very few artists may shine as both producers and interpreters.

Mr. Casella, equally distinguished as a composer, is more versatile than his colleague. He is prominent also as a critic, as readers of The Christian Science Monitor do not need to be told, and he has the interpretive gift as well. This is of particular interest to Bostonians, as Mr. Casella, since his appearances as guest conductor last month, has been engaged as the regular conductor of the "Pop" concerts of the Boston Orchestra, held for 10 weeks every spring, immediately after the subscription series ends.

We had hoped that Mr. Respighi would include his tone pictures of both "Fountains" and "Pines" of Rome on this program, as he did in Cincinnati. We wanted to test by immediate contrast our impression that the marching legions of the "Pines" were really only Neptune's sea-horses, sirens and tritons still en route. But it was not necessary. We are sure of it anyhow. L. A. S.

### NOTES and LINES

- By PHILIP HALE

The Symphony concerts this week are of an unusual nature, for one man, Ottorino Respighi, will appear as guest conductor, composer and pianist. Furthermore, Mme. Respighi will sing one of her husband's compositions. We believe that early in the history of this orchestra, Mr. Henschel, the first conductor of the organization, appeared one week in a triple capacity, for he could play the piano; he could also sing—in his own manner, which was more conspicuous for intelligent interpretation than for purely vocal charm; and his wife was an accomplished singer.

Mr. Respighi, who now visits Boston for the first time, is known here, and favorably, by his suites "Fountains of Rome," "Pines of Rome," and his first suite of old airs and dances originally for the lute; though to some his "Ballad of the Gnomes" is a more remarkable work. At the concerts this week "Fountains of Rome" will be heard again. "Sunset" (Shelley's poem), to be sung by Mme. Respighi, has been sung here with the accompaniment of a string quartet, first by Eva Gauthier, six years ago, later by Amy Ward Durfee in 1925.

The compositions to be heard for the first time in the city are the piano concerto in the Mixolydian mode, which Mr. Respighi will play while the excellent Mr. Casella will conduct the performance. This concerto was played by Mr. Respighi for the first time anywhere at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in New York, on Dec. 31, 1925; the second Suite of Old Airs and Dances, and the overture to the opera "Belfagor," which has an amusing subject founded on an old legend, used in various countries by dramatists. Machiavelli wrote a story with this demon as the hero.

Former conductors of this orchestra did not look favorably on the appearance of guests acting for them. When the Philharmonic Society of New York imported four in a season, among them Edouard Colonne, Mr. Higginson suggested to Mr. Gericke the advisability of bringing them to Boston, for the deficit had been larger than usual that season, and he thought public interest thus aroused might be beneficial. Mr. Gericke objected to the plan, on the ground that the different visitors would

work injury to an orchestra accustomed to the permanent conductor. Mr. Higginson offered a vacation of four weeks to Mr. Gericke with a continuance of his salary, but he was obdurate. This led to a lamentable disagreement between the supporter of the orchestra and its conductor.

We are not recalling idle gossip; we heard the story from Mr. Higginson. The final result was that although Mr. Higginson had stated publicly—was it at the dedication of Symphony hall?—that he hoped Mr. Gericke would be the conductor as long as he lived, the latter thought it best to resign his position in the spring of 1906, and Dr. Muck came to rule in his stead. It will also be remembered that Mr. Gericke was not pleased when Vincent d'Indy was invited to conduct the concerts of Dec. 1st and 2d, 1905, and the following concerts of the orchestra in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New York. In fact, he was not in Boston when Mr. d'Indy conducted here.

It was not jealousy that led to Mr. Gericke's behavior on these occasions. He was not a man to be influenced so unworthily; not one

"Too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near  
the throne."

Mr. Gericke honestly believed that the orchestra which he had trained and shaped for its world-wide reputation would suffer from rehearsals and interpretations to which it was not accustomed. No doubt he was mistaken, grievously mistaken; but his error was in the interest of art as he saw it, not merely a personal grievance.

There have been other conductors at these concerts, as when a composer has been allowed to conduct his own composition, as in 1923, '24, Frank Bridge, Stuart Mason, Henry Hadley, Ernest Schelling; in 1925 Henry Eichheim. And in the late seasons, Bruno Walter conducted the concerts of March 30, 31, 1923; Georg Schneevoght the concerts of March 7 and 8, 1924; Henry Hadley those of Feb. 6 and 7, 1925; Michael Press those of Jan. 15, 16, 1926; Eugene Goossens those of Jan. 22, 23, 1926; while Mr. Casella conducted concerts only last month.

It is a good thing, this appearance occasionally of a guest conductor, especially when he is of an enviable reputation, or a composer of high standing in the musical world; much more to be desired than the engagement of some prima donna, whose operatic arias or groups of songs usually play havoc with the arrangement of the orchestral program, and seldom are in sympathy with it. It may also be said that these guest conductors in certain instances make the return of the permanent conductor all the more welcome.



## RESPIGHI CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Italian Composer Leads

Program of His Works

*3 Cole Feb. 19, 1927*

Ottorino Respighi, the noted Italian composer whose tone poems "Pines of Rome" and "Fountains of Rome" have been very popular with Boston Symphony audiences in the past few seasons, appeared yesterday as guest conductor and piano soloist with the orchestra. Mme Respighi sang her husband's setting of Shelley's "Sunset."

The entire program was filled with music composed or arranged by Respighi. Alfredo Casella, lately appointed conductor of the Pops, conducted the piano concerto. Mr Koussevitzky from a seat in the first balcony was an interested and applauding auditor.

Mr Respighi chose a representative assortment of his works. His piano concerto, "In the Mixolydian Mode," his second suite of old dances and airs for lute, and his "Belfagor" overture were performed yesterday for the first time in Boston. "Il Tramonto," for voice and strings, and "The Fountains of Rome" had been heard here before.

The "Mixolydian Mode" is merely the scale of G major with the F natural instead of sharped. Mr Respighi chose it for his piano concerto because, as he said, he wished to utilize its "very beautiful harmonic quality." The main theme of the first movement is a Gregorian chant.

### Recalls Liszt

These facts give a somewhat misleading impression of the piece, which in its use of the pianoforte recalls Liszt, or perhaps Brahms, rather than more modern composers. The work is long, and, although there are eloquent passages, lacking in sustained musical interest. The orchestral accompaniment is without the brilliance of scoring which distinguishes the composer's more familiar works.

Mr Respighi's performance of the piano part was authoritative, of course, but lacking in warmth of tone. He played from notes, contrary to the usual custom of piano soloists.

The suite of old airs and dances, like the one previously heard here, is ingratiating, a skillful recreation for modern ears of music from forgotten composers of centuries past. It proved once more that Mr Respighi is a musician of keen sensibility and cultivated taste. The applause after it was particularly cordial.

The "Belfagor" overture is a reworking of materials used in an opera of that title, produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1923. Belfagor, according to the omniscient program book, is "the demon of discoveries and ingenious inventions," with a habit of coming to earth and interfering ludicrously in the matrimonial plans of mortals.

### Mme Respighi Sings

The music recalled Respighi's "Ballad of the Gnomides," played here in 1923. It lacks the ghostly, diabolic qualities of Berlioz' "Witches Sabbath." Some of Boito's "Mefistofele" far surpasses this "Belfagor" overture. The sights and sounds of Rome inspire Respighi far more successfully than do old legends, it would seem.

Mme Respighi sang her husband's setting of Shelley's verses admirably, with beautiful tone and profound imaginative sympathy. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of fine quality. Yet "Il Tramonto" seemed more quietly lyric than the tragic tale told in the poem.

The "Fountains of Rome" flowed yesterday with less dazzling brilliance than they did when Toscanini conducted the piece in Boston some years ago. Mr Respighi has here composed music with a strong popular appeal, scored with remarkable effectiveness, songful at moments in almost the Puccini manner, music not in this reviewer's opinion likely to hold a permanent place in the repertory.

Of Respighi's talent and artistic integrity as a composer there can be no question. But sincerity and an occasional happy invention, such as the familiar song "Nebbia," or the two-tone poems on Roman subjects, do not rank a composer as a genius.

The final verdict on Respighi rests, of course, with posterity. At any rate, it was interesting to hear one of the most-talked-of composers of the day conduct a program of his own music.

P. R.

## 16TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

*Herald Feb. 19, 1927*  
Respighi Conducts Orchestra in Performance of His Own Works

### FAMOUS COMPOSER WARMLY GREETED

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Ottorino Respighi, as guest, conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its 16th concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was made up of compositions by him. His piano concerto in the mixolydian mode, which he played while Mr. Casella conducted, was performed here for the first time, as were his arrangement of Old Dances and Airs for the flute, Suite No. 2, and the overture to his opera, "Belfagor." Mme. Respighi, his wife, sang "Il Tramonto" (after Shelley's poem). The familiar "Fountains of Rome" ended the concert.

The celebrated composer was warmly greeted when he came upon the platform, and it may here be said that the great audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert. As pianist and conductor he is without airs and graces; playing without outward manifestation of his importance; conducting in a simple manner, but knowing what he wished from the orchestra, which followed his directions with what might be called an affectionate regard; for during his sojourn in Boston and at rehearsals Mr. Respighi has not only won the respect of the players—and members of an orchestra are not easily deceived about the proficiency and the character of a composer and conductor—but by his charm of manner, his honesty, his good fellowship he has won their warm personal regard.

The concerto, which he wrote in the summer of 1925 for his first appearance at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in New York, the last day of December in that year, is more or less based on plain-song. Thus the first theme is taken from a Gregorian chant, which is developed ingeniously, at times with a noble solemnity. More than once in this concerto is the suggestion of the basilica, yet here and there there are

measures of Italian sensuousness, not incongruous, not disturbing the prevailing spirit of the concerto; which would be still more effective if several cadenza-like passages for the piano were shortened. The embroidery for the piano when the chief theme is developed by the orchestra is rich and in place; but the measures referred to give one the suggestion of diffuseness. Nor does the final movement in passacaglia form constantly conform in its variations to the mood of what has gone before. There is a wealth of material in the concerto, beautiful, also impressive pages, but there are superfluous measures especially for the piano, and more than once the hearer loses the thread of the discourse.

The second suite of airs and dances of the 16th and 17th century is delightful, not only on account of the old melodies themselves, but by reason of the musicianship and imagination shown by Mr. Respighi in his transcription. He has skillfully avoided two pitfalls; he neither tried to be archaic, for audiences in 1927 cannot hear as did the cavaliers, noble dames and country folk of bygone centuries; nor has he endeavored to arrange the airs as the old composers for the lute would "if they were living today." The old musical flesh is now well dressed but not in costumes of its period, not in gaudy raiment of later years. The lively, stirring dances are interrupted by a movement in which the middle section is an air of serious, not austere beauty; music for a solemn feast or festival occasion; music that might serve as a prelude to a reading of Miltonic verse.

The overture to "Belfagor" is a picturesque presentation of the two leading subjects of the opera, which was brought out at La Scala, early in 1923. Music to picture the purpose and arrival of the demon who wishes by personal experience to learn if married men are necessarily unhappy, and thus disturbs or a time the joy of a loving pair, and the portrayal in tones of the pure and faithful maiden and the discomfiture of the demoniacal Belfagor. It is brilliant music well suited to go before the raising of the curtain in an opera house; not so theatrical as to be out of place in the concert hall.

Mr. Respighi's music for Shelley's singular poem "Sunset" has been sung here at least twice with a string quartet. It is a poetically musical composition, without vain attempt to express in a pseudo-realistic manner the incidents and tragic suggestion of the story told in verse. It is rather an improvisation on a reading of the poem; the expression of the composer's thoughts about the story and the conclusion drawn from it. The music itself is a poem, a rhetorical eloquent transcription of lines that are at the end an example of Shelley, philosophizing, not



inspired to sing a lofty song. Mme. Respighi showed fine appreciation of text and music. To her the vocal portion of the composition was an integral part, not a vainglorious solo, but for symphonic treatment. Her charming simplicity of manner was an agreeable feature of the performance.

Mr. Respighi gave an eloquent interpretation of the familiar "Fountains of Rome," as was to be expected.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY IN 16TH CONCERT

Will Be Broadcast Tonight  
from Station WBZ

*Herald Feb. 19, 1927*

Tonight's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the 16th of the season, will bring to the hearing of the radio audience a program entirely composed of compositions of Ottorino Respighi, who will appear as guest conductor of the orchestra. The entire program will be broadcast by the Westinghouse Stations WBZ, Springfield and Boston, and KDKA in East Pittsburgh, also station WJZ in New York city, through the courtesy of W. S. Quimby.

Ottorino Respighi was born in Bologna, Italy, in 1879. He graduated from the Biceo Musicale in Bologna in 1901. After that time he lived for a while in Russia, where he studied with Rimsky-Korsakoff, and in Berlin where he continued his study with Max Bruch. Since 1913 he has taught composition in the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome. In the first number of the program, a concerto for piano and orchestra, the composer will play the solo part, and the orchestra will be conducted by Alfredo Casella. In the aria, "Il Tramonto," the composer's wife, Mme. Elsa Respighi, soprano, will be heard as soloist.

Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of the Boston University and Holy Cross College, will be heard in illustrative talks before the concert, between the numbers and during the intermission, pointing out features of the works to be played, and giving the radio audience some of the composer's own ideas regarding this music.

## RESPIGHI PIANIST; RESPIGHI COMPOSER; RESPIGHI CONDUCTOR

*Trans. Feb. 17, 1927*  
THE VISITING ITALIAN DOMINATES  
A PROGRAM

Mr. Casella as Relief to an Otherwise "One-Man Show"—The Mixolydian Concerto, a Suite of Old Airs, "Belphegor," and the "Fountains of Rome"—The Concerts in Anticipation

THE second of the distinguished guest conductors to relieve Mr. Koussevitzky during his vacation "in two parts" will have charge of the concerts of this week-end—Mr. Ottorino Respighi, composer, conductor, pianist. In each of these several capacities will he appear on Friday and Saturday. As pianist he plays his Concerto in the Mixolydian Mode, written about a year and a half ago specifically for his American engagements. As conductor he will lead the orchestra throughout the entire concert except while he is playing the concerto, when Mr. Casella will conduct. The program of pieces is as much Respighi this week as it was Brahms last.

As musician appearing before the American public, Mr. Respighi has taken a leaf out of the book of various performing artists, singers, violinists, pianists and others. With them "en tour" a given program often serves many audiences. Witness the way of Mr. Respighi. Late in December, 1925, he arrived in New York to bring his Concerto in the Mixolydian Mode to first performance with the Philharmonic Orchestra. The concerts occurred on the last day of December, 1925, and the first day of January, 1926. On the fifteenth and sixteenth of the same month he gave the same concerto, the second suite of Old Dances and Airs for the Lute, in his own free orchestral arrangement, and the symphonic poem, "Pini di Roma," then new in America, with the Philadelphia Orchestra. And Chicago heard the same three pieces the 29th and 30th of the same January. So much, so good, for one year. This winter, on a second tour, there is a trifle more variation. On the

28th and 29th of January Cincinnati sat before a program made up of the first suite of Old Airs and Dances for the Lute (heard in Boston under both Mr. Monteux and Mr. Koussevitzky), the song, "Il Tramonto," the overture "Belphegor," the "Fountains of Rome," the "Pines of Rome." A week later, on the third and fourth of February Cleveland heard the Concerto, the Overture, "Belphegor," the second suite of dances and aires, the "Pines of Rome." And now Boston is to hear the concerto, the second suite, the overture "Belphegor," all new here, and the song, "Il Tramonto." Since the "Pines of Rome" was much used repertory piece with Mr. Koussevitzky last year, this program will revert to the earlier and once equally popular "Fountains of Rome." Madame Respighi will sing "Il Tramonto."

When Respighi first arrived in New York a little over a year ago he thus expressed himself to a representative of Musical America concerning matters musical; much of this has become almost an old story in the last fourteen months: "Atonality? Thank heaven, that's done for! The future course of music? I believe that every composer should first of all be individual. As for dissonance, it has its place as a medium of tone-color. It is the same with polytonality. For its own sake it is abhorrent to me, but as a means to expression it has important uses."

"When I say atonality is done for, I mean so far as modern Italian composers are concerned. In some sense all the contemporary school . . . had their beginning in Impressionism. We stem from this school, but for some years we have not been of it. The Italian genius is for melody and clarity. Today there is noticeable a return to the less sophisticated music of our past—in harmony to the church modes and in form to the suite of dances and other charming forms. This is no doubt good, providing we all cling to our own individualities and really express them."

When the Concerto in the Mixolydian Mode was first performed in New York the composer wrote as follows for the program-book: "My concerto was composed last summer, and is still in manuscript. [At present writing the score has been published.] It is in three movements: I. Moderato; II. Lento; III. Allegro energico (Passacaglia). The Passacaglia which constitutes the finale succeeds the second movement without interruption. The theme of the first movement is taken from a Gregorian chant. The words of this chant, 'Omnes gentes plaudite manibus,' appear in the score as epigraph of the concerto." The Mixolydian or seventh of the Gregorian

modes is identical with a major scale with the seventh flattened. It may easily be reproduced by playing in regular order on the piano all the white keys from one G to the next. The ancients called it the "Modus Angelicus." It possesses all the cheer of a key with a major tonic. But there is an absence of driving force in its harmonies due to the absence of a true "leading note." Positively rather than negatively stated, this superimposes the gravity and suavity and churchliness of the ecclesiastical system of scales upon the brightness of an ordinary major key: well chosen the appellation Angelicus. Debussy has used it in his "Pelleas and Melisande" and Vaughan Williams in his Pastoral Symphony—as yet and too long unheard at Symphony concerts. An earlier concerto, also in the modal system of harmonies, the Concerto Gregoriano, has been played by Mr. Albert Spalding with various orchestras including our own. The Concerto in the Mixolydian Mode was written especially for the first American tour, and to use the words of one writer, "As it were, as a pendant to his Concerto Gregoriano." In the same interview in Musical America Mr. Respighi said anent this concerto, "Throughout, as in my other works in this style it is my intention not to recreate the exact accents of plain-chant, but to utilize the very beautiful harmonic quality of some of these modes, which possess a richness incomparably greater than the more common modern scales."

When Mr. Monteux played the first Suite arranged from Old Dances and Airs for the Lute, they gave no little pleasure. Often he played them. Mr. Koussevitzky has liked and repeated them. Now the composer gives us a second and somewhat more extended suite of pieces. It was arranged in 1923 and published in 1924. The score contains a note which states that Mr. Respighi has "respected all the characteristics of harmony suitable to the time and nature of this music, in which many things considered as grammatical errors were done without scruples." I. "Laura Soave, Balletto con Gagliard, Saltarello e Canario;" original by Frabrizio Caroso. Of Caroso we know only that he published one of the earliest books on dancing, "Il Ballarino"; that the date of his birth is not far from 1531. The three dances of the "Balletto" are played without pause in the form of variations. II. "Danza Rustica," by Giovanni Battista Besardo. Besardo was born in Besancon about 1567. As a lutanist—composer and performer—he attained eminence. This Danza is a "Branle de Village," an old French dance of moderate pace, III. (a) Campanae Parisiennes, author not



known; (b) Aria, by Marin Mersenne. The two pieces are used together as a three-part form, the Campanae coming after as well as before the Air. IV. "Bergamasca," by Bernardo Gianoncelli. The composer lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and left much lute music. The Bergamasca is of very bright character. The present one is written over a reiterated bass. The lute was not only in its day as fashionable and popular an instrument as our present "grand piano," it also played a very considerable part in the development of instrumental music, and through the latter in the development of a harmonic style. It bore the brunt of the transition from the contrapuntal vocal style of Palestrina and his predecessors into an instrumental style which had to deal with masses of notes played simultaneously and later called chords. Here then, there is at least one important source of instrumental harmonic style. But the lute was a frail instrument, hard to keep in tune. Matthesen has been quoted as saying that a good lutanist who had attained the age of eighty years, must have spent sixty of those years tuning his instrument. He is also credited with the saying that in Paris the cost of keeping a horse and a lute was about the same. "Il Tramonto" was originally written for soprano voice and string quartet. As such it was sung in Jordan Hall last winter in a recital by Mrs. Amy Ward Durfee, with the assistance of the Burgin String Quartet. In the form used at the Symphony Concerts the accompaniment has been arranged for string orchestra, including double bass. It is a setting of the youthful Shelley's poem, "The Sunset."

A. H. M.

## DAY OF RESPIGHI: HIS FIVE PIECES; HIS MANY VOICES

CONDUCTOR, COMPOSER, PIANIST,  
GUEST

La Signora as Well—A Curious Concerto, More Ancient Dances, Two Numbers in Routine, the Characteristic "Fountains"—In Sum, a Chameleon-Like Music, Well Made and Discreetly Played

FOR the first time within the longest memory, a Symphony Concert began, yesterday, with the performance of a Concerto for piano

and orchestra. It was the Concerto of Mr. Ottorino Respighi, the eminent Roman musician—as composer, conductor, pianist, the guest of the day. By these signs he played the solo-part in his own piece; while Mr. Alfredo Casella, civilly proffering his services to a friend and compatriot, led the orchestra. A month ago the younger musician—in his turn guest—became familiar figure at these concerts. A wider Bostonian public will also make his acquaintance when, next May, he takes over "The Pops" for renovation too long deferred. Upon Mr. Respighi, then, as he came to his place and as he sat at the piano, the general eye might fasten. It discovered him as an Italian gentleman in the late forties, of stocky figure, thick thews, bushy head, features molded in the round, firm and tranquil bearing. He was at ease as pianist, playing with more fluent skill, ampler command of touch and tone, livelier accentuation, than is the wont of composers. As conductor, through four subsequent numbers, he was equally self-possessed, quietly indicating his will to the orchestra, promptly gaining it, leaving something to the perception and discretion of a band of virtuosos.

It is within the permissible degrees of courtesy before a guest to say that Mr. Respighi is a relatively simple-minded conductor. As he shuns bodily excess, so he forswears contrived and elaborating "interpretation." Enough for him that an orchestra of the Bostonian quality plays his music straightforwardly, at the pace, with the accent and phrasing, that he desires. In one piece only, the tone-poem, "Fountains of Rome," was comparison possible. With it, if courtesy may again permit truth, other conductors have been more graphic, various and ardent upon the Bostonian ear. The stranger pieces went as Mr. Respighi chose to take them; but in the Second Suite of Old Airs and Dances he gained fine-drawn suavities of tone and propulsive vigors of rhythm hardly discernible elsewhere. Throughout a concert two hours long, the audience listened attentively to the guest; to Signora Elsa Respighi, his wife, who took the voice-part in a setting of Shelley's poem, "The Sunset"; to his arrayed music. At every opportunity it applauded not only courteously, but heartily and long.

The Concerto for Piano was the curiosity of the afternoon. By title, it is written "In the Mixolydian Mode," which is less formidable designation than the looks imply. To intelligent listeners it need mean only that Mr. Respighi returns to one of the ancient Gregorian scales. Thereby he gains a mingled harmonic austerity and brightness, both gently applied and of singular and instant impression. Thereby many measures also wear a churchly cast, particu-

larly through the first movement, generated by a theme from plain-chant. The Concerto discloses other peculiarities. Outside the variations that strew the Finale, it is usually low-voiced, akin in this respect to the Concerto Gregoriano for violin, played two years ago by Mr. Spalding. Furthermore, it less blends piano and orchestra, meeting and parting along the way, than bids the one succeed the other in returning alternations. Technically, the hearer discovers a scholarly, resourceful musician, exceedingly absorbent of the influence of the moment in his studies, bent upon a considerable feat which he accomplishes to comprehension and pleasure. The listener also notes in Mr. Respighi emotional, a vein of devout imagination uncommon in this terrestrial and pagan day, for the while at least both ardent and sincere. Miscellaneously, he remarks the orderliness, chastity and poise of the Concerto. It is not overloaded with ornament; contains few measures for display; nowhere threshes about recklessly; perceives and, with economy, pursues its end. None the less the essential interest remains an interest of curiosity.

With the Second Suite of Airs and Dances transcribed from old Italian music-books for the lute, recollection harked back to the First, familiar at Symphony Hall by more than one performance. The two are manifestly different. For the First Suite Mr. Respighi either chanced upon rarer material or from it chose more shrewdly. The suggestion of the First Suite was courtly and aristocratic; the impression, oftenest, of a grave, gentle, abiding grace. The Second Suite indeed yields such measures—in the introduction to the first division or through the "Parisian Bells" and the Air of the third. The pervading voice, however, is of quick-footed folk-dances, which may or may not have mounted to the palace. A galliard, saltarello and canary enliven the first division; the second is rustic—a well-heeled branle; the finale, a romping Bergamask. Mr. Respighi is quick to the rhythms; deploys expertly a relatively small orchestra; touches in color lightly; subordinates scholarship to animation; is unashamed of folk-humors. With his songful measures charm now succeeds beauty. Again the hearer applauded the composer's sensibility to whatever style he would capture; the apt means with which he ensnared and conveyed it. Chameleon-like, Mr. Respighi seemed to take color from the task he had willed.

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**BACK BAY**. Two large add one minute to Public Ga place electricity; suitable for

With the overture, "Belphegor," and the setting of Shelley's poem came—if an afternoon of the courtesies admits also the candors—both doubts and scruples. The overture, it appears, is not a prelude to Mr. Respighi's like-named opera, which begins abruptly, but a piece subsequently written, more or less from matter contained in that ill-received music-drama. With the best will, it is hard to discover in this newly worked material more than the appropriate pages of an abundant craftsman. The presence of Belphegor, who is the devil, serio-comic, gauche and also ironic, is suggested by a scherzo out of the common stock of music since Liszt's day. To it succeed equally appropriate and equally routined measures, of the pure and good maiden who shall be the triumphant adversary. From time to time, through the remainder of the overture, the opposing motifs do the customary thematic battle, conducted by Mr. Respighi with an admirable tonal strategy. Incidentally, across throbbing double basses and through discordant harmonies, we hear Belphegor—if we take a hint from the program-book—transformed, by the horns, into a presentable amorist. By all odds, Mr. Respighi knows the calling that he practices. Whatever the demand, he is ready with sufficient means to the desired end. Yet if the Overture, "Belphegor," were to vanish into some pit of music, there to be re-discovered say in 2027, few would cry on the instant "a veritable Respighi." Rather they might say: "Anybody's in the nineteen-twenties." Still less, is the setting of "The Sunset" ear-marked with individuality. It suits, after a fashion, the winding course and the interplaying moods of Shelley's versé. It suits, after a fashion, the mezzo-soprano voice and the string orchestra to which it is now confided. Throughout, it is good craftsmanship; but it is as thin of invention and imagination as a workaday stint may prudently be. Gratefully it serves Signora Respighi's turn, which is a pretty conjugal reciprocity.

Fortunately "Fountains of Rome"—final number on the program—redressed the balance. Here goes, as in "Pines of Rome" and, possibly, in "Stained-Glass Windows," the true Respighi. There are the visualized and familiar images—four Roman fountains at contrasted hours of the day; the poetizing and atmospheric suggestion upon the composer; the free design upspringing in his creative faculties—the Triton Fountain and the trooping sea-folk of old Latin legend; the stately Fountain of Trevi and the pageant of the sea-god; the Fountain in

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t lasting interest.

H. T. P.



known; (b) Aria, by Marin Mersenne. The two pieces are used together as a three-part form, the Campanae coming after as well as before the Air. IV. "Bergamasca," by Bernardo Gianoncelli. The composer lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and left much lute music. The Bergamasca is of very bright character. The present one is written over a reiterated bass. The lute was not only in its day as fashionable and popular an instrument as our present "grand piano," it also played a very considerable part in the development of instrumental music, and through the latter in the development of a harmonic style. It bore the brunt of the transition from the contrapuntal vocal style of Palestrina and his predecessors into an instrumental style which had to deal with masses of notes played simultaneously and later called chords. Here then, there is at least one important source of instrumental harmonic style. But the lute was a frail instrument, hard to keep in tune. Matthesen has been quoted as saying that a good lutanist who had attained the age of eighty years, must have spent sixty of those years tuning his instrument. He is also credited with the saying that in Paris the cost of keeping a horse and a lute was about the same. "Il Tramonto" was originally written for soprano voice and string quartet. As such it was sung in Jordan Hall last winter in a recital by Mrs. Amy Ward Durfee, with the assistance of the Burgin String Quartet. In the form used at the Symphony Concerts the accompaniment has been arranged for string orchestra, including double bass. It is a setting of the youthful Shelley's poem, "The Sun-set."

A. H. M.

## DAY OF RESPIGHI: HIS FIVE PIECES; HIS MANY VOICES

CONDUCTOR, COMPOSER, PIANIST,  
GUEST

La Signora as Well—A Curious Concerto,  
More Ancient Dances, Two Numbers in  
Routine, the Characteristic "Fountains"  
—In Sum, a Chameleon-Like Music,  
Well Made and Discreetly Played

FOR the first time within the longest memory, a Symphony Concert began, yesterday, with the performance of a Concerto for piano

and orchestra. It was the Concerto of Mr. Ottorino Respighi. The man musician—as pianist, the guest of signs he played the piece; while Mr. A. proffering his service compatriot, led the ago the younger m guest—became fami concerts. A wider I also make his acqu May, he takes over vation too long d Respighi, then, as h and as he sat at the eye might fasten. I an Italian gentleman of stocky figure, the head, features molde and tranquil bearing. pianist, playing with ampler command of livelier accentuation, d of composers. As e four subsequent nume ly self-possessed, que will to the orchestra, leaving something to discretion of a band d It is within the per courtesy before a gue Respighi is a relativ conductor. As he sat so he forswears contri "interpretation." En an orchestra of the s plays his music st the pace, with the ac that he desires. In e tone-poem, "Fountain comparison possible. s. may again permit tru have been more graphi ent upon the Bostoni pieces went as Mr. i take them; but in the Old Airs and Dances drawn suavities of to n vigors of rhythm hard where. Throughout a long, the audience liste the guest; to Signora l wife, who took the voic of Shelley's poem, "Th arrayed music. At eve applauded not only heartily and long.

The Concerto for Piano, osity of the afternoon written "In the Mixoly is less formidable desig looks imply. To inta it need mean only that turns to one of the ancient Gregorian scales. Thereby he gains a mingled harmonic austerity and brightness, both gently applied and of singular and instant impression. Thereby many measures also wear a churchly cast, particu

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the Villa Medici and bells across the sun-  
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mists of dawn dispersed. Prompting to  
music is every one; waiting also are Mr.  
Respighi's plentiful means and skill. His  
adaptive mind applies them astutely—  
melody that shall escape convention yet  
not evade the common ear; richness and  
diversity of harmonic and instrumental  
dress; clarity always, and a just sense  
of the receiving audience; the modern-  
isms of the hour frothing and ferment-  
ing, as it were, in the accepted stock of  
music; finally pleasure and plaudits up  
and down the concert-room; repetitions  
and repete for the composer. Of such  
are "The Fountains" and "The Pines";  
maybe also "The Windows" of next week  
unless Mr. Respighi returns to his  
Gregorian moods and scales. . . .  
Finally—to play once more the outspoken  
child who stretches courtesy to the  
breaking point—the music of Mr.  
Respighi, however chameleon-like, does  
not fill a symphonic afternoon with the  
liveliest or the most lasting interest.  
H. T. P.



Mr. OTTORINO RESPIGHI, born at Bologna, Italy, studied music at first with his father. Later he entered the Liceo Musicale of Bologna, and studied violin playing with Federico Sarti; composition with Giuseppe Martucci.\* Graduated in 1901, he journeyed in foreign countries. Living in Russia for a time, he took lessons of Rimsky-Korsakov in Leningrad, with Max Bruch in Berlin. In 1913 he was appointed professor of composition in the Liceo Musicale, Bologna. He resigned this position in 1923 to become the director of the Santa Cecilia Conservatory in Rome. This position he gave up in 1926.

Respighi arrived in the United States for the first time on December 21, 1925, and made his first appearance in that city at a concert of the Philharmonic Society on December 31, 1925, when he played his piano concerto.

**Signed as Conductor  
of Pops Concerts**



(Bain News Service)  
ALFRED CASELLA

## Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, at 8.15 o'clock

- Sibelius . . . . . "The Swan of Tuonela," Legend from the Finnish Folk-Epic, "Kalevala"  
(English Horn Solo, LOUIS SPEYER)
- Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . . "Sadko," A Tone Picture, Op. 5
- Respighi . . . . . "Vetrate di Chiesa" ("Church Windows")  
Four Impressions for Orchestra
- I. La fuga in Egitto.
  - II. San Michele Arcangelo.
  - III. Il mattutino di Santa Chiara.
  - IV. San Gregorio Magno.
- (First Performance)

- Elgar . . . . . "Enigma" Variations, on an Original Theme, Op. 36

- Theme: Andante.  
Variations.
- I. "C. A. E." L'istesso tempo.
  - II. "H. D. S.-P" Allegro.
  - III. "R. B. T." Allegretto.
  - IV. "W. M. B." Allegro di molto.
  - V. "R. P. A." Moderato.
  - VI. "Ysobel." Andantino.
  - VII. "Troyte." Presto.
  - VIII. "W. N." Allegretto.
  - IX. "Nimrod." Moderato.
  - X. "Dorabella—Intermezzo." Allegro.
  - XI. "G. R. S." Allegro di molto.
  - XII. "B. G. N." Andante.
  - XIII. "X. X. X.—Romanza." Moderato.
  - XIV. "E. D. U.—Finale."

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after Respighi's "Church Windows"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators. it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



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FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

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- X. "Dorabella—Intermezzo." Allegro.
- XI. "G. R. S." Allegro di molto.
- XII. "B. G. N." Andante.
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Ottorino Respighi

## SYMPHONY IN 17TH CONCERT

Works by Sibelius, Elgar,  
Rimsky-Korsakov and  
Respighi on Program

PERFORMANCE TO BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT

*Herald* Feb. 26, 1927  
By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 17th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela," Rimsky-Korsakov, "Sadko." Respighi, "Church Windows"; Four Impressions for Orchestra (first performance). Elgar, Variations on an Original Theme.

It was a great pleasure to hear again after ten years the poetic legend of Sibelius with the English horn solo played beautifully by Mr. Speyer. Here is no swan, singing before death, a fable that suggested to Villiers de l'Isle-Adam one of his cruelest tales, and served Anna Pavlova for an entrancing, memorable dance-pantomime to Saint-Saens's familiar music. This is the swan that glides and sings on the river of black water around Tuonela, the Kingdom of Death. Sibelius, to whom the Finnish epic "Kalevala" furnished subjects for several of his earlier compositions, which, alas, have not been performed in Boston, by economic means, by an unerring choice of his instruments, portrays the scene and gives the song—after the hearer is acquainted with the explanatory note in the score. Suppose that the hearer had never read of Lemminkainen's adventures; how to win the maid Pohjola he set out to accomplish certain tasks, among them to shoot a swan on this River of Death. How would the hearer then be impressed? Surely he would be moved by the strangeness of the music, by the mysterious first measures, by the unearthly melancholy of the song, by the quiet intensity of it all. He would find in the music a tragic mood, simply but unmistakably expressed. To us this legend of Sibel-

ius, for itself, and by the manner of the performance was the commanding feature of the concert.

Rimsky-Korsakov, like Jonah, was thrown from a ship, not because he was regarded as a hoodoo, but as a propitiatory offering. One is reminded of the old song:

"Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,  
Dress'd in his best suit of clothes."

What McGinty found there remains unknown, for he never came back. Sadko was more fortunate. He was a guest at the wedding of the Sea King's daughter; and while he played on his gusli, which he had thoughtfully taken with him, they all danced until he broke the strings. Here we have deliberately pictorial music, entertaining enough, but not Rimsky at his very best. Boston has seen the ballet with this music, but has never heard the opera, which was composed 30 years after this "tone-picture." In the opera is the story of Sadko's adventures after he is on dry land, and wearied of it, sets out again upon the deep, refusing the companionship of Lioubava, his wife. Early this month, the opera was performed in Paris by Russians in concert form, as "Aida," "Faust" and

"Martha" have been heard here in concert halls, sung by ladies and gentlemen in conventional and more or less pleasing evening dress.

Mr. Respighi's "Church Windows" are windows that might be in any Italian church, but the music was not suggested by any windows now to be seen by native worshipers or Cook's tourists. The four subjects, allowing of strong contrasts in musical expression, are "The Flight into Egypt," ("The caravan bearing the Treasure of The World"); "Michael the Archangel" (driving with his sword the rebellious angels from high heaven); "The Matin of Saint-Claire" (how angels bore her desperately to attend the matin service); "Saint Gregory The Great" (in pontifical vestments, blessing the throng). To us the finest, most individual pages in these four "Impressions" are to be found in "The Flight" and in "The Matin of Saint-Claire". In the former there is the pleasing monotony of repetition that one associates with Oriental music; a coloring that at times reminds one of Borodin's "Steppes of Central Asia." In "The Matin," as in the fourth Impression, one hears the solemn chanting and sees the clouds of incense; in the former there are truly spiritual measures; the latter seemed diffuse, at times labored, and the climax which should have been overpowering was anticipated. "Michael the Archangel" is stormy battle music with the relieving episode of a trumpet solo (off stage) played effectively by Mr. Mager. As a whole, this suite is



not to be classed for invention and eloquent expression with either "Fountains" or "Pines of Rome." Mr. Respighi called to the platform was loudly applauded.

Elgar's "Variations" were once regarded as a brilliant show piece for an orchestra. There was a time when Elgar was held to be a "great" composer. Time, the Old Man with a Scythe, has a disconcerting way of handling it. While the performance yesterday was brilliant, the music, with a very few exceptions, seemed at the best respectable in a middle class manner; the sort of music that gives the composer the degree of Mus Doc, from an English university. In Elgar's case his music won him knighthood, and to this day there are "Elgar Festivals" in England. Was Cecil Gray too severe when he wrote of Elgar: "He never gets entirely away from the atmosphere of pale, cultured idealism and the unconsciously hypocritical, self-righteous, complacent, Pharisaical gentlemanliness which is so characteristic of British art in the last century."

The concert will be repeated tonight. At the concert of next week the orchestra will be assisted by the Cecilia Society, trained by Malcolm Lang Langendoen. Variations on a Dutch theme of Adrianus Valerius. Rimsky-Korsakov, tone picture from the opera "Kitej." Brahms, Song of Destiny. Wolf, The Fire Rider. Dellore, The Song of the High Hills. Prokofieff, "They are Seven." Glinka, Finale of "A Life for the Tsar." Charles Stratton will sing the tenor solo in "They are Seven."

### Respighi's Latest Work Has Hearing

Monitor — Feb. 26, 1927

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the first of the season's seventeenth pair of concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday afternoon, with this program:

Sibelius....."The Swan of Tuonela"  
Rimsky-Korsakoff....."Sadko"  
Respighi, "Vetrata di Chiesa" ("Church Windows") Four Impressions for Orchestra.  
Elgar....."Enigma" Variations

Respighi's Four Impressions, also described as Preludes, were written for Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and had their first performance yesterday. They were suggested to the composer by stained glass windows seen in various parts of Italy. The first is called "The Flight Into Egypt," the second "The Archangel Michael," the third "The Matin of St. Claire" and the fourth

"St. Gregory the Great."

The Impressions utilize the Gregorian system, and are quite Respighian in style. They are, then, well-made music, sincerely conceived and expertly executed. If they did not in every instance seem the inevitable tonal equivalent of the stained glass that inspired them, nor always sufficiently differentiated from one another and from other pictures by their author, that may have been because we had a one-man show by Respighi only a week ago. If the first and third episodes fail to leave definite etchings on our imaginations, we must confess that their impressionism is lovely though vague. Michael is appropriately militant and Gregory sufficiently surrounded by pomp and circumstance, but the army of the one and the procession of the other are reinforced by detachments from those familiar Roman Tritons and Black Shirts. Happily, no nightingale seems to have flown into any of these windows.

Will this composition add to the fame of the composer? After a single hearing, it stands in memory as another piece by Respighi, a sort of "Fountains in the Mixolydian Mode." It benefited greatly by its realization at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. The composer was present to receive the plaudits of the audience, but he had wisely refrained from taking the baton.

The program on which "Church Windows" held the place of honor was a rather curious assortment of pieces. Like so many of Mr. Koussevitzky's programs, it had been subjected several times to alterations. This is a habit of the conductor's that causes great distress to musical editors and program annotators. In spite of this, Mr. Koussevitzky almost always sets forth a stimulating bill of fare. He did in this instance; only, who has ever before thought of opening a concert with "The Swan of Tuonela"? A work of rare beauty, badly placed, it was exquisitely performed, and Mr. Louis Speyer earned a warm tribute for his English horn solo.

The "Enigma" Variations had gone unheard in Boston for some years. Witty, brilliant pieces, they are well restored to the repertory. But how badly the bombastic Finale consorts with the rest.

L. A. S.

## RESPIGHI'S NEWEST BY SYMPHONY

His 'Church Windows' Heard for First Time

Post — Feb. 26, 1927  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Not yet has Ottorino Respighi, that eminent Italian who last Friday and Saturday monopolized the Symphony Concerts as conductor or performer of his own music, vanished from Boston's ken. Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall he was one of the audience which heard the first performance anywhere of his new suite, "Vetrata di Chiesa," (Church Windows.)

### COMPOSER WELL RECEIVED

Though outwardly effective in many pages, these "Impressions for Orchestra," as the composer terms them, on a single hearing appeared scarcely worthy of a place among Mr. Respighi's more important works. Certainly they would seem to fall below the "Fountains of Rome" and the "Pines of Rome" both in musical invention and in poetic suggestiveness. But whether or not such reactions to the music were shared by the audience as a whole, the display of enthusiasm when Mr. Respighi appeared on the stage following the performance could scarcely have been greater.

Stained glass windows in various Italian churches suggested to Mr. Respighi the four pieces of yesterday, of which the individual titles are: "The Flight into Egypt," "The Archangel Michael," "The Matin of St. Chiara"

and "St. Gregory the Great." In the second picture there was no missing the figure of Michael driving out of heaven the rebellious angels, and in the fourth the musical representation of pontifical panoply was sufficiently clear, but so far as this reviewer could discern the titles of number one and number three might have been transposed and the listener have been none the wiser.

For the concert of next Tuesday afternoon, the fourth of the current "national" series, Mr. Koussevitzky has planned an English-Scandinavian-Finnish programme, and the performances yesterday and this evening of Sibelius' tone poem, "The Swan Tuonela," and of Elgar's "Enigma," Variations might be taken as preparation for that concert.

## MORE RESPIGHI AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

New Tone Poem Given First Performance

Globe — Feb. 26, 1927  
Last week's Boston Symphony program was filled by the music of the Italian composer, Respighi, who conducted as guest, and played his own piano concerto. Yesterday a new tone poem by Respighi entitled "Vetrata di Chiesa" was played for the first time in public at the Symphony concert.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The composer was in the audience, and came to the stage to receive the applause at the end of his piece.

The other numbers were Elgar's "Enigma Variations," Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela," and Rimsky Korsakov's "Sadko."

Respighi's new tone poem seems likely to secure at least a measure of popular favor. It is soon to be published, and no doubt will go the rounds of orchestral concerts the world over.

The title means "Church Windows." There are four "impressions," suggested by stained glass in various Italian churches, "The Flight Into Egypt," "The Archangel Michael," "The Matin of Saint Clare" and "St Gregory the Great."

The work is scored for a large orchestra, including four tam tams, a bell in C, and organ as well as more usual instruments.

Although there are effective pages, as, for example, the first measures depicting Michael, flaming sword in hand, driving the rebel angels from



heaven; the first passage for organ alone representing Pope Gregory blessing the multitude; music representing the rapture of Saint Clare at her miraculous trip to the Portiuncula; and so Respighi tends to weaken the effect of his ideas by undue amplification and repetition.

Nearly the whole appeal of all his music depends upon his talent for striking effects, which at a first hearing are impressive. In his "Pines of Rome," these effects come off more securely than they did yesterday in "Church Windows."

The performance yesterday, however, was disappointing in some respects. Mr. Koussevitzky had seemingly not had sufficient time for preparation to permit him to get below the surface of the highly intricate score, and to dramatize the music with his customary imaginative intensity.

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The same can be said of Elgar's "Enigma" variations. The younger generation is too prone to remember against Elgar his "Pomp and Circumstance" and "Salut d'armour," and to forget his "Dream of Gerontius," but who among younger English composers, with the single exception of Holst in "The Planets," has written music as admirable as this set of variations? The performance had admirable clarity and energy.

Rimsky Korsakov's "Sadko" because it is inferior to his "Scheherazade," should not be underrated. Played as it was yesterday this tone poem is still agreeable to the ear and stimulating to the imagination.

Throughout the concert, Mr. Koussevitzky seemed bent for once on showing that he can make effects without resorting to triple fortissimo. The volume of tone was wisely reduced, though without gaining at all times the perfect clarity and balance that one craves in vain from this conductor.

Next week the Cecilia Society will assist in choral works by Brahms, Wolf, Glinka, Delius and Prokofiev. A suite from Rimsky Korsakov's opera "Kitej" and a new set of "Variations on a Dutch Theme by Adrianus Valerius," composed by Mr. Langendoen, a cellist in the Boston Symphony, are the orchestral numbers. P. R.

## ELGAR RESTORED; SIBELIUS AFRESH; RESPIGHI RETURNS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT FULL-FREIGHTED

Manifold Matter and Multifold Pleasure—The "Enigma Variations" After Fifteen Years—"The Swan of Tuonela" as Masterpiece—"Sadko" More Familiarly—"Church Windows" for Curious Experiment to Various Issue

IT IS not the least of Mr. Koussevitzky's merits as conductor that he shapes programs with a free will and an open mind. Two weeks ago he assembled three canonized pieces from a single composer—Brahms; arranged them in the most conventional of patterns—overture, concerto, symphony. Yesterday four composers stood upon his list, and three of them are living and productive. From none did he draw overture, concerto or symphony. In fact the first and longer division of the program comprised three tone-poems; Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela"; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko"; Respighi's "Church Windows," as the learned doctors of Symphony Hall now re-christen his newest piece. To this music of impression and suggestion, the conductor appended Elgar's "Enigma Variations," which, to all but Sir Edward and his intimates, are symphonic pages.

For next week again, no symphony is announced. Instead, the program will

range from a set of variations and an operatic suite through five choral pieces as various as are Wolf and Delius, Prokofiev and Brahms. So doing, Mr. Koussevitzky keeps a long series of concerts in perpetual flux and diversity; plays skillfully upon the sense of the unexpected in hearers; avoids routine, which is the peril of institutions; sustains interest, which is the secret of life. Twenty times it has been said that, agree or disagree with Mr. Koussevitzky's version of a given piece, yet is he never dull. Throughout the season, he has been as lively and individual in the assorting of programs. Out of seventeen pairs of Symphony Concerts since last October, only one has been tedious—and that was entrusted to Mr. Ottorino Respighi, exhibiting far too many of his own numbers.

In particular, it was good to find Elgar's name upon the schedule of the day. For it is actually a fact—unless the venerable compiler of the program-book has slipped—that between 1911 and 1925, and full fourteen years, no piece by him was played at the Symphony Concerts. Dr. Muck thought poorly of Sir Edward; le bonhomme Rabaud was probably unaware of his existence; Mr. Monteux's acquaintance with British composers began with Holst, Vaughan Williams and the succeeding generation. Through these years, moreover, first the Germanophiles and subsequently the Francophiles, expressly disdained English music. The one faction laid upon us neutral listeners the burden, say, of tone-poems from the Freiherr van Reznicek; while the other exposed us wantonly to the parlor bijouterie of the late Monsieur Saint-Saëns.

By all odds Elgar has faults; probably he has written rather more than his share of tedious pages. He cherishes mannerisms, like certain sequences, that are weariness to listening ears. In his time he has manufactured not a little music with hardly a trace of inner and spiritual compulsion; while he can be as smug as though he had been "born and raised" in Los Angeles. None the less he is a musician of wide learning, large resource and ready skill; a composer of invention, imagination and individual temperament. Not only does he receive impressions; he also sees visions; while into tones he can transmute both. We applaud Wagner, Debussy, Musorgsky, because each of them, writing music, is both universal and of his own race. Likewise with Elgar; he speaks clear to Berlin or Rome or Boston; yet only an Englishman could have written much of his music. Mr. Koussevitzky did well when he restored Sir Edward, two years ago, to the Symphony Concerts; when he recalled him again yesterday. Oftener than biennially, he

deservedly appear there. Waiving symphonies, there are overtures and tone-poem, unwarrantably neglected, staff."

Nationally, these "Enigma Variations" are the conductors' favorite choice. Mr. Toscanini is fond of it was he, indeed, who last played in Boston. German conductors seem up now and again; in England and America they approximate a very piece. After nearly thirty years the "Enigma," about which speculation played plentifully, may be "programists" and other pedants cover. Possibly Sir Edward has here set down the solution for posterity. Certainly, it has, and can have, to do with the vitality or the integrity of his music. Outside the diminished Elgarian circle—he is now in his eighth year—the initials attached to a variation are also of small moment. It is not translatable outside that close circle; none, seemingly, denotes a publication. Rather, they were diverse. More fortunately, these labels led him to graphic and lasting music. Characterization. "Ysobel" and "Dora-bonhomme Rabaud" was probably unaware of his existence; Mr. Monteux's acquaintance with British composers began with Holst, Vaughan Williams and the succeeding generation. Through these years, moreover, first the Germanophiles and subsequently the Francophiles, expressly disdained English music. The one faction laid upon us neutral listeners the burden, say, of tone-poems from the Freiherr van Reznicek; while the other exposed us wantonly to the parlor bijouterie of the late Monsieur Saint-Saëns.

Individualize the variations is the chief of repeated hearings and in-liking for all fourteen. Rather, the usual listener is pleased by the variety and animation of the musical; the skill and warmth with which; the manifold rhythm and color; through and over it; the masculine humor, affection, vigor, coursing characterizing the measures. The "Enigma Variations," in spite of a too and piquing title, are a frank and music. To mix figures, they are sweet in the ear. Rather oftener, variations are a labor of scholarship, cudgelled or cajoled. At Elgar's they come spontaneously, lead a varied musical life.

Deserved revival, likewise, was Sibelius' tone-poem, "The Swan of Tuonela," to the repertory by Dr. Muck, van from it with his departure; favorite, besides, with Mr. Toscanini. While, Mr. Koussevitzky has to himself in it. No doubt he will



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There were some obvious errors of detail, and a general sense of effort on the part of players and conductor, rather than the expected virtuosity. But Mr. Respighi has set in this tone poem a very difficult task for orchestra and leader. One wondered why the composer did not himself conduct his work.

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In particular, it gar's name upon th For it is actually a erable compiler of t slipped—that betwe full fourteen years, played at the Symp Muck thought poorl bonhomme Rabaud ware of his existe acquaintance with began with Holst, Va the succeeding gener years, moreover, first and subsequently the pressly disdained En one faction laid upon the burden, say, of to Freiherr van Reznice exposed us wantonly t terie of the late Monst By all odds Elgar h he has written rathe share of tedious pag mannerisms, like cert are weariness to li his time he has ms little music with hard and spiritual compulsk as smug as though h and raised" in Los A less he is a musician large resource and re poser of invention, in dividual temperament. receive impressions; he while into tones he ea We applaud Wagner, sky, because each of sic, is both universal race. Likewise with clear to Berlin or Ro only an Englishman c much of his music. Cutting, Mr. and did well when he res C. B. Pa Clement two years ago, to th certs; when he recall terday. Oftener tha

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Internationally, these "Enigma Variations" are the conductors' favorite choice from Elgar. Mr. Toscanini is fond of them; it was he, indeed, who last played them in Boston. German conductors pick them up now and again; in England and in America they approximate a répertory piece. After nearly thirty years, the "Enigma," about which of old speculation played plentifully, may be left for "programists" and other pedants to discover. Possibly Sir Edward has somewhere set down the solution for posterity. Certainly, it has, and can have, little to do with the vitality or the interest of his music. Outside the diminishing Elgarian circle—he is now in his seventieth year—the initials attached to each variation are also of small moment. Few are translatable outside that close company; none, seemingly, denotes a public personage. Rather, they were diversion and stimulation to Sir Edward as he wrote. More fortunately, these labels stirred him to graphic and lasting music of characterization. "Ysobel" and "Dorabella," for example, give birth to a music of feminine charm and grace, illuding to the listening fancy. The texture of these variations is musically lovely; while each was played yesterday with light and crystalline virtuosity. In turn, "Troyte," who must have been rather noisy about the house, and the soliloquizing "Nimrod" are plainly temperaments, invigorated in their measures. It is easy to suspect "G. R. S." as tonal "kidding;" while in contrast "X. X. X." is a little tone-poem of visioning affection.

To individualize the variations is the pastime of repeated hearings and ingrained liking for all fourteen. Rather, the casual listener is pleased by the diversity and animation of the musical speech; the skill and warmth with which it flows; the manifold rhythm and color playing through and over it; the masculine humor, affection, vigor, coursing and characterizing the measures. The "Enigma Variations," in spite of a too astute and piquing title, are a frank and honest music. To mix figures, they smell sweet in the ear. Rather oftener than not, variations are a labor of scholarship cudgelled or cajoled. At Elgar's call, they come spontaneously, lead a humanized musical life.

Deserved revival, likewise, was Sibelius's tone-poem, "The Swan of Tuonela," led into the repertory by Dr. Muck, vanishing from it with his departure; favorite piece, besides, with Mr. Toscanini. For the while, Mr. Koussevitzky has to perfect himself in it. No doubt he will



'ashio

With Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," the listener knew what to expect, though memories of the last preceding performance, in 1921, might be slight, and recollection of the ballet, danced in 1917 by the Dyaghilev Troupe, the merest haze. Whatever the particular folk-lore that stirs Rimsky, the practised hearer may infer the treatment: a velvet-voiced orchestra throbbing sensuously; rhythms, harmonies, timbres that are an imagery in themselves; little musical substance in the graver sense, but thick-spun atmosphere through which pierces transparent suggestion. This time the legend is a sea-piece. Overboard goes Sadko the minstrel; into the caves of the sea-folk he descends; the Lord of the Waters bids him play upon the gusli—two harps make it super-human; the folk and the very billows dance to the tune; Sadko snaps his strings; calm and darkling falls the sea. Any instructor in any conservatory could riddle Rimsky's music by pedantic analysis. It has no "inner life"; it does not exist by or for itself. Around old legend, by the composer's conjuring with these three—rhythms, harmonies, timbres—it winds atmosphere and dis-

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succeed better than yesterday afternoon performance, next exactly and imaginatively first hearing, the sometimes to come while not always truly distributed. first, a wondrous solitude; second, a colors, black and frame, the bare voice of Sibelius fabulous and no melody unfolds—ation it is the vol-

Little by little spun harmonies the measures take pool below the swan of legend, waters scarcely there is no sound. At length comes pent and relative Koussevitzky disc speaks the emotive or rather the water. . . . Out of the legend, quivers the achieved, of the most concentrate stamped upon the subtle simplicity. Mr. Respighi is a truly religious

it is silence and white swan cleave Where in the white few and stripped tone-poem? In the may be Sibelius's harmonies; in them, as he believes, he With Rimsky-K explores a storehouse of musical treasure. Imagining a window upon which memories of the Joseph and Mary and Jesus flee beneath ance, in 1921, the starry night, he would release in lection of the bal tones the mood and the impression. the Dyaghilev Tr "Out of Egypt have I called My Son."

Whatever the p Archangel smites and disperses the rebels from God, he is like-minded. Within him chestra throbbing Miltonic impulse stirs. Imagining glass harmonies, timbre yet again, he beholds Saint Clare, the in themselves; lit companion of Saint Francis—upon the the graver sense slopes of Assisi still grows her garden— sphere through w borne as by miracle, since strength of suggestion. This body failed her, to share in holy rites. sea-piece. Overboa Faithful daughter, she, of the Franciscan trel; into the ca soul. Looking once more, the composer descends; the Lo sees Saint Gregory the Great, Pope and him play upon lord of men, clothed with power and do-

make it super-hu minion, pavilioned in splendor and girdled very billows dan with praise. The colors of churchly snaps his string glass transmuted into the colors of mu- falls the sea. An sic: the imagery of the one become the servatory could r impression of the other. pedantic analysis. Being mortal man and somewhat less it does not exist than genius in music-making, Mr. old legend, by th Respighi has inevitably fallen short of with these thre this "great argument." Writing the timbres—it wind four tone-poems assembled in "Church

Ed ancora il Signore Respighi—tumultuously received when he came upon the stage at the end of the first performance—anywhere—of his new tone-poem. What clapping in the auditorium and from an orchestra on its feet; what clasp-

ing of hands, patting of backs, alternate retreats and advances between composer and conductor, what uplifted Respighian arms outpouring thanks upon all and sundry! Si, si, signore e signori, the Symphony Concerts can still yield incidents. In degree, "Church Windows" deserved these libations of praise. Any-

how, these tone-picturings are more interesting than either the overture, "Belphegor," or the "Mixolydian Concerto," both of departing memory. Three impulses seem to have prompted Mr. Respighi to composition: a sincerely devout spirit; an inclination to further experiment with Gregorian scales; a will to transfuse into tones the sensations of stained glass when, upon those that meditate beneath, light calls into glorified being figures of pious chronicle or sanctified legend.

Mr. Respighi is a truly religious man, believing and practising within the Roman fold. Writing "Church Windows," he did not strike a pose for purposes of musical composition. He is also studious and sensitive to Gregorian scales and harmonies; in them, as he believes, he explores a storehouse of musical treasure. Imagining a window upon which



Samuel J. Barco, who attended the concert in a smart frock of beige crepe with the fastening at the top of the blouse, hat and shoes of beige.

FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

## Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 4, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, at 8.15 o'clock

Langendoen . . . Variations on a Dutch Theme of Adrianus Valerius for String Orchestra  
(First performance at these concerts)

Debussy . . . "The Song of the High Hills" for Orchestra and Voices  
(First time in Boston)

Wolf . . . "Der Feuerreiter" ("The Fire-Rider") for Chorus and Orchestra  
(First performance with orchestra in Boston)

Brahms . . . "Ein Schicksalslied" ("A Song of Destiny") for Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 54

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . Tone Pictures from the Opera, "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch and the Virgin Fevronia"

Prelude: Hymn to Nature.  
Bridal Procession. The Invasion of the Tartars.  
The Battle of Kerjenetz.

(First time as a whole in Boston.)

Debussy . . . "Sept, ils sont sept!" Incantation for Tenor, Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 30

Finale of the Opera, "A Life for the Czar" for Chorus and Orchestra  
(First time in Boston)

THE CECILIA SOCIETY, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor, will assist  
Soloist: CHARLES STRATTON

There will be an intermission after Brahms's "A Song of Destiny"

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Ed ancora il S- uously received- stage at the en- ance—anywhere- What clapping- from an orchestr- ing of hands, pa- retreats and adv- and conductor, v- arms outpouring- sundry! Si, si, shine bathes the chapel of Jesus College Symphony Conce- dents. In degr- deserved these li- how, these tone- teresting than el- phagor," or the- both of departir- pulses seem to t- pighi to composi- spirit; an inclin- ment with Greg- transfuse into f- stained glass wh- itate beneath, li- ing figures of p- tified legend.

Mr. Respighi- man, believing a- Roman fold. Wri- he did not strike- musical composit- and sensitive to- harmonies; in th- explores a store- ure. Imagining- Joseph and Mary- the starry nigh- tones the mood- "Out of Egypt- Imagining a win- Archangel smites- from God, he is l- Miltonic impulse- yet again, he b- companion of S- slopes of Assisi- borne as by mi- body failed her- Faithful daughte- soul. Looking o- descends; the Lo- sees Saint Grego- lord of men, clot- minion, pavilion- with praise. T- glass transmuted- sic: the imagery- impression of the- Being mortal n- than genius it- Respighi has ine- with these thre- four tone-poems-

Windows," he has achieved variously. Twice and twice only, to make report from a single cursory hearing, has he gained in the texture and the color of his measures, the depth and glow and throb of stained glass when through it upon imagination floods light or crosses shadow. There are darkling moments toward the end of "The Flight Into Egypt"—and the eye, stirred by the ear, What clapping looks across the great church at Chartres from an orchestra on a dusky afternoon. Sonorous splen- ing of hands, padors proclaim Saint Gregory, pontiff and retreats and adv prince; for instants they pulse and flame and conductor, v upon the ear, as to the eye stirs the arms outpouring deep-hued glass, when full summer sun- sundry! Si, si, shine bathes the chapel of Jesus College Symphony Conce in the English Cambridge. Once and dents. In degr once only, furthermore, has Mr. Respighi deserved these li- gained the clear pallor filtering from how, these tone- stained glass, across some hillside chapel, teresting than el upon the low mass of dawn—in the in- phagor," or the troductory theme of the music for Saint both of departir Clare. Elsewhere the quest of a new pulses seem to t tonal illusion fails. . . . From Gregorian pighi to composi scales and harmonies, Mr. Respighi again spirit; an inclin diffuses the austere brightness, the thin, ment with Greg transparent, glow emanating at moments transfuse into from his piano-concerto. There, they stained glass wh were an effect won by composing scholar- itate beneath, lig ship for the gratification of listening ing figures of pcuriosity. In "Church Windows," they compass atmosphere and convey illu- tion—notably in the quieter picturing of the matins of Saint Clare and the way- side night of the Holy Family. With other deeds of musical imagina- tion Mr. Respighi sometimes gropes; and sensitive to sometimes falters; again achieves. "The Flight Into Egvpt" begins in stilled rap- ture, weaving veils, parting them with suggestion; then falls away into mere music-spinning; recovers in the color- ings and pulse of the end. The poem of Michael Archangel drives furiously and clangorously. Scattered before Mr. Re- spighi's thrusting chromatics and plung- ing rhythms are the Satanic hosts. Faint and far sounds a wan melody for trumpet, and the listener puzzles his dull head to discover its place in the imagina- tive scheme. The timbres of the celesta, sweet and tingling; the voices of other instruments, thinned to a singular trans- parency, clothe Saint Clare in a sub- limated tonal air. The bell-filled "sym- phony" that preludes the apparition of the pontifical Gregory is adept and im- aginative play with rarefied or intensi- fied musical sound. Yet when he emerges in full glory of principalities and powers, the encompassing sonorities are not so far from those of the sea- gods in "The Fountains" or the Roman soldiery in "The Pines." Possibly thoughts of the concert-hall occasionally threaded Mr. Respighi's plous medita- tions. For us sinful men, there is no evading Sathanas. H. T. P.

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FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

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| Wolf            | "Der Feuerreiter" ("The Fire-Rider") for Chorus and Orchestra<br>(First performance with orchestra in Boston)  |
| Brahms          | "Ein Schicksalslied" ("A Song of Destiny") for Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 54  |
| Rimsky-Korsakov | Tone Pictures from the Opera, "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch and the Virgin Fevronia"<br>Prelude: Hymn to Nature.<br>Bridal Procession. The Invasion of the Tartars.<br>The Battle of Kerjenetz.<br>(First time as a whole in Boston.) |
| Prokofieff      | "Sept, ils sont sept!" Incantation for Tenor, Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 30   |
| Glinka          | Finale of the Opera, "A Life for the Czar" for Chorus and Orchestra<br>(First time in Boston)  |

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



succeed better than yesterday afternoon performance, next exactly and imagination first hearing, the sometimes to con while not always truly distributed. first, a wondrous solitude; second, a colors, black and frame, the bare p voice of Sibelius fabulous and no melody unfolds— ation it is the vol

Little by little spun harmonies the measures tak pool below the swan of legend, waters scarcely there is no sound. At length comes pent and relative Koussevitzky disc speaks the emotio or rather the wat

... Out of hu legend, quivers th achieved, of the most concentrate stamped upon t subtle simplicity it is silence and white swan cleave Where in the w few and stripped tone-poem? In t may be Sibelius's

With Rimsky-K explores a store listener knew w memories of the Joseph and Mary ance, in 1921, mig the starry nigh lection of the ba tones the mood the Dyaghilev Tr "Out of Egypt

Whatever the p Imagining a win Archangel smites from God, he is Miltonic impulse yet again, he b companion of S slopes of Assisi borne as by m body failed her, Faithful daughter soul. Looking o sees Saint Grego lord of men, clo minion, pavillone with praise. T glass transmuted sic: the imagery impression of the Being mortal than genius i Respighi has in this "great ar

... this illusion, sen windows," he has achieved variously. Twice and twice only, to make report from a single cursory hearing, has he gained in the texture and the color of his measures, the depth and glow and throb of stained glass when through it upon imagination floods light or crosses shadow. There are darkling moments toward the end of "The Flight Into Egypt"—and the eye, stirred by the ear, looks across the great church at Chartres on a dusky afternoon. Sonorous splen ing of hands, padors proclaim Saint Gregory, pontiff and prince; for instants they pulse and flame upon the ear, as to the eye stirs the arms outpouring deep-hued glass, when full summer sun-dundry! Si, si, shine bathes the chapel of Jesus College in the English Cambridge. Once and dents. In degra once only, furthermore, has Mr. Respighi gained the clear pallor filtering from how, these tone-stained glass, across some hillside chapel, teresting than el upon the low mass of dawn—in the in-phagor," or the troductory theme of the music for Saint both of departir Clare. Elsewhere the quest of a new pulses seem to t tonal illusion fails. . . . From Gregorian pighi to composi scales and harmonies, Mr. Respighi again spirit; an inclin diffuses the austere brightness, the thin, ment with Greg transparent, glow emanating at moments transfuse into from his piano-concerto. There, they stained glass whe were an effect won by composing scholar- itate beneath, lig ship for the gratification of listening ing figures of p ecuriosity. In "Church Windows," they compass atmosphere and convey illu sion—notably in the quieter picturing of the matins of Saint Clare and the way-side night of the Holy Family.

With other deeds of musical imagina- tion Mr. Respighi sometimes gropes; sometimes falters; again achieves. "The Flight Into Egvpt" begins in stilled rap- ture, weaving veils, parting them with suggestion; then falls away into mere music-spinning; recovers in the color- ings and pulse of the end. The poem of Michael Archangel drives furiously and clangorously. Scattered before Mr. Re- spighi's thrusting chromatics and plung- ing rhythms are the Satanic hosts. Faint and far sounds a wan melody for trumpet, and the listener puzzles his dull head to discover its place in the imagina- tive scheme. The timbres of the celesta, sweet and tingling; the voices of other instruments, thinned to a singular trans- parency, clothe Saint Clare in a sub- limated tonal air. The bell-filled "sym- phony" that preludes the apparition of the pontifical Gregory is adept and im- aginative play with rarefied or intensi- fied musical sound. Yet when he emerges in full glory of principalities and powers, the encompassing sonorities are not so far from those of the sea- gods in "The Fountains" or the Roman soldiery in "The Pines." Possibly thoughts of the concert-hall occasionally threaded Mr. Respighi's pious medita- tions. For us sinful men, there is no evading Sathanas.

H. T. P.

FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

# Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 4, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, at 8.15 o'clock

- Langendoen . . . . . Variations on a Dutch Theme of Adrianus Valerius for String Orchestra  
(First performance at these concerts)
- Delius . . . . . "The Song of the High Hills" for Orchestra and Voices  
(First time in Boston)
- Wolf . . . . . "Der Feuerreiter" ("The Fire-Rider") for Chorus and Orchestra  
(First performance with orchestra in Boston)
- Brahms . . . . . "Ein Schicksalslied" ("A Song of Destiny") for Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 54
- Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . . Tone Pictures from the Opera, "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch and the Virgin Fevronia"  
Prelude: Hymn to Nature.  
Bridal Procession. The Invasion of the Tartars.  
The Battle of Kerjenetz.  
(First time as a whole in Boston.)
- Prokofieff . . . . . "Sept, ils sont sept!" Incantation for Tenor, Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 30
- Glinka . . . . . Finale of the Opera, "A Life for the Czar" for Chorus and Orchestra  
(First time in Boston)

THE CECILIA SOCIETY, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor, will assist  
Soloist: CHARLES STRATTON

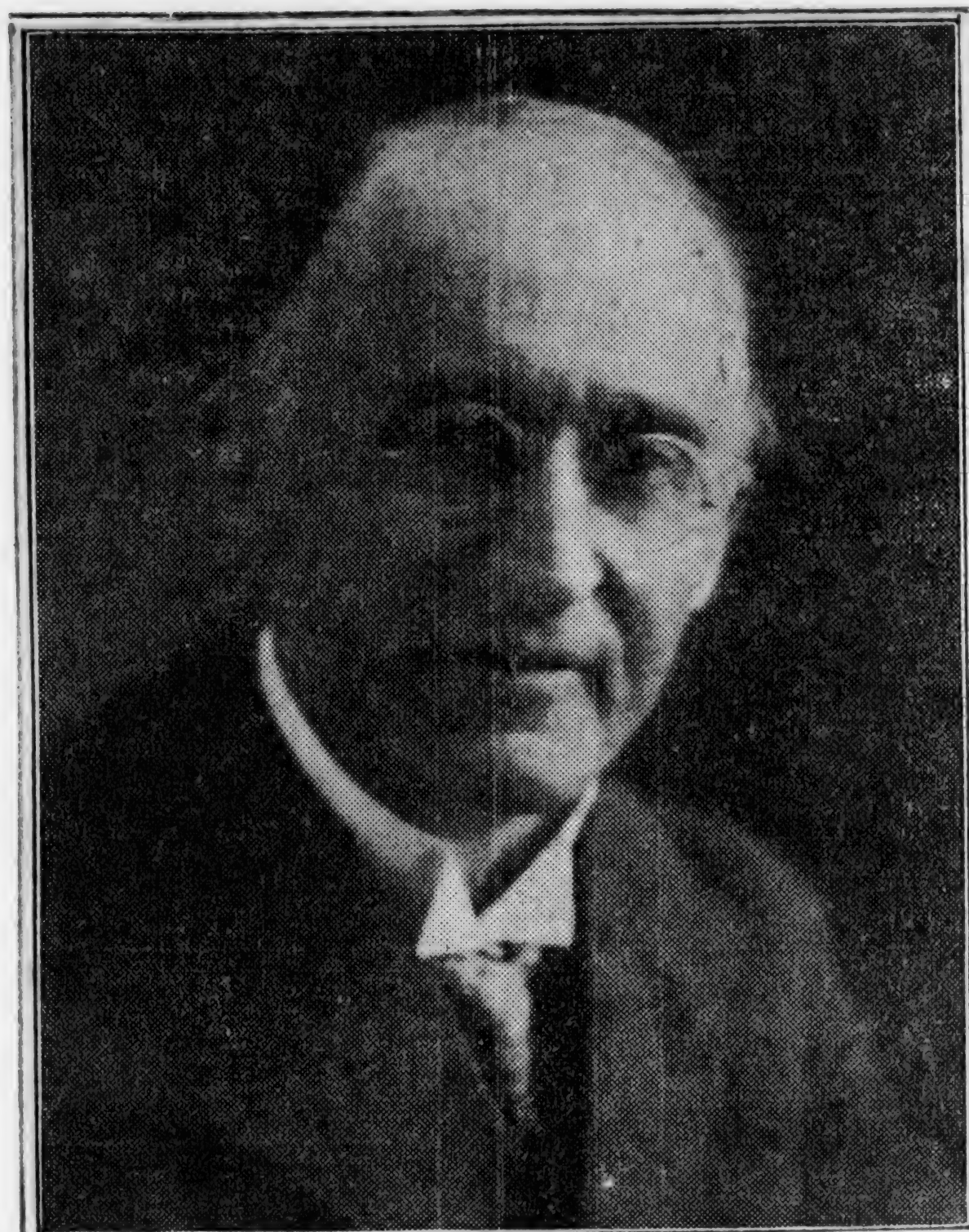
There will be an intermission after Brahms's "A Song of Destiny"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898. — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators. it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Frederick Delius

(Elliott & Fry)

Once More Gaining Place in the Symphony Concerts

## 18TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Cecilia Society and Charles  
Stratton Assist Boston  
Orchestra

### PROGRAM OFFERS GREAT VARIETY

*Herald* — *March 5, 1927*  
By PHILIP HALE

At the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, the orchestra was assisted by the Cecilia Society and Charles Stratton, tenor. The Cecilia chorus had been trained by Malcolm Lang, the conductor of the society.

The program was as follows: Longendoen, Variations on a Dutch Theme of Valerius (first time at these concerts); Delius, The Song of the High Hills for orchestra and chorus (first time in Boston); Wolf, "The Fire-Rider," for chorus and orchestra (first time with orchestra); Brahms, A Song of Destiny for chorus and orchestra; Rimsky-Korsakov, Tone Pictures from the Opera "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch"—Prelude, Hymn to Nature, Bridal Procession, The Invasion of the Tartars, The Battle of Kerjenetz (first time as a whole in Boston); Prokofieff, "Seven, They Are Seven," incantation for tenor, chorus and orchestra; Glinka, Finale of the Opera "A Life for the Tsar," for chorus and orchestra (first time in Boston).

It is a question whether a concert of this nature, with a miscellaneous selection of orchestral and choral pieces, is as satisfactory as one devoted solely to orchestral works. In the program of yesterday there was no relationship between the works performed. There was only variety. There was nothing in common, for example, between the Variations by Mr. Langendoen, a violinist of the orchestra, and the stage music of Rimsky-Korsakov. Delius and Wolf are as far apart as Brahms and Prokofieff. There was no one important work of long breath to which the others were carefully subsidiary. The pieces were as if chosen at random, drawn from a hat in which other titles remained.

Furthermore, a chorus, however carefully trained in rehearsals, not frequently employed with a large orchestra, may easily be timid, even untuned in the concert, especially when the music is written without due regard for voices. Nor are the words sung often, if ever, intelligible to the hearers, who instead of listening to the music, endeavor in a dimly lighted hall to find out from the text in program books what the vocal fuss is all about.

Take, for example, Wolf's ballad, "The Fire Rider." When Ludwig Wuellner sang the song—for the ballad was first written as a song—in October 1909, although his voice was not agreeable and his vocal art decidedly questionable, his imagination and melodramatic intensity were so impressive that the audience was mightily moved. Yesterday, with chorus and orchestra, the effect was comparatively slight; the orchestral accompaniment, not remarkable in itself, covered the singers for the most part, and here it may be said that the volume of sound coming from the number of singers on the stage was surprisingly small. Only in the straightforward music of Glinka, simple music, but music of dignified exultation, worthy of a greeting to a Tsar, was there imposing sonority.

In the "Song of the High Hills," by Delius, the solo tenor and chorus sing only vowel sounds. We wish we could join in Mr. Percy Grainger's rhapsodic appreciation of this composition. To us the musical idiom of Delius, with a very few exceptions, is foreign. It is easy to recognize his technical skill, although it is not always in evidence, but his emotion seems to be in cold storage. He has said that by this music he has tried to express the joy and rapture felt in the High Mountains; also to depict the loneliness and melancholy of the high solitudes as well as the grandeur of far distances. Thus did he set himself a formidable task. His joy was only moderate rapture; his own melancholy was at times a contagious boredom. If the human voices "represent Man in Nature," man did not positively assert himself. In a word, this music was disappointing to those not yet fervent in the cult of Delius.

What shall be said of Prokofieff's "Seven"? (It seemed at times as if the chorus were shouting, "Seven percent.") Mr. Stratton declaimed his lines lustily, the chorus did its best to express awe and horror, but the impression made was not so overpowering, as at the first performance last season. Why? Because the element of surprise was lacking yesterday. The majority of the audience could not again receive the dynamic shock. It "knew what was coming."

It again is a question whether choral music with orchestra is often as eloquent, as emotional, reaching the



heights and sounding the depths, as purely orchestral music. There is Brahms's "Song of Destiny." Is not the orchestral postlude more expressive, more conducive to the contemplation that frees a hearer from thoughts of earth than the chorus measures descriptive of the celestial bliss known to the immortal gods? Nor are those pages in which the woes of suffering mankind are described of truly dramatic force.

Mr. Langendoen's Variations showed his scholarship, and evidently pleased the audience, for he was called several times to acknowledge applause. It is to be noted, however, that the heartiest and most spontaneous applause was for the majestic—and simple—excerpt from Glinka's opera. The selections from Rimsky-Korsakov's "City of Kitesch" are not especially noteworthy.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of March 18-19 is as follows: Handel, "Water" Music. Tansman, Symphony. A minor (first performance). Glazounov, Violin Concerto (Mr. Burgin). Weber, Overture to "Oberon."

## CHORAL PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cecilia Society Assists in Five Short Pieces

*Globe* — *Mar. 5, 1927*

Mr. Koussevitzky arranged an unusual program for yesterday's Symphony concert. The Cecilia Society, Malcolm Lang conductor, assisted in the performance of five short pieces for chorus and orchestra. Fragments from Rimsky Korsakov's opera "Kitej," and a set of "Variations on a Dutch Theme by Adrianus Valerius," by Jacobus Langendoen, one of the cellists in the Boston Symphony since 1920, were the only purely orchestral numbers. But two of the seven numbers had been heard before at these concerts, and these seldom.

There are those who claim that a concert of short and more or less light pieces is easier to listen to than the usual type of Symphony program. Symphonies are for them too long and too intricate. Beethoven, Mozart and even Schubert are too austere to please these listeners. Concerts they believe are usually too long, programs of an hour or less would suffice.

Yesterday, hearing the third successive Boston Symphony concert without a symphony, one was moved to violent dissent from such opinions. Pop concerts, three hours long, full of true and tried favorites, like the "Blue Danube" and Schubert's "Marche Militaire," please. But what one is tempted to dub "high brow pop" programs such as yesterday's are dull as no orthodox program with a great classic symphony, a shorter standard piece, and an up-to-the-minute novelty on it was ever dull.

Yesterday's concert was, in fact, over by 4:15, but one was inclined at first glance to believe that one's watch must have stopped, so interminable had the performance seemed.

### Excellent Performance

Mr. Langendoen has chosen for his variations a fine tune; so fine, in fact that one would rather have heard it repeated than listen to his ingenious variations on it. He has written effectively, in an idiom neither tamely conventional nor startlingly modern. The scoring for string orchestra, with divided groups, is admirable.

Of the several variations one containing a cello solo was the most pleasing. The performance was excellent. Mr. Koussevitzky and the players took especial pains to do their best. The applause was cordial, and Mr. Koussevitzky publicly patted Mr. Langendoen on the back.

The other orchestral number, excerpts from Rimsky Korsakov's "Kitej," begins with a prelude depicting a maiden straying through a forest. The forest by the way must certainly have been the one in which Wagner's "Siegfried" found the "Wood bird." One kept expecting to hear its familiar warning, but only cuckoo calls and other bird songs, reminiscent of the end of the slow movement of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" came. Next was a "bridal procession" with plenty of local color. The next was a battle piece, but whether it was "The Invasion of the Tartars" or "The Battle of Kerjenetz," both of which were programmed, one cannot say. There was only one war picture performed, unless one greatly errs.

Of the choral numbers Prokofiev's "Seven, They Are Seven," repeated from last season, was the most impressive. It is theatrical, artificial music, the work of a mastercraftsman, able to assimilate and turn to his own uses anything from Mozart to Stravinsky, as his "Classical Symphony" and "Scythian Suite" have already shown Boston audiences. Charles Stratton again sang the trying tenor solo capably.

### NEW: FROM RESPIGHI

*Trans. — Feb. 24, 1927*

His "Stained-Glass Windows" for the First Time Anywhere at the Symphony Concert Tomorrow — "Impressions" of Saints and an Archangel to Gregorian Modes—A Curiously Imagined Scheme

THOUGH the subscribers to the Symphony Concerts had their fill of Respighi last week, the end is not yet. For the concerts of tomorrow and Saturday his newest manuscript waits, written with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky expressly in mind. The title, "Vertrate di Chiesa," has been Englished, "Stained Glass Windows." Literally translated it would seem to be "Windows of a Church." But each of these windows is named; hence it must represent a figure or a scene; ergo, the windows must be stained glass. At any rate the title as paraphrased is far more inviting than its mere translation. A sub-title calls the work "Four Impressions for Orchestra," viz: "The Flight Into Egypt"; "St. Michael, the Archangel"; "Morning Devotions of Santa Clara" [the companion of St. Francis]; "St. Gregory, the Great." Mr. Respighi let it be known when he was in Boston that he did not have any four definite windows in mind as he wrote this music; that it was not born of the contemplation or the recollection of four such windows. Rather, he had taken four subjects which would afford opportunity for idealistic treatment in the medium of window-glass. He had further attempted to give his subject a musical atmosphere equivalent to their treatment in glass rather than by paint and canvas or marble and chisel. "Stained Glass Windows" was written in 1926. The score is in manuscript and bears that date. The orchestral part have been printed under a 1927 copy right.

Though the music runs in four divisions, the composer is at the antipode of the conventional four-movement scheme. Only one of the "impressions" is in a fast tempo—the second picture "St. Michael the Archangel," an "Allegro Impetuoso"; the other three are a

marked "Lento." It was to be expected that for such subject matter the composer would use Gregorian tonalities. The atmosphere of the church, the softened and transformed light that passes through such windows, these and any and all other associations of "ecclesiastical glass," invited, almost demanded, the use of the old liturgical modes. Moreover, and not to be forgotten, this latest Respighi believes that the Gregorian system is a treasure house of harmonic resources as yet practically unexplored. And the composer who believes this is also a man of the deepest religious feeling. No wonder, then, that he turns to the Church not only for his subjects but for his harmonic schemes—possibly even for some of his themes, though as yet their origin must be left undetermined.

In "Stained Glass Windows" Respighi uses a full orchestra of the most modern type, including the organ. The percussion section calls for three tam-tams and a full complement of bells. He uses the celesta frequently and freely. Probably a full half of his themes are given to horns. Did Respighi feel that the golden mellowness of horn tone matched the light that filters through the best cathedral glass of the Middle Ages?

Respighi does not develop his themes to any large extent. Rather, his forms are built up by a judicious juxtaposition of themes with wise and well-planned repetition. Since from one point of view or another these themes breathe the perfume and exhale the radiance of mediæval days, it would be a weariness to attempt to enumerate or describe them in detail. One must indicate, however, something of the character of the second picture. Designated "Impetuoso" this "impression" begins with wildly active chromatic ascending and descending surges above an energetic theme for all four trombones and the double bases. Tremendous climaxes are developed. A trumpet sings a silver air behind the scene. The movement ends with a cataclysmic stroke followed by a rapid diminishing roll on three tam-tams. The third "impression" is ushered in by a theme in the unusual sonority produced by three flutes and a bassoon playing in unison. Delicate strokes on the celesta evoke a new theme in a grateful major key, bringing with it a refreshing atmosphere. The celesta is also prominent in the close. In the fourth picture the basses begin with a sombre motif answered by another short motif in winds, the two punctuated by the tam-tam. Notable in this "impression" is the use of the organ near the end.

A. H. M.



## The Man in the Manuscript?

Fontane & Roma

Handwritten musical score for "Sonata for Violin and Piano" by Maurice Ravel. The score is written on five staves. The first staff is for Oboe, the second for Violin I, the third for Violin II, the fourth for Cornet I, and the fifth for Bassoon. The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The signature "Maurice Ravel" is written at the bottom right.

## Y AIR PROGRAM

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~~Alfonso Respighi~~

## In Respighi's Own Hand

Beginnings of the Familiar Tone-Poem, "Fountains of Rome"

(From the Collection of Mr. Boaz Pillar)





### SYMPHONY BY AIR TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

Tonight's radiocast of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from WBZ, WBZA, assumes a cosmopolitan aspect when music by Russian, English, Italian, and Finnish composers will be presented for the radio audience through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

Just prior to the opening number of the program, Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of the Boston University and Holy Cross College, will again be heard in brief illustrative remarks concerning the numbers to be presented, and will again speak during the intermission, relating some interesting phases of English composition and high lights in the life of Edward Elgar.





### Daemonic Power

Delius' "Song of the High Hills," for orchestra with wordless parts for voices, is a grandiose and not very successful attempt to make the hearer see "Alps upon Alps arise." It is clumsily scored, and marred for some ears by an excessive reliance upon an outmoded type of chromatic harmony. It dates from 1911. Of the composer's sincerity and seriousness there is no question.

Wolf's "Fire-Rider," better known as a concert song than in this choral version, has to the full the uncanny half-ironic, half-daemonic power of much of the composer's best work. The performance was respectable, far too respectable.

Brahms' "Song of Destiny," remembered from the beautiful performance (curiously not mentioned in yesterday's programs) by the Harvard Glee Club, and Radcliffe Choral Society at a Pension Fund concert April 2, 1917, with Dr Muck conducting, was a bitter disappointment to one listener yesterday.

Mr Koussevitzky loves Brahms, they say. Why did he not make more of the orchestral interlude in "The Song of Destiny," some of the finest measures Brahms ever wrote?

The finale from Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Czar," is a simple, not to say naive, version of what Musorgsky afterward did superbly in the "Coronation Scene" of "Boris." Here the chorus sang with a will and was rewarded by an outburst of applause which had a spontaneity missing the rest of the afternoon.

The orchestra will be away next week. The next concerts in the regular series come March 18 and 19. P. R.

The Boston Symphony orchestra plays in New York tonight and Saturday afternoon. How will the New Yorkers "react" to Prokofiev's "Seven, They Are Seven?"

Mr. Slonimsky informs us that Prokofiev met with great success at Moscow in January when he played his third piano concerto with the orchestra known as the First Symphony Ensemble, whose concerts are given without a conductor. Prokofiev's Suites "Chout" and "Love for Three Oranges" were played at this concert. He gave two piano recitals of his own compositions: his latest work, an Overture for 17 instruments, flute, oboe, two clarinets, bassoon, two trumpets, trombone, celesta, two harps, two pianos, was played for the first time at the First Symphony Ensemble's concert on February 7. *Herald Feb. 14*

## FIVE NEW PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Cecilia Society Sings  
With Orchestra in  
Four Numbers

*Past Feb. 5, 1927*

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

No less than seven compositions figure on the diversified programme of this week's Symphony Concerts, in which the Cecilia Society, Malcolm Lang, conductor, bears an important part. Two of these numbers and the larger portion of a third were heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, while two more had not previously been performed here in their orchestral setting.

### COMPOSER IN ORCHESTRA

Until yesterday, moreover, the Symphony Orchestra had not in several years played a composition by one of its own members, although in the days when Mr. Loeffler and later Mr. Strube were of its personnel such procedure was of not uncommon occurrence. This week the man to be so honored is Jakobus Langendoen, since 1920 a member of the orchestra's 'cello section.

Mr. Langendoen's piece, originally written for string quintet and in this form heard three years ago at a concert of the Boston Flute Players' Club, is a set of variations for string orchestra on a theme of the early Dutch composer, Adrianus Valerius. The defence of Bergen-op-Zoom during the Eighty Years' war inspired the tune, a sturdy



and stately melody which Mr. Langendoen has treated with no small ingenuity and imagination. His music is scholarly without being pedantic, and happily the fine dignity of Valerius' melody is not lost sight of in an incongruous search for striking contrasts or arresting effects. Following a sympathetic performance of his music Mr. Langendoen was much applauded both by the audience and by his fellow-players.

#### Two Choral Pieces

Of the music, altogether new to this city, both numbers are choral: Frederick Delius' "The Song of the High Hills" and the finale of Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Tsar"; that which is new in part is orchestral. Of the three fragments from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch," the final section, the "Battle of Kerjenetz," was played here in the fall of 1925.

A recluse, Delius is also a lonely and singular figure among living composers, ranked by a few of his more fervid admirers among the two or three most significant makers of contemporary music. While there are noble moments in Mr. Delius' wordless paean to the glories of the mountain summits, the piece as a whole seemed yesterday to miss fire, a thing that might not be said of the more concise measures in which Glinka's populace, in the earliest typically Russian opera, applaud a beloved leader. Here is music with the tang of Slavic folk-song that fired Rimsky-Korsakov and the other composers of the succeeding generation.

#### Charles Stratton Soloist

Not until yesterday had Wolf's "The Fire-Rider" been sung here in its later adaptation for chorus and orchestra. That the music gains proportionately in effectiveness by such inflation is by no means certain. To turn to more familiar things, it was a pleasure to hear again Brahms' "Song of Destiny;" in particular the lofty and serene orchestral beginning and close, and also that remarkable music at the opposite pole of expression, Prokofieff's ferocious Akkadian incantation for chorus, tenor solo and orchestra "Seven, They are Seven!" As in the previous performances the difficult solo measures were ably sung yesterday by Charles Stratton.

The two new tone-pictures from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera will scarcely add greatly to that composer's fame hereabouts. To be preferred to this suite this is that from the opera "Tsar Saltan," which Mr. Koussevitzky has not as yet conducted at the regular subscription concerts.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT ON AIR TONIGHT

Stations WBZ, WBZA, KDKA  
and WJZ in Chain

Tonight Westinghouse stations WBZ, WBZA and KDKA, also station WJZ in New York city, will join in broadcasting the 18th concert of the 1926-27 season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

An unusual and unique program has been arranged for tonight's concert, for with the exception of the first two numbers, the program is made up of selections for chorus and orchestra, departing from the straight instrumental arrangements heard generally heretofore and presenting the Cecilia Society, Malcolm Lang, conductor. The concert begins with a composition by one of the members of the Boston Symphony, Mr. J. C. Langendoen, entitled "Variations on a Dutch theme of Adrianus Valerius." Then follows Rimsky-Korsakov's tone pictures, from the opera, "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kite and the Virgin Fevronia." The choral portion of the program includes the "Song of Destiny," one of Brahms' greatest choral works; "The Fire-Rider," by Hugo Wolf; "The Song of the High Hills," by Delius; "Sept, ils sont sept," by Prokofieff, and in which the eminent tenor soloist, Charles Stratton, will be heard, and the finale to the opera, "A Life for the Tsar," by Glinka.

Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of the Boston University and Holy Cross College, will as usual familiarize the radio audience with the themes of the instrumental numbers, and in discussing the choral works will read the text and give interesting information regarding the composer's treatment of it. These choral numbers present one of the most interesting and unusual programs heard in Symphony hall for many seasons. The complete program follows:

## A Koussevitzkyan Choral Program

FIVE novelties stood on the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's eighteenth pair of concerts for the season, the first of which was given in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday afternoon, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Of the total of seven items, five were choral numbers, in which the orchestra was assisted by the chorus of the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is conductor. Charles Stratton was tenor soloist. The program:

Langendoen, Variations on a Dutch Theme of Adrianus Valerius, for string orchestra.  
Delius, "The Song of the High Hills," for orchestra and voices.  
Wolf, "Der Feurereiter," for chorus and orchestra.  
Brahms, "Ein Schicksalslied," op. 54.  
Rimsky-Korsakov, Three Tone Pictures from the opera, "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch."  
Prokofieff, "Sept, ils sont sept," Incantation for chorus and orchestra, op. 30.  
Glinka, Finale of the opera, "A Life for the Tsar."

Boston is a city with a very fine opera house, mostly untenanted. The Chicago company occupies it for two weeks every winter. Periodically it houses an itinerant band of singing-actors. But for the most part, Boston has no opera. Mr. Koussevitzky does his best to make up for this lack with excerpts from operas and choral pieces; a praiseworthy labor. What other conductor devotes as much ingenuity and hard work to compiling unusual programs, traversing the whole musical field, forever stimulating interest? Yesterday the Delius and the Glinka had their first performances in Boston; Wolf's piece was heard for the first time in Boston with orchestra; Rimsky's tone pictures for the first time as a whole in Boston, and Langendoen's Variations for the first time at these concerts.

#### Highly Diversified

Such a program implies an enormous amount of preparation, especially with Brahms' "Song of Destiny" and Prokofieff's Incantation added. It might reasonably be contended that it is indeed too diversified, that while the conductor may be perfectly at home throughout, performers can neither compass nor audi-

tors grasp such a conglomeration of music. But if these brief choral pieces are to be given at all, it seems necessary to use the chorus while it is available. It would hardly be economical management of personnel to summon the singers on several different occasions to do a single day's work, even though they are not union labor. And if there was multiformity in the program, there was also the concomitant virtue of contrast.

Nevertheless, the concert of Friday cannot be set down as one of Mr. Koussevitzky's supreme successes, either artistic or popular. Indeed, so far as the audience was concerned, the snow on Delius's farthest peak would not have melted in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon. Now it must not be assumed that the unresponsiveness of audiences is always due to impercipient. There may be other reasons. Possibly for some the program seemed heterogeneous rather than varied. Certainly the numbers were not all of equal importance. Nor, it must be admitted, was the performance of uniform excellence.

#### Langendoen's Variations

The items best received were the first and the last, and the reasons were apparent. Mr. Jakobus Langendoen is one of the cellists of the orchestra. The theme he has used is from a seventeenth century song supposed to have been inspired by the successful Dutch defense of the town of Bergen-op-Zoom against a Spanish siege. He first made the theme the basis of a string quintet, performed at a concert of the Boston Flute Players Club three years ago. Then he decided the string orchestra would yield him fuller expression. The Theme itself is solemn, apparently the voice of thanksgiving rather than of rejoicing. Mr. Langendoen has used it discreetly, ingeniously, in musicianly style, with no attempt to startle his hearers. There are passages of considerable beauty, and others which suggest that the composer of these variations desired to recall some of the episodes of the siege. The presence of the composer,



when it is practicable, greatly assists the popular success of a new piece. Glinka's Finale, happily, did not require this help. This scene, the musical progenitor of Moussorgsky's Coronation of Boris, penned by the father of the Russian national school, is full-panoplied stuff, sure of its appeal, excellent material for the closing of a program. But what of Rimsky's measures, equally charming, one would think, though less transparent? They failed altogether of their effect. Undoubtedly the Hymn to Nature would be more effective if its Wagnerian prototype were not so readily recognizable. As for the other "pictures," there was some confusion as to where we were. The second was supposed to represent the Bridal Procession and the Invasion of the Tartars; the third, the Battle of Kerjenetz. Unfortunately, the transition from the invasion to the battle was not apparent on a first hearing, which left the listener rather flat.

#### Surprising Naïveté

The most striking thing about this music was its naïveté, surprising in so late a work. The calls of the cuckoo and the other birds in the "nature" picture and the rush and agitation of the "invasion" were more suggestive of student days than of the composer of "Schéhérazade" and "The Golden Cockerel."

"The Song of the High Hills," one felt, suffered for other reasons. The impression left is that it was not heard to the best advantage. Little things sometimes cause upsets. Yesterday there was an apparently inexcusable misunderstanding as to whether the chorus should stand or remain seated during this number. This may well have thrown the singers out of the mood of this music, which sounded difficult for the voices. But the work cannot for this reason be dismissed as of no value. Without sailing away into the ether with Mr. Philip Heseltine and Mr. Percy Grainger, it is possible with the aid of the instrumentalists to find in this score sincere writing, evocative of a mood as well as a picture.

If this music fails to make a deep impression on the public at a first hearing, is it not because the com-

poser disdains to employ hackneyed methods of commanding attention? This is stark, introspective music, marked by restraint and economy of means, rewarding the attentive listener by its harmonic and imaginative beauties. Delius seems unaware of modern advertising methods; he is no pamphleteer. An individualist, he sets forth his artistic vision in a form of his own; his hearers may take it or leave it. By all means let us hear this composition again, and others from the same pen.

Not so much can be said of Wolf's theatrical piece, which belongs in the recital hall. His Fire-Rider in America would be called a "spark." There is one of these in a suburb of Boston who has had installed in his house the fire signals of all the cities and towns of the vicinity, and who is said to go to every fire. Why doesn't somebody set him to music? The Brahms proved what we had already suspected, that the chorus, whose tenor section is not strong, was overtopped by the orchestra. The Prokofieff, heard last year twice in one program, yielded less thrill on this occasion; but that may have been due only to the general depression.

L. A. S.



MR. JEAN BEDETTI, Cellist

## CROWDED CONCERT; FIVE "NOVELTIES"; ASSISTING CHORUS

Transcript—Nov. 5, 1927  
MR. KOUSSEVITZKY RANGES FRESH  
FIELDS

Glinka Operatic—Wolf and "The Fire-Rider"—Prokofiev, Fear and Demons—Delius, Brahms and Rapture—The Cecilia's Share—Orchestral Preludes

IT IS best to call it a crowded concert. The page for the day in the program-book warranted as much, since it listed seven different pieces, one chorus and one assisting tenor voice beside the usual orchestra and conductor. Five times, as well, did it note a first performance. The aspect of the stage was also justification. To assemble upon it the full orchestra of Delius and Prokofiev—both contributors to the afternoon—and to wreath around the band the choir of The Cecilia is a feat of ingenuity and compression. No wonder that Mr. Koussevitzky first appeared upon the rearward heights, and gradually threaded his way downward, parting his forces as he went. Dear old ladies, unaccustomed to the scene, were apprehensive lest the string choir might not find room to draw its bows or the trombones to slide their tubes; but the event belied these fears. It also disclosed one handicap: from a seat well forward on the floor, the tone of the orchestra, semi-encased by the chorus, sounded, in the purely orchestral pieces, strangely smothered and lifeless. It is the custom of the band to speak out; whereas, from one point in the hall yesterday, a huge mute seemed to deaden it.

Finally, empty seats were hard to find and the full house held firm to the end. For the choral numbers, however, it might have been more appraisive. Delius's "Song of the High Hills" plainly baffled it; Wolf's "Fire-Rider" and Brahms's "Song of Destiny" it took for granted. The chorus from Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Tsar," was "merely" a final piece. Only Prokofiev's incantation, "They Are Seven," whipped up the plaudits. Rather, upon Mr. Langendoen's meek and passing Variations for String

Orchestra the audience let loose a whirlwind of applause. It is doubtful whether the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven or Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" were so acclaimed at first performance. "The composer," whispered amused strangers, "must be a local man." He is, and a member of the orchestra.

Two of the novel choral pieces exactly fulfilled expectation. Outside the incident of the bells, the "epilogue" from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar" is neither more nor less than a well-made operatic finale of the eighteen-thirties. Michael Romanov has been saved from the invading Poles. Firmly he sits again upon his throne. His loyal servant, Soussanin, has given his life for Tsar and country. In a square by the Kremlin, the folk hail the imperial cortège and loose their devotion. The music is square-cut straight-forward, full-throated, upsoaring. A chorus of soldiery diversifies it. Then of a sudden, from the middle distance, the bells of the Kremlin chime, one and all, upon the riven air. The means is a mechanism concealed behind the stage; the effect, the inrush of countless peals until there is no other sound in the length and breadth of holy Russia. A century ago, it appears, they also "electrified" audiences.

In turn, the setting, for chorus and orchestra of "The Fire-Rider" was altogether Wolfian—teeming with his daimonic passion for musical creation once he had set to it; alight with his instinct for instant, irresistible ways and means. The swirling rhythms dart with the flames of the burning mill or whip forward with him who scents them from afar and spurs to the sight. A modulation for the narrating chorus or the driving orchestra, and a detail spurts and flares. An harmonic turn, a flick of instrumental color, a hollow interval, and the black magic of this fire-riding permeates the tonal mass; pierces home to the hearing imagination. Out of the welter of sound slips spell. The mood changes; the fire sinks; the crowd disperses; after confusion, void; athwart it the phantom of the fire-rider. The rhythms, the progressions, the tonal colors turn fantasmal; ghostly the music stills.

There was genius in Wolf in the old daimonic sense of the term. For him the making of music was a possession. He wreaked himself upon the poem that had pricked him. Once embarked upon the measures, he could not stay his pen. The daimon in him invented for him; in fiery particles ran his craftsmanship. He goaded orchestra and voices to his will. Every stroke, each detail, seems an intuition. The mental and imaginative processes divine and accomplish in a



breath. The song made, the poem set—on the instant the spent flame dies. The fates could but doom Wolf to a madhouse and untimely death. In music there is no daemon like his. "The Fire Rider" is the twentieth, the fiftieth, proof.

Nor did the incantation of Prokofiev fall below the memory of the first performances last spring. Rather, the listening ear and mind put by the surfaces of the music as an expected thing, while it dwelt upon the intrinsic quality and larger import. It may be that Prokofiev derives from Stravinsky in processes of composition and germinating ideas. It is as plausible to believe that from his inner self Prokofiev worked out his own courses. Influences are ticklish things when the composers concerned are as contemporary as these two. Certain, however, it is that Stravinsky in "The Rite of Spring" and Prokofiev in this conjuration bring new matter into music and from it evoke new sensations. Less in quasi-technical inventions and procedures—with keys, polyphony, rhythms, surfaces—where their innovations are patent, than in the backgrounds from which these two pieces rise and in the impressions that they yield.

"Le Sacre" of last December, "Ils Sont Sept" of yesterday, are both designed as music of primitive savagery, however modern and sophisticate the hands that severally made them. In the one, primeval and pagan Russians would propitiate the gods that bring the spring and fertility. In the other, ancient Akkadians, dim-lighted by the dawn of history, would conjure away the seven demons that are the blight and the terror of living. For these two musics are also musics of a great fear. It cries out of the frenzies of Prokofiev's tenor voice, shrieking the incantation. The hushed wail or the screaming agony of his chorus trembles or beats with it. From the orchestra, muttering or clamoring, it springs. Similarly fear haunts page after page of "Le Sacre"—the unbidden, unescapable guest at these games and ceremonies. It stalks and gibbers through the Introduction to Part II; its black wings whip the sacrificial dance, fan the sacrificial fires. It is new and strange matter for symphonic music; it is wrought into the chosen medium with pertinacious and consuming power, transforming old means, upon them piling new.

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The other two choral numbers led music back to its unending concern—the raptures of the spirit. One, the newer, was not easy of approach. For in "The Song of the High Hills," as nearly everywhere else, Delius writes in a singular and "very personal" idiom, hard to grasp in the quick commerce of the concert-hall; while the infrequent performance of his pieces deepens the difficulty. (In eighteen seasons only six have been heard at Symphony Hall and often six years apart.) By old or new standards he writes a deliberately repressed and rarefied music. By spiritual prompting and mental choice, he remains within a narrow range of tone. The far-sweeping advance, the "great climax" have no place in this song of the mountains; the rhythm never drives; the melodic contours are seldom spacious; the harmonic and instrumental palette sparing and thin. In spite of occasional open measures, the music sounds close-knit and tight-joined. Within these means, and by them, Delius would gain a rarefied intensity of voice. He scorns din; eschews over-emphasis; discards ornament, never surprises; disdains—such is the rectitude of his composing temperament—to "bring off" a single stroke. Let us speak low and clear, to ourselves rather than to an audience.

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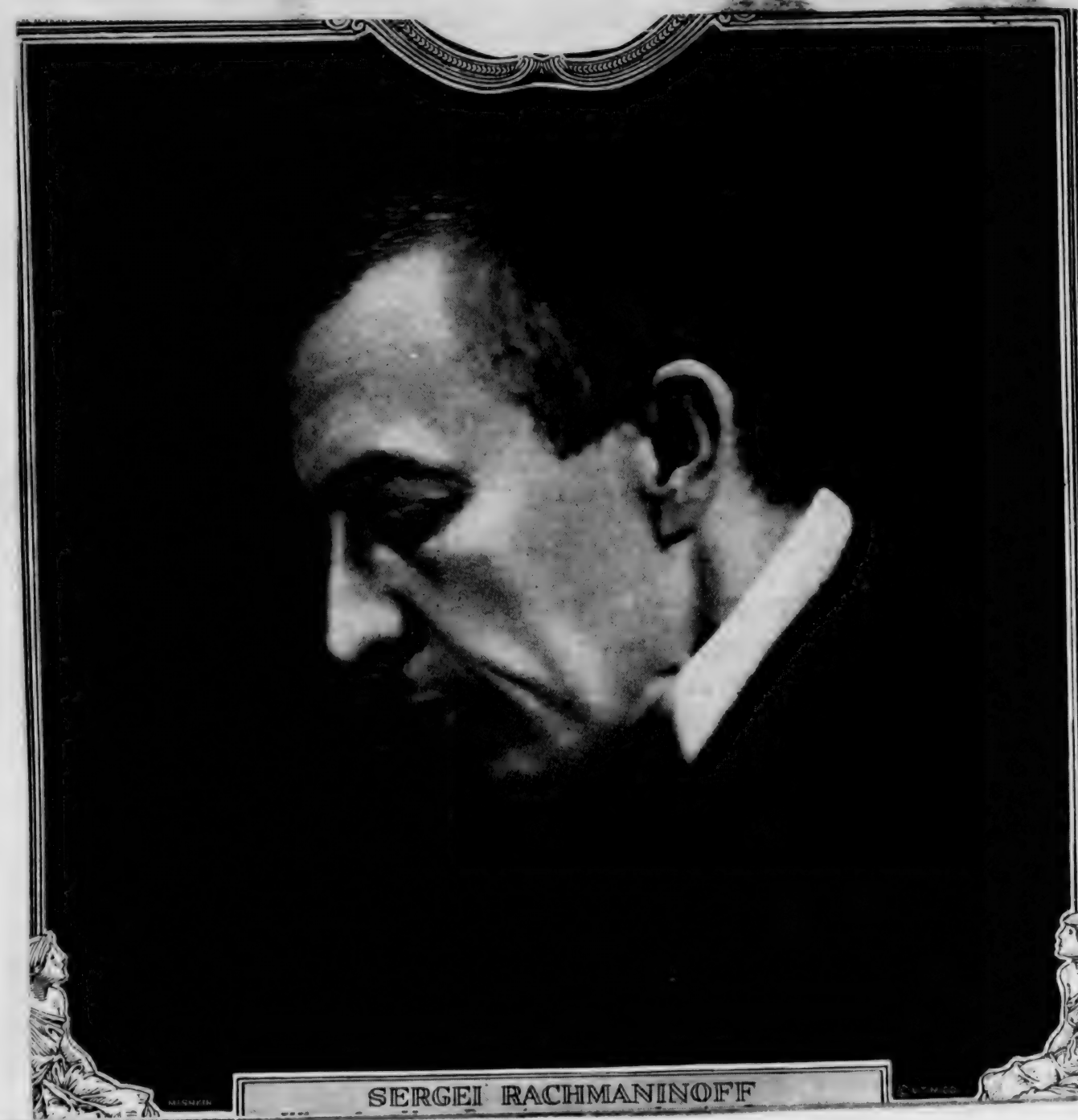
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Orchestra under the direction of*

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CONDUCTOR



FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

## Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . . . "Water Music"  
Overture: Andante maestoso: Allegro moderato;  
Andante; Allegro molto; Bourrée; Hornpipe; Allegro.

Tansman . . . . . Symphony in A minor  
I. Allegro giusto.  
II. Lento.  
III. Scherzo.  
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.  
(First Performance)

Glazounov . . . . . Concerto for Violin with Orchestra, Op. 82  
Moderato — Andante — Moderato — Allegro

Weber . . . . . Overture to "Oberon"

SOLOIST  
RICHARD BURGIN

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

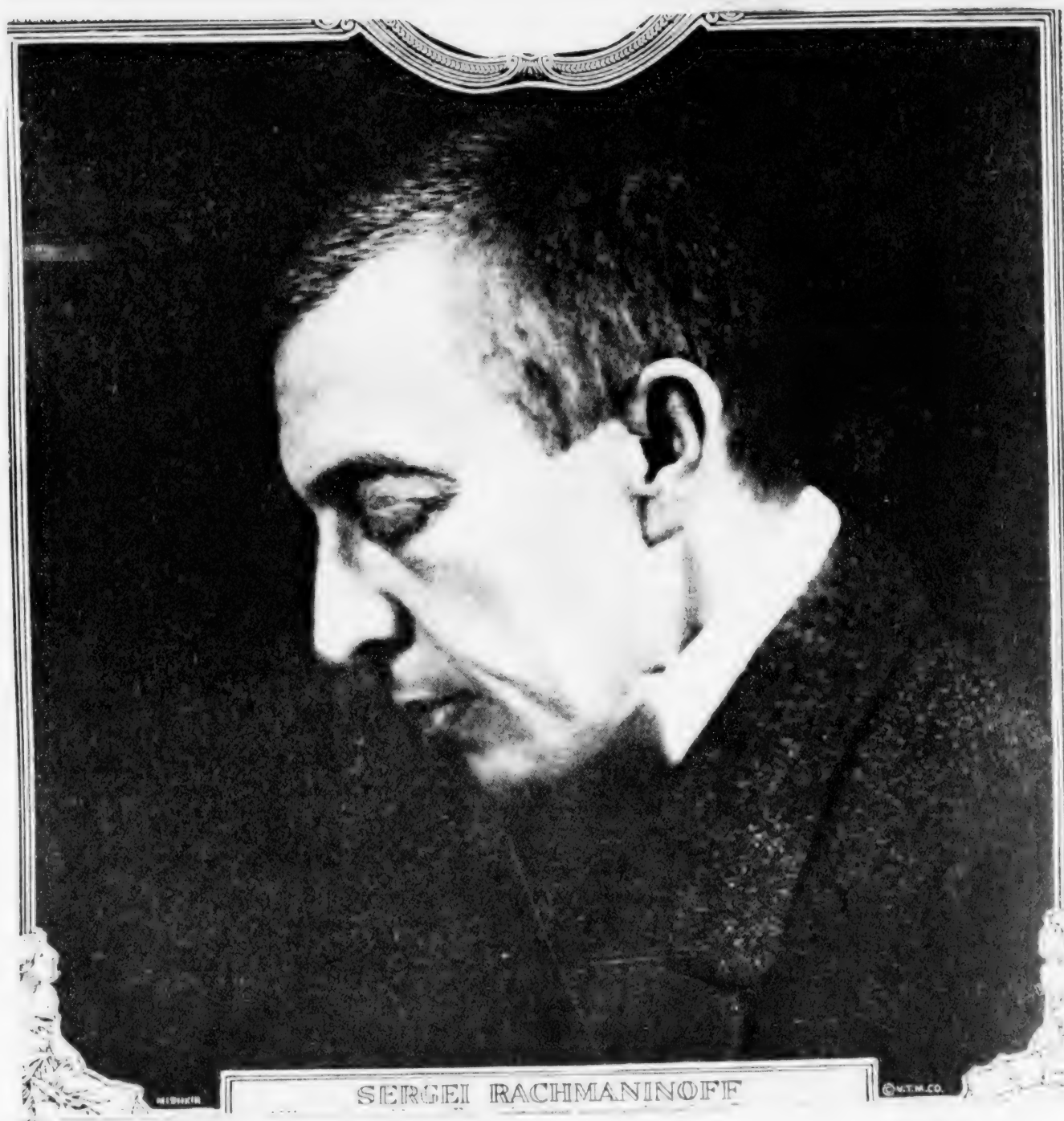
There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
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the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
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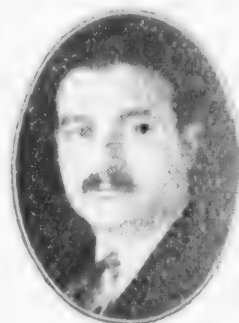


SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

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## SYMPHONY IN 19TH CONCERT

Koussevitzky Conducts  
Program with Infinite  
Care and Gusto

**CONCERT WILL BE  
REPEATED TONIGHT**

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, movements from the "Water" music; Tansman, symphony, A minor; Glazounov, concerto for violin (Richard Burgin, violinist); Weber, overture to "Oberon."

Mr. Tansman composed this symphony last summer and dedicated it to Mr. Koussevitzky. The performance yesterday was the first. The composer wrote a long description of the work, too long for insertion in the orchestra's program-book. He had much to say about his intentions. What a composer purposes when he girds up his loins to write is not of so much importance as what he actually writes. When Mr. Tansman said that this symphony is in the classic form with personal modifications made in order to revive the form by adapting it to modern requirements, he probably hoped to reassure the conservatives and lure the radicals to a hearing. New wine in old bottles. The question comes up: "Are these personal modifications a revelation of individual strength or weakness?" Had this composer last summer musical ideas, symphonic material of sufficient significance for a symphony constructed along the old classic lines? Could he develop richly this material?

The slow movement and the scherzo are the most ingeniously constructed, the most agreeable pages of the work. The adagio is often melodically beautiful though various elements that enter into the long continued melodic flow detract from the prevailing mood and give the impression of a laborious attempt to escape from what the composer might regard as too obvious expressiveness.

The scherzo, based on Polish folk-dances, a polka and a mazurka, is delightful throughout. There is not a too close adherence to the dance form; the polka rhythm is not so aggressively forced as to remind one of the song still associated with Rosina Vokes. In this scherzo true invention, compelling rhythm, and a fine sense of color are to be recognized.

The first movement and the finale do not strike one so favorably. The thematic material is hardly of weight, nor is it employed clearly and effectively. The orchestration is often thick; the music, especially in the first movement, is at times bombastic. Sheer noise is not a symptom of strength. Again, in the first movement there is a lack of logical continuity, there are patchy contrasts, there are thunderous explosions for which no train of gunpowder has been laid. Thus, perhaps, did Mr. Tansman expect to win the admiration of the radicals while he was trying to appease the poker-backs by pointing out to them that he was at heart devotedly classical. "Personal modifications" are not to be ruthlessly condemned; but they depend on the musical individuality of the composer and his ability to modify and at the same time preserve.

Mr. Burgin, excellent violinist, admirably applauded for the beauty of his tone, his technical proficiency, and his rhetorical taste in the interpretation of Glazounov's concerto. The first sections are of a suave nature that a violinist might easily turn into sugary sentimentalism, knowing that he would thus please many. Mr. Burgin avoided this pitfall. He played the music of these sections in a pleasingly emotional manner; abstained from unduly stressing sentiment or from introducing any heroic element foreign to the music. The finale, the weakest, most perfunctory and conventional portion of the concerto was performed with the requisite spirit. And so the hearty, spontaneous applause was more than a personal tribute to the artist who is warmly appreciated here as man and violinist.

It may be noted in connection with the approaching Beethoven festival, that Beethoven more than once expressed the opinion that Handel was the greatest composer who ever lived; that shortly before Beethoven's death he rejoiced at receiving the 40 volumes of Arnold's edition of Handel's works: "I have long wanted them, for Handel is the greatest, the ablest composer that ever lived. I can still learn from him." These volumes cheered him when he was on his bed of pain; Handel's scores were always in his mind during the last years of his life. The "Water" music was for an occasion, and not intended for a huge body of strings with



other instruments, yet the music does not suffer when thus transferred into the concert hall; perhaps it gains thereby. A brilliant performance of Weber's overture brought an end to a concert that was greatly enjoyed. Tansman's Symphony, which Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with infinite care and gusto, was received respectfully at least, if not with lively admiration by the audience. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program next Friday afternoon will comprise Beethoven's 4th and 5th symphonies; the program of Saturday evening, March 26, the 6th and 7th symphonies.

## NEW SYMPHONY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Program of Work by  
Tansman

The chief item on yesterday's Boston Symphony program was a new Symphony in A minor by the young Polish composer Alexander Tansman, dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky, and performed for the first time anywhere. Richard Burgin, concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. He was applauded with exceptional warmth both before and after the Glazunov concerto. The other numbers were excerpts from Handel's "Water Music," and Weber's "Oberon" overture.

Mr. Tansman furnished a long description of his work, of which a part was printed in the program notes. He explains that: "The whole of my Symphony is conceived as absolute music. The form is that of the classic symphony, with modifications, intended to adapt it, to the demands of contemporary feeling. The Symphony is written without preconceived prejudices in favor of this or that school; in spite of some polytonal or atonal passages the whole work is conceived in a tonal spirit. The tonality, A minor, dominates."

Despite these anxious disclaimers of modernism, this symphony will not please those whose ideal is still Brahms or Franck. The chief theme of the first movement has a syncopated rhythm much nearer in style to American jazz than to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. There are many harsh clashes of sound.

The slow movement, however, described by its composer as "a long song whose melodic line is unbroken," is not aggressively modern.

### Sustained Effects

Tansman in this new work reveals a capacity for sustained effects for which one had not previously given him credit. He can build cunningly sonorous climaxes, to which Mr. Koussevitzky, according to his wont, gave full value.

Tansman has written a symphony which, at a first hearing, holds one's interest. But one felt that the workmanship was too facile; the technique and the musical ideas for the most part derivative.

Tansman, it still appears to the reviewer, is merely another of the young men in Paris who write up-to-date music with ease. There is no profundity, no nobility, no dignity, no austerity in this symphony. It lacks imaginative intensity. It lacks the superlative craftsmanship, the immense gusto of Stravinsky's best work, as well as the qualities of the great orchestral music of former generations.

Yet one was grateful to Mr. Koussevitzky for the opportunity of hearing an interesting modern work. One, and only one, such piece should appear on every Boston Symphony program.

Mr. Burgin's notable abilities as a violinist and his sensitive musical imagination might well have been spent on a work of greater value than Glazunov's concerto. It is well written, but dull. There are, however, but few violin concertos of interest apart from that of observing how cleverly a performer can surmount great difficulties. The audience plainly has a friendly regard for Mr. Burgin. He played very well, but were he the world's greatest violinist the applause would have been no warmer.

Mr. Koussevitzky's revival of the fragments from Mandel's "Water Music" gave especial pleasure. These little pieces were interpreted with the personal eloquence he brings to everything. There is always Koussevitzky in each number he conducts. His interpretations can never be described as self-effacing.

### Familiar Overture

With Weber's familiar overture Mr. Koussevitzky, as on a previous occasion, took his own way. His tempi are his own, not those of the score. Except for the unpleasant harshness of tone in loud passages so frequent under Koussevitzky the performance was brilliantly effective. There was much applause.

Next week's concerts are part of the Beethoven festival. Friday the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies will be played. Saturday instead of the usual repetition of the Friday program the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies will be given. This arrangement puts it out of the power of any one not a subscriber to both series to hear all nine of the Beethoven symphonies during the festival. P. R.

## BRAND NEW SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Tansman's Work Well  
Received—Burgin  
Soloist

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A feature of the Koussevitzkian regime at Symphony Hall has been the not infrequent world premieres of European compositions. Already this year works by Lazar, Roussel and Respighi have thus been heard, and yesterday afternoon there was added to this list a brand-new Symphony by the Parisianized Pole, Alexander Tansman.

### MAKES INSTANT APPEAL

As previously known here by his charming Sinfonietta and a less impressive Sorcerers' Dance, Tansman appeared to be an expert craftsman with a ready flow of attractive if not essentially individual ideas, harmonically enough of a modernist to stimulate his hearers but not so radical as to disturb them. In turn the Symphony of yesterday renewed and strengthened these impressions. Clearly it is no outstanding masterpiece but, soundly made, charged with rhythmic energy, brilliantly orchestrated and often, as in the fine slow movement, definitely melodious, the piece is one to make an instant appeal and to invite further acquaintance. In so far as may be judged, the performance of yesterday was one to put the music in its most favorable light.

On yesterday's programme only the Overture to "Oberon" which, in a performance genuinely effective save for an undue sentimentalizing of the second theme, ended the concert, was familiar music in Symphony Hall. For the rest there was the so-called "Water Music" of Handel and the Violin Concerto of Glazunov, with Richard Burgin, concert master of the orchestra, as soloist. Written, according to legend, to placate an offended British sovereign, the "Water Music" had not been heard at the Symphony Concerts since 1900, when Mr. Gericke conducted seven of its 20 numbers. There were seven again upon yesterday's programme, each of them more or less entertaining, and certain of them revealing of a nimbler, more picturesque Handel than is to be known through the oratorios and concertos.

Well-made but, like the bulk of this Russian's music, not strikingly original, Glazunov's Concerto contains many a toothsome passage. The orchestration is sonorous and continuously effective without overweighting the solo instrument, and the part for the latter is gratefully written. Of its persistent suavities and elegancies, Mr. Burgin yesterday made the most, and for his deft and musicianly playing he was applauded with unusual heartiness.

## New Tansman Work From Koussevitzky

THE nineteenth Friday afternoon concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday in Symphony Hall, Boston, with Richard Burgin, the concertmaster, as soloist. The program, which will be repeated this evening, was:

Handel—"Water Music"  
Tansman—Symphony in A minor  
Glazunov—Violin Concerto, Op. 82  
Weber—Overture to "Oberon"

Though busy with preparations for the orchestra's Beethoven Festival, which begins next week, Mr. Koussevitzky continues to present novelties to us. Tansman's Symphony, dedicated to the Boston conductor, was written last summer and had its first performance yesterday. That hearing leaves the impression that this is the most successful among those efforts which come offhand to memory to pour new musical wine into old bottles. Certainly it marks a definite advance over the Sinfonietta and the "Dance of the Sorceress."



Here is a work that may well engage the attention of those who attach importance to Mr. Copland's Piano Concerto. Each work essays to bring, so to speak, a classical form up to date. Both exhibit the utmost latitude in respect of dissonance. The principal difference between them appears to be that Tansman, when he began to write, had something to say.

Tansman's Symphony bears evidence that its composer is aware of the work of Stravinsky and Strauss, as well as of the classic symphonists. But it seems on a first hearing far more original than his previous compositions heard in Boston. He has really achieved the "lyric outpouring" with which he does not hesitate to credit himself in his descriptive note. All the themes are clear and individual, and the development is full, but not tedious. The principal theme of the slow movement is so sustained and sonorous and pleasing that it may render its composer liable to expulsion from the ranks of true musical radicals. The Scherzo is based on a polka movement, the trio on a mazurka. The finale is in modified Rondo form. Throughout, dullness and repetitiousness are successfully avoided, contrast is deftly and justly employed and rhythms are flexible and vigorous. And tonality reigns, despite a few excursions. Perhaps Tansman will live up to his friends' expectations, after all.

What a delight it was to hear the "Water Music"—or half a dozen numbers of it. It had not been played in Boston for many years—too many. It is not necessary to debate whether this music actually was written to placate an irate Hanoverian monarch; certainly it would have been effective for that purpose. It is easy to imagine its effect heard across water. Its effect across a concert hall is only less charming. Here and throughout the afternoon the orchestra played superlatively.

Mr. Burgin has greatly matured as an artist since he came to Boston. He played yesterday with extraordinary technique, rare beauty of tone and more musicianship than his vehicle perhaps deserved. The "Oberon" Overture received one of those interpretations that are either intensely dramatic or extremely theatrical, according to one's taste and mood.

L. A. S.

## THRILLS OF SOUND; RECOVERED HANDEL; ANIMATED SYMPHONY

FROM OLD MASTERS TO A BRIGHT,  
NEW HAND

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Orchestra Do Two Feats—Mr. Burgin and a Concerto of Glazunov—The "Water-Music" After Twenty-Six Years—Mr. Tansman for Pleasure and Young Abilities

TWICE, yesterday afternoon, the Symphony Orchestra should have arrested every ear. Concert-halls, the world over, know the great chord at the turn of Weber's Overture to "Oberon." The hushed music has been singing the magic, the faerie, the old legend that are background to the opera. Across it and afar Oberon has blown his horn; through mists of fantasy have stirred the sounds of his palace. Of a sudden Weber bids the orchestra to a single vast and crashing chord; then leaps, allegro con fuoco, into the sweep and glow of chivalric adventure and medieval pageantry. On Friday, in one superb stroke from nearly five-score men, that chord clove the air. Not one was too quick by the minutest fraction of sound; by the same measure not one was too slow; in a single mass, like a knife descending, every voice was welded. A conductor's dream fulfilled; an audience receiving a unique sensation; the famous chord, as it may sound across the concert-room no more than once in a lifetime! To such precision and brilliance has Mr. Koussevitzky now schooled the orchestra.

Applauded loud and long, playing above himself in a solo-piece, Mr. Burgin, the concert-master, was heard in Glazunov's Concerto. In the slow section of a continuous music, the cunning composer gives to the solo-violin an unfolding, warm-voiced melody. It moves against a background of the darker strings; while the muted voices of the deeper wood-winds accompany it. The euphony, through these measures, of the violin, the violoncellos and the

clarinets—to cite the instruments that came fullest to the ear—turned the heart may serve well enough. Possibly Russian violinists can transfigure him; but, itself may be no remarkable invention, come over-seas, they usually prefer Chai-kovsky. Yet here was the beauty of himself. For once no self-consciousness, musical sound become enchantment no hesitation beset him in a solo-part. upon every perceiving sense. For the He played freely and fully, wringing the while there was only to listen, spelled, last drop out of Glazunov's melodies and The music shifted; the magic vanished; without a sentimental squeeze; achieved but to have known that euphony was the cadenza as though it was a natural as rare sensation as the concert-hall, and not a perverse music; smoothed again in a lifetime, may yield. To such euphonies and spun transitions; kept fineness of ear and hand and lips has Mr. in an ear for tone and a hand for rhythm; Koussevitzky also schooled his choirs. in general and particular gave the pleasure of a sensitive musician and a fine-fingered virtuoso. Justly and repeatedly the audience hailed him as an old friend in new grace.

By no means upon that chord alone does the Overture to "Oberon" depend for twentieth-century life and being. Over seventeen pages, the program-book ransacked the storehouses of musical archaeology for "historical and descriptive notes." Not thus mummified into scholastic plaything is Weber's pulsing, striding prelude. The mystery and magic of the beginning, the sheer loveliness of these glamorous veils of sound, conjure upon the imagination. The leap of the chord—and page after page outpours riches of melody and vigors of rhythm. The colors glow like the red and blue and gold of an illuminated chronicle; the measures unfold and we listeners rove romance with Sir Huon; a tutti and a climax, and the splendors of Charlemagne's court are opened. Music of legend and of chivalry, of love and arms and adventure, of the world made magic—and all in valiance and in poetry flooding. Not Wagner himself had more the genius of it. With reason he sounded mourning trumpets over Weber's grave. The Overture to "Oberon," like the Overture to "Eury-anthe," mocks at archaeology.

Glazunov's Concerto for Violin is music of another sort. It was made at the study-table, with the piano in easy reach; workmanship, and little else, is its saving virtue. The violinists court it, because it sets them alternately to flowing song in seductive vein or to feats of skill and surety. The public enjoys it because the melody meanders clear-voiced; while the cadenza, with not a little of the passage-work, is transparent exercise in virtuosity. How well it all lies for the violinist's bow and also for the casual ear! By every odds, Glazunov, composing a concerto, is an adroit craftsman and a ready speaker. Possibly his musical invention will not bear close inspection. Individual distinction hardly marks it; while not by too deep thought does he achieve development. But what would these "highbrows" have and what is a violin-concerto for—unless a Beethoven or a Brahms happens to write it? To give pleasure, of course, and to display variously the fiddler's prowess.

New acquaintance, so long had it been forgotten, proved the "Water-Music" of Handel. Now, the illustrious Georg Frideric is not exactly a store-house of orchestral pieces for these days. His overtures to operas and oratorios usually served routine purpose and will not bear transfer. His concertos are designed primarily for the solo-instrument. His "occasional" overtures are formalities. To and fro among the Concerti Grossi must the conductors go, unless they turn aside to the "Water-Music" of 1715-17 or the "Fireworks-Music" of a much later day. Mr. Gericke was aware of the "Water-Music," liked it and in his earlier terms in Boston played numbers from it. In turn, Mr. Koussevitzky led it back, after twenty-six years, to the Symphony Concerts. In Manchester, Sir Hamilton Harty once ventured fragments of the "Fireworks-Music," written for a London spectacle in the seventeen-fifties. They were well received.

From the "Water-Music" Mr. Koussevitzky chose eight or nine numbers—the divisions were not easy to follow—among the superabundant twenty. They are written for horns, wood-winds, the usual string choir; were plainly designed to sound out-of-doors, across the reaches of the Thames, as the royal barge bore Majesty (and a mistress) along the river to supper. Perhaps, from that circumstance, there was none of the deep-voiced, full-curving, slow movements that present ears associate with Handel. Instead, sounded brisk and festal measures; dialogues between the different choirs, like tonal chatter overheard; episodes of the dance; occasional music of courtly pageantry; a stately and full-throated beginning and end; a single movement that was quietly songful—the nocturne, possibly, of this river-journey. Altogether they contained enough of the master to bear his stamp and to give the expected pleasure. It was amusing to hear him turning off a hornpipe or a bourrée with gusto, in less zeal to trans-



figure it Bach-wise than to keep the rhythms of folk-dance. The hand and the ear for music of ceremony were present and accomplishing, after the sonorous Handellian fashion. For new pleasure, stateliness sometimes yielded to the lighter vein of a royal fête intime; while if the Andante was night-piece, it was imagined for a torch-lit and silvery river. Second-grade Handel, if the stern hearer will have it so, but Handel well worth Bostonian resurrection.

Finally, the new symphony of Mr. Tansman written in his thirtieth year, played for the first time anywhere, steadily exhilarating to hear. The composer, who has a rare knack at describing his own music, affirms that it is not "modernist." In degree, he is within the truth, since he uses atonality or polytonality sparingly and gently; indulges in no fantastic and vehement ejaculations; writes as though jazz and syncopation were not; imitates neither Stravinsky nor Honegger; affects no pseudo-ancientry; wrests no instrument from natural function. On the other hand, Mr. Tansman is "modernist" in brevity, directness and compactness; contraction of orthodox formulas and avoidance of measures for paper and the eye rather than for sound and the ear; frequent reliance upon incisive rhythms; a play of harmonies and timbres that is distinctly of our time; a pleasing scorn of tonal fuss, feathers and pretense. He is also his individual self in the pervading animation of the symphony. It is quick-witted and, outside the slow division, quick-moving; while the glint of the harmonies and the edge into which he sharpens the instrumental voices, give the whole music a surface and a speech of Alexander Tansman and no other. Being a Pole, he is warm-tempered and mercurial; by the same token he is also apt and elegant of hand.

Consequently no one heard as though aggrieved or "insulted"; no one overtaxed his musical wits to understand; while from all sides and all degrees of listeners came, not hard words, but hearty applause. In point of fact, Mr. Tansman writes in his slow movement a well-invented and well-conducted melody. It is simple and straightforward; has substance and warmth; gathers body and mood; sits well against the background; wins the ear and quickens the fancy; stirs them at climax, lures them at gentler moments with the tenderness, wistful and graceful both, that is one of Mr. Tansman's individualizing possessions. He writes a Scherzo gaily, brightly, with a light curl of the lips, dividing it between a Polish polka and a Polish mazurka, ingenuously and amusingly interweaving or contrasting

them. In his first movement he relies upon a vivid theme, energetic rhythm, animated handling; but again at opportune moments the Tansmanic tenderness returns. Rhythmic liveliness, readiness with ways and means, a playful zest, keep the finale fertile, spirited and vigorous.

Nowhere in the whole symphony is Mr. Tansman empty, metallic or merely clattering, as he was too often in his dance of last autumn. Time and again a happy turn arrests, and wins, the ear, keeping interest alert. From beginning to end youthful energy propels the music; youthful fervor deepens it; while youthful grace is as often garland upon it. Mr. Tansman has written no masterpiece—and there is not a reason why it should be expected of him. No more has he written a willed and cerebral, or a posturing and pretentious symphony. His temperament saves him from both pitfalls. The residue is a music that steadily pleases, savoring of the time, savory of a composer, who, thrice blest by the Muses, now mates substance and skill and charm.

H. T. P.

of Science on the

## OF LIVING

our food, our habits, etc.,  
James W. Barton, M. D.

the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

### AT OR INDIGESTION

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He played in Boston for the first time in a concert with Mr. de Gogorza, baritone, in Symphony Hall, on November 18, 1920 (Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata, Sarasate's "Carmen" fantasia, and smaller pieces).

On December 17, 1920, he played Brahms's concerto at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On March 10, 1922, he was the solo violinist in Mozart's "Haffner" Serenade. On February 15, 1923, he played the violoncello in Loeffler's "Mort de Tintagiles." In 1921 he organized with Messrs. Thillois, Fourel, and Bedetti the Richard Burgin String Quartet. He played Beethoven's Concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston on March 23, 1923; and on January 18, 1924, with Jean Bedetti, Brahms's Concerto for violin and violoncello. On April 24, 1925, he played, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Prokofieff's Concerto, Op. 19—the first performance in this country.

On December 1, 1924, he conducted a Monday evening concert of this orchestra; on April 6, 7, 1925, the Young People's Concerts.

He has played here in recitals, and is the leader of the Fox-Burgin-Bedetti Trio.



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figure it Bach-wise than to keep the rhythms of folk-dance. The hand and the ear for music of ceremony were present and accomplishing, after the sonorous Handelian fashion. For new pleasure, stateliness sometimes yielded to the lighter vein of a royal fête intime; while if the Andante was night-piece, it was imagined for a torch-lit and silvery river. Second-grade Handel, if the stern hearer will have it so, but Handel well worth Bostonian resurrection.

Finally, the new symphony of Mr. Tansman written in his thirtieth year, played for the first time anywhere, steadily exhilarating to hear. The composer, who has a rare knack at describing his own music, affirms that it is not "modernist." In degree, he is within the truth, since he uses atonality or polytonality sparingly and gently; indulges in no fantastic and vehement ejaculations; writes as though jazz and syncopation were not; imitates neither Stravinsky nor Honegger; affects no pseudo-ancientry; wrests no instrument from natural function. On the other hand, Mr. Tansman is "modernist" in

them. In his first movement he relies upon a vivid theme, energetic rhythm, animated handling; but again at opportune moments the Tansmanic tenderness returns. Rhythmic liveliness, readiness with ways and means, a playful zest, keep the finale fertile, spirited and vigorous.

Nowhere in the whole symphony is Mr. Tansman empty, metallic or merely clattering, as he was too often in his dance of last autumn. Time and again a happy turn arrests, and wins, the ear, keeping interest alert. From beginning to end youthful energy propels the music; youthful fervor deepens it; while youthful grace is as often garland upon it. Mr. Tansman has written no masterpiece—and there is not a reason why it should be expected of him. No more has he written a willed and cerebral, or a posturing and pretentious symphony. His temperament saves him from both pitfalls. The residue is a music that steadily pleases, savory of the time, savory of a composer, who, thrice blest by the Muses, now mates substance and skill and charm.

H. T. P.

## Concert Master Soloist in Symphony Concert

Post

March 19, 1927

The 19th Saturday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be broadcast tonight by Westinghouse Stations WBZ in Springfield, WBZA in Boston, and KDKA in Pittsburgh, through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby of the W. S. Quinby Company in Boston, New York and Chicago.

The opening number of the programme for tonight is the so-called "Water Music" of Handel, with which an interesting story is connected. The Water Music was written for an aquatic fête given by King George I. of England, and was played under Handel's direction by an orchestra seated in a barge which followed the King's boat. Handel, through his continued absence from his post as Kapellmeister, had risked the displeasure of his Majesty. The King, however, was so greatly pleased with the Water Music that

of Mr. Tansman's individualizing possessions. He writes a Scherzo gaily, brightly, with a light curl of the lips, dividing it between a Polish polka and a Polish mazurka, ingeniously and amusingly interweaving or contrasting

he soon after granted him an annuity of 200 pounds a year. The second number of the programme is a symphony by Alexander Tansman, a young Polish composer, whose "Dance of the Sorceress" was heard earlier this season. This symphony, which is dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky, the popular conductor of the Boston Symphony, will receive its initial performance at tonight's concert.

The numbers following the intermission are Glazounov's melodious concerto for violin and orchestra, in which Richard Burgin, the concert master of the orchestra, will be heard as soloist; and the popular overture to "Oberon" by Von Weber.

Professor John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of Boston University and Holy Cross College, will address the radio audience just prior to the opening number.

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The Boston Sinfonietta

(Transcript Photo by Colby)



FORTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX & TWENTY-SEVEN

## Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 25, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, at 8.15 o'clock

## Beethoven Centenary Festival

### PROGRAMME FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON

SYMPHONY No. 4, in B-flat major, Op. 60

- I. Adagio; Allegro vivace.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro vivace. Trio. Un poco meno, allegro.
- IV. Finale: Allegro, ma non troppo.

SYMPHONY No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Allegro; Trio.
- IV. Allegro.

There will be an intermission between the symphonies

### PROGRAMME FOR SATURDAY EVENING

SYMPHONY No. 6, in F major, Op. 68, "Pastorale"

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country: Allegro, ma non troppo.
- II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto.
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d'allegro. Thunderstorm; tempest: Allegro.
- IV. Shepherd's song; Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto.

SYMPHONY No. 7, in A major, Op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Presto; Assai meno presto: Tempo primo.
- IV. Allegro con brio.

There will be an intermission between the symphonies

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Beethoven, 1770-1827.

## SYMPHONY IN 20TH CONCERT

Fourth in Series of the Cen-  
tenary Festival of  
Beethoven

### FOURTH AND FIFTH SYMPHONIES GIVEN

*Herald* — *Mch. 26, 1927*  
By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Sym-  
phony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, con-  
ductor, took place yesterday afternoon.  
(The concert was the fourth in the  
series of the Beethoven Centenary Fes-  
tival.) The program comprised the  
fourth and fifth symphonies.

Little can be said of the symphonies  
themselves that has not been said and  
well said from the time that Berlioz  
wrote his eloquent words of wonder and  
praise. The old theory that the fourth  
was inspired by Beethoven's love for  
Therese Brunsvik; that he was be-  
trothed to her, which made happiness  
the keynote to the music, has been dis-  
proved, if it ever was accepted by stu-  
dents of Beethoven's life. As a matter  
of fact nothing is known about the  
"origin" of the music. A German com-  
mentator has recently spoken of "inde-  
cisiveness of mood" as "part of the  
imaginative scheme of the whole work";  
he even sees in the Adagio "the stim-  
ulus of some tense emotion such as in-  
spired the love-letter, whether aroused  
by the "Immortal," or some other, be-  
loved. Is it not enough to hear the  
serene, nobly emotional Adagio without  
vain speculation as to why Beethoven  
was so deeply moved? Nor is it neces-  
sary to see Berlioz's archangel Michael,  
who by the way, was the warlike leader  
of the angelic hosts, sighing and over-  
come by melancholy, as "he contem-  
plated the worlds from the threshold of  
the empyrean." One might ask why  
should Michael grow melancholy at the  
glorious sight? Nor can Beethoven's  
Adagio be justly characterized as mel-  
ancholy.

Concerning the interpretation of the  
two symphonies by Mr. Koussevitzky  
and concerning the orchestral perform-  
ance, there can be nothing but words of  
praise. Not that Mr. Koussevitzky has  
introduced to us a Beethoven with a  
clenched his fist, then letting his hand

strange face, strange gestures, strange  
speech. He has not dressed him in  
clothes of his own invention, but has  
shown us the man as he lived and  
wrote; without standing in front of him.  
He has allowed Beethoven to have his  
say, without conjectures as to how he  
composed, or how he should have com-  
posed. He has interpreted these sym-  
phonies with such insight into Beetho-  
ven's inherently romantic nature, with  
such musical understanding, poetry,  
force, authority that it is not extrava-  
gant to say that there has been this  
week a revelation of Beethoven to the  
heathen that have sat in darkness. No  
wonder that the great audience was  
deeply moved; that its emotion at the  
end of the concert found vent in en-  
thusiastic tokens of approbation.

As for the fifth symphony itself, what  
words can be said of its composer more  
fitting than those of De Quincey's apos-  
trophe to Shakespeare: "O mighty poet!  
Thy works are not as those of other  
men, simply and merely great works of  
art, but are also like the phenomena of  
nature, like the sun and the sea, the  
stars and the flowers, like frost and  
snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and  
thunder, which are to be studied with  
entire submission of our own faculties,  
and in the perfect faith than in them  
there can be no too much or too little,  
nothing useless or inert, but that, the  
farther we press in our discoveries, the  
more we shall see proofs of design and  
self-supporting arrangement where the  
careless eye had nothing but accident!

The program tonight will comprise  
the sixth and seventh symphonies.

The program announced for the con-  
certs of next week is as follows: Bach,  
Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major,  
for violin, two flutes and string orches-  
tra. Lalo, Concerto, D minor, for vio-  
lonecello (Mr. Bedetti), Prokofieff, Clas-  
sical Symphony. Honegger, "Pacifico  
231," orchestral movement.

## TWO BEETHOVEN WORKS GIVEN

*Herald* — *Mch. 27, 1927*

Sixth and Seventh Sym-  
phonies Are Conducted  
by Koussevitzky

On March 26, 1827, about 5 o'clock  
of the afternoon there was a heavy  
thunder clap in Vienna and a flash of  
lightning illuminated the death cham-  
ber of Beethoven. He opened his eyes,



fall to the bed, as Huettnerbranner, who was then by his side, tells the story, "the genius of the great master of tones fled from this world of delusion into the realm of truth."

And on March 26, 1927, the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, performed at its 20th evening concert the sixth and seventh symphonies. This concert was the fifth in the series of the Beethoven centenary festival; the "Pastoral," one of Beethoven's most popular works, the seventh, which, characterized by Wagner as the "Apotheosis of the Dance," might be more fitly called the apotheosis of rhythm. Of the two symphonies the seventh is indisputably the greater work in structure and in eloquence, yet it was well on this anniversary day that the two should have been heard, the one after the other, for they are in strong contrast.

The "Pastoral" often suffers from perfunctory treatment at the hands of a conductor, who is over sentimental, so that the first movement, "cheerful impression awakened by arrival in the country," taken at too slow a pace, provokes anything but cheerful impression in the mind of the hearer. As for the second movement, "Scene by the brook," it reminds one of the brook sung by Tennyson. And there are some who object to the ornithological measures, while others eagerly anticipate the imitations of the feathered fowls.

As for the seventh, here one finds Beethoven intoxicated with Dionysiac joy, in the finale shouting madly and throwing his hat in air.

The performance was masterly; enthusiasm was at its height.

This afternoon the recent performance of Beethoven's Mass in D will be repeated.

## BEETHOVEN CONCERT BY GROUP FROM CONSERVATORY

Faculty and students of the New England Conservatory of Music took part in a program last evening in Jordan Hall, in observance of the Beethoven Centenary. The concert last evening was the last in a series of musicales given during the week at the Conservatory, featuring Beethoven's compositions.

The Conservatory Orchestra was led by Wallace Goodrich, and the soloist was F. Motte-Lacroix, pianist, a member of the faculty.

The entire program comprised Beethoven numbers, including the Overture, Leonore, No. 3; the G major Concerto arranged for pianoforte and orchestra. The closing number was the E flat major Symphony, familiarly known as the Symphony Eroica.

# SYMPHONY PLAYS THE BIG FIFTH

## Beethoven's Fourth Also Given; Sixth and Seventh Tonight

Post — *Mar. 26, 1927*

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although a regular subscription concert, that of yesterday afternoon fitted into the scheme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Beethoven Centenary Festival and offered the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, thereby supplementing the concert of last Wednesday evening, when the first three were performed, and paving the way for that of this evening which will present numbers Six and Seven.

### FIRST SPLIT LIST

Quite unprecedented, by the way, is such change of programme between a Friday afternoon and a Saturday evening concert.

Some commentator, whose identity has escaped the memory and whose wish was father to his thought has declared that each one of Beethoven's nine symphonies marks an advance over its predecessors. But the sober fact is that the Third quite surpasses the Fourth, the Fifth is overwhelmingly superior to the Sixth, and the Seventh rises above the Eighth.

In short, after the "Eroica," Beethoven progressed with the odd numbers and took his ease with the even. But if the Fourth Symphony pales beside its immediate companions it has its moments, such as the serene introduction to the first movement and

the affecting close of the Adagio, while yesterday's performance of it was a joy unalloyed.

With the Fifth Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky, as before, was all for making the most of the music's dramatic quality and emotional force. Thus, in contradistinction to his way with the Fourth, there are details in his reading with which the purist might quarrel: The frenetic announcement of the "Fate" theme at the outset of the piece, the changing of the Andante con moto into a quasi-Adagio, albeit a very moving one, and the shrilling, shouting brass of the end. But granting the conductor's premises, and in view of the special character of the music, they are easily justified, the Fifth Symphony, as he and the orchestra have now several times played it, is a thrilling experience. Rare enthusiasm prevailed yesterday when the last of the mighty hammer-strokes that are the final chords of the last movement had ceased.

## MORE BEETHOVEN AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

### Fourth, Fifth Symphonies Fill Program

*Note. — Mar. 26, 1927*  
The concerts in the Boston Symphony's regular subscription series become this week part of the orchestra's Beethoven Centenary Festival. Yesterday afternoon the Friday subscribers heard the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies.

Tonight, against all precedents, the program will be different, comprising the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies. Thus the Saturday subscribers are denied the Fifth and the Friday subscribers miss the Seventh Symphony, a circumstance at which some are aggrieved. Subscribers to the Beethoven series miss all four unless, as in most cases is probably true, they are subscribers also to one of the regular series.

The Fourth and Fifth Symphonies occupied Beethoven at the same time. It appears, in fact, that he left off work on the Fifth to compose the Fourth, and later completed the C minor. The two works are so utterly different in style that this seems almost incredible. One of them has

proved the most popular of all symphonies. The other, except for Beethoven's reputation, would probably never be performed now.

### Full Orchestra

The B flat major Symphony is akin rather to the Second than to the rest of the nine. It lacks the dramatic intensity of the "Eroica" and the Fifth. Beethoven here writes lyrically. Only the breadth and sweep of the design, and what for the time was an occasional bit of daring harmony or rhythmic clash differentiate this Fourth Symphony from Beethoven's earlier work.

It was played yesterday by the full orchestra, though one felt that the number of players might well in this instance have been reduced as Mr. Koussevitzky wisely did in the First and Second Symphonies Wednesday. Beethoven was here writing with the usual orchestra of his younger days in mind, which was hardly more than half as numerous as the Boston Symphony.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the players were not quite at their best in the Fourth Symphony. This has been an arduous week for them, and no doubt the rehearsals have been devoted chiefly to other and far more exacting works. The balance of tone was not preserved between strings and the rest of the orchestra. The strings at times were not quite together, producing a tone blurred and roughened. Chords were attacked without the necessary absolute certainty.

The Fifth Symphony, thanks to great exertions on the conductor's part, went with the necessary energy and rhythmic urge. The players seemed disposed to reel off the thrice familiar music perfunctorily, but Mr. Koussevitzky with obvious effort imposed his conception of the music on them.

### Very Slow Pace

His reading of this masterpiece has already been more than once discussed in Globe reviews. It is unlike those of other conductors, particularly in the very slow pace of the slow movement, which Beethoven marked "andante con moto," and in the lengthening of the celebrated transition from scherzo to finale.

Mr. Koussevitzky takes his own way with the masterpieces, regardless of tradition, heedless of the most explicit directions of the greatest of composers. In so doing he unquestionably succeeds in vitalizing the music. Very seldom are his readings dull or perfunctory. But one has heard great masterpieces vitalized, born anew for the 20th-century hearer in performances where every direction of the composer was sedulously followed.

The program for the next pair of subscription concerts, as now announced, includes Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," and Bach's "Fourth Brandenburg Concerto," both previously played this season, as well as Lalo's cello concerto for Mr. Bedetti, and Honegger's "Pacific 231." P. R.



# SYMPHONY OF NATURE, SYMPHONY OF RHYTHM, MASTER-PERFORMANCE

THE CURRENT FESTIVAL NEARS  
ZENITH

Trans. — Mel. 26, 1927  
With Beethoven's Seventh, Conductor and  
Orchestra Outdo Themselves—A Music  
Carried to Apotheosis of Itself—The  
Pretty "Pastoral" for Return to Eight-  
teenth-Century Mood and Vein—An Ex-  
cited Evening

THE NINTH SYMPHONY, when its turn comes to-morrow in the Beethoven Festival, may bring forth signs and wonders; but for the time the centenary ceremonies touched climax in the performance, on Saturday, of the Seventh. Little music better suits the puissant and glinting orchestra that Mr. Koussevitzky has gradually reared upon the stage of Symphony Hall. As little, invites more the conductor's best abilities. There are times, moreover, when by a common impulse, instant and sustained, an orchestra plays above itself; times also when a conductor similarly excels. Plainly he feels the excitement of his re-creative act; emotional ardor possesses him; yet he still retains, in full exercise, guiding mind and controlling hand. In such case stood Mr. Koussevitzky with this Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, and much more than bodily stress was witness. Fortunate the audience that experiences such pleasure; while, on Saturday, the usual signs gave testimony—rapt silence; the queer telepathy of absorbing excitement and delight, passing from hearer to hearer; the instants of silence while the final measures still throb upon the air; the return to the concert-hall, the release of long-pent emotion in a tempest of plaudits. Not one of these tokens was wanting; to old frequenters each seemed intensified. No longer is the version of Mr. Toscanini, leading a far inferior orchestra, the standard in Boston for the Seventh Symphony.

Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. Above any other of Beethoven's Symphonies, this Seventh is music unalloyed. Commentators are exceeding brief about it, since they find no theory and practice to explain and justify; "interpreters,"

anted by and silk space—in antiquarian anecdote—someone named Mälzel who anthra- the original performance. d consid- the Seventh Symphony is

Through the First runs quicksilver; in the Second read on each other's heels; is in the "great argument" in the

g to an the Fourth runs between of the grounds and backgrounds; This is the Andante, is epical con- the Sixth is a pleasant dis- e year. eethoven and to the audi-

925 centenary Festival; for the Ninth they still wait; but

United may pass for Beethoven's 355,300. al Con- d'esprit, while the last is us estl- for its own sake. On the 00. For the very elements—melody 000,000. is the Seventh Symphony e board Only incidentally does the 000,000. he themes; form and de- 000,000, scarcely heeds; the prog- wealth cumulation, from begin- cent line all-absorbing.

wer had ition is music of concen- ne term use, the tonal gathering the estl- ring. The first movement nd only o being; a rhythmic germ, oney. It ts the ear. Beethoven e struc- enlarges and enforces it; thereon, choir to choir until the erprises beats with it; solo-instru- d public; soon there is no halting personal way; a possessed music cles and If there is delirium in

Of all ay it lay hold upon the consti- Hence the Allegretto; it 0,000,000 refracts Mozartean glam- an melancholy through

10 more vigorous tempera- ensuous play with the

ave room- hness of the wood-wind. with less e music remains in the commen- rhythm subdued. Best of e on re- s not linger over it senti- committee ngly, as one who also

This in- es. Mr. Koussevitzky y within or sentimentalize if he ew York separate ethoven, the conductor and New forward—to the swirl

y ng such a music; the ation-wide s, the tumult of many systematic, leaps, from the good combating into the exhilarant

of a move- the folk like gods in Irving T. en of a sudden, upon mittee in full-throated, broad-

It returns deeper-golden. any in- ymn, old Austrian, the mal in ut now the orchestra in-

we per- nificance, as before the of fire e Scherzo had laughed and es and e instruments.

ten the

The one sharp chord; and the frenzy of rhythmed motion that is the Finale. It is possible to play it in stamps and shrills, thrusts and rushes. It is also possible to transfigure it until the heavens above, the earth beneath, the waters under the earth, mankind and the dreams of men, are caught up into one rhythm; in it move from ecstasy to delirium, from delirium to orgy. The universe dances to Beethoven's rhythms and on Saturday, Mr. Koussevitzky, conducting with a noble rage, was the fiddler. Wagner set the cue. The Seventh Symphony must be the "apotheosis" of something, everything, from the dance to the joy of living. For an humble part in the game, it may be called the "apotheosis" of music as motion and of motion as madness. Once upon a time Isadora, greatly daring, danced to it and was like to atom a-whirl in Beethoven's universe. Bacchantes themselves would have fallen short—and the Seventh Symphony is gloriously pagan. Dear Monsieur d'Indy, hearing from his monkish cell and believing it only a pastoral!

The Sixth Symphony was prelude to these nights and magnificences—a pretty little thing as it seemed in comparison. If the Beethoven of the Third, the Fifth or the Ninth (as yet unpenning) was minded to a "nature-symphony," he should have written it under the spell of great mountains, storm-swept and sun-carved—the Alps were not far away. Or he should have made it when he had known the great sea in tumult and in calm—he saw it but once in all his life and then behind the dikes of Holland. Instead, he strolled as a lad the pretty Rhenish country about Bonn and for the remainder of his years wandered the village-suburbs of Vienna, where there were brooks and glades, and woods and taverns. To every one, the "nature" that best suits his liking; but on that score the great Ludwig was unmistakably eighteenth-century. In fact, the scholars have traced back the scheme of his "Pastoral Symphony" to another, like-named, written by one Knecht of Stuttgart in 1784. (Whether Beethoven knew this "classic masterpiece," they do not make quite sure.) Anyhow, the "program"—for it is nothing less—was already a convention: "Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country; scene by the brookside; jolly gathering of country folk; thunderstorm; shepherd's song; gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm." Eighteenth-century to the last phrase; Beethoven might have been promenading the Viennese villages with Jean-Jacques on his arm; pausing for refreshments at a convenient inn; while the peasants danced

pre them on the green.

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The one sharp chord; and the frenzy of rhythmed motion that is the Finale. It is possible to play it in stamps and shrills, thrusts and rushes. It is also possible to transfigure it until the heavens above, the earth beneath, the waters under the earth, mankind and the dreams of men, are caught up into one rhythm; in it move from ecstasy to delirium, from delirium to orgy. The universe dances to Beethoven's rhythms and on Saturday, Mr. Koussevitzky, conducting with a noble rage, was the fiddler. Wagner set the cue. The Seventh Symphony must be the "apotheosis" of something, everything, from the dance to the joy of living. For an humble part in the game, it may be called the "apotheosis" of music as motion and of motion as madness. Once upon a time Isadora, greatly daring, danced to it and was like to atom a-whirl in Beethoven's universe. Bacchantes themselves would have fallen short—and the Seventh Symphony is gloriously pagan. Dear Monsieur d'Indy, hearing from his monkish cell and believing it only a pastoral!

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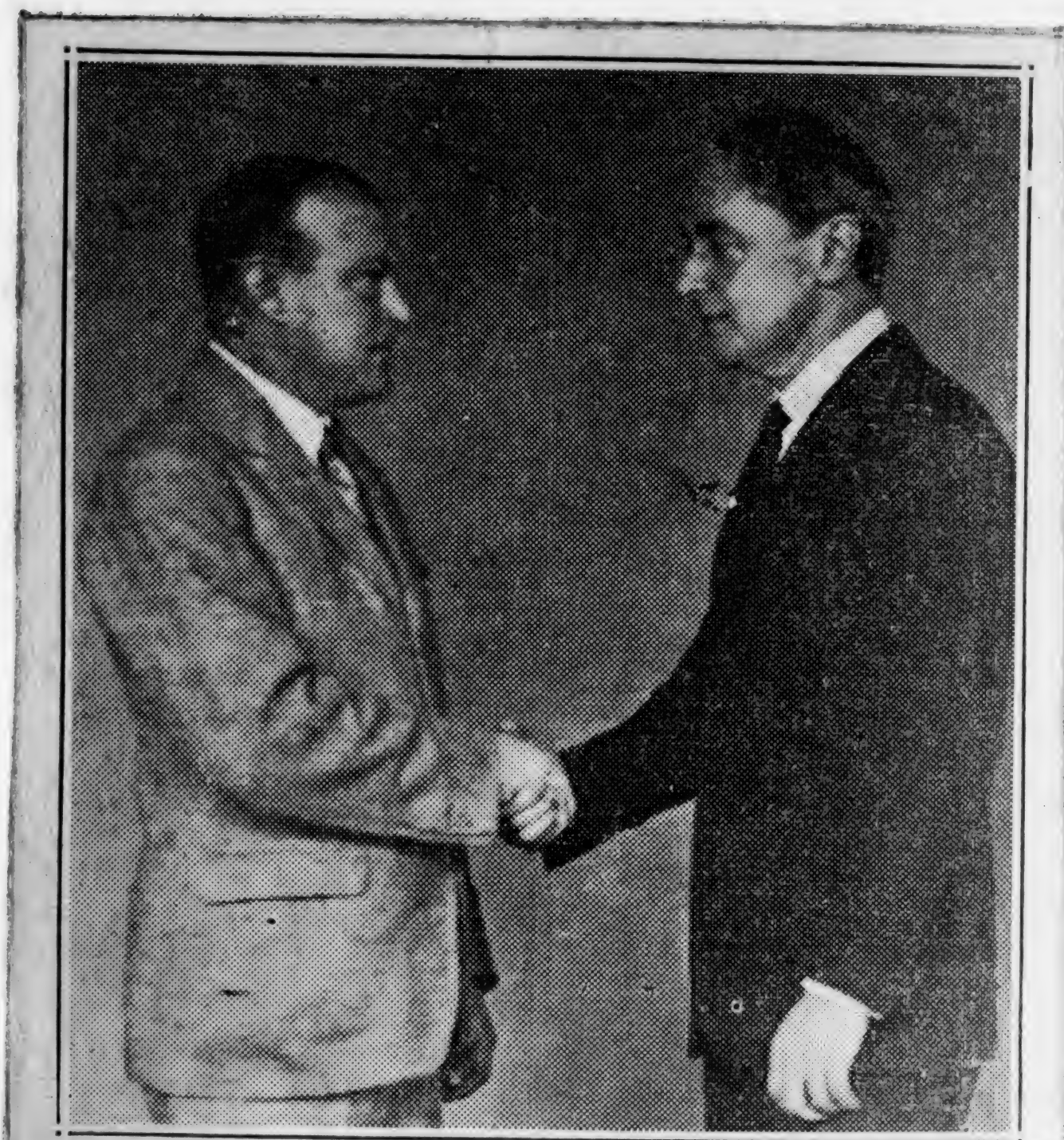
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H. T. P.





Dr. Archibald T. Davison, Conductor of Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, and Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor of the Boston Symphony

## hony Today



(Keystone View Co.)

wig van Beethoven. All Over  
f the "Master Musican."





Dr. Archibald T. Davison, Conductor of Harvard Society, and Serge Koussevitzky, Conduct

# Why the World Is One Vast Symphony Today



## The Home of Beethoven at Bonn

(Keystone View Co

Today, March 26, Marks the Hundredth Anniversary of the Death of Ludwig van Beethoven. All Over the World, in Music Centers, Tribute Is Being Paid to the Memory of the "Master Musican."



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## Musicians, Schools, Civic Bodies Aid Columbia Phonograph Company's Plans for March 20-26

Throughout the length and breadth of the United States the 100th anniversary of the death of Beethoven will be celebrated — "Beethoven Week," March 20-26 next. Musicians, musical organizations, music lovers, artists, civic bodies and thousands of people who love and revere the works and memory of the Master Composer, will participate in this observance, which is sponsored by the Columbia Phonograph Company and will undoubtedly be the most remarkable unified musical event in the history of the country.

Among the musical organizations which will aid in the nation-wide presentation of programs of the composer's most famous works are the Boston Symphony orchestra, the Harvard Glee Club, the New York Symphony orchestra, the New York Philharmonic orchestra, the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra, and other bodies of equal note in other cities. In New England, especially, from Bangor to New Haven, the anniversary will be enthusiastically observed, with the assistance of chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and other bodies. Special concerts in the public schools are being arranged, and a remarkable revival in all that pertains to Beethoven is in prospect.

### GEORGE EASTMAN CHAIRMAN

That all forms of cultural activity are closely allied with music is made clear in the composition of the national advisory body for Beethoven week, of which George Eastman of Rochester, N. Y., is chairman, and which includes college presidents, cardinals, ministers, patrons of orchestras and musical societies, bankers, lawyers, editors, merchants, and many composers and musicians.

Many of this group are co-operating as volunteers in working out the details of Beethoven week. Among these are Prof. Walter Spalding of Harvard University; Harold Bauer, president of the Beethoven Association; Howard Hanson, the composer; Prof. Guido Adler; Felix Salmond, Thomas Whitney Surette, George H. Gattian, director of music of the New York public schools; Harold McCormick, William Allen White and Samuel W. Reyburn.

Briefly, the purpose of Beethoven week is to enable the democracy of music lovers to add their tributes to those of professional musicians, and to accomplish this as an organized community expression through schools, churches and civic organizations. It is, therefore, the plan of the advisory body to arrange commemorative exercises throughout the

country as a civic tribute with the participation of city officials and civic bodies.

The program of such commemorative exercises, whether in school auditorium or other civic centre, will comprise addresses by the leading citizens of the community, the reading of the centennial address, and the performance of various works of Beethoven in which the master reached his broadest emotional message. At all of these programs the funeral march of the "Eroica" Symphony is to be played with the audience standing. The material for these programs is being prepared by the research staff of the national advisory body of Beethoven week, which comprises specialists.

### SCHOOLS CO-OPERATE

School officials from all over the country have extended offers of co-operation, including Dr. William J. O'Shea, as superintendent of New York schools, and the commissioners of education of the states of California, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Co-operation with other states is in process of organization.

As a specifically American tribute to Beethoven, Howard Hanson has accepted the invitation of the advisory body to compose an orchestral work to be performed during the celebration.

The Centennial Essay, for free distribution to schools and colleges to be read during Beethoven week, is now being written by Daniel Gregory Mason, composer and professor of music at Columbia University.

Material on the religious aspects of Beethoven's art for use by churches throughout the country is being edited under the supervision of Bishop William T. Manning of New York.

### TO USE BROADCASTS

In order that modern mechanism may be turned to constructive educational purposes, the Columbia Phonograph Company is working out a program of co-operation with radio stations throughout the country, so that the message of Beethoven's life and work may be broadcast in the literal sense of the word.

Other features of the program for Beethoven week are performances by phonograph societies of the new masterworks issued for the centennial of Beethoven, comprising the nine symphonies, the opus 18 group of quartets, the Rasumovsky quartets, the harp quartet, quartets 95, 181, 132 and 135; trios, sonatas, overtures and concertos of the master.

The Beethoven week in America is exchanging data and plans with the Vienna committee in a plan for making the celebration international in its scope and character.

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## Presents Beethoven as an Imposing Historical Figure

### Ernest Newman Famous English Critic, Chief Speaker at Commemorative Exercises in Symphony Hall

By THOMAS CARENS

Ernest Newman, brilliant English critic, gave the music-lovers of Boston a new and an appealing interpretation of Ludwig van Beethoven in Symphony hall last night. He delivered the principal address at the commemorative exercises, with which the centenary festival of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which began a week ago, neared its climax.

Mr. Newman gave due attention to Beethoven as a great historical figure, as the interpreter of a great transition in civilization, but he insisted that his genius will live not so much because he was the right man for the right time, but because he wrote into his music the elements of ethics, of humanitarianism, of philosophy, and above all of the high moral impulses which were working in his own mind.

### WAVE OF IDEALISM

"He came at a period," said Mr. Newman, "when a wave of political idealism, social idealism and humanitarianism was passing over Europe. A new spirit had come into men. It shows in all the literature of the time. Beethoven was full of this spirit, and it has to be admitted that in his weaker moments he did not always find a music as great as his moral impulses. But when he did find it the effect was incomparably beyond that of any music ever written."

On this failure to find at all times the proper forms for the turmoil in his mind, Mr. Newman continued, is based the present reaction against Beethoven. And it has also been the basis of the continuing criticism of the Latin races, which are not given to philosophizing in music, or mixing it up with the metaphysics and morality. The real friends of Beethoven, he said, have never ignored this criticism, nor will they ignore it in meeting the present sizable reaction, but he made bold to predict that appreciation of Beethoven will keep pace with man's appreciation of musical values, and that in the year 2027, when the world observes the 200 anniversary

of his death he will still be the "most intriguing, the most baffling problem in all musical criticism."

### ALL SEATS OCCUPIED

As on every night since the centenary festival began a week ago, all the seats in Symphony hall were occupied when Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the trustees, walked on the stage at the head of a distinguished group of trustees, guests and members of the orchestra. In his opening remarks, Judge Cabot spoke with deep feeling of the vision of Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, whose energies brought the Boston Symphony into being, to "enrich and refresh the community and the country."

"The significance of music and rendering," said Judge Cabot, "transcends the limits of time and space, of language and nationality, and satisfies the longings of many people for joy, happiness and spiritual strength."

He pointed out that Symphony hall was dedicated 27 years ago with a rendering of Beethoven's "Dedication of the House." Then he presented Mr. Newman as the principal speaker of the evening.

The visiting critic admitted at the outset that centenaries are often regarded with suspicion, because very often the celebrity or notoriety has the sole claim to distinction that he died 100 years ago. He ventured the opinion that some of the modern composers would evoke a more sympathetic response in the breasts of the critics if they too, had chosen to die 100 years ago.

### BEETHOVEN NOT WITHOUT FAULTS

He would not attempt, therefore, to assert that Beethoven was without his faults. A good case could be made out against him, and has been recently. But the very fact that the world is not absolutely agreed on him, Mr. Newman said, is most convincing proof of his vitality. He is still alive. In fact his personal significance is even greater today than his historical significance.





Ernest Newman, the famous English musical critic, seen and heard recently in Boston as the chief speaker at the commemorative exercises held in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Ludwig van Beethoven. He presented a new and appealing interpretation of Beethoven, as a great historical figure, and as a composer who wrote into his music the elements of ethics, humanitarianism, philosophy and high novel impulses. (Keystone)

## Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach . . . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major for  
Violin, Two Flutes, and String Orchestra

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Presto.

Lalo . . . . . Concerto in D minor for Violoncello and Orchestra

- I. Prelude: Allegro maestoso.
- II. Intermezzo.
- III. Introduction: Rondo.

Prokofieff . . . . . Classical Symphony, Op. 25

- I. Allegro.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Gavotte.
- IV. Finale.

Honegger . . . . . "Pacific 231," Orchestral Movement

SOLOIST  
JEAN BEDETTI

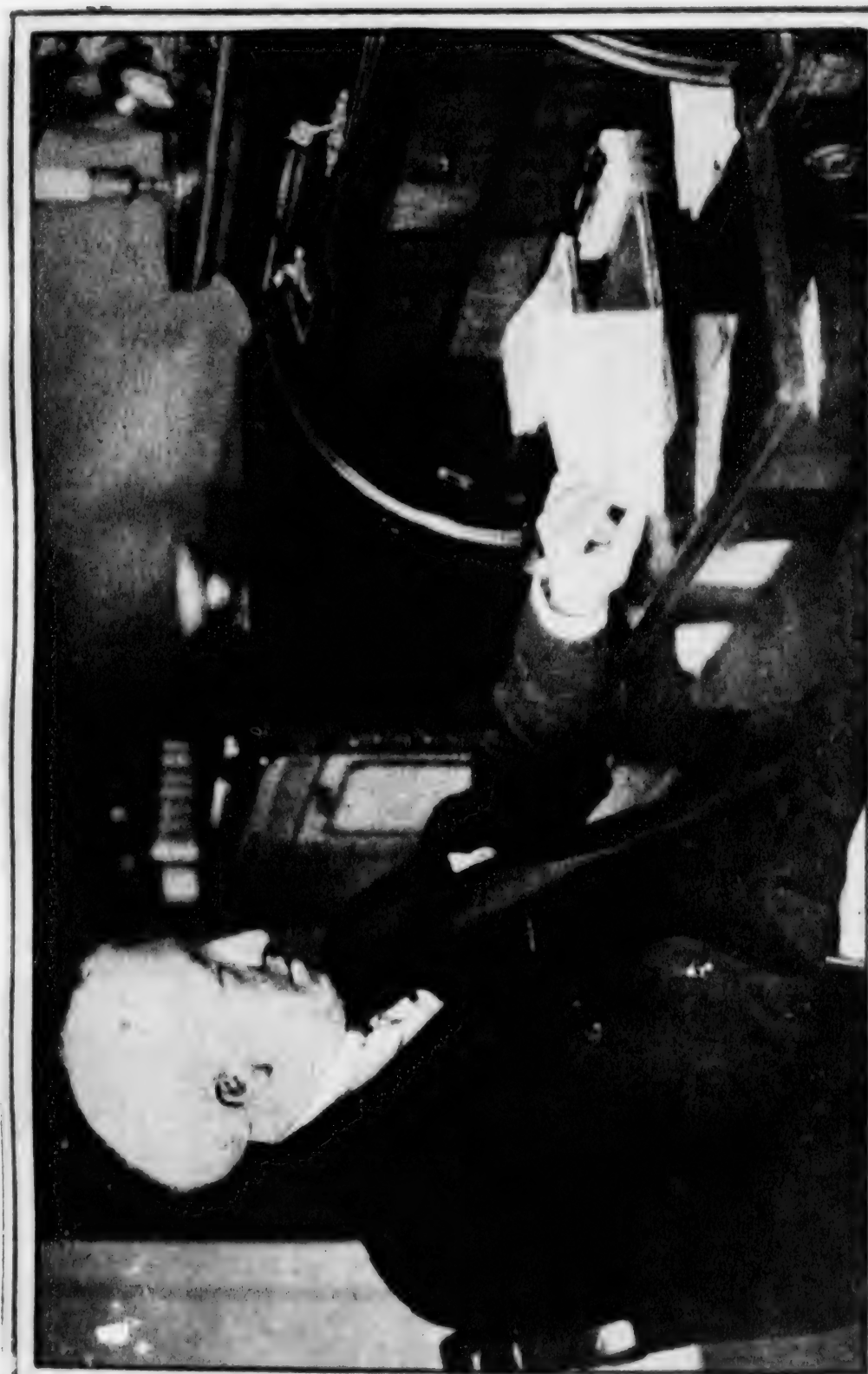
There will be an intermission after the Lalo concerto

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,— Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Ernest Newman, the famous English musical critic, seen and heard recently in Boston as the chief speaker at the commemorative exercises held in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Ludwig van Beethoven. He presented a new and appealing interpretation of Beethoven, as a great historical figure, and as a composer who wrote into his music the elements of ethics, humanitarianism, philosophy and high novel impulses.

(Keystone)

## Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach . . . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major for Violin, Two Flutes, and String Orchestra

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Presto.

Lalo . . . . . Concerto in D minor for Violoncello and Orchestra

- I. Prelude: Allegro maestoso.
- II. Intermezzo.
- III. Introduction: Rondo.

Prokofieff . . . . . Classical Symphony, Op. 25

- I. Allegro.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Gavotte.
- IV. Finale.

Honegger . . . . . "Pacific 231," Orchestral Movement

SOLOIST  
JEAN BEDETTI

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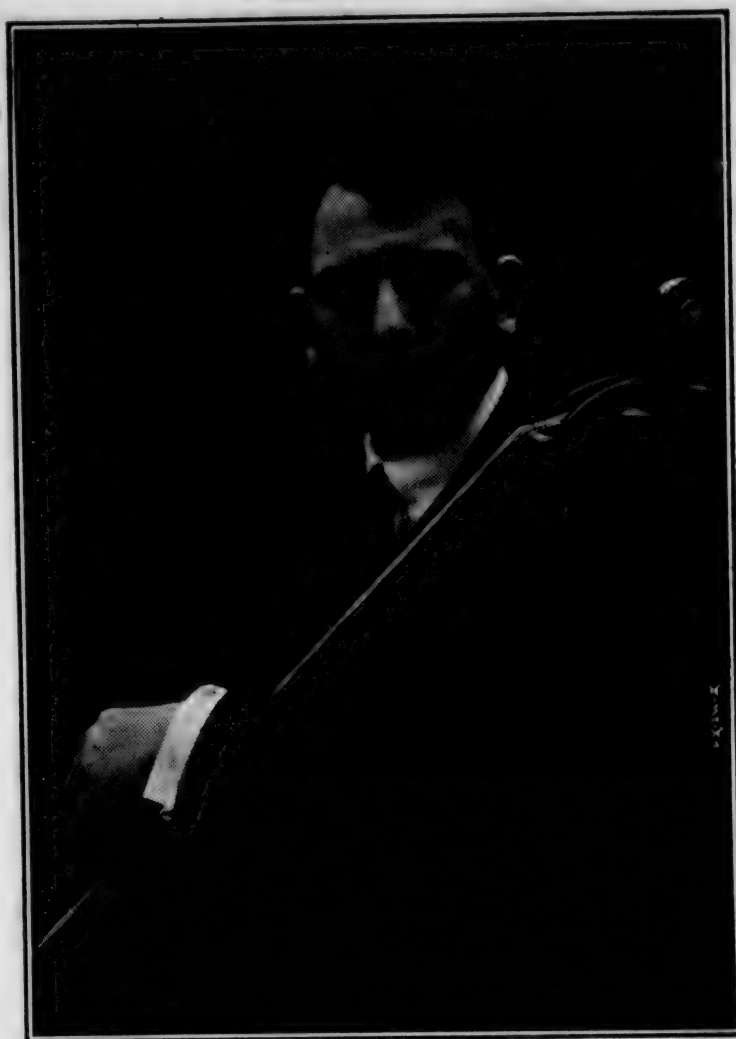
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Hill . . . . . "Lilacs," Poem for Orchestra, Op. 33  
(after Amy Lowell)

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# HILL'S POEM PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

"Lilacs" Gives Fresh-  
ness to List—Bedetti  
Is Soloist

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Added to the programme of this week's Symphony Concerts so belatedly that an extra leaf announcing it had to be inserted in the programme-books, Edward Burlingame Hill's new tone-poem "Lilacs" gave to the concert of yesterday afternoon a freshness of interest that, save for Jean Bedetti's most admirable performance of Lalo's Concerto for Violoncello, it would otherwise have lacked.

## REST WITH REPETITIONS

Not unnaturally Mr. Koussevitzky rested himself and his players after the exertions of the Beethoven Centenary, planning a programme largely of repetitions. From the concerts of this season he took for it Bach's Fourth "Brandenburg" Concerto, for violin, two flutes and strings (in which Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Bladet again dis-

tinguished themselves), and Prokofieff's so-called "Classical" Symphony—pseudo Mozart, inferior alike to the authentic Mozart and to the genuine Prokofieff, although the audience, as before, rejoiced greatly in its amiable artificialities. And from the programmes of his first season here, the conductor took the now celebrated "Pacific 231" of Arthur Honegger.

Wholly dissimilar as they are, Prokofieff's little symphony and Honegger's orchestral movement have this in common: they depend for their first effect largely on the element of surprise, for once the listener has discovered that the audacious Prokofieff can really write music as innocuous as Offenbach's and that a symphony orchestra can graphically suggest the starting, the progress and the convulsive coming to rest of a giant locomotive, his interest in the pieces is partly spent. It may be added that both pieces were given yesterday a brilliant performance and that the audience received them cordially, as it had received Lalo and Mr. Bedetti earlier in the afternoon.

## After Amy Lowell's Poem

Far removed from these musical artifices and tours de force is Mr. Hill's "Lilacs," after Amy Lowell's poem of like title and dedicated to the memory of its author, which was given its initial hearing at Cambridge, Thursday evening. As the composer himself has declared, he says in Miss Lowell's poem an excellent subject for musical treatment by one of New England ancestry, though he disclaims any attempt at close and consistent commentary upon the verses.

"Lilac in me because I am New England," wrote Miss Lowell, and Mr. Hill in another medium has given voice to this mood and emotion. Close at hand he found his inspiration, and it has proved the more potent because of this very nearness. It was good indeed to learn that music may be modern and yet moving, that the simple, fundamental things may still be convincingly expressed in tone, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Koussevitzky will let us hear Mr. Hill's music soon again.

At the conclusion of his piece yesterday, the composer was summoned to the stage, that he might better receive the applause bestowed upon him.

# SYMPHONY IN 21ST CONCERT

Bach, Lalo, Prokofieff, Hill  
and Honegger Works  
Given

## PROGRAM TO BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP MALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 21st concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 4, G major for violin, two flutes and string orchestra. Lalo, concerto, D minor, for violoncello and orchestra. Hill, "Lilacs," poem for orchestra suggested by lines of the late Amy Lowell. (First time in Boston). Prokofieff, Classical Symphony, op. 25. Honegger, "Pacific 231." Jean Bedetti was the solo violoncellist.

The concerto by Bach and Prokofieff's charming symphony were performed earlier in the season. Again Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Bladet played delightfully the chatter of Bach; again the little symphony by Prokofieff, much more important musically than many pretentious works, symphonies, symphonic poems, fantasias, aroused applause that was spontaneous, hearty, genuine and long-continued. The versatility of Prokofieff is, indeed, amazing. This Russian, thought by some to be a wild man of the steppes, not only voices the barbaric, Pagan Scythian, chants the wild, ferocious incantation of Akkadian priests and shrieks with the shuddering multitude; he turns about and writes a symphony which, for its grace and elegance, its melodic fascination, its exquisite sense of proportion Mozart would not have been ashamed to acknowledge as his own. And how beautifully it was performed by the orchestra!

When Lalo's violoncello concerto was played in Vienna by Adolf Fischer in 1878, the critic Hanslick could find nothing in it. He called it "peppered apple-sauce"; though the first movement pompous and boring; the Intermezzo was too French, too dissonant;

throughout the concerto there were no melodious themes.

O, Eduard, where were your ears? Did you leave your taste behind on your writing desk when you went to the concert?

The stately, impressive Introduction is as a preparation for something worth while to come. It is as if the orchestra said to the soloist: "There, that's that! Now see what you can do." And the interruptions of the brass in the first movement are as comments: "Well done!" (or, when the soloist is not the accomplished artist heard yesterday, these comments might be indignant and contemptuous). The Spanish blood in Lalo's veins inspired the second theme of the first movement and the chief and haunting motive of the Intermezzo. No melodic beauty? No trace of the peculiar elegance characteristic of Lalo, admirable musician and composer? Herr Hanslick is dead and by many clean forgotten, not deservedly, for in spite of his violent prejudices, he was a man of parts; Lalo's concerto is still alive in its freshness and beauty. Mr. Bedetti richly deserved the enthusiastic applause for his performance. Not only for its tonal quality, the taste displayed in phrasing, the personal, intimate appeal, but also for the refinement of the interpretation.

Mr. Hill's "Lilacs" may be regarded as his tribute to the memory of Miss Lowell. His poem contains pleasing lyrical ideas that grow in warmth of expression till they burst forth in sonorous emotion. As he is an admirer of the French modern school, it is not surprising to find here and there the marked influence of Debussy and Ravel, but there is little or no impressionistic vagueness; the melodic outlines are clear, the thematic treatment is that of a musician, the instrumentation is discreet but significant. "Lilacs" would gain by revision. The second crescendo leading to a fortissimo is an anti-climax, practically a repetition in effect of what has gone before; nor does the musical material warrant a composition of this length. "Lilacs" was well received by the audience; the composer was called to the stage.

Some say that Honegger had no business to summon a locomotive engine for inspiration; but there is majestic poetry in great machines, even in railway engines. One of Turner's most striking pictures is the one depicting a hare running madly across a viaduct with a pursuing locomotive in rain and mist. What was the most poetic thing at the Philadelphia exposition of 1876? The superb Corliss engine epic in strength and grandeur. Walt Whitman, Kipling and others have found inspiration in a locomotive; why reproach a composer for attempting to express "the visual impression and the physical sen-



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sation" of it. One may like or dislike "Pacific 231," but it is something more than a musical joke; it was not merely devised for sensational effect.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program of April 15 and 16 will be as follows: Tommasini's suite of five sonatas by D. Scarlatti, a suite derived from the former's ballet, "The Good-humored Ladies"; Loeffler, symphonic poem, "Memories of My Childhood"; Tchaikowsky, symphony No. 5, E minor.

## HILL'S "LILACS" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

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"Lilacs," a "poem for orchestra" by Prof E. B. Hill of Harvard, was played for the first time in Boston at yesterday's Symphony concert. The first public performance was given at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday night. Mr Hill's score is inscribed "In Memoriam A. L." The music was suggested to him by the late Amy Lowell's verses "Lilacs." Mr Koussevitzky added "Lilacs" to the program at the last moment, so that a slip inserted in the program book warned the audience of the alteration.

Other music by Mr Hill has been performed in recent seasons by the Boston Symphony, notably his "Stevensonians." The new tone poem is ingeniously scored, especially in its use of wood wind instruments and brass. Six horns are required at the sonorous climax. The chief theme has a salient motive of four notes, out of which much of the musical texture of the work is wrought.

### Harmonic Color

Mr Hill's sympathies with French music of the period from 1890 to 1910, the era of Ravel, Debussy, and Gabriel Faure, are reflected in all his own work. His style lacks the melodic beauty and the meticulous perfection of detail of his great models, but he has something of their instinct for harmonic and orchestral color.

One felt yesterday that Miss Lowell, for all her well known enthusiasm for the French poets contemporary with Debussy, Faure, and Ravel, had really

a temperament more attuned to Honegger, whose "Pacific 321" concluded yesterday's concert. There is gusto, audacity, tremendous vitality in her poems as there is in Honegger. These are not the qualities of Mr Hill's amiable and pleasing music, which is but a simple minded academic reflection of the half mordant half luscious refinements of Faure and Debussy. One feels that Mr Hill, if his professional conscience would let him, would write music as essentially simple, not to say naive as that of Deems Taylor, and, Wagnerism apart, quite as free from modernity.

The soloist of the afternoon, Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra, was cordially applauded for a performance of Lalo's concerto which lacked vitality. The orchestral accompaniment was badly played, no doubt because in this exceptionally busy week rehearsal time has been limited. The music does not wear well. It is akin to Gounod, but without the frank tunefulness that makes his "Faust" if not admirable at least memorable.

### Two Numbers Repeated

Two numbers were repeated from previous concerts of the current season, according to Mr Koussevitzky's custom when pressed for time. Neither of them had made a sensation sufficient to justify "repetition by request." Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, for two flutes, violin, violoncello and continuo, again mildly pleased. The number of players was so small that it should have been possible to secure from each of them the finely moulded phrasing, the exquisite gradation of stresses which distinguish a virtuoso from a mediocre performance. But these rhythmic nuances were lacking.

The other repetition of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," was warmly applauded. The orchestra played with spirit and delicacy this astonishingly clever piece, which apes with an undercurrent of parody the manner of a vanished age. But one would rather have heard a genuine classical symphony by Mozart or Haydn, composers whose major works Mr Koussevitzky strangely neglects.

"Pacific 231" was by far the most engrossing number on the program. It seems at a fourth hearing in three years an authentic modern masterpiece. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation is wholly admirable. Such pieces as this should be frequently repeated, so that audiences may learn to appreciate them.

The orchestra will be out of town next week. P. R.

## SYMPHONIC MIXTURE: BACH AND HONEGGER, LALO AND PROKOFIEV

### MR. KOUSSEVITZKY SETS FORTH A MISCELLANY

Mr. Hill for Added Starter with His New Tone-Poem—Mr. Bedetti and a Music Deserving His Pains—Bach Salon-Wise—Russian Wit—Pacific, 231, on the Rails to a Clear Moral

BEING an impulsive and variable maker of programs, Mr. Koussevitzky lends a new zest to the Symphony Concerts. Upon half-sheets of note-paper neatly written, his predecessors handed their lists of pieces to the proper authorities. Often by two or three weeks they anticipated the dates of performance; while not once in a blue-moon did they alter or shift an item. Mr. Koussevitzky, as the lads say, "is not built that way." Good citizen and diligent conductor, he assembles his programs sufficiently far in advance—then amends them. From that process they sometimes emerge with only one, or at most two, of the original numbers. Often Mr. Koussevitzky can cite a valid reason for these changes. Again, only an impulse or, as the lads would call it, "a hunch," is the prompter. Usually, however, the changes better the program; while the preceding uncertainty is pleasant filip. Not until he has taken his seat, opened his program-book, shaken it well for warning circulars, does the frequenter of Symphony Hall know exactly what pieces he is to hear. Thereupon he also discovers that chance and change are agreeable conditions to the act of living, even to the musical life. Forthwith he extols Mr. Koussevitzky as one who, programatically, "keeps them guessing." Only the learned editor of the "analytical and historical notes" shrugs a weary shoulder. For what shall it profit him to ascertain that the first German to sing the part of Rezia in "Oberon" received a pension from the King of Württemberg, if by that time Weber's Overture has vanished from the conductor's list?

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### Harmonic Color

Mr Hill's sympathies with French music of the period from 1890 to 1910, the era of Ravel, Debussy, and Gabriel Faure, are reflected in all his own work. His style lacks the melodic beauty and the meticulous perfection of detail of his great models, but he has something of their instinct for harmonic and orchestral color.

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The soloist of the afternoon, Bedetti, first cellist of the orchestra, was cordially applauded for a performance of Lalo's concerto which is vitality. The orchestral accompaniment was badly played, no doubt cause in this exceptionally busy rehearsal time has been limited. Music does not wear well. It is to Gounod, but without the fullness that makes his "Faust" admirable at least memorable.

### Two Numbers Repeated

Two numbers were repeated in previous concerts of the current season, according to Mr Koussevitzky, when pressed for time. Neither had made a sensation sufficient to justify "repetition by request." Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, flutes, violin, violoncello and again mildly pleased. The number of players was so small that it has been possible to secure the finest, whose inherent consideration, you

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"Pacific 321" was by far the grossing number on the program, seems at a fourth year an authentic piece. Mr Koussevitzky's selection is wholly admirable as this should be free so that audiences may create them.

The orchestra will appear next week.

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The Symphony Concert of yesterday brought agreeable instance in point. After a single rehearsal, Mr. Koussevitzky had produced on Thursday evening in Cambridge, Mr. Hill's new tone-poem, "Lilacs." From the one process he discovered that he had in hand an interesting and impressive piece of music. In the other he observed that the audience was engrossed and applause, both honestly. Straightway, he clapped "Lilacs" into the Symphony Concert of yesterday where it was doubly welcome as music of merit from the hands of a resident composer. For preparation a white sheet, announcing the insertion, fluttered out of the program-book, bearing on the other side Mr. Hill's prefatory note. Most were surprised and pleased. While Mr. Koussevitzky—to quote the lads for a third and last time—again proved himself a "fast worker."

For the "orchestral poem," a second hearing renewed and confirmed the impressions set down on Friday in this place; to them, as repetitions usually do, added another. After Mr. Hill's measures have touched final climax of lilac-laden air without and pride of possession within, the music falls away into gentler voice and mood. Soon, by suggestion of both the matter and the venture, it muses, remembers, regrets. Upon this elegiac-note—unsentimentalized—it dies. The lilacs recalled as from far and she also who versified them; the tenderness that a true-born New Englander never will speak out—unless, perchance, music, or poetry, be his tongue.

Mr. Hill and his tone-poem were not the only occasion for an applause audience. Already it had heard Mr. Bedetti play the solo-part in Lalo's Concerto for Violoncello and called and re-called him. For once, also, piece as well as performance deserved such clapping. The tone and the "musicality" of Mr. Casals must glamour Haydn's Concerto, or were listeners find attention wandering. The solo-violoncellist proffers Dvorak's or Saint-Saens's occasional pieces. Yes, "the literature" of his instrument is meagre—and so forth down the list. Lalo's Concerto, however, is genuine "literature" and lasting music. It is no puppet for the soloist to call into being; rather it lives a musical life of its own. A French and slightly romantic Handel; here in this might have written the opening measures, introduced and developed the full-voiced, grave-gaited first theme. The second, in process between violoncello and orchestra, weaves a more gracious pattern; is soon tinged with melancholy; exhales the vague and wistful longing, often undercurrent in Lalo's music—nostalgia the French call it and,

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### Two Numbers Repeated

Two numbers were repeated in previous concerts of the current season according to Mr Koussevitzky, when pressed for time. No one had made a sensation so they justify "repetition by request." Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, flutes, violin, violoncello and again mildly pleased. The number of players was so small that it has been possible to secure of them the finest, whose consideration of the exquisite gradation of rhythmic nuances were lacking in mediocre performance.

The other repetition of "Classical Symphony," was applauded. The orchestra's spirit and delicacy this clever piece, which apes the current of parody the vanished age. But one has heard a genuine symphony by Mozart or Haydn whose major works Mr Koussevitzky strangely neglects.

"Pacific 231" was by far the grossing number on the program, seems at a fourth hearing years an authentic masterpiece. Mr Koussevitzky's attention is wholly admirable as this should be frequent so that audiences may create them.

The orchestra will appear next week.

... quality cannot be divorced from a priced coat, dress or suit within the budget.

Meyer Jonasson

which was executed at the Hotel in Madrid. Queen Victoria pressed her deep appreciation of Browne's success with the was exhibited privately at the Hotel in Madrid, where among the view it were the American and the ambassador from

Miss Browne's plans for an immediate return to Boston, as it is possible that New York she may remain long enough to finish a commission on which she began abroad. However, she will be previous to the departure month of Mr. and Mrs. I. of 259 Beacon street, for they have planned to spend Mrs. Stevens is Miss Browne

### COTTON BALL

New England-Made Material Used at Style Show and Suggested by Society People to Aid the Free Women

Extensive plans are being made by a representative group of cotton manufacturing interests in co-operation with Boston society to hold the Cotton Costume Ball at the Hotel Statler on Friday evening, May 13, from thirty to three o'clock, for the benefit of the Free Hospital for Brookline.

Only New England products will be displayed at the "Fashion Show" which is to precede the dancing. Gowns, afternoon dresses, bathing suits and capes, all made of land-made cotton and rayon will be worn by Boston society. A new runway will be erected for the show which will include all of the some especially created for the

If they are musically cultivated, think of his Concertos or of Duparc's songs. The Intermezzo alternates a pensive half-smiling mood with brighter gaieties, light-rhythmed. The Finale, less well furnished, tosses off a technically exacting rondo.

The violoncello in many voices—stately and sonorous; gracious or melancholy; warm or dreamful; bright and plastic; never once mishandled and compelled to snoring, gurgling, drooling, or, between whiles, the cutting of awkward capers. A violoncellist, as Mr. Bedetti, who respects the dignities, exalts the possibilities, opens the secrets, of a cherished instrument. He is skilled upon it, sensitive to it. His inmost feeling goes out to it and the music it shall release. His magic of tone is conjuring upon such a piece as Lalo's. In a fused charm, composer, conductor, soloist and orchestra, join hands and speech. Spelled, the listener believes again in concertos. Once more, too, Mr. Koussevitzky was the perfect accompanist, seemingly solicitous for Mr. Bedetti only, yet integrating and individualizing the whole. Fancy a cello-number as outstanding item in a five-fold program.

The fourth Brandenburg Concerto (in G major) of Bach was becoming prelude and companion. Mr. Koussevitzky reduced the orchestra to twenty-odd strings, added the prescribed flutes; clustered the players in the center of the stage; set Mr. Burgin and Mr. Laurent as solo-voices in the foreground; gave the whole performance salon-like air and voice. The little orchestra wove a transparent web of flowing counterpoint; the violin sang the suave melody of the Andante; the flute, feathering, bore it upward. Or else, in the quicker movements, the two instruments engaged in little duels of virtuosity, while the orchestra ran about, watched, and occasionally provided a breathing spell with its ensemble. Even there the musical substance added path to charm.

Usually the flute was victor in these encounters, such a master of full-voiced, sensuous and transparent tone is Mr. Laurent. Mr. Burgin, none the less, did good service for the violin; while his tone and his measures often added sentiment to the merely sensuous rival. As his years and work advanced, Bach fathomed many mysteries of music; here in this Concerto of his younger days he has won his way to charm. For once Symphony Hall lost Victorian semblance; seemed the music-room of an eighteenth-century Highness to whom his "chapel" ministered. A long interruption by late comers, between the first and the second movement, did not dispel illusion. By some inadvertance, they were let in be-



fore their time, to the plain annoyance of the conductor. Has spring relaxed discipline at the doors of Symphony Hall? Must a rapt concert-room wait upon the pleasure of the leisurely, the imposingly tardy?

Into the concluding division of a miscellaneous program, two modernists—the broader sense of the word—were ceremoniously bundled, Prokofiev and Honegger. The Russian, however, chose to wear a classic mask—as though it were not mid-Lent but Shrove Tuesday, set apart for masquerading. That is to say, Mr. Koussevitzky believed Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony" worthy of four hearings in a single season; possibly remembered that at the first two everyone was pleased. Rather unexpectedly, the music endured this third test; while pleasure was little less general. The composer's brevity again profited him; for no one of the four movements is long enough to exhaust his ingenuities or to tempt the amused hearer into close scrutiny. If he yielded to that ungracious mood, he might discover that there are tricks in all trades, even in a twentieth-century imitation of an eighteenth-century symphony—say in sundry modulations and rhythmic turns, more than once repeated; in such innocent, and insistent, devices as the tick-tock-ing notes of the wood-winds.

Prokofiev, however, plays the game expertly and with spirit. His gavotte whisks away for an elegant trifle, ended no sooner than it has begun. His larghetto is so lightly turned that the listener forgets that it is hollow of eighteenth-century sentiment. The first movement and the finale catch not only the Mozartean fluidity and readiness; but half-imitate and half-mock certain harmonies and instrumental usages with which Wolfgang Amadeus liked to toy. By every sign this "Classical Symphony" is a jeu d'esprit, written with no tongue in cheek but with an amused glint in a watchful eye. There is wit in the juggling, usually the rarest guest at a Symphony Concert—a wit, moreover, so happy that it made no one uneasy.

Smiles, too, awaited Honegger's remembered locomotive, re-appearing deservedly upon the symphonic rails. "Pacific, 231" is sluggish, even balky, machine, as it chugs into tonal motion. It also wheezes in the throat and creaks a bit in the joints when audible brakes bring it to a standstill. These delineative measures, as it now seemed, were Honegger's lesser preoccupation. He threw them in, as it were, because they were amusing to write; might divert the audience; in degree caught the spirit of the present hour. If recollection held, Mr. Koussevitzky stressed them less than he

did three years ago, while many a hearer gave them scanty heed. The character-istic, the enduring quality of Honegger's "symphonic movement" lies not there. It appears when "Pacific, 231" is running free, devouring distance, pulling weight, cleaving the night. Then out of the orchestra rises a clear song of the joy of motion and the elation of strength, unfolding, gathering, swelling, receding again with the vanished train. It is a song of these nineteen-twenties since the motion is speed and the strength, of steel.

Into music Honegger transfuses a mood, a sensation, a spiritual reaction, until his "locomotive-piece" is veritable tone-poem of the time that yields them, which is our immediate day. Within the week, Mr. Newman, in centenary discourse, applauded Beethoven because he translated into symphonic tones the spirit of his time. The gravest among us bowed their heads in assent, approval, veneration. Yet when Honegger does likewise by the nineteen-twenties, which are every whit as deserving as Beethoven's eighteen-hundreds, those same exalted souls greet a "freak music" (as they believe it) with a gentle grin, curling the lip of scorn at Honegger, "the paltry modernist." In most corners of the world human nature—and also human prejudice—is an amusing thing.

H. T. P.

## New Work by Hill Performed in Boston

HAVING gloriously weathered its Beethoven Week, the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday rode in peaceful waters. After memorial exercises Monday evening, at which Ernest Newman of London delivered an erudite address on Beethoven, the festival was concluded Tuesday evening with superb performances of the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies. The Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and a quartet of soloists assisted in the Finale of the Ninth. There was an ovation at the close for Mr. Koussevitzky and for Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth, conductors respectively of the two choruses.

At yesterday's concert Jean Bedetti, leader of the 'cello choir of the orchestra, played Lalo's Concerto. Other items of the program were Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major for violin, two flutes and strings, Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony and Honegger's "Pacific 231." A novelty, added at the last moment, was Edward Burlingame Hill's "Lilacs," op. 33, after Amy Lowell's poem.

Mr. Hill's work had its first performance at a concert of the Boston Orchestra Thursday evening at Harvard College, where the composer is an associate professor of music. Mr. Hill, in a note contributed to the program book, says it occurred to him that "Lilacs" was an excellent subject for musical treatment by one of New England ancestry. "On reflection, I soon saw the impracticability of attempting to follow the poem in detail, and the present work is the result of impressions connected with portions of the poem, chiefly the beginning and the end."

Mr. Hill has succeeded in projecting these impressions vividly, colorfully.

With the aid of the verses and the note, the music readily enough calls up before the receptive imagination the delight given by these lovely blossoms. Has he succeeded as well in getting something essentially of New England into his measures? That is another matter. Mr. Hill's lilacs, we feel, grew not on his lawn in Cambridge, Mass., but in the Luxembourg Gardens. Yet too much should not be demanded of music. Mr. Hill's score reveals not only well-defined thematic material and the expert workmanship that was to be expected, but a poetic quality as well. There is imagination as well as logic. The harmonies, mildly acrid in the French manner, have the effect of a brisk breeze. Not a work to startle, but decidedly pleasing.

Lalo's Concerto served as medium for cello playing of remarkable quality. Mr. Bedetti is not one of those cellists whose ambition it is to perform as many tricks as a violinist can. His virtuosity is so deft that it is hardly noticeable. What one hears is a tone of exquisite beauty, vital rhythms, eloquent phrasings. The fact that some extraordinary technical work is being done is overlooked. The musical message comes through unhampered.

Bach's Concerto and Prokofiev's Symphony have been heard before this year. The "Classical" Symphony on a rehearing seemed more trivial than at first. No, Mozart certainly would not write like this today. Facile and diverting, these movements are hereby recommended to the attention of Mr. Casella, conductor of the "Pops."

Honegger, we read, has lately had a ride in the cab of an English locomotive. Object: to write a successor to "Pacific 231." Will his musical record of an engineer's impressions be more significant than that of the spectator's? And why not a series of musical interviews with conductors, baggagemasters, trackmen, directors and the president of the road?

L. A. S.



## NOTES and LINES

— By PHILIP HALE —

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, being out of town, will not give concerts here this week. In New York the program will comprise Beethoven's Symphony No. 1; Roussel's Suite in F major, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5. For next Saturday afternoon the program is as follows: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto for violin, two flutes and strings; Hill's "Lilacs"; Honegger, "Pacific 231" and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5. Mr. Burgin will play in Brooklyn tomorrow night Glazounov's violin concerto.

The program of the concerts in Symphony hall April 15, 16 has been enlarged. It now stands as follows: Scarlatti-Tomassini, Five Sonatas; a Suite derived from "The Good-Humored Ladies"; Loeffler, "Memories of My Childhood" (Life in a Russian Village); Converse, "Flivver 10,000,000"; A Joyous Epic; Fantasy for orchestra (Inspired by the familiar legend "The 10,000,000th Ford is now serving its owner"; "Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5.

Tomassini's Suite will be played at these concerts for the first time. Three of the movements were performed here at a concert of the MacDowell Club, conducted by Mr. Longy.

Mr. Converse's Fantasy will be performed for the first time anywhere. He gives the following argument:

"Dawn in Detroit—Chanticleer announces the Dawn—The City Stir—The Call to Labor—March of the Tollers—The Din of the Builders—Birth of the Hero—The Hero emerges from the welter fullfledged, ready for service. He tries his metal. He wanders forth into the great world, in search of adventure. May night by the roadside (America's Romance)—The Joy-Riders (America's Frolic)—The Collision (America's Tragedy)—Phoenix Americanus (The Hero, righted and shaken, proceeds on his way with redoubled energy, typical of the indomitable American spirit."

The program of the Symphony orchestra's concert in Cambridge on Thursday, April 14, will comprise the Scarlatti-Tomassini Suite; Wagner's Preludes to "Lohengrin" and "The Mastersingers" and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5.

At the Monday night concert of the orchestra in Symphony Hall, April 18, Weber's overture to "Oberon," Converse's new Fantasy, Prokofieff's Classical Symphony and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 will be played.

### MR. KOUSSEVITZKY TO JUDGE 90 SCORES

#### Symphony Conductor, Four Others to Pass on Work

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is one of five judges who are to pass upon the 90 manuscript scores that have been submitted in Musical America's \$3000 prize contest for an American symphony or symphonic work which closed April 1. The other judges are: Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony; Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra; Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony, and Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony.

Probably half of the total number of scores submitted were brought in by hand from New York and vicinity. Postmarks on other packages, however, show entries received from at least 18 states. Chicago contributed several scores, and New York and Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, Colorado, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Michigan, California, North Carolina, Nebraska, Missouri and Virginia were represented.

Four scores were received from Americans residing or sojourning outside the United States—one from Paris, one from Vienna, one from Naples and one from Honolulu. The anonymity of all the composers competing will be preserved until the judges have made their decision.



SERGEI PROKOFIEFF



## Twenty-second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 15, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, at 8.15 o'clock

D. Scarlatti . . . Five Sonatas arranged in the form of a Suite and orchestrated by Vincenzo Tommasini (after the Ballet, "The Good-Humored Ladies")

- I. Presto.
- II. Allegro.
- III. Andante.
- IV. Non presto, in tempo di ballo.
- V. Presto.

(First time at these concerts)

Loeffler . . . Symphonic Poem, "Memories of my Childhood"  
(Life in a Russian Village)

Converse . . . "Flivver Ten Million, A Joyous Epic; Fantasy for Orchestra (Inspired by the familiar legend 'The ten millionth Ford is now serving its owner')"

Dawn in Detroit—Chanticleer announces the Dawn—The City Stirs—The Call to Labor—March of the Toilers—The Din of the Builders—Birth of the Hero—The Hero emerges from the welter full fledged, ready for service. He tries his metal. He wanders forth into the great world, in search of adventure. May night by the roadside (America's Romance)—The Joy-Riders (America's Frolic)—The Collision (America's Tragedy)—Phoenix Americanus—The Hero, righted and shaken, proceeds on his way with redoubled energy, typical of the indomitable American spirit.

(First Performance)

Tchaikovsky . . . Symphony No. 5, E minor, Op. 64

- I. Andante.
- II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
- III. Valse (Allegro moderato).
- IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; allegro vivace.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,— Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





Frederick S. Converse,

## SYMPHONY IN 22D CONCERT

Artists Perform Before  
Good Friday Audience  
That Fills Hall

### SCARLATTI'S SONATAS FEATURE PROGRAM

*Herald* — *Apr. 16, 1927*  
By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Scarlatti, five sonatas arranged as a suite and orchestrated by Tommasini (after his ballet, "The Good-Humored Ladies"); Loeffler, Symphonic Poem, "Memories of my Childhood" (Life in a Russian Village). Converse, "Flivver 10,000,000," a joyous epic, fantasy for orchestra (inspired by the familiar legend, "The 10,000,000th Ford is now serving its owner"); Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5, E minor. Although it was Good Friday, the audience filled the hall.

Three of Scarlatti's sonatas, orchestrated by Vincenzo Tommasini of Rome, were played here at a concert of the ever it did on the banks of the Eu-MacDowell Club. The other two were heard yesterday for the first time. Here as they did once in a buggy when one is an instance where ballet music loses handed driving was an accomplishment. little, if anything, when it is transferred The audience enjoyed "Flivver 10,000,000" and called the composer to the platform. The same tribute of appreciation was stage of mad-cap women, fond of prac-paid Mr. Loeffler after the performance tical jokes. Only one of them, love-sick, of his symphonic poem, which is more melancholy, moves, wrapped in her own than interesting program music. He thoughts, probably to the charming, has seldom written anything finer, wistful music of the Andante played more musical and suggestive in mood yesterday. It is hardly necessary to than the sections of the peasant song, speak of Scarlatti and his genius; it the ecclesiastical measures, the happy is a pleasure to praise the skill shownness of children; while the character by Tommasini in his orchestration. istic dance (with the use of mouth Scarlatti, the composer of pieces for harmonicas) and the music of lamenta- the forerunners of the piano, has suf- tion give the needed variety and hold ferred from the impertinence of editors; the attention. In this symphonic poem no Hans von Buelow, who took unwar- there is a human expression of joy and rantable liberties, changing harmonic sorrow—the latter only a passing mood schemes, adding, cutting, in other—that gives the music indisputable work; mangling. Tommasini preserved charm.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave an amazingly modernization. The lively movements dramatic, eloquent, reading of Tchaikovsky's symphony, music that is the movement is beautifully arranged for outpouring of a tortured, at times des-

the orchestra. The performance was a triumph of virtuosity, especially for the strings. This Suite is a valuable addition to the orchestra's repertoire. It is needless to say that Mr. Koussevitzky is peculiarly happy in his treatment of 17th and 18th century music.

Mr. Converse, reminded, no doubt, by Honegger's "Pacific 231," which, he says in his notes for the Program Book, he admires, found epic poetry in the birth and adventures of a "Flivver." Why not? Mr. Carpenter heard music from a perambulator; Honegger glorified in tones a locomotive engine.

Mr. Converse, in his notes, says that he set about this composition purely for his amusement, "and not too seriously." Unfortunately, the linotype and the proofreader omitted the important word "not." It is a good thing to hear amusing music in the concert hall. Composers, especially the younger, and audiences, are given to undue seriousness. The composers wishing to be dramatic, pathetic, tragic, are too often only dull, little frogs that would fain be oxen. Mr. Converse can afford to be amusing, for he has shown his ability to be serious without being boresome. If Walt Whitman, the poet of Lincoln's Burial Hymn and "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," could view tools and machinery an inspiration for poetic treatment, surely a flivver is worthy of consideration. Mr. Converse has written descriptive music, showing the life of a flivver from its birth in the machine shop to the tragic episode from which, however, it happily recovered. By way of contrast to the making of the machine, its joyous course, the inevitable collision, a charming episode, love music for a May night by the roadside, is introduced. As Mr. Converse says, "The moon shines as tenderly on the roadside in Westwood as it did on the banks of the Eu-MacDowell Club. Lovers ride today in a flivver as they did once in a buggy when one heard yesterday for the first time. Here as they did once in a buggy when one is an instance where ballet music loses handed driving was an accomplishment. The audience enjoyed "Flivver 10,000,000" and called the composer to the platform.





Frederick S. Converse,

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Three of Scarlatti's sonatas, orchestrated by Vincenzo Tommasini of Rome, were played here at a concert of the MacDowell Club. The other two were heard yesterday for the first time. Here is an instance where ballet music loses little, if anything, when it is transferred to the concert hall. The scenario of the ballet is said to be rather vague, except for constant agitation on the stage of mad-cap women, fond of practical jokes. Only one of them, love-sick, melancholy, moves, wrapped in her own thoughts, probably to the wistful music of the Andante yesterday. It is hardly necessary to speak of Scarlatti and his genius; it is a pleasure to praise the skill shown by Tommasini in his orchestration. Scarlatti, the composer of pieces for the forerunners of the piano, has suffered from the impertinence of editors; no Hans von Buelow, who took unwar-rantable liberties, changing schemes, adding, cutting, mangling. Tommasini preserved the old spirit, nor was he audacious in modernization. The lively movements are sparkling in their gaiety; the slow movement is beautifully arranged

the orchestra. The performance was a triumph of virtuosity, especially for the strings. This Suite is a valuable addition to the orchestra's repertoire. It is needless to say that Mr. Koussevitzky is peculiarly happy in his treatment of 17th and 18th century music. Mr. Converse, reminded, no doubt, by Honegger's "Pacific 231," which, he says in his notes for the Program Book, he admires, found epic poetry in the birth and adventures of a "Flivver." Why not? Mr. Carpenter heard music from a perambulator; Honegger glorified in tones a locomotive engine. Mr. Converse, in his notes, says that he set about this composition purely for his amusement, "and not too seriously." Unfortunately, the linotype and the proofreader omitted the important word "not." It is a good thing to hear amusing music in the concert hall. Composers, especially the younger, and audiences, are given to undue seriousness. The composers wishing to be dramatic, pathetic, tragic, are too often only dull, little frogs that would fain be oxen. Mr. Converse can afford to be amusing, for he has shown his ability to be serious without being boresome. If Walt Whitman, the poet of Lincoln's Burial Hymn and "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," could view tools and machinery an inspiration for poetic treatment, surely a flivver is worthy of consideration. Mr. Converse has written descriptive music, showing the life of a flivver from its birth in the machine shop to the tragic episode from which, however, it happily recovered. By way of contrast to the making of the machine, its joyous course, the inevitable collision, a charming episode, love music for a May night by the roadside, is introduced. As Mr. Converse says, "The moon shines as tenderly on the roadside in Westwood as ever it did on the banks of the Eu-MacDowell Club. Lovers ride today in a flivver as they did once in a buggy when one-handed driving was an accomplishment. The audience enjoyed "Flivver 10,000,000" and called the composer to the platform. The same tribute of appreciation was paid Mr. Loeffler after the performance of his symphonic poem, which is more interesting program music. He has seldom written anything finer, more musical and suggestive in mood than the sections of the peasant song, the ecclesiastical measures, the happy dance (with the use of mouth harmonicas) and the music of lamentation give the needed variety and hold the attention. In this symphonic poem there is a human expression of joy and sorrow—the latter only a passing mood—that gives the music indisputable charm. Mr. Koussevitzky gave an amazingly dramatic, eloquent, reading of Tchaikovsky's symphony, music that is the outpouring of a tortured, at times des-



pairing, soul. If ever there is music that is autobiographical, it is to be found in the last symphonies of this self-tormenter. But is this symphony beginning to "date"? Not because of its sullen, gloomy, doleful measures, its wild shrieks, its impotent raging against fate, its half-hearted and momentary gaiety, but by reason of the sentimentalism of the andante, the harassing thematic repetitions, the tossing of a theme not always of great significance from one instrument or group of instruments to another.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Chadwick, "Tam O'Shanter." Sessions Symphony, E minor, in 3 movements (first performance) Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" and Salome's dance.

## "FLIVVER" MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Converse's Fantasy Heard in First Performance

Boston Composer's Humorous Piece Written With Immense Gusto

*Globe* — Apr. 16, 1927

"Flivver Ten Millions, a Joyous Epic; Fantasy for Orchestra (Inspired by the familiar legend 'The ten millionth Ford is now serving its owner,'—So ran the title of the novelty on the program of yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. The composer, Frederick S. Converse of Westwood, was present to acknowledge the applause. But Mr Ford was presumably in Detroit.

Mr Converse contributed to the program notes a whimsical explanation of his purpose in writing the piece. "Hearing and admiring 'Pacific 231' (Honegger's now familiar tone poem suggested by a locomotive engine) I said to myself 'I too must try something of this kind for the 'Flivver'."

"I set about it purely for my own amusement, and not too seriously; for he who wishes to express American life or experience must include the saving grace of humor. I wondered what Mark Twain would have done with such a theme if he had been a musician. The piece turned out to be quite frankly program music, and this is the story as it came to me:

### Sly Sense of Humor

"Dawn in Detroit. Chanticleer announces the dawn—The city stirs—sunrise.

"The Call to Labor. Bells—distant factory whistles.

"The Din of the Builders. Fugal factory noises.

"The Birth of the Hero. From the welter emerges the hero, full fledged, ready for service. He tries his metal. He wanders off into the great world in search of adventure.

"May Night by the Roadside. America's Romance.

"The Joy Riders. America's Frolic.

"The Collision. America's tragedy.

"Phoenix Americanus. The hero, righted and shaken, proceeds on his way with redoubled energy, typical of the indomitable spirit of America."

Among the instruments employed are a Ford automobile horn, slapstick, rattle, anvil, wind machine and organ.

Mr Converse has written with immense gusto and a sly sense of humor, not in the least with the solemn intention of producing an immortal masterpiece, but for the fun of it. His music is vastly entertaining. It also points the moral that perhaps modernist music is easier to write than some of its devotees imagine.

There are several apt and no doubt conscious references to modern masterpieces, such as Stravinsky's "Sacre" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," which seem to preside at the birth of Flivver Ten Million. There is also effective use of the methods and materials of American popular music, out of which some people hope that the true American music may spring.

Mr Converse's fantasy has one unfortunately rare merit. Though extremely clever, it is perfectly honest and not a bit "highbrow." Mr Koussevitzky, who had previously shown a tendency to overlook the merits of Mr Converse's music, was plainly delighted with "Flivver Ten Million" and conducted it with zest and energy.

The audience seemed not perfectly certain that it was humorous. After all, to conventional ears it probably sounded not nearly as queer as many of the recent European masterpieces, to laugh at which has proved to be an indication of lack of musical intelligence.

### Genuine Creative Power

Mr Converse, though he began the piece with a satiric intention, was like Dickens in "Pickwick Papers" or Fielding in "Joseph Andrews" apparently led to carry it out with genuine creative power. Much of the music conveys real feeling, though the humorous element is never wholly submerged.

The other novelty on the program, a suite of five Scarlatti sonatas arranged for orchestra by Tomasini,

originally as parts of a ballet called "The Good-Humored Ladies," proved ingratiating and amusing, though not of tremendous significance. These little sonatas of Scarlatti have lately been fashionable with pianists. One is inclined to think their merits overrated.

Mr Loeffler was present to acknowledge the applause at the close of the revival of his symphonic poem of Russian inspiration "Memories of My Childhood," performed this time with notable eloquence. Like all his work this is well written and distinctive.

The concert closed with Mr Koussevitzky's remarkably impressive reading of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, the most emotional and persuasive one has heard. He is at his best in this music, which is in every way suited to his temperament.

Next week's program, as now announced, will include a new symphony by a young American composer, Roger H. Sessions, Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," and two numbers by Richard Strauss "Tod und Verklärung" and the dance from the opera "Salome." P. R.

## SYMPHONY GLORIFIES FLIVVERS

Converse's Tone Poem With Ford Horn, Good Music

*Post* — Apr. 16, 1927.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

All shiny in its new tonal paint, Frederick S. Converse's "Flivver Ten Million," the first symphonic piece to glorify the humble Ford and the first to add a Ford horn to the in-

struments of the Symphony Orchestra, made its triumphal entry into Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, the composer, who was present, receiving long-continued applause when the piece was done.

### A JOYOUS EPIC

If a locomotive is music, why not also a Ford, thought Mr. Converse on hearing Honegger's "Pacific 231," and the actual title of his latest composition was suggested by the legend so much in evidence a few months ago, "The ten millionth Ford is now serving its owner."

Already in these columns there has appeared a sketch of the plan of Mr. Converse's orchestral fantasy which he has subtitled "A Joyous Epic." Briefly, the music opens with dawn in Detroit on the day the hero is born, follows him through a sentimental adventure by the roadside, a joy-ride and a subsequent collision, and in the end sees him, righted and restored, chugging gaily down the road.

### A Sound Composition

In the hands of a composer who was less a poet in tones and less the expert craftsman, such a piece might have degenerated into mere burlesque, and thus have fallen flat. But Mr. Converse has made here a sound composition. The opening pages are imaginative, both in the musical thought and in the scoring, the crowing chanticleer is not obtrusively comic, the tone-picture of the sun-rise has true splendor. Not an incoherent din but an exceedingly ingenious fugue is the scene in the factory, though it is noisy enough in all conscience. The May Night episode touches beauty, and the joy-ride, for all its exuberant jollity, safely escapes vulgarity.

To repeat, "Flivver Ten Million" is not mere smart-aleckry, as it might well have been in some hands, but a symphonic piece admirable for its resourceful orchestration, its command of a wide range of harmonic effects, its fancy and its humor. Only in the toots of the Ford horn, first stopped, then open, is there an approach to obvious realism, and in view of the character of the piece this touch, greatly relished by yesterday's audience, is not only excusable—it is altogether essential.



## Mr. Converse's Epic of the Ford Monitor

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the first of its twenty-second pair of concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday afternoon, with this program:

D. Scarlatti—Five Sonatas arranged in the form of a Suite and orchestrated, by Vincenzo Tommasini.  
Loeffler—Symphonic Poem, "Memories of My Childhood."  
Converse—"Flivver Ten Million, a Joyous Epic; Fantasy for Orchestra."  
Tchaikovsky—Symphony No. 5, E minor.

Frederick S. Converse's work, which had its first performance yesterday, is an attempt to do for the Ford car what Honegger in "Pacific 231," did for the Mogul locomotive. It was inspired, according to the composer, by the legend, "The ten-millionth Ford is now serving its owner." "This remarkable statement," says Mr. Converse, "seemed to me to be worthy of celebration in music and verse." He set about the task "purely for amusement," and the piece turned out to be "quite frankly program music."

### Motor Horn Used

The composer accordingly supplies the detailed "argument," with the assistance of which the history of the "Hero" is easily followed. "Dawn in Detroit," the first section, is followed by the "Call to Labor," which leads to "The Din of the Builders." Out of this grows "The Birth of the Hero," announced by the cry of a motor horn, first muted, then full blast. Mr. Koussevitzky is said to have protested the use of the motor horn on the ground that it was extramusical, but the composer insisted that it was essential to his product of art. He might argue that its use is as justifiable as a phonograph record, or a typewriter, or a steamboat whistle, all of which have been employed in symphonic compositions. He would not need to appeal to the works of Mr. Antheil.

The Hero now wanders off into the great world in search of adventure. He finds "America's romance" on a May night by the roadside—interrupted by "America's frolic, the Joy-

Ride." This ends in a collision, but "Phoenix Americanus, righted and shaken, proceeds on his way with redoubled energy, typical of the indomitable spirit of America."

Mr. Converse reveals in this score a humor that could not have been suspected from his previous works, all, so far as one recalls, of a serious cast. His humor here is appropriately broad. If it scarcely reaches a Brobdingnagian scale, it at least must satisfy the composer's wonder "what Mark Twain would have done with such a theme if he had been a musician." The most amusing part of the music is that descriptive of the wrecked car, "righted and shaken," proceeding on its way, quite in accord with the tradition that this remarkable motor car will run even with its engine and wheels gone.

### Almost Whitmanesque

There is much that is racy, almost Whitmanesque. An American flavor is given by use of themes reminiscent of "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." The form is free, and polytonality is liberally employed in conveying the impression of blatant industrialism. If the score does not reveal marked originality (apart from the motor horn), it displays excellent workmanship.

Mr. Converse has done more than to make a musical Ford joke. With his antecedents, it could hardly be expected that he should quite surrender himself to rude laughter. His poetic gift has left its impress on certain passages that are really more interesting than the horse-play. The brief description of dawn, the lyrical episode by the roadside, the subdued and lovely close, all betray a romantic strain. These passages are of great musical beauty, without regard to the program. It is possible that the whole piece might have a musical appeal if the "story" (and the motor horn) were deleted.

The Scarlatti-Tommasini Suite (after the Ballet, "The Good Humored Ladies"), exquisitely played, was charming to the ear. Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem is familiar and admired. Great is Tchaikovsky, and Koussevitzky is his prophet.

L. A. S.

## FORDIAN FANTASIA; RUSSIAN MEMORIES; SCARLATTIAN SPICE

### MR. KOUSSEVITZKY CALLS IN THE NEIGHBORS

Trans. Apr. 16, 1927.  
Mr. Converse and Mr. Loeffler Upon a Single Program—The Flivver That Runs Not Quite Free—Old Lace and Furbelows—Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in Excess of Zeal

IT IS the nature of Mr. Koussevitzky to do nothing by halves. At the twenty-first pair of concerts in the third year of his conductorship in Boston, he discovered the existence of resident composers. Calling and election then lighted upon Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill and his tone-poem, "Lilacs." In Boston, Cambridge and New York, the piece was received with interest by the public, with favor by the reviewers. Thus encouraged, the conductor continued researches and yesterday, at the twenty-second afternoon concert, unearthed "Flivver 10,000,000," new Fantasia by Mr. Frederick S. Converse; to it joined "Memories of My Childhood," Symphonic Poem by Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, first heard in Symphony Hall sixteen months ago. Again the audience returned the customary signs of interest and approbation. Resuming these works of repentance and reparation, Mr. Koussevitzky announces for the twenty-third pair of concerts Mr. Chadwick's tone-poem, "Tam o' Shanter," descending from Dr. Muck's time. Whether a Bostonian composer will contribute to the final pair of concerts is not made known; but evidently these are the days of salvation for the makers of music hereabouts. With speed they should lay their manuscripts on the conductor's doorstep; for devotions as blazing hot as his at the Bostonian shrine may cool as quickly as they wax. Since prophets and sages say that from such newspapers as have not crumbled to shreds, future historians may draw an occasional foot-note, it is the bounden duty of the reviewer to record manners and customs in the concert-room of his time. There, it has long been the practice of composers, at the first performance of a new piece, to present them-

selves to the audience and return thanks, by bows, smiles and pleasing embarrassment, for their fresh-won laurels. So, Mr. Hill received the reward of well-doing: so Mr. Converse—in all the dignity of a morning coat—gathered it, yesterday, to his bosom. At the end of his Symphonic Poem came also Mr. Loeffler, at sight of whom his fellow-townsmen and townswomen doubled their plaudits. For among us has he not spent his working life and risen to high place in his calling? Of a truth and verily; while not one bystander begrudged him a single handclap.

Seemingly, the day is, and may continue, when the resident composer shall be guest at each performance of his "repertory piece," storing up, as it were, the treasures of "recognition." By all means for the composer, in nature and fate, is a solitary workman; while publicity—that crown of living and doing in our dear land—often passes him surly by. Nor do non-resident composers overlook this meed of virtue; to it, as it seems, they travel on the wings of the winds. On Wednesday, Symphony Hall reported Mr. Roger Sessions as sojourning in Italy; on Friday he was within hailing distance, though not for a week comes his new Symphony to performance.

The printed word and the sounding tone are not one and the same medium. Read the program note that Mr. Converse prefixes to his Fordian Fantasia; con such a careful analytical article as appeared in these columns last Thursday. Both suggest a descriptive music, proceeding division by division through, possibly, a half hour. Yet in actual performance "Flivver 10,000,000," runs but fourteen minutes—short life for its kind—while of adventures and environment the hint is often momentary. Possibly, Mr. Converse took overmuch counsel of discretion. Fearful, seemingly, lest he should exhaust his subject, or his audience, he proceeds at more than Fordian speed; makes this and that tonal point too quickly and tersely for the casual ear; leaves emphasis to the climactic moments of birth or collision; reserves expansion for the wayside song or the disappearance down the void. Brevity may be the soul of wit; but the humor of tones unfolds less readily than the humor of speech. Often in the Fantasia, had Mr. Converse written more, his suggestion or his jest would have cut closer home. True his mood is one of tranquil observation and amused rumination; yet to tell across the concert-room it needs more bite and compulsion. That humor and suggestion are (as they should be) altogether American; wherefore at moments the cosmopolitan Mr. Koussevitz-



ky, with the best will in the world, did not always set them free. He demurred, for example, to the "enrichment" of the orchestra by a Ford horn, muted or unmuted. Yet when that horn grunts into speech on the flank, as it were, of the new-born Hero, Mr. Converse touches every ear.

Within these reservations, "Flivver 10,000,000 runs true to form and purpose. The misty beginning affirms with good reason that dawn may be atmospheric over Detroit as well as over the Valkyrs' Rock. Out of a fugue Mr. Converse fashions a brief but corrosive factory-din, by which we learn that modernistic gospel may be absorbed on a verandah in Westwood as well as at the Café de la Rotonde. Americans are prone to smile at Skriabin—and a Skriabinesque trumpet with humor brings their Ford to birth. By the roadside is it parked for lovers' meeting—and Rosamond's bower was no sweeter amorous rendezvous than has been many a flivver. Orchestrally flute and horn are the lovers and they sing a sentimental tune—of flivvers and bungalows and perambulators, not for the hard-boiled nor yet for the Empyrean, merely "good honest American." No Parisian, no Münch'ner, no Roman, possibly no New Yorker, would have written it just that way. The joy-ride, jangling out of the distance, might have drawn near more exuberantly; but the collision rises to mock tonal tragedy. (At fifty-six Mr. Converse smiles better than he guffaws). American is the music—the unobtrusive, sub-soiled Americanism for which Mr. Chadwick on occasion set the pattern; of American life, here and now, but not in dance-hall or roadhouse, is it born. An excess of reticence and rumination denies it the full quantum of American humor and American detonation. More power, a longer breath and half a bunch of fire-crackers are the needs.

With another flavor came the five Sonatas of Scarlatti, once harpsichord pieces for eighteenth-century Naples; next, by the assisting graces of Mr. Tommasini, numbers for a cosmopolitan ballet; finally, divertimenti for a much smaller orchestra than Mr. Koussevitzky chose to use. Possibly he was right; possibly chamber-orchestras are beginning to sound faddish; certainly he and the players were as light-fingered and light-lipped as might be; yet as certainly the music sounded thickened and in the fleet measures, stayed. Need a Scarlattian or-

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## NEW FEATURE ON SYMPHONY

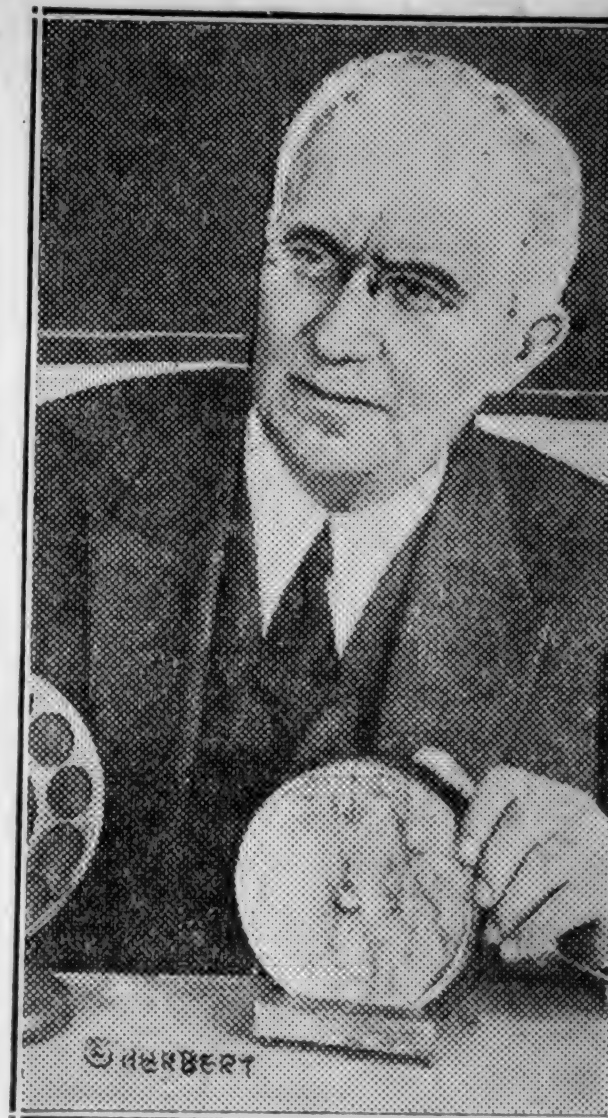
The First Presentation of  
"Flivver Ten Million"

"Flivver Ten Million," a joyous epic by Frederick Converse, will be presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra as the principal feature of its Easter Eve concert tonight, broadcast at 8:10 o'clock from Westinghouse Station WBZ, Springfield; WBZA in Boston, WJZ in New York and KDKA in Pittsburgh. The programme, which is the 2d of the winter series to be given under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, is made available to radio listeners through the courtesy of F. S. Quinby.

The development of Converse's detective symphony is delineated in the following synopsis: Dawn in Detroit—Manticler announces the Dawn—The Stir—The Call to Labor—March of the Toilers—The Din of the Builders—Birth of the Hero—The Hero Emerges from the Welter full-fledged, ready for service; He tries his Mettle. He wanders forth into the Great World in search of adventure. May Night by the roadside (America's Romance)—The Joy Riders (America's Frolic)—The Collision (America's Tragedy)—Phoenix Americanus—The Hero, righted and sane, proceeds on his way with renewed energy, typical of the indomitable American spirit.

As a counterpoise for this whimsical faring, the classical Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky will be given, together with other interesting and varied works. Professor John Patten Marshall, head of the departments of music at Boston University and Holy Cross College, will speak before the concert on pieces by Scarlatti, Loeffler and Converse. During the intermission preceding the symphony, Professor Marshall will analyze Tchaikovsky's work. Assisting him with instrumental illustrations will be Miss Marjorie Posselt, violinist, and Miss Margaret Starr McLain, pianist.

## MIKE INVENTOR



Emile Berliner, inventor of the instrument that made radio broadcasting possible, recently used the microphone in broadcasting anniversary speech celebrating the invention of the "mike."

The report that Mr. Henry Ford will attend the Symphony concerts this week to hear Mr. Converse's Fantasia, and return thanks, standing between Messrs. Koussevitzky and Converse on the platform, is, we regret to say, wholly without foundation.



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chestra, for example, be a whit larger  
than that which did a little miracle, the  
other day, upon the First Symphony of  
Beethoven? As it was, the music went  
no more than veiled. The ear felt, if it  
did not always hear, the grace of line,  
the neat turns, the arabesques for  
solo-instrument, the gay "tutti" catch-  
ing them together again. Before Scar-  
latti's day these Sonatas were formula;  
he set them fancy-free; yet measured  
their caprices. Not once should they of-  
fend against the elegancies.

Conducted by Mr. Tommasini with a  
courtly how and a light hand, down to us  
come the five. Forthwith there are  
candles in the sconces; the brocades  
rustle, the velvets shine; the lightest of  
chatter goes from mouth to mouth. The  
ballet was a ballet of "Good-Humored  
Ladies," who teased as well as capered.  
Scarlati, composing for his harpsichord,  
also knew the trick. One among them  
kept aloof and pensive. For the eight-  
eenth-century must have its sentiment.  
Scarlati, like every other composer of the  
time, found room between the bustle and  
the chatter. For the Lady Constanza, as  
the ballet called her, his music droops its  
bright eyes and strikes tender attitudes—  
like the statue of Melancholia upon which  
she is leaning. A little of song, Mon-  
signori. The rest shall be glinting and  
gay as you please, yet always keep your  
good company. Who but these eight-  
eenth-century composers had the gift of  
musical small talk—as it seems to us,  
aristocratic to boot.

The remainder of the concert traversed  
more familiar ground. Mr. Loeffler  
evokes, long years afterward, an imag-  
inative childhood in a Russian village.  
Time has gilded it; distance softened it;  
recollection renewed it near and dear.  
Straightaway, as it should in a sensitive  
composer, the texture of his music is  
changed. Gone is the Gregorian rapture  
of the setting for St. Francis's "Hymn to  
the Sun"; the sultry harmonies and the  
acid progressions of "A Pagan Poem";  
the slither and sheen of "The Devil's  
Villanelle"; the joyous ecstasy of "Le  
Bonne Chanson"; the high austerities of  
the Symphony; the capricious mood and  
matter, mystic here, quick-humored there,  
of the Irish songs for Mr. McCormack.  
Hear at last Mr. Loeffler writing a rela-  
tively simple music. Pastel-like are the  
harmonic and instrumental colors upon  
it. Tranquilly and changefully it flows, as  
one that sits at twilight and muses—the

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Velvet band

## NEW FEATURE ON SYMPHONY

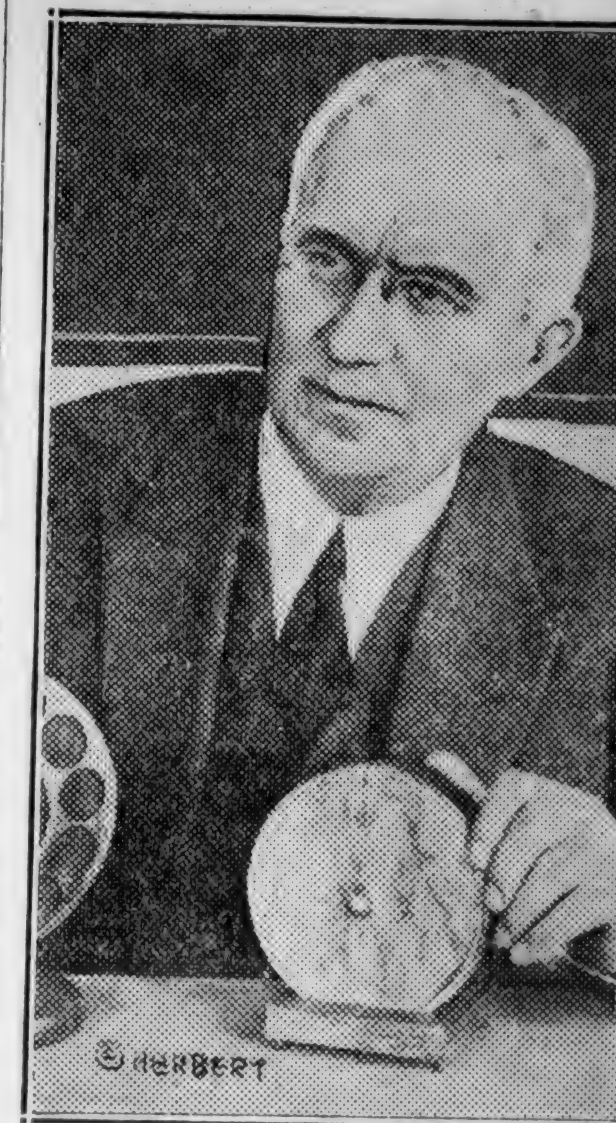
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bells and the candles and the ikons in the church; the dance on the fête-day; poor old Vasinka who died; the peasants, too, and tales that set a lad to wondering. The night closes in; but heartening it is to remember. Some day, recounting Mr. Loeffler's virtues, the commentator will recall this aptness of means, this surety of suggestion for every course of a wide-ranging imagination. Not one of his pieces fails to conjure and maintain an atmosphere. He dreams—with logic; as sure as it is sensitive, works his hand.

For ending Mr. Koussevitzky intoxicating himself, his orchestra and his hearers with the heady wine of Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. Through twenty-one concerts he had been total abstainer from the goading Russian. With reason he now asked his spree—and deserved it. Yet too often he repeated it; for on the recent journey southward he played the Symphony; to New York outpoured it; upon Cambridge yet again set it in flood. Now twice and three times upon Boston he bestows it in almost as many days. For his temperament, and in such familiarity, the outcome is unescapable. Does this theme enter with the proper impressiveness? Forthwith he better clears the way for it. Do those phrases of fate return with full bode ment? He must space them more widely, accent them more incisively. Has the ardent song of the second movement yet touched the ultimate fervor? Possibly there is another turn of the screw for those intensifying strings. Not quite massive enough is the ascent of the Finale. Re-pile the sonorities to the skies.

Upon each and every division, section and sub-section of the Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky lavishes his powers. If there is another drop to wring from them, wring it he does. Pace, accent, phrasing—at every turn the essential means. Each moment makes its effect, but in moments—some forty of them—the music goes and comes. From specimen the listener hears Chaikovsky; but hears him not through a Symphony that is steady progress from those first measures of boding fate to the final peal of those same measures conquered and made glad. Like a row of incandescent lamps stands the music: but from them, spotty, spreads no deepening glow.

H. T. P.

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The Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., thank all subscribers who so generously donated their Symphony tickets to be sold for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., Endowment Fund.

The amount received this season will exceed \$6000.00.





## Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 22, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 23, at 8.15 o'clock

Chadwick . . . . . Ballade, "Tam o'Shanter,"  
 for Orchestra

Sessions . . . . . Symphony in E minor  
 I. Giusto.  
 II. Largo.  
 III. Allegro vivace.

(First performance)

Strauss . . . . . Tone Poem, "Tod und Verklärung"  
 ("Death and Transfiguration")  
 Op. 24

Strauss . . . . . Salome's Dance from the  
 Opera, "Salome"

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,— Chapter 3, relating to the covering of  
 the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs  
 the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators,  
 it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.  
 Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection  
 of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



*His Work Played First  
Time by Symphony*



(Photo by Mishima)  
ROGER H. SESSIONS

## SYMPHONY IN 23D CONCERT

Symphony by Sessions Is  
Given Its First  
Performance

### CHADWICK BALLADE ALSO ON PROGRAM

*Herald* Apr. 23, 1927  
By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 23d concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Chadwick, "Tam O'Shanter," Ballade for orchestra. Sessions, Symphony, E minor (first performance). Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," and Salome's Dance.

Mr. Sessions in his notes contributed to the Program Book makes an interesting profession of his musical faith. This statement is not so long as Victor Hugo's preface to his "Cromwell," it is not so momentous; nor will it probably influence contemporaneous young composers as Hugo's audacious declarations excited the enthusiasm of "Young France"; but it is a frank, manly statement of his position in the present world of music, a world to some chaotic and anarchistic; to some wholly inexplicable; to others only the auroral flushes of the blazing, glorious sun to rise with healing in its wings.

Mr. Sessions, admitting that he has endeavored to absorb the influences of Block and Stravinsky, nevertheless finds the highest perfection in early Flemish and Italian composers, in Bach and in the Mozart of "The Magic Flute" and The Requiem. His aim is to give "coherent and living expression" of his musical ideas.

After the performance of the symphony yesterday, hisses were mingled with applause and shouts of "Bravo." It is reassuring to find that a Friday afternoon audience takes, after all, an interest in new music, but hissing never killed music that had in it the elements of life; applause, which is often only a perfunctory tribute, an obligatory act of courtesy (especially in the case of

"rising" young American composers) never gave life to dry bones. The history of music in Boston alone shows clearly how that which was considered when first heard to be intolerable, not to be endured, was after a few years honestly, rapturously applauded and is still in the repertory of every leading orchestra.

Was the first movement of Mr. Sessions's symphony performed wholly to his satisfaction? Great pains had been taken at rehearsal; the symphony bristles with difficulties, especially the rhythmic ones; Mr. Koussevitzky, who has expressed great admiration for the work, did his best to put it in the most favorable light, and no one could do more; yet this movement disappointed us. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Sessions had in mind when he composed this movement, for there must be some plan, some purpose even when there is no express program; even when there is no regard for the orthodox sonata form. This first movement was to many a rhythmic exercise. The prevailing rhythmic figure became monotonous, not well relieved, not entrancing, not exciting in itself. And the music, it seemed to us at least, was without marked character. Perhaps some, who are gentle souls and wish to be soothed after a hearty luncheon, would call this movement "ugly;" certainly not expressing the sort of beauty called charming.

A good many years ago Thomas Hardy describing Egdon Heath questioned whether the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty was not approaching its last quarter. "The new Vale of Temple may be a gaunt waste in Thule." But this appeal is to the eye, as the tourist finds delight and beauty in the mysterious amphitheatre of Truro on Cape Cod. In music, the appeal is to the ear, an organ easily disturbed by sounds that jar and jolt when they are inexpressive of beauty, nobility, sensuousness, grandeur, and succeed one another without measures of contrasting charm. It is in this movement, which we wish Mr. Sessions would rewrite, that we find the influence of Stravinsky in his more mechanical moments.

There is marked originality, there is a force of expression not derived from others, in the slow movement and in the finale, particularly in the former, where uncommon musical ideas are expressed in an uncommon manner; where there is an ingenuity in the instrumentation not so observable in the other movements. The frenzy of the finale is not distasteful; on the contrary here Mr. Sessions writes with gusto; also in demoniacal vein.

We understand that this Symphony is his first important composition. It is not surprising that in certain respects it is yeasty. Thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky and the superb orchestra he has had the opportunity of hearing his symphony. Let us hope that he has the



saving gift of self-criticism, for without it composer, virtuoso, poet, essayist is lost. Above all let him boldly assert his individuality, and heed not friend or foe.

It was good to hear Mr. Chadwick's Ballad after 11 years; good to find it still fresh, picturesque, romantic. There's the title, "Tam O'Shanter," that's enough for anyone that knows the poem. Mr. Chadwick didn't make the mistake of attempting a literal, detailed translation into tones: the chief episodes in Tam's nocturnal adventure are clearly, ingeniously, dramatically expressed. No wonder the music and the eloquent performance greatly pleased the audience; that Mr. Chadwick from his seat on the floor was obliged several times to rise.

Whether Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" is beginning to seem old-fashioned, rather verbose, too long drawn out, is a question for discussion at musical gatherings where ladies, old and young, settle the status of composers for all time. Mr. Koussevitzky gave a remarkably effective interpretation, preparing the majestic climax after the long crescendo in so thrilling a manner that one forgot the inherent cheapness of the melodic line. Nor did the performance of Salome's Dance fall below in dazzling brilliance.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, for the closing concerts of the season, will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3; Aubert, Habanera; Dukelsky, Suite from the Ballet "Zephyr and Flora" (first performance of the suite); Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C-minor.

## SESSIONS' SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Brookline Composer's  
Work Heard for the  
First Time

Post — Apr. 23, 1927  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Attentive, and rightly, both to that which has proved enduring and to that which bespeaks promise in our native music, Mr. Koussevitzky has bracketed an elder and a younger American in the programme of this week's Symphony Concerts. First upon his list stands Chadwick's "Tam o'Shanter," and following it comes a Symphony in E minor by the Brooklynite, Roger Huntington Sessions, played yesterday for the first time anywhere.

### UNHEARD IN 11 YEARS

As a matter of fact Mr. Koussevitzky has come a trifle belatedly to the realization that there is something to American music besides the somewhat experimental efforts of our youngest composers, but in these final weeks of this current season he is making ample amends. Yesterday afternoon "Tam o'Shanter," unheard at the Symphony concerts since April, 1916, when the composer conducted the first Boston performances, afforded keen pleasure. Undeservedly neglected heretofore, this orchestral ballad is yet one of Mr. Chadwick's more important, more characteristic compositions.

In the years that separate "Tam o'Shanter" from Mr. Sessions's Symphony many streams have flowed into the tonal current and Mr. Sessions, a true child of his time, writes with an accent decidedly contemporaneous.

### Two Strauss' Works

For the rest, yesterday's concert offered familiar music in the shape of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" and the "Dance of the Seven Veils," from his opera "Salome." Yesterday it seemed that "Death and Transfiguration" is fading faster than its fellow tone-poems, an impression for which Mr. Koussevitzky's excessively slow pace in the introduction and in the lyric middle section may have been partly responsible. Nevertheless, the final climax, which is still time-defying, was impressively reared.

Albeit glowingly orchestrated, Salome's Dance, brilliantly played yesterday, in the concert room, has little enough of the Oriental voluptuousness that the operatic scene suggests.

## Sessions Symphony Produced in Boston

Monitor — Apr. 23, 1927  
THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the first of its twenty-third pair of concerts for the season in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday afternoon, with this program:

Chadwick—Ballade, "Tam o'Shanter," for orchestra  
Sessions—Symphony in E minor  
Strauss—"Tod und Verklärung"  
Strauss—Salome's Dance

In spite of the ordeal of the Beethoven centenary, and although the season is drawing to a close, the indefatigable Mr. Koussevitzky continues to introduce new pieces. Thus the Symphony of Roger H. Sessions had its first performance yesterday, and for the concluding concerts next week the conductor announces Dukelsky's Suite from the Ballet, "Zéphyr et Flore" to be played for the first time in America.

Mr. Sessions is a young American, descendant of an old New England family, is a graduate of Harvard, and has been a pupil of Horatio Parker and Ernest Bloch. He disclaims "any kind of dogma or platform. I am not trying to write 'modern,' 'American,' or 'neo-classic' music; I am seeking always and only the coherent and living expression of my musical ideas." This is "without theorizing as to their source or their other than musical meaning." He admits feeling the influence of Bloch and Stravinsky.

Mr. Sessions is a man of rhythm. Of the three movements of this symphony, the first (Giusto) and the third (Allegro vivace) are notable chiefly for their complicated cross-rhythms, which must make them extremely difficult to play, though the orchestra did not seem to be suffering. The first movement appears to be based on a four-note figure which has no distinction as a theme and is not developed in the conventional sense, but lends itself readily to the composer's rhythmic purposes. The last movement, in more or less regular sonata form, is of a gayety true

to its title. Dance tunes apparently provide its material, but here again the preoccupation is with rhythmic play. The quiet middle movement (Largo) proves that the composer can be songful when he wills.

Has this composer found himself? We do not think so, but we do feel that he is worth finding. There is no evidence in his score of an ambition merely to beat the drum of publicity. There are in this symphony jazzy sounds as well as jazzy rhythms, but one does not feel, as one did, for example, with Mr. Copland's Concerto, that they are inserted to satisfy a demand for jazz in the concert hall. Rather, they seem to be incidents of an elaborate, contrapuntally rhythmic musical scheme, which is perhaps a natural product of an anti-romantic period.

Mr. Sessions's music had what he doubtless considered the advantage of being the only absolute music on the program. Of course, from a popular viewpoint, this situation had little to recommend it. The preceding number, by the director of the New England Conservatory of Music, is a well-made piece representative of the older American school. But besides being well-made, Mr. Chadwick's music is representational, descriptive, even onomatopoeic. It is a picture with a story. These qualities, although hopelessly out of æsthetic fashion, have still a powerful appeal to the public; whereas Mr. Sessions's music is not so easy to follow. Further, Mr. Chadwick is a distinguished figure, while Mr. Sessions, though of excellent stock, may well be a dangerous fellow. Thus it came about that Mr. Chadwick's opus was affectionately greeted, while Mr. Sessions's was received with quite audible hisses and weak applause. No doubt the hisses will prove to the younger man that he is really a composer of importance. (Strauss's work was hissed in Boston a generation ago.)

Yet it was not the "story" in the Strauss items, nor yet altogether their familiarity, that made them more acceptable yesterday than their predecessors on the program. Grant that Strauss lacks taste; how the man can write for the orchestra! And how Koussevitzky and his men can vivify his scores! The performance of the "Tod und Verklärung" in particular was superb. L. A. S.



# COMPOSER REVEALED: THE MIND AND HAND OF ROGER SESSIONS

*Trans. — Apr. 28, 1927*  
A NOTABLE SYMPHONY FOR THE  
FIRST TIME

Music from the Mind to the Mind—A  
Slow Movement Seeking a New-Found  
Beauty—Finale of Hard-Edged Gayety  
— Mr. Chadwick and a Tone-Poem —  
Strauss from a Virtuoso-Orchestra and  
a Conductor Stirred

FOR ONCE, let the reviewer take his courage in his hands, affirming in a clear voice and with a good heart that in Roger Sessions Mr. Koussevitzky has discovered a notable composer. Ten years—more probably ten days—hence, everyone will have forgotten what any reviewer said on that score. By that time, since this world is perverse and undependable, Mr. Sessions's future work may have belied much that his Symphony of yesterday seemed to establish or to promise. In such case, only the reviewer, turning the leaves of a crumbling scrap-book, will know the chagrins of misjudgment—and keep that intimate sensation to himself. Meanwhile let him speak in his haste the faith that is in him, leaving his repentance to the leisure of the grinding gods. Let him speak it the more frankly, because the applause that answered Mr. Sessions's Symphony was slight and little quickened, contrary to custom, by the presence of the composer. Possibly, there was no more to expect; while in one particular, there was clear gain. So far as casual observation went, no one laughed during or after the performance. Evidently, a few measures sufficed to warn the least perceptive that they were listening to the serious music of a serious composer. The Symphony aside, Mr. Sessions's note in the program-book affirmed as much. For, by rare exception in his calling, he has the gift of words as well as tones.

For partial background to Mr. Sessions's Symphony, memory goes back to a novel piece imposed by Mr. Koussevitzky last season upon both his Bostonian and Parisian publics—a Concerto Grosso of Hindemith. The individualiz-

New England knows that when a certain kind of music is desired, HARVARD is without an equal of quality—or when a mild, fine Sumatra, is the choice, P

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ing traits of that music were rhythmic energy and intricacy; vehement and unrelaxing motion or counter-motion; ready rather than choice command of formal structure and conveying means; absence of all sentiment, emotion or external characterization; a hard surface, flinging off only musical reflections. Seemingly, Hindemith would have the listener's response primarily mental. The substance, the process, the movement of the music should engage and suffice the hearing ear and mind. If any reciprocating sensation was generated, it might be a quasi-intellectual approval of the composer's fertility and energy.

For his part Mr. Sessions observes the models and absorbs the impulses of his day and generation; then, setting to the composition of a Symphony, fertilizes both in his own way; gives them out in his own particular voice. Note as well as the hearer may in casual hearings, the formal structure of the first movement of this Symphony in E minor. It is not development and interplay of themes in the old symphonic sense. Rather, it is a counterpoint of rhythms, interlaced or crossed, proceeding from a few skeletonized elements. Observe also the instrumental means employed—wood-winds, brass, instruments of percussion, rare strings, invariably pizzicato. The purpose stands clear—a more propulsive, incisive, reiterated rhythmic. Remark also the absence of modulation harmonic vesture and tonal color according to the example of Wagner and Strauss or of Debussy and Ravel. Flexible figures better serve the rhythmic purpose and the cerebral impression.

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for the remainder of the concert, Mr. Tchaikovsky first bade in a neighborly way, Mr. Chadwick, warmly received him. Always, in the city where he has spent his working life and made his place in American music. Yet, so long as the "Symphonic Studies" go unplayed, the conductor could have made a better choice than "Tam o' Shanter" of yesterday. Relatively late in his career Mr. Chadwick began to cultivate the tone of the orchestra—in this instance a "ballad for orchestra." It was the fashionable, almost prescribed, form for symphonic music at the turn into the twentieth century, for a decade and more thereafter. Naturally, it tempted Mr. Chadwick. The reason he would achieve it, as in the foretime he had achieved symphonies

s. Yet he seldom takes ease and confidence in the matter appropriate to his invention and his "Tam o' Shanter" is a well-made piece. It contains, self-developed, a hint from the process, it bears forward of the haunted ride. Into the true ballad collection. From first well-conducted and everywhere does it touch creative vigor of "The Song of the Fishes"; the individual parts of the Symphony of invention and "The Song of the Fishes" or the "Mel-



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In the second movement, which is slow-paced and grave of musical speech, Mr. Sessions pursues another goal. It departs far from the relatively easy-going procedure of Hindemith et al. It reflects the Stravinskian convention—for into that the gospels of Igor are hardening—only in what the new generation calls “sonorities.” Mr. Sessions began by writing a new and strange music from the mind to the mind. He now goes a-questioning for a new and strange beauty; for some of us, actually gains it. This slow movement, allotted to the whole orchestra, less half the violins, divides itself into webs or filaments of sonority. The webs are broadly shaped and full-rounded patterns of musical sound. They are impregnated, as from the dyer’s hand, with a blended and deepened tonal color, making single and intense impression upon ear and imagination. There is contrast between these sonorous webs; while a rare mental ingenuity with minute motifs gives them sequence. The filaments are solo-voices used in lighter contrasts, isolated and individualized for the instant. The outcome—to renew the personal impression—is the unfolding of a new-found beauty of ordered sound, enriched, diversified, cumulated. That beauty is rare and stirring sensation. If Mr. Sessions will permit the word, it is an emotion in itself—an emotion, however, purely musical, deriv-

For the remainder of the concert, Mr. Koussevitzky first bade in a neighbor—to wit, Mr. Chadwick, warmly received, as always, in the city where he has spent his working life and made his place in American music. Yet, so long as the "Symphonic Studies" go unplayed, the conductor could have made a better choice than "Tam o' Shanter" of yesterday. Relatively late in his career Mr. Chadwick began to cultivate the tone-poem—in this instance a "ballad for orchestra." It was the fashionable, almost the prescribed, form for symphonic music at the turn into the twentieth century, for a decade and more thereafter. Naturally, it tempted Mr. Chadwick; with reason he would achieve it, as aforetime he had achieved symphonies,

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overtures and quartets. Yet he seldom

worked in it with a like ease and confi

dence; while subject-matter appropriate

to it, less simulated his invention and

imagination.

For present instance, "Tam o' Shanter"

is a well-devised and well-made piece. It

proceeds as a self-contained, self-devel

oped music. With a hint from the pro

gram-book and Burns, it bears forward

the tonal narrative of the haunted ride.

At the end, it falls into the true ballad

vein of musing recollection. From first

measure to last, it is well-conducted and

appropriate. Yet nowhere does it touch

the humor, fancy and creative vigor of

the "Symphonic Sketches"; the individual

and American voice in parts of the Sym

phonies; the warmth of invention and

imagination in "Adonais" or the "Mel

pomene" overture. The more character

istic Chadwick preceded the tone-poems;

yet among them, perhaps because the

dates are later and nearer, the conductors

prefer to linger.

For conclusion, Strauss twice over—in

the tone-poem, "Death and Transfigura

tion;" in the dance of Salome from her

music-drama. Let the Beethoven Cen

tenary Festival be Mr. Koussevitzky's

excuse for no "Zarathustra," no "Don

Quixote," no "Domestica," upon this

season's programs. Most of us bore

patiently with him a year ago while he

dallied with "An Alpine Symphony;" let

his repetitions of "Don Juan" and "Till"

and, now, "Death and Transfiguration"

whet our appetite for the later and longer

tone-poems to come. As yet they come

not; while with them, by all the signs of

yesterday, conductor and orchestra would

outdo themselves.

To such virtuosity has Mr. Kousse

vitzky carried the band that it can etch

in every detail of Strauss's musical and

delineative design. To such characteri

zation has he carried it that passages

like the memories of childhood, or the

recalling of resolute and aspiring youth,

wring the listening heart. To such

power has he brought it that the tonal

struggle for the ideal and against smug

content stings the imagination and com

forts the spirit. Or grisly Death rains

its drum-beats; or upward, surge upon

surge, rises the transfiguration. Here

also is music for Mr. Koussevitzky's

ass and the hearer

of the music for

the sonorous sweep.

the sensuous trill

ings, lascivious lan



# COMPOSER THE MI OF F

Tr ans.  
A NOTABLE S

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Music from the  
Slow Movement  
Beauty—Finale  
— Mr. Chadwi  
Strauss from a  
a Conductor Sti

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For his part Mr.  
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Rather, it is a cour  
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cording to the exar  
Strauss or of Debuss  
ible figures better  
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Music, however, does not prevail  
methods that the composer pract  
we listening, or reading, pedant  
out. It prevails by its immedi  
accumulating impression upon  
in the quick give-and-take of  
cert-hall.

There, for some of us yester  
first division of Mr. Sessions's Sy  
prevailed because it teemed with  
mic life; because it was in incess  
brant, irresistible motion; beca  
stripped music to the quick as a  
pattern of sound in movement;  
it was directed by mental pow  
technical resource into conce  
mental impression. Mr. Sessions  
clines the address to the sense  
by the appeal to the emotions;  
utterly pictorial or characterizing  
gestion; will have no commerce  
—with beauty. He writes a music  
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WARD FACET  
Treasurer



ear

country. The commissio  
but the American memb  
the diplomats had signed  
which the main princip

suffuses the tonal mass and the hearer  
forgets the substance of the music for  
the surface-glow and the sonorous sweep.

So likewise with the sensuous trill  
ings, frenzied whirlings, lascivious lan  
guors of Salome's dance, the quasi-exotic  
instrumental and harmonic vesture.  
Those pages are by no means of the  
"greater" Strauss. The coloring seems  
sometimes a muddy pigment; the dance  
rhythms are willed by resource for the  
theater rather than hot-born of sensual  
imagination. Yet Mr. Koussevitzky and  
the orchestra bring them stirringly off.  
What might they not do in this heyday,  
with the humanities of "Don Quixote,"  
the sinews and pomps of "Zarathustra,"  
and "Eln Heldenleben"? For all three,  
and the "Domestica" to boot, it is high  
time.  
H. T. P.



## Unwithered Autumn



Strauss

From the Lithograph by Liebermann

## NEW SYMPHONY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Young American's Music  
in First Performance

Roger Huntington Sessions Notable

Composer

*Globe* — *Apr. 23, 1924*

Mr Koussevitzky, whose interest in the younger generation of American composers is likely to prove of great service to the art of music in this country, conducted at yesterday's Symphony concert the first public performance of a new Symphony in E minor by Roger Huntington Sessions, a work showing notable talent and not a little promise.

Mr Sessions, born at Brooklyn, N Y, in 1896, comes of a family long resident at Old Hadley, Mass. He was educated at Kent School, and at Harvard, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1915. He subsequently studied and taught music under Horatio Parker at Yale and under Ernest Bloch at Cleveland. He has lately been living near Florence, Italy, as holder of a Guggenheim fellowship. He was present yesterday to acknowledge the applause.

In a program note Mr Sessions says that he is "aware of the strong influence . . . of Bloch and Stravinsky" upon his work. The Stravinsky influence is indeed obvious to any listener familiar with the rhythms of that composer's recent work. But one might have overlooked all traces of Bloch in Mr Sessions' music had he not thus publicly confessed his obligation.

### "Musical Ideas"

"These influences," Mr Sessions continues, "I have tried rather to absorb than to escape, since I have no sympathy with consciously sought originality. . . . I am not trying to write 'modern,' 'American' or 'Neo-classic' music. I am seeking always and only the coherent and living expression of my musical ideas."

Mr Sessions has none the less shown marked originality in the plan and the instrumentation of this symphony.

There are three movements, an introductory allegro, marked "giusto," and not "allegro"; a largo in song form, and a long and elaborate finale, "allegro vivace," in somewhat modified sonata form.

Mr Sessions seemingly is convinced that there are too many strings in the usual orchestra, and that composers habitually give them too much to do. He uses his violins chiefly for percussive effects, in which they supplement the pianoforte, which in his work is also, as in many modern pieces, a member of the percussion group of instruments. When he wants distinctively violinistic effects he gets them from the violas, or cellos, or from a small group of violins. The wood winds are his mainstay. These ingenuities of scoring are, however, for the most part legitimate means to his imaginative ends, and only occasionally pedantic mannerisms of style.

Rhythmic polyphony, reinforced by polytonal or atonal harmonic effects, with a continual flow of interweaving strands of melody devoid of points of repose except at the end of movements, characterize Mr Sessions' style.

The slow movement, much of which has remarkable beauty and nobility, proves Mr Sessions' native feeling for harmony to be at least as strong as his rhythmic impulses. Ideas and expression are here felicitously blended. The first and last movements are based on salient and individual ideas. The working out is skillful, yet not devoid of spontaneity of effect.

### Notable Talent

The idiom is throughout that of the present musical decade, indubitably though not aggressively modernistic. Several people were sufficiently annoyed by it yesterday to hiss, nor was there general applause before the composer was led out by Mr Koussevitzky.

One felt that Mr Sessions has a notable talent, still not quite beyond the formative stage, and still too much dominated by the striking individuality of Stravinsky. One was grateful to Mr Koussevitzky for the opportunity of hearing this American work, which compares very favorably with many of the European novelties we have heard in recent seasons. More of Mr Sessions' music, and a repetition of this E minor Symphony would be welcome to those listeners who believe that music is a living art, still near the beginning of its evolution.

The rest of the program included a remarkably eloquent performance of "Strauss' "Tod und Verklärung" and of the dance from his opera "Salome"; and George W. Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," which could certainly be made more vividly dramatic than it was yesterday. Mr Chadwick rose in



his place near the center of the hall to bow to the applause, but did not come to the stage, contrary to the recent practice of composers present at these concerts.

Next week's program, the last of the season, includes Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture, Aubert's "Habanera," a novelty by a young Russian, Dukelsky; and Brahms' First Symphony. P. R.

## MUSIC OF THE TIME: THE FIRST SYMPHONY OF ROGER SESSIONS

ANOTHER YOUNG AMERICAN GAINS  
A HEARING

Again the Good Offices of Mr. Koussevitzky — Music of Incessant Motion and Persistent Rhythms and Polyrythms — Broad Contrasts of Color as Well — A Gradual Progress in Form and Voices

ON HIS PROGRAM for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday next, Mr. Koussevitzky has set music by two Americans: Mr. Chadwick's tone-poem, "Tam o' Shanter" (after Burns's ballad) in the past well received here; Mr. Roger Huntington Sessions's Symphony in E minor, to be played for the first time anywhere. Mr. Chadwick's life and works are known to his fellow-townsmen; Mr. Sessions is a newcomer. Born in Massachusetts in the town of Hadley, he graduated from Harvard in 1915; was pupil, for two years, of Horatio Parker at Yale; became instructor in the Music Department of Smith College for four years during all of which time he studied with Mr. Ernest Bloch, then of New York; went to Cleveland to teach in the music division of the Institute of Fine Arts, when it was entrusted to Mr. Bloch; remained there four years; at present is the holder of a Guggenheim fellowship entitling him to residence at Florence, where he has now spent two winters.

Mr. Sessions's symphony is absolute music—as absolute as any classicist ever conceived. The composer had no program in mind when writing it; the analyst would be obliged to mine deeply in his imagination to suggest one. Do-

uld probably do the piece. The symphony is in three parts: a slow introduction, a gay and lively Finale. Mr. Sessions serves an order of climax in divisions. The last is in common form; the first makes no embryonic suggestion of that picture. The slow division is conventional song-form. In introduction also, Mr. Sessions the same proportions. The score is scored entirely for wind instruments. Reminded of the strings in the score, he quickly replied, "They are percussion," by which usage occasionally, and then piano is also heard. In the movement strings are included. The exact balance that Mr. Sessions, he uses only half the course with all the violas, passes. In the Finale, pre-idea of orchestral as well as x, Mr. Sessions uses the full orchestra.

is, like most of the younger generation, is the aesthetic time. His theory and practical composition are the theory of the nineteen-twenties. He has two strongest influences: he has been Bloch and Stravinsky. He was at work on this symphony both composers and so far reaching as the new harmonies of Debussy. But they are not self-sufficient. They may only fertilize rhythmic practice as the ways of Debussy fertilized the harmonic practice of his day. They may add to the common fund of effects profitably. In such wise, as one more possible, and good, rhythmic effect, Mr. Sessions uses his jazz—whether consciously or not matters not at all. Sufficient it is that he uses syncopations in a manner in which no one before Gershwin, Berlin and Copland—or rather before Mr. Chadwick, with his broad developments of rag-time (the rhythmic basis of jazz) in his early string quartets and symphonies—could have done.

The score of the Symphony in E minor bears dedication "To my Father." The ideas that developed into this symphony were first conceived in the summer of 1925, when they were planned as material for a string quartet. The string quartet, however, did not grow from them. More and more this material kept pointing the way to orchestral venture, with which Mr. Sessions finally clothed it. For a year not much work was done upon the symphony. In the spring of 1926 Sessions took it actively in hand. The first movement was complete Dec. 5, 1926; the second, Jan. 2, 1927; the third, Jan. 31, 1927. The chief interest of the first movement is rhythmic. Like the music of the oldest classicists, it proceeds almost entirely in one key, without modulation of any importance. Hence to speak of sonata-form is out of the question. A short introduction exposes the two

the inexorable quality of its rhythmic motion. Get beneath this "return to the classics"; or, as Mr. Sessions has done, choose the new courses without much thought of that return; in both cases the insistence on rigid motion will be the same. The resulting music belongs to an age of the machine. There is Stravinsky's; there is also Hindemith's.

Still another influence, which Mr. Sessions did not mention, is discoverable in his score—the influence of jazz. It may be entirely unconscious with the composer; while obviously he does not exploit it as after the manner of sundry young Americans. His is the wiser course. For analogy: years ago Debussy practised a new harmonic style. Many attempts there were to work exclusively with the chords peculiar to it. Almost always the outcome was disastrous. It was soon clear that Debussy's effects were occasional and incidental; on a plane with a thousand and one other effects; desirable and useful in degree and kind. So with jazz. The innovations it offers may be as far reaching as the new harmonies of Debussy. But they are not self-sufficient. They may only fertilize rhythmic practice as the ways of Debussy fertilized the harmonic practice of his day. They may add to the common fund of effects profitably. In such wise, as one more possible, and good, rhythmic effect, Mr. Sessions uses his jazz—whether consciously or not matters not at all. Sufficient it is that he uses syncopations in a manner in which no one before Gershwin, Berlin and Copland—or rather before Mr. Chadwick, with his broad developments of rag-time (the rhythmic basis of jazz) in his early string quartets and symphonies—could have done.

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matic "elements" on which the movement is based. These are motifs of a tour to invite variety of rhythmic treatment. The movement proceeds from beginning to end with a continuous flow of notes at fairly rapid pace. Varying multiples of eights, shaped by changing accent and placing the figures, provide an exhilarating flexibility in this rigid rhythmic scheme. In course, the rhythms of the different measures in different parts do not coincide, give rise to polyrhythm. From the interrupted flow of the eighth-note theme, and from the persistence with which the figures are continued, some called this movement a toccata. Of many as such, Mr. Sessions is not in this movement. It is rather a thing, intensely active counterpoint, of dissonant clashes, introduced at fully spaced time-intervals. Within a rhythmic, contrapuntal scheme, "exposition" follows the introduction; a contrasting middle portion—Mr. Sessions speaks of it as a "cadenza"—characterized chiefly by much lighter registration. There is modified treatment of the first division, and a which recalls the introduction.

The second movement is conceived as a movement of contrasting orchestral color. The pace is slow. A broad sentence for orchestral combination, say the lower strings, will be followed by another sentence, equally broad, for another combination, perhaps lower winds,—bassoons, low clarinets. Rapid changes of textures, contrasts in details, there are. Further, each sonorous group is to carry its own theme, a theme peculiarly suitable to its intrinsic color. Sessions says that he is fond of orchestral color as such, and, therefore, has a form of treatment which would set it in the clearest contrasts. Again, the orchestration is the earmark of a section. There single voices connect with each other, in lieu of the orchestral masses of the first and the last movement. A flute, a clarinet, a solo violin, supported by piano figures bear the burden of this section. The last division is a tened and quieter repetition of the

The third movement, in E major, is in sonata-form. The exposition is regular. The first theme is simple, a second contains a number of sub-divisions. The development-section introduces new ideas. The recapitulation and the short coda are both regular. The movement is bright and gay in style. The mental and aesthetic processes that go into the making of the first two movements go also into the making of the third. A. H. M.



his place near the center of the thing so, he would probably do the piece to bow to the applause, but did an injustice. The symphony is in three come to the stage, contrary to the movements—a Tempo Giusto, a slow cent practice of composers present movement, a gay and lively Finale. Mr. Sessions preserves an order of climax in these concerts.

Next week's program, the last of the season, includes Beethoven's "Leonore" complete sonata-form; the first makes no No. 3" overture, Aubert's "Habanera" more than embryonic suggestion of that a novelty by a young Russian, Debussy's elaborate structure. The slow division is sky; and Brahms' First Symphony cast in the conventional song-form. In

## MUSIC OF THE TIME: THE FIRST SYMPHONY OF ROGER SESSIONS

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his instrumentation also, Mr. Sessions has observed the same proportions. The first movement is scored entirely for wind and percussion instruments. Reminded of the presence of strings in the score, Mr. Sessions quickly replied, "They are part of the percussion," by which usage they play only occasionally, and then pizzicato. A piano is also heard. In the second movement strings are included, but to obtain the exact balance that Mr. Sessions wishes, he uses only half the violins—of course with all the violas, cellos and basses. In the Finale, preserving the idea of orchestral as well as formal climax, Mr. Sessions uses the full modern orchestra.

Mr. Sessions, like most of the younger American generation, is the aesthetic child of his time. His theory and practice of musical composition are the theory and practice of the nineteen-twenties. He says that the two strongest influences upon him have been Bloch and Stravinsky. When he was at work on this symphony he felt both composers and so

phony he said in a program-note to accompany the Saturday next, Mr. Koussevitzky. Looking at the symphony, how- vitzky has set music by ever, some months after completion, and Americans: Mr. Chadwick's tone-poem "The Sea" with greater perspective, Mr. "Tam o' Shanter" (after Burns's ballad) which Sessions feels that Bloch's influence is all in the past well received here; Mr. Sessions's Symphony in E minor, to be played for the first time anywhere.

From study of Stravinsky Mr. Sessions gained freedom and flexibility of rhythm as well as fondness for complex poly-rhythmic style; a point of view with instrumentation; the theory and practice which Stravinsky has followed in recent years. Mr. Sessions, however, does not stress a return to early classic forms. He is more at one with Stravinsky in things which cut deeper. For much of Mr. Sessions's symphony is a music of motion, incessant motion, motion unyielding, motion almost frantic in its insistence. "I build up no climaxes," he says, and he might have added, "I prepare for none." For his score contains such directions as "non-rallentando" in spots where a pre-modern conductor (meaning pre-1924) might have made a retard to emphasize a cadence or point the appearance of a new theme or a new division of the movement. Or, a quiet passage is labelled "without expression." Such a music may well be taken as an expression of the spirit of the present age. For it is nothing if not machine-like in

the inexorable quality of its rhythmic motion. Get beneath this "return to the classics"; or, as Mr. Sessions has done, choose the new courses without much thought of that return; in both cases the insistence on rigid motion will be the same. The resulting music belongs to an age of the machine. There is Stravinsky's; there is also Hindemith's.

Still another influence, which Mr. Sessions did not mention, is discoverable in his score—the influence of jazz. It may be entirely unconscious with the composer; while obviously he does not exploit it as after the manner of sundry young Americans. His is the wiser course. For analogy: years ago Debussy practised a new harmonic style. Many attempts there were to work exclusively with the chords peculiar to it. Almost always the outcome was disastrous. It was soon clear that Debussy's effects were occasional and incidental; on a plane with a thousand and one other effects; desirable and useful in degree and kind. So with jazz. The innovations it offers may be as far reaching as the new harmonies of Debussy. But they are not self-sufficient. They may only fertilize rhythmic practice as the ways of Debussy fertilized the harmonic practice of his day. They may add to the common fund of effects profitably. In such wise, as one more possible, and good, rhythmic effect, Mr. Sessions uses his jazz—whether consciously or not matters not at all. Sufficient it is that he uses syncopations in a manner in which no one before Gershwin, Berlin and Copland—or rather before Mr. Chadwick, with his broad developments of rag-time (the rhythmic basis of jazz) in his early string quartets and symphonies—could have done.

The score of the Symphony in E minor bears dedication "To my Father." The ideas that developed into this symphony were first conceived in the summer of 1925, when they were planned as material for a string quartet. The string quartet, however, did not grow from them. More and more this material kept pointing the way to orchestral vesture, with which Mr. Sessions finally clothed it. For a year not much work was done upon the symphony. In the spring of 1926 Sessions took it actively in hand. The first movement was complete Dec. 5, 1926; the second, Jan. 2, 1927; the third, Jan. 31, 1927.

The chief interest of the first movement is rhythmic. Like the music of the oldest classicists, it proceeds almost entirely in one key, without modulation of any importance. Hence to speak of sonata-form is out of the question. A short introduction exposes the two

matic "elements" on which the movement is based. These are motifs of a tour to invite variety of rhythmic treatment. The movement proceeds from beginning to end with a continuous flow of light notes at fairly rapid pace, varying multiples of eights, shaped by changing accent and placing the figures, provide an exhilarating ability in this rigid rhythmic scheme. Of course, the rhythms of the different measures in different parts do not coincide, give rise to polyrhythm. From the interrupted flow of the eighth-note theme, and from the persistence with which the figures are continued, some called this movement a toccata. Of many as such, Mr. Sessions is not in this movement. It is rather a thing, intensely active counterpoint, of dissonant clashes, introduced at fully spaced time-intervals. Within a rhythmic, contrapuntal scheme, "exposition" follows the introduction; a contrasting middle portion—Mr. Sessions speaks of it as a "cadenza"—characterized chiefly by much lighter treatment. There is modified repetition of the first division, and a which recalls the introduction.

The second movement is conceived as a moment of contrasting orchestral color. The pace is slow. A broad sentence for orchestral combination, say the lower strings, will be followed by another sentence, equally broad, for another combination, perhaps lower winds,—bassoons, or low clarinets. Rapid changes of rhythms, contrasts in details, there are. Further, each sonorous group is to carry its own theme, a theme peculiarly suitable to its intrinsic color. Sessions says that he is fond of orchestral color as such, and, therefore, has a form of treatment which would set it in the clearest contrasts. Again, the orchestration is the earmark of a single section. There single voices converse with each other, in lieu of the orchestral masses of the first and the last movement. A flute, a clarinet, a solo violin, sorted by piano figures bear the burden of this section. The last division is a tened and quieter repetition of the

The third movement, in E major, is in sonata-form. The exposition is regular. The first theme is simple, a second contains a number of sub-divisions. The development-section introduces new ideas, recapitulation and the short coda both regular. The movement is bright and gay in style. The mental and aesthetic processes that go into the making of the first two movements go also into the making of the third.

A. H. M.



his place near the center of the ing so, he would probably do the piece to bow to the applause, but didan injustice. The symphony is in three come to the stage, contrary to th movements—a Tempo Giusto, a slow cent practice of composers prese movement, a gay and lively Finale. Mr. Sessions preserves an order of climax in these concerts.

Next week's program, the last o the three divisions. The last is in com- season, includes Beethoven's "Le complete sonata-form; the first makes no No. 3" overture, Aubert's "Haban more than embryonic suggestion of that a novelty by a young Russian, D elaborate structure. The slow division is sky; and Brahms' First Symphon cast in the conventional song-form. In

## MUSIC OF THE TIME: THE FIRST SYMPHONY OF ROGER SESSIO

ANOTHER YOUNG AMERICAN GA  
A HEARING

Again the Good Offices of Mr. Koussev  
ky — Music of Incessant Motion  
Persistent Rhythms and Polyrythm  
Broad Contrasts of Color as Wel  
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**O**N HIS PROGRAM for the Sphony he felt both composers and se phony Concerts of Friday said in a program-note to accompany the Saturday next, Mr. Kot piece. Looking at the symphony, how- vitzky has set music by ever, some months after completion, and Americans: Mr. Chadwick's tone-pu therefore with greater perspective, Mr. "Tam o' Shanter" (after Burns's ba Sessions feels that Bloch's influence is al- in the past well received here; Mr. R most wholly lacking. Huntington Sessions's Symphony i From study of Stravinsky Mr. Sessions minor, to be played for the first t gained freedom and flexibility of rhythm anywhere. Mr. Chadwick's life as well as fondness for complex poly- works are known to his fellow-to rhythmic style; a point of view with men; Mr. Sessions is a newcomer. I strumentation; the theory and practice in Massachusetts in the town of Ha which Stravinsky has followed in recent he graduated from Harvard in 1915; years. Mr. Sessions, however, does not stress a return to early classic forms. He is more at one with Stravinsky in Department of Smith College for things which cut deeper. For much of years during all of which time he stu Mr. Sessions's symphony is a music of with Mr. Ernest Bloch, then of motion, incessant motion, motion unyield- York; went to Cleveland to teach in ing, motion almost frantic in its insist- music division of the Institute of ence. "I build up no climaxes," he says, Arts, when it was entrusted to and he might have added, "I prepare for Bloch; remained there four years. none." For his score contains such present is the holder of a Guggen- directions as "non-rallentando" in spots where a pre-modern conductor (meaning fellowships entitling him to residence pre-1924) might have made a retard to Florence, where he has now spent emphasize a cadence or point the appear- winters. ance of a new theme or a new division of the movement. Or, a quiet passage is conceived. The composer had no gram in mind when writing it; labelled "without expression." Such a analyst would be obliged to mine de music may well be taken as an expres- in his imagination to suggest one. sion of the spirit of the present age. For it is nothing if not machine-like in

P. his instrumentation also, Mr. Sessions has observed the same proportions. The first movement is scored entirely for wind and percussion instruments. Reminded of the presence of strings in the score, Mr. Sessions quickly replied, "They are part of the percussion," by which usage they play only occasionally, and then pizzicato. A piano is also heard. In the second movement strings are included, but to obtain the exact balance that Mr. Sessions wishes, he uses only half the violins—of course with all the violas, cellos and basses. In the Finale, preserving the idea of orchestral as well as formal climax, Mr. Sessions uses the full modern orchestra.

Mr. Sessions, like most of the younger American generation, is the aesthetic child of his time. His theory and practice of musical composition are the theory and practice of the nineteen-twenties. He says that the two strongest influences upon him have been Bloch and Stravinsky. When he was at work on this sym-phony he felt both composers and se phony Concerts of Friday said in a program-note to accompany the Saturday next, Mr. Kot piece. Looking at the symphony, how- vitzky has set music by ever, some months after completion, and Americans: Mr. Chadwick's tone-pu therefore with greater perspective, Mr. "Tam o' Shanter" (after Burns's ba Sessions feels that Bloch's influence is al- in the past well received here; Mr. R most wholly lacking. Huntington Sessions's Symphony i From study of Stravinsky Mr. Sessions minor, to be played for the first t gained freedom and flexibility of rhythm anywhere. Mr. Chadwick's life as well as fondness for complex poly- works are known to his fellow-to rhythmic style; a point of view with men; Mr. Sessions is a newcomer. I strumentation; the theory and practice in Massachusetts in the town of Ha which Stravinsky has followed in recent he graduated from Harvard in 1915; years. Mr. Sessions, however, does not stress a return to early classic forms. He is more at one with Stravinsky in Department of Smith College for things which cut deeper. For much of years during all of which time he stu Mr. Sessions's symphony is a music of with Mr. Ernest Bloch, then of motion, incessant motion, motion unyield- York; went to Cleveland to teach in ing, motion almost frantic in its insist- music division of the Institute of ence. "I build up no climaxes," he says, Arts, when it was entrusted to and he might have added, "I prepare for Bloch; remained there four years. none." For his score contains such present is the holder of a Guggen- directions as "non-rallentando" in spots where a pre-modern conductor (meaning fellowships entitling him to residence pre-1924) might have made a retard to Florence, where he has now spent emphasize a cadence or point the appear- winters. ance of a new theme or a new division of the movement. Or, a quiet passage is conceived. The composer had no gram in mind when writing it; labelled "without expression." Such a analyst would be obliged to mine de music may well be taken as an expres- in his imagination to suggest one. sion of the spirit of the present age. For it is nothing if not machine-like in

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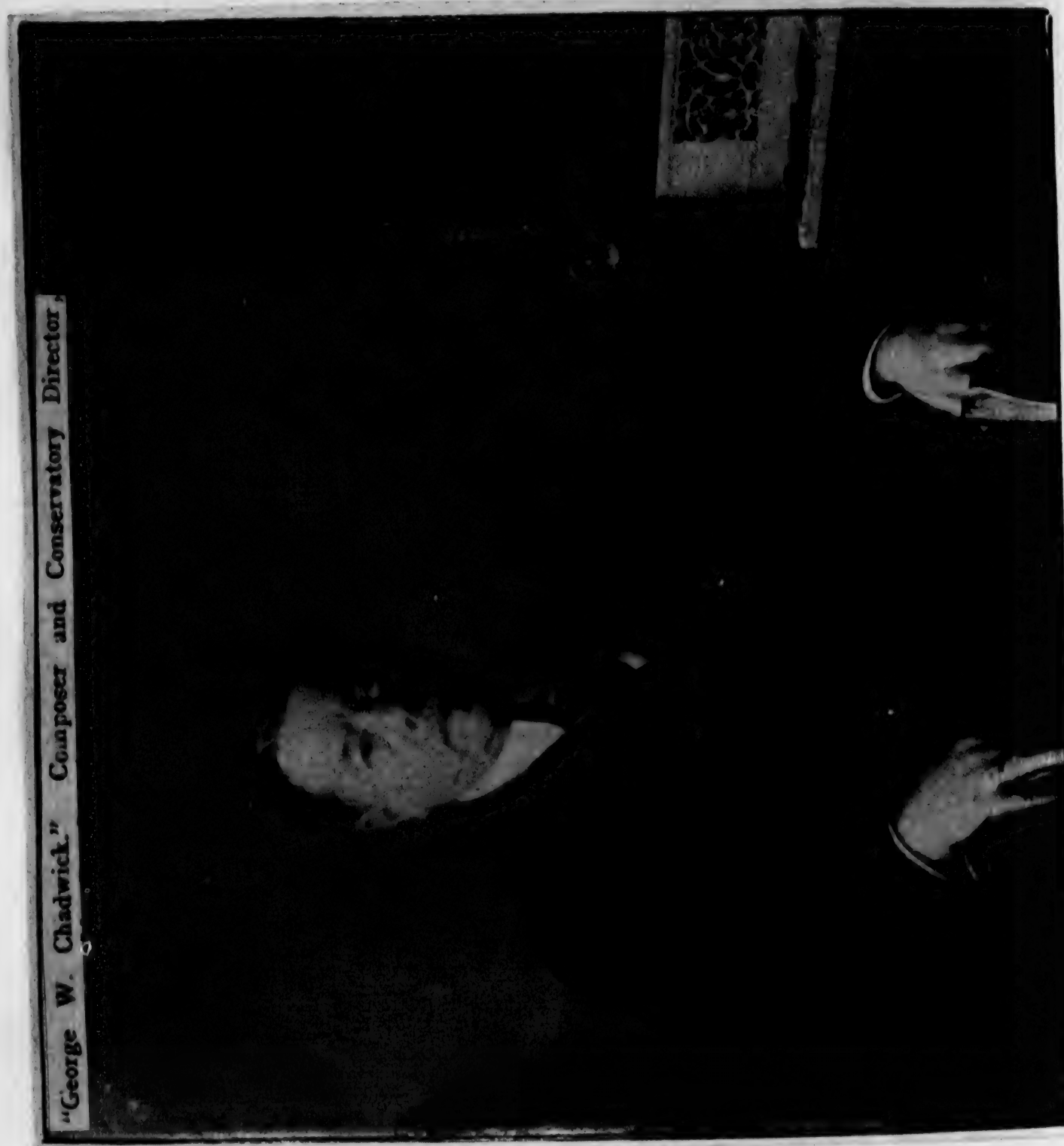
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A. H. M.





## Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 29, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72

Dukelsky . . . . . Suite from the Ballet, "Zéphyr et Flore"

Divertissements des Muses—

Andante non troppo.

Variations: Giocoso.

Allegretto comodo.

Risoluto.

Coda: Andante.

Finale: Allegro non troppo.

(First Performance)

Aubert . . . . . Habanera

Wagner . . . . . Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.

II. Andante sostenuto.

III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.

IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

For Announcement of Next Season see page 2017

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert





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Vladimir Dukelsky

## SYMPHONY IN 24TH CONCERT

Last Friday Performance  
of the 46th Season Stirs  
Enthusiasm

### MR. KOUSSEVITZKY IS GIVEN OVATION

*Herald* Apr. 30, 1927.  
BY PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 46th season took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged the following program: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 3. Dukelsky, Suite from the Ballet "Zephyr and Flora." Aubert, Habanera. Wagner, Ride of the Valkyries. Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

The excerpts from Dukelsky's Suite were performed for the first time. They consisted of the Divertissements of the Muses (Andante non troppo; three of the Variations; Coda; Andante and the Finale). The ballet itself was produced at Monte Carlo in April, 1925. There were performances later at Paris and at London by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. The story is not to be found in a Classical Dictionary. Boreas, as M. Diaghilev puts it, fell in love with his sister-in-law Flora. For the manner in which he attempted to win her he was put to death by the Muses who all fell in love with him at once. The nine Muses wore pork-pie hats and earrings; Flora was dressed to the waist as for the Champs Elysees, but later sported spotted tights; Zephyr wore a jockey's cap; Boreas was dressed or undressed "in the manner of the Minotaur." Why in this manner? For Boreas was at home in a Thracian cave. He was a fine fellow in his way; if he did carry off Oreithyia, the daughter of Erechtheus, for in the Persian war he befriended the Athenians by destroying the ships of their enemy.

Incidentally he was the brother of Zephyrus, the west wind, and the south, or southwest wind Auster or Notus.

A fine fellow, this Boreas, we repeat, whose stormy wooing of Oreithyia is told in a magnificent chorus in Swinburne's "Erechtheus."

It would seem from Dukelsky's music that Boreas blew stormy blasts throughout the frolics of the Muses.

Here again is an instance where music for a ballet may be much more effective and significant when it accompanies action on the theatre's stage. It was not easy to associate the music played yesterday with the Grecian Muses or with any Muses save perhaps those of Montmartre. There was little or no suggestion of a ballet in the ordinary meaning of the word; little to remind one of a pas seul or terpsichorean ensemble. Furthermore, the musical chief idea was not important, while the variations were interesting chiefly by the instrumentation which was not so ingenious or unexpected as to make amends for the comparative dullness of the whole composition.

One thought more of Boreas than of the amiable Muses. More than once the hearer was tempted to cry out in the words of the old song.

"Cease rude Boreas, blustering raller."

Dukelsky, who sojourned in New York in the season of 1922-23, when an overture by him was produced there—is only in his 24th year. Those who know him say he has decided talent. In a letter he wrote to Edwin Evans of London, he said: "I hate all 'modernism,' and I love being modern. I believe only in construction in the truly classical sense, knowing that it is more difficult to construct a fox-trot than to write a thousand 'poems' on golden fishes, bald Chinamen, or oyster-shells as the so-called 'modernists' do." A bit of a humorist, this Dukelsky; but one would not care whether he called himself a reactionary or an anarchist in music, if he would only write pages that would interest, even by their wild enormity.

Aubert's Habanera was brought out in Boston by Mr. Monteux in 1923. It is not at first without a strange languorous charm. This is soon lost in passionate outcries. These die away with the opening theme entering little by little and slowly into the subconscious, to quote from M. Vuillermoz' description of the piece, a description that is a fine example of hifalutin. The ever recurring, swaying rhythm of the dance brought to mind yesterday that grim and haunting opera of Laparra's "La-Habanera," heard here in the palmy days of the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a remarkably dramatic performance of the dramatic overture of Beethoven's.



The Valkyries rode at furious speed. Not that one would have their steeds go as plump horses with asparagus boughs on their harness drawing sedately a carry-all from the old village church after the morning service; but one would have wished a little more pomp in the superb figures on which the "Ride" is based. Nevertheless the audience enjoyed the tumultuous rush and was enthusiastic. While the tempo of the third movement of the symphony was certainly faster than that of a Brahmsian allegretto, so that there was hardly time for the expression of the desired "grace," the performance as a whole was stirring and eloquent.

Before and after the concert Mr. Koussevitzky was assured by the prolonged and hearty applause that greeted him of the high regarded affection in which he is held by the audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The concert will be repeated tonight.

A few remarks on the season now ended will be found in The Herald of tomorrow.

## Boston Symphony Closes Season

*Mr. Koussevitzky* — *Apr. 30, 1927*  
THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, closes its forty-sixth season with this week's pair of concerts, in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Beethoven.....Overture "Leonore" No. 3  
Dukelsky  
Suite from the Ballet, "Zephyr et Flore"  
Aubert....."Habanera"  
Wagner....."Ride of the Valkyrs"  
Brahms.....Symphony No. 1 in C minor

Vladimir Dukelsky is 23 years old. Having begun to compose at the age of 8, he has a considerable list of compositions to his credit, including two symphonies, three piano concertos, three operas and chamber music. His ballet, "Zephyr et Flore," was performed in Monte Carlo, Paris, London and Berlin in 1925. This Suite, made last year, had its first performance yesterday.

Diaghileff is proud of having "discovered," along with Stravinsky and Prokofieff, this third Russian composer. Will Dukelsky rank with Stra-

vinsky, or at any rate with Prokofieff? Possibly, but not by virtue of this suite. It is quite conceivable that this score may be illuminating as a musical commentary on an amusing ballet. As music it is banal. The principal theme is a broad melody well adapted for musical comedy purposes and employed in much the musical comedy manner. There is a great deal of bustle in the Finale. And that is about all. Possibly one of the symphonies of this composer would be more compelling.

Aubert's "Habanera" failed to better the impression it made when Mr. Monteux presented it in Symphony Hall in 1923. Its mien is melancholy, but why? Is that the effect on the composer of Spanish dance music? Strange fellow.

The Overture was interpreted assiduously. The Valkyrs probably broke all speed records for their distance. The symphony received a thrilling performance — conductor and orchestra at their best. At the close there was a remarkable manifestation by both audience and orchestra for Mr. Koussevitzky.

The orchestra's season has been remarkable in several respects. The Beethoven Festival probably was the most notable observance in America of the composer's centenary, including within a week performances of the nine symphonies, the Mass in D and some chamber music, besides oral tributes.

Nine works had their first performances this season, 25 were heard for the first time in Boston. Of these 34, Bartók's Dance Suite left the deepest impression. Delius's "Song of the High Hills," Vaughan Williams's Norfolk Rhapsody and Hill's "Lilacs" are remembered with pleasure. Of the items played for the first time anywhere, Roger H. Sessions's Symphony in E minor seems at this distance the most significant.

At the close of Mr. Koussevitzky's third season, the orchestra is at a high point of virtuosity. If the conductor sometimes gives highly individualized readings of master works, his programs and his performances are almost invariably stimulating. It is understood he will return next season; for how long is not announced.

L. A. S.

## SYMPHONIC ENDING: BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, TWO OUT OF PARIS

*Trans. — Apr. 30, 1927*  
PLEASURES OF MUSIC, RITES OF  
FAREWELL

Current Fashion With the Third  
"Leonora" and Good Reason to Question  
It — Young Mr. Dukelsky Mildly —  
Aubert, Imagination and a Spanish  
Dance-Tune — Brahms Thirty Years  
Afterwards—Also Conductors

IT IS the hundredth year since Beethoven's death. It is also the year of Beethoven Festivals. Therefore, it seemed, Mr. Koussevitzky began his final program for the season with Beethoven's third "Leonora" Overture, though he had played it no longer ago than last December. It exhibited as well the precision, power and flexibility to which he has brought the orchestra, and we listeners were taking leave of him and it until next October. He put through the Overture—the words are used advisedly—exactly according to current precept and example, unless, by sheer force of temperament, he went both one better. The legend goes at Symphony Hall that Gericke, rehearsing Schubert's Symphony in C major, bade the orchestra "let it run." No conductor nowadays lets the third, or any other, "Leonora" Overture "run." Rather, he wrings every conceivable drop out of every possible measure.

Not only does he "dramatize" the music—in which process Beethoven did a good job one hundred and twenty years ago—he divides it also into acts and scenes. There is the suspensive and mysterious prologue; the act of storm and stress, suffering and submission; the celebrated scene of the distant trumpets; the act of salvation, rejoicing and final frenzied tumult. Upon each episode the conductor and, at his bidding, the orchestra now wreak themselves. If need be, slow the pace, especially at the beginning; or leap from reminiscent tranquillity—the quotation from Florestan's air—into a passion of manifold sound, taut-strung. Prepare the entrance of the trumpet, as a playwright clears the

ing hero. If decision permit, proclaiming, say, is at odds. Evidently that

of rejoicing piece—sometimes program. By the orchestra. m it at this his triumph"—as mmer. Besides, orchestral vir- sometimes make while at the at in the spring its hands as pricks of con- ers had been a variations and voigt of Stock- in "Zephyr and let the fashion r the Diaghilev guest at Sym- oung Russian of ar of Mr. Mon- the Variations "conservative" diversions of the bed to it when gentle spouse of ed us last win- e disturbing ele- issevitzky—and ot when women ifies and exalts fore the Muses memory outdoes ly in love with e, pointing of whom he pur- struments. He end this unseem- it launching of erse resolution to stress, as at sibly, the Finale, pet from high recounts the ac- even his epi- design and cele- piness of virtue carnate.

ve that Beet with this third matter, since o give reasons "absolute" and e was written anded from the he was already Symphony Hall. notes on ruled was interesting asations, emo- y it was apt and him. He would it was keen- hint at them; ; rhythmically it stra their cue. it. Occasionally en as regard- l and unconven- each separate. The substance, e his spiritualossing. The cen- (The climax of udge it trivial. enough in theause it was so of the Ninthurprised because the second which contrast, eethoven hady this time, is a opsis of "Fide- an temperament. the third, he the imaginative odox overture might detect a pod of emotion, strain, according d infused intolet and costumed ation here andy Olympus not ls, there is lit-They say that a y, in the thirdcerto prompted beginning tod "Zephyr and surge of emo- might also have sion. Into the he musico-dra- ssevitzky has re- lio" Beethoveny this and that Therefore thised deserving and Finale of the shelved. It is a which, by theldom cultivated excels), should door composers al sweep and in either hand; ailing as inci- bices remind his



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The orchestra's season has been remarkable in several respects. The Beethoven Festival probably was the most notable observance in the city of the composer's centenary, being within a week performance of the nine symphonies, the Mass and some chamber music, and the oral tributes.

Nine works had their first performances this season, 25 were for the first time in Boston. Of these, 34, Bartók's Dance Suite made the deepest impression. Delius's "The High Hills," Vaughan Williams's Norfolk Rhapsody and Debussy's "Lilacs" are remembered with pleasure. Of the items played for the first time anywhere, Roger H. Sessions's Symphony in E minor seems to be the most significant.

At the close of Mr. Koussevitzky's third season, the orchestra is at the high point of virtuosity. If the conductor sometimes gives highly individualized readings of masterpieces, his programs and his performance are almost invariably stimulating. It is understood he will return next season; for how long is not announced.

Numbered 142,593 on April 1, 1927, of 1391, and a total number of holders 1926, or 141,097. The average this year was 70.07 compared with 70.11 on March 31, 1926.

Of the total number of stockholders on the first of the month, women numbered 1,851 in the increase of 33.47 per cent of the standing stock. Their average was forty-seven shares, two shares in the month.

### Piano Supply Company

Bristol, Conn., April 27. — American Piano Supply Company, cause of loss of business, has increased popularity of go out of business. The company transferred all its machinery and good wares to Schlemmer Corporation, hardware jobbers of the American Piano Supply Company, incorporated in 1915, with a capital of \$100,000. It was a subsidiary of the company, manufacturers of counting machines.

## THE MONEY

### Current Quotations, Federal Reserve Bank, New York

Current quotations are as follows:  
In New York—  
Call loans—Renewals ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
do—Range for week ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Time Loans—  
60 to 90 days ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
4 to 6 months ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Commercial paper ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Bankers' Acceptances—  
30 days ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
60 days ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
3 to 6 months ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
6 months ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
In Boston—  
Call money ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Commercial paper ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Mill paper ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Customers' loans ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Collateral loans ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
Year money ..... 10 to 12 per cent  
In London—

way for the impending hero. If Beethoven flings up a proclaiming flute, hold the remainder of the orchestra in the lower depths. Sing, Leonora, to the "Grosser Gott," as though you were in operatic presence on the stage. Let the final riot of rejoicing shake the foundations of wicked Pizarro's castle—and also of the orchestra.

Now all this may be "a triumph"—as the press-agents call it—of orchestral virtuosity and "expression"; while at the end every audience claps its hands as though its emotional wipers had been gladly wrung. Mr. Schnéevoigt of Stockholm and Scheveningen set the fashion in Boston when he was guest at Symphony Hall in the final year of Mr. Montoux's régime. Even the "conservative" Mr. Gabrilowitsch succumbed to it when the Detroit Orchestra visited us last winter. Undeniably, Mr. Koussevitzky—with such a band!—intensifies and exalts it. No conductor within memory outdoes him in contrasts of pace, pointing of phrases, outflinging of instruments. He has, indeed, as at the first launching of the music of storm and stress, as at the sounding of the trumpet from high heaven itself, his thrilling, even his epic, moments.

It is possible to believe that Beethoven took another way with this third "Leonora" Overture and to give reasons for that faith. The music was written in his middle years, when he was already feeling the inadequacy of notes on ruled staves to release the sensations, emotions and passions within him. He would have this black and white hint at them; give conductor and orchestra their cue. Then as regardful, or even as regardless, as they might be of each separate measure, let them release his spiritual substance and savings. (The climax of this purpose is evident enough in the Finale of the Seventh or of the Ninth Symphony.) Already in the second "Leonora" Overture, Beethoven had written his orchestral synopsis of "Fidelio," scene by scene. In the third, he would infuse into an orthodox overture the depths of faith, the flood of emotion, that (he believed) he had infused into his opera. Except a quotation here and there and the trumpet-calls, there is little definite music, so to say, in the third "Leonora." Rather, from beginning to end there is an immense surge of emotional idea and freed passion. Into the spiritual heart, not into the musico-dramatic narrative of "Fidelio" Beethoven would lead and imbed us. Therefore this third overture, like the Finale of the Seventh Symphony (in which, by the way, Mr. Koussevitzky excels), should be played with torrential sweep and depth, with as little detailing as inci-

recision permit. say, is at odds. Evidently that

its laudable custom—sometimes a program. By it at this his summer. Besides, sometimes make variations and "Zephyr and the Diaghilev young Russian of the Variations diversions of the gentle spouse of a disturbing element. When women before the Muses in love with whom he pursues this unseemly resolution to sibly, the Finale, recounts the ac- design and celestiness of virtue carnate.

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The Valkyries rode at furious speed. Not that one would have their steeds go as plump horses with asparagus boughs on their harness drawing sedately a carry-all from the old village church after the morning service; but one would have wished a little more pomp in the superb figures on which the "Ride" is based. Nevertheless the audience enjoyed the tumultuous rush and was enthusiastic. While the tempo of the third movement of the symphony was certainly faster than that of a Brahmsian allegretto, so that there was hardly time for the expression of the desired "grace," the performance as a whole was stirring and eloquent.

Before and after the concert Mr. Koussevitzky was assured by the prolonged and hearty applause that greeted him of the high regarded affection in which he is held by the audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The concert will be repeated tonight.

A few remarks on the season now ended will be found in The Herald of tomorrow.

## Boston Symphony Closes Season

**Monitor** — **Apr. 30, 1927**  
THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, closes its forty-sixth season with this week's pair of concerts, in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:

Beethoven.....Overture "Leonore" No. 3  
Dukelsky  
Suite from the Ballet, "Zephyr et Flore"  
Aubert....."Habanera"  
Wagner....."Ride of the Valkyrs"  
Brahms.....Symphony No. 1 in C minor

Vladimir Dukelsky is 23 years old. Having begun to compose at the age of 8, he has a considerable list of compositions to his credit, including two symphonies, three piano concertos, three operas and chamber music. His ballet, "Zephyr et Flore," was performed in Monte Carlo, Paris, London and Berlin in 1925. This Suite, made last year, had its first performance yesterday.

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At the close of Mr. Koussevitzky's third season, the orchestra is at a high point of virtuosity. If the conductor sometimes gives high on visualized readings of masterpieces his programs and his performance are almost invariably stimulating. It is understood he will return next season; for how long is not announced.

as  
Call money ..... 3 1/2  
Short bills ..... 3 1/2 @  
Three months' bills ..... 3 11-1

Today  
Bar silver in New York . . . 55 1/2 c  
Bar silver in London . . . 25 11-16 d  
Mexican dollars ..... 42 1/2 c  
Canadian each prem (%) . . . 0.17

**LEADING CENTRAL BANKS**  
Discount rates of the twelve foreign banks and representative banking foreign cities are as follows:

Boston	4%	Amsterdam	4%
New York	4	Berlin	4
Philadelphia	4	Brussels	4
Cleveland	4	Calcutta	4
Richmond	4	Copenhagen	4
Atlanta	4	Oslo	4
Chicago	4	Madrid	4
St. Louis	4	London	4
Kansas City	4	Berne	4
Minneapolis	4	Paris	4
Dallas	4	Rome	4
San Francisco	4	Stockholm	4

**CLEARING HOUSE EXCHANGES**

Boston 1927		1926	
Day	\$102,000,000	Day	\$94,000,000
Week	\$27,000,000	Week	\$28,000,000
New York		Day	
Day	\$1,205,000,000	Day	\$1,496,000,000
Week	\$6,157,000,000	Week	\$6,294,000,000
Balances		Day	
Boston	\$45,000,000	Boston	\$45,000,000
New York	\$126,000,000	New York	\$126,000,000
F. R. Bank credit		F. R. Bank credit	

**NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT**

The weekly statement of conditions of the New York Associated Banks, with conditions as follows:

April 30	
Surplus	\$4,449,300
Aggregate reserve	624,772,000
Loans, disc, etc.	5,769,702,000
Cash in vaults (member banks)	43,305,000
Res of member banks in reserve bank	602,810,000
Res in vaults (State banks and tr cos)	11,155,000
Res in depositories (St bks and tr cos)	10,807,000
Demand deposits	4,592,341,000
Time deposits	691,132,000
Circulation	23,167,000
U S deposits	43,026,000

Average Condition	
Surplus	\$4,808,200
Aggregate reserve	615,892,000
Loans, disc, etc.	5,690,204,000
Cash in vaults (member banks)	43,419,000
Res of member banks in reserve bank	594,258,000
Res in vaults (State banks and tr cos)	11,028,000
Res in depositories (St bks and tr cos)	10,806,000
Demand deposits	4,521,041,000
Time deposits	694,576,000
Circulation	23,215,000
U. S. deposits	43,072,000

Following is a comparison of items in the New York bank statement omitted:

	Total reserves	Loans
Apr. 30, 1927	\$624,772	\$5,769
Apr. 23, 1927	627,814	5,657
May 1, 1926	627,882	5,472

**FOREIGN EXCHANGE**

Closing quotations of the most important foreign exchanges are shown below:

dental clearness and precision permit. All of which, needless to say, is at odds with the present fashion. Evidently that must run its course.

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's laudable custom to set one novel piece—sometimes more—upon nearly every program. By all means let him re-affirm it at this his leave-taking for the summer. Besides, in autumn conductors sometimes make promises to composers that in the spring return like troublesome pricks of conscience. Therefore three variations and two more excerpts from "Zephyr and Flora," ballet written for the Diaghilev troupe by Dukelsky, a young Russian of Paris. On the stage, the Variations accompany the dancing diversions of the Muses and Flora, the gentle spouse of the chaste Zephyr. The disturbing element is Boreas, a bad lot when women are in question. Therefore the Muses fall jointly and severally in love with him, though it is Flora whom he pursues. Incidentally they end this unseemly discordance by a perverse resolution to put Boreas to death. Possibly, the Finale, also played yesterday, recounts the accomplishment of this design and celebrates the renewed happiness of virtue in Zephyr and Flora incarnate.

Anyhow it does not matter, since Dukelsky's music was "absolute" and self-contained as it sounded from the austere platform of Symphony Hall. Mildly and casually it was interesting to hear. Instrumentally it was apt and ingenious; harmonically it was keen-edged and not overlaid; rhythmically it had suddenness and spirit. Occasionally there were conventional and unconventional modernistic turns. The substance, however, was not engrossing. The censorious might even judge it trivial. Now it surprised because it was so naive; again it also surprised because it was so sophisticated, which contrast, as most of us know by this time, is a singularity of the Russian temperament. In the sophistication the imaginative and sympathetic ear might detect a mocking, quasi-ironic strain, according with a ballet devised, set and costumed for a twentieth-century Olympus not too far above Paris. They say that a remarkable Piano-Concerto prompted Diaghilev to command "Zephyr and Flora." In Boston, it might also have prepared the way.

This season Mr. Koussevitzky has restored to the repertory this and that piece played once, proved deserving and likable, then seemingly shelved. It is a desirable practice, too seldom cultivated by conductors at whose door composers cluster with a "novelty" in either hand; while "conservative" voices remind his







secretary over the telephone the must have their "classics." Possessing this new devotion, and so reviving the "Habanera," heard once at Monteux's time. Possibly also, was again a pricking promise. The melancholy dance-tune had like a ghost swaying out of old music a sad sensuality suffuses it. The voluptuousness; only recollection bitter—the scratch that was once there. The ghost writhes; the memories play; Aubert makes music. The rhythm waxes into an obsession, passing through the orchestra, finally ing it. The hour for phantoms the memories fall; the haunting away; the habanera-figure flutters—a wisp upon thin air. There is imagination in music and the composer's inventive procedure enhance it. The ghostly tune possesses the ear; its rhythm dull with melancholy or sharp with madness of memory. Acrid modulation and sting and goad; instrumental accompaniment colors bite home. Is the listener wonders, the composer of obsession in tones?

Since Mr. Koussevitzky had cast two of Dukelsky's variations to fill a gap in his program—with "Ride of the Valkyrs," rather inauspiciously placed. Of course, such contrast as that of yesterday rang with clangors, plunged with the rhythm of Wotan's daughters; for them the climax upon climax. It was heroic, straightforward Wagner, truer than usually falls from the conductor's hand. No excess of Slav softness softened the tumult of Brünnhilders. No perverse pace, misplacements, ill-measured phrases, led astray. The tonal splendor, the wild motion, the unleashed power, beat upon the riven air. Had the stage worn curtains, they might have parted upon the crag, the clouds, the pine-tree, the winged helmets and the blazoned shields. All of which was much to receive from Mr. Koussevitzky. For Wagner is not his forte; except in a few isolated instances, like the music for the dead Siegfried, it is even his pitfall. By some strange incongruity of temperament, he seldom achieves the veritable Wagner. The unkind Fates put an "out" in all of us.

The end, to suit the occasion, was Brahms's Symphony in C minor. Thirty years ago last month he died, leaving behind a music that most Americans then thought cold and abstruse; that they now count warm and impassioned.

The glows may often be autumnal; the spirit, rather than the senses, breeds a passion that the mind directs. Yet thereby has the mistrusted Brahms of 1897 become the cherished and triumphant Brahms of this our day. With the conductors aiding, since from Nikisch to Koussevitzky, each in his own way, they have cleared the paths; struck down the barriers; let in illumination. Most waited yesterday for the returning thrill of the beginning of this C-minor Symphony. The first movement proceeded and there were recurring themes, a phrase here, a modulation there, the horns at one moment, the violins at another, whereat the listening breath came quicker. The Andante followed and who in Symphony Hall questioned the lyric beauty of Brahms? Better lusters grave than garish. In a romantic time Brahms sang and not a lush note overflowed his measuring throat.

The lyric grace of the intermezzo is unlabored return to the simplicities that many a sophisticated modern fusses to achieve. From beauty in the horns and strings of the introduction, the Finale scales heights of power. Here marches and wings the true Brahmsian passion—depths within, sober splendors without. In these thirty years we listeners have also learned to know as many Brahms as there are conductors of his music. Now it is Mr. Koussevitzky, or Mr. Toscanini, that would have his voice more songful, various, strenuous, than milder conductors sound it. Yet unmistakably it is the voice of Johannes, colored though it be by these Slavic or Latin intonations. . . . So went the day; while at beginning, at end, and at every halt outspoke the farewelling applause. With justice, orchestra and conductor more than once divided it. H. T. P.

## RIPENED ORCHESTRA: RANGING REPERTORY; UNDIMMED VITALITY

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S THIRD YEAR  
IN BOSTON

Backward and Forward from the Beethoven Festival—An Orchestra Schooled in the Conductor's Image — Programs and Performance—Again Room for New Pieces and for the New Americans — The Personal Equation

THE Beethoven Festival altered the face of the symphonic year. It excluded his music, for the most part, from normal place in a season's programs. It required both preparation and recovery, during which periods other interest and accomplishment audibly languished. No doubt, it was worth the doing. Such centenaries as the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's death recur rarely. The world over it was commemorated; in America nowhere and by nobody as intensively as by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was a "big" occasion; it was celebrated in a "big" way; there were "big" audiences and resonant reclaim. In these things, American, not to say Koussevitzkian, pride rejoiced. Even Mr. Ernest Newman who, in his latter days, is becoming sole proprietor and manager of the purer arts of music, gave his blessing. It was, moreover, a feat of prowess, devotion and renown to bring to pass such performances of the nine Symphonies in sequence; to add to them, on second occasion, a comparable performance of the Solemn Mass.

For both the retrospective laurel may be twined thick about the heads of Mr. Koussevitzky and Dr. Davison, the orchestra and the Harvard-Radcliffe choir. Both also condoned a tedious evening of Beethoven's chamber-music, and a commemorative evening by word of mouth,

his memory is of his music. He would have his also would he have slow movement of lusciousness. Like ear the horns of with passion, in ration," he pursues

There two or ed to look at the March 26 was they tossed in

Mr. Koussevitzky ed courses of his ; in new respects returned, for ex- tral version of at an Exhibi- Pacific 231," both e place in the es- With reason, he Hill's "Lilacs" livver 10,000,000," onductor's ear to Brooklyn. More 1 accomplishment y music goes un- any Hall he re- ges and enriches erts fell to choral tra—happy and now on the way gain he shunned ss they could con- of the occasion— ace in orchestral sure of many he phony and Schu- e Spring.

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For men  
with part-time  
feet!

ate part-time feet—feet  
se morning, but which  
rest for the job, long be  
feet, feet that quit.

rn pavements, the mod  
stand ordinary lasts.  
well feet need a scient  
ER SHOES contain patent  
fort beyond all expectat  
most foot troubles.

it of style by wearing AR  
—but they sacrifice comfort.

Give ARCH PRESERV  
pair will make you another  
comer.

*J. Walsh*

SERVER SHOE SHOP  
for Men and Women

too often suggesting that his memory is best honored by the playing of his music. Those who like may prefer the quieter courses of Mr. Stock in Chicago, distributing over twenty-eight concerts the nine Symphonies, this and that Concerto, the perennial Overtures. Possibly here was Beethoven once more routinized; whereas Boston set and acclaimed him on a centenary peak. In either city, New York was far outdone. There two or three conductors happened to look at the calendar and note that March 26 was drawing near. Forthwith they tossed in a "Beethoven program."

Otherwise the first harvest of the year at Symphony Hall is the advance of the orchestra. After three years of Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor, it has become an instrument of range, power and brilliance upreared in his image. The "dead wood" is virtually eliminated; the unsympathetic hands and lips play no more. The band now consists wholly of musicians in prime or in young zest, adaptable at every turn to the conductor's will. Its numbers may cope with the fullest score; no modern at one extreme, no ancient at the other, may daunt its technical resource. It achieves Sessions, Stravinsky, Sibelius, Strauss—exaction upon exaction. It warms to Beethoven restored and Brahms released. Yet there is equal reason to admire it when it is outlining a counterpoint of Bach or phrasing a slow movement of Handel. Upon Mozart it has hardly been tested in the season now ending. Kindred pieces, like the *jeu d'esprit* of Prokofiev or Beethoven's First Symphony, were proof of its capabilities when with another year, the turn of Mozart may come. For Mr. Koussevitzky, it is said, purposes to play in future even more eighteenth-century music. So doing, he can school the orchestra to the utmost precision and plasticity, to the clearest pulse and glamour of tone. Any practised orchestra can bring off the thick-voiced energies of musical sound. A finer test is the ancient limpidity, the classical serenity.

None the less, Mr. Koussevitzky's ways, standards and ambitions with an orchestra are distinctly those of the present hour. He would have his strings incisive and goading; his wood-winds keen and pungent; his brass piercing and thrusting. This twentieth-century passion for a highly characterized and a highly puissant orchestra is offset by a temperamental quality. To write simply, Mr. Koussevitzky "loves" to hear music that to him seems "beautiful." From this idiosyncrasy, rather than from a deliberate will to sentimentalize, springs his slow pace with songful measures. "Loving" to hear them, his ear and hand court the richness and

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secretary over the telephone that must have their "classics." Possessing this new devotion, and so reviving the "Habanera," heard once in Montoux's time. Possibly also, was again a pricking promise. The melancholy dance-tune had like a ghost swaying out of old music a sad sensuality suffuses it. The voluptuousness; only recollection bitter—the scratch that was once the ghost writhes; the memories ply; Aubert makes music. The rhythm waxes into an obsession, ing through the orchestra, finally ing it. The hour for phantoms the memories fall; the haunting away; the habanera-figure flutters—a wisp upon thin air. There is imagination in music and the composer's invent procedure enhance it. The ghostly tune possesses the ear; its rhythm dull with melancholy or sharp with madness of memory. Acid modulation and goad; instrumental and monic colors bite home. Is Aubert listener wonders, the composer of obsession in tones?

Since Mr. Koussevitzky had cast two of Dukelsky's variations to fill a gap in his program—with "Ride of the Valkyrs," rather inauspiciously placed. Of course, such an act as that of yesterday rang with clangors, plunged with the rhythm of Wotan's daughters; for them the climax upon climax. It was heroic, straightforward Wagner, truer than usually falls from the conductor's hand. No excess of Slav softness softened the tumult of Brünnhilders. No perverse pace, misplacements, ill-measured phrases, led astray. The tonal splendor, the wild motion, the unleashed power, beat upon the riven air. Had the stage worn curtains, they might have parted upon the crag, the clouds, the pine-tree, the winged helmets and the blazoned shields. All of which was much to receive from Mr. Koussevitzky. For Wagner is not his forte; except in a few isolated instances, like the music for the dead Siegfried, it is even his pitfall. By some strange incongruity of temperament, he seldom achieves the veritable Wagner. The unkind Fates put an "out" in all of us.

The end, to suit the occasion, was Brahms's Symphony in C minor. Thirty years ago last month he died, leaving behind a music that most Americans then thought cold and abstruse; that they now count warm and impassioned.

The glows may often be autumn spirit, rather than the senses, by passion that the mind directs. Yet by has the mistrusted Brahms become the cherished and true Brahms of this our day. With conductors aiding, since from Mr. Koussevitzky, each in his own way have cleared the lists; struck down barriers; let in illumination. Most yesterday for the returning through the beginning of this C-minor Symphony. The first movement proceeded as were recurring themes, a phrase modulation there, the horns moment, the violins at another, the listening breath came quick. Andante followed and who in Symphony Hall questioned the lyric beauty of Brahms? Better lusters gave garish. In a romantic time sang and not a lush note over his measuring throat.

The lyric grace of the interminable unlabored return to the simple that many a sophisticated modern to achieve. From beauty in the and strings of the introduction. Finale scales heights of power, marches and wings the true Brahms—depths within, sober and without. In these thirty years teners have also learned to rest for the joy of his music. Now it is Mr. Koussevitzky, or Mr. Toscanini, that have his voice more songful, strenuous, than milder conductors. Yet unmistakably it is the Johannes, colored though it be Slav or Latin intonation. So went the day; while at beginning, and at every halt out of farewelling applause. With orchestra and conductor more divided it.

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for Men and Women

J. Y. Yal

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Frame Air Bill in Connec

Hartford, Conn., April bill was favorably reported lature establishing a commission for Connecticut and code of aviation for the State. Commissioner would receive \$4200 a year and would act as inspector of aviation and needed.

The aviation code is a particulars from the State act and the shipping vides for the inspection of aircraft, places pilots in classes, calls for physical of pilots at stated intervals the throwing of handbills any kind from airplane heavy penalty for any interference with airway beacons and state cepts of the department for the construction and airways.

Drops 1800 Feet, Clothing

Rantoul, Ill., April 28 formed into a human torch clothing ignited after his fire while 1800 feet in the paign, Illinois. Lieutenant Towle, Jr., of the Army tioned at Chanute Field life by making a parachute the blazing ship. As opened, he beat out the fire ing and landed safely in a severely burned on the and neck. The plane ignited line burst.

His feat makes him a Caterpillar Club, a nation of flyers who have saved making parachute jumps.

TO SEE BOY SCOUT

An official inspection of tion and forest fire protection which Boy Scouts are to their reservation in Dover place Saturday by fire children with the fourth annual the Boston Boy Scout Council at Scoutland, Dover.

depth, the long and linked unfolding, of orchestral tone. If he would have his strings cut the air, so also would he have them sing, as in a slow movement of Chaikovsky, almost to lushness. Like Brahms, he would hear the horns of beauty blowing. With passion, in "Death and Transfiguration," he pursues Strauss's sonorities.

Mr. Koussevitzky warms also to the music of the eighteenth century, from Bach and Handel to secondary and minor composers. To sound in character and with vitality, it must be played clearly and pliantly; phrased as with the human voice; rhythm unerringly, graduated adroitly; clothed in the transparencies and the undulations of tone. Hence Mr. Koussevitzky would have a virtuoso orchestra of the utmost dexterity, finesse and sensibility. To this three-fold temperament he has schooled the present Symphony Orchestra. None other in America, unless it is Mr. Stokowski's, is more stamped with the individuality of the conductor.

In program-making Mr. Koussevitzky continues the enlightened courses of his second year in Boston; in new respects has bettered them. He returned, for example, to Ravel's orchestral version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," to Honegger's "Pacific 231," both of which pieces deserve place in the established repertory. With reason, he found room for Mr. Hill's "Lilacs" and Mr. Converse's "Flivver 10,000,000," therewith lending a conductor's ear to Boston as well as to Brooklyn. More familiarly, his zeal and accomplishment with eighteenth-century music goes undiminished. To Symphony Hall he restored it. Now he enlarges and enriches it. Again a pair of concerts fell to choral numbers with orchestra—happy and freshening innovation, now on the way to annual custom. Again he shunned "assisting artists" unless they could contribute to the music of the occasion—their one and only place in orchestral concerts. To the pleasure of many he revived Franck's Symphony and Schumann's Symphony of the Spring.

Probably the exigencies of the Beethoven Festival forbade any fresh venture into Strauss's tone-poems or into the long over-looked fourth and fifth Symphonies of Sibelius. Seemingly, Mr. Koussevitzky considers Prokofiev inexhaustible; but he has held in laudable restraint his fondness for Chaikovsky and Skriabin. Not all of us share his inclination for Ravel's "Waltz" or Sibelius's "Finlandia," though they are convenient pieces with which to round a program. Nor did Schumann's Symphony, the "Classical Symphony" of Prokofiev, or Beethoven's third "Leonora" over-



ture, clamor for repetition in one and the same season. Again, the Beethoven Festival may have altered normal perspectives. Twenty-four programs hold only so much music, by which limitation, repetitions should be sparing and altogether warranted.

On the other hand and all to the good, Mr. Koussevitzky abates not a jot of his resolution to play newfound pieces—one, almost, to every pair of concerts. Now and again, an illustrious name, like de Falla's upon the Concerto for Mme. Landowska's harpsichord, brought only disappointment. Neither Monsieur Ibert's nor Monsieur Milhaud's ballet-music was important. There was not a reason why it should be. It was, however, agreeable to hear, lending a pleasant diversity to a long series of concerts. Even if the Parisians are not doing much, by all means let us Bostonians know their amiable diversions. Similarly with Roussel plying a light and playful hand or with Tansman setting a new edge upon proved abilities. Nobody expects a masterpiece a week; nor "is communion with the masters" an inexhaustible pleasure. This world, symphony concerts included, is also a place where one gives and takes—amusingly.

Above any conductor in America, Mr. Koussevitzky reaches out to the new ways, works and men of music. He fetched in Webern, not merely to derision; left some of us puzzled over Krása; uncovered a new English talent in Walton. The outraged were many when Mr. Copland's Concerto fell upon their ears; yet in it a rising American talent and an outspoken American music ran vital and affirmed. The soberer Symphony of Mr. Sessions was equal proof of the young blood that courses to fresh issues in American veins. Playing these pieces in the face of no little demur, Mr. Koussevitzky not only professed a faith that does him honor but proclaimed the everlasting right of a composer to take his own way, the ceaseless flow of music into new voices for a new time. No censorship of prejudice and presumption, old habit and timid dread, yet inhibits music hereabouts. In Symphony Hall—and nowhere else in Boston—abides artists' freedom. Resolutely Mr. Koussevitzky guards the flame.

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Trans. — May 2, 1927.

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Trans. — May 3, 1927



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Trans. — May 3, 1927



## BOSTON SYMPHONY ENDS 46TH SEASON

*Globe* — *Apr. 30, 1927*  
New Suite by Dukelsky  
in First Performance

Koussevitzky and Orchestra Share  
Cordial Applause

The final program of the 46th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Its repetition tonight will end a musical year among the most brilliant Boston has yet known. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra shared applause of exceptional cordiality yesterday.

The novelty on the program was a suite drawn by Vladimir Dukelsky from his ballet, "Zephyr et Flore" and performed for the first time anywhere. Aubert's "Habanera" and three familiar classics, Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture, "Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" and Brahms' First Symphony were the other numbers.

It would probably be unfair to the composer to judge Dukelsky's suite a specimen of his best work. These fragments, chosen at random for concert performance from music written to serve the Diaghilev ballet, are too few and too scattered to leave a strong and unified impression on the hearer. They are tuneful and unpretentious, suggesting to the listener that their composer could provide a vivacious and melodious score for a light opera in modern vein.

### Three Great Classics

Aubert's "Habanera," recalled from a previous performance under Mr. Monteux, would profit by drastic condensation. Its morbidly passionate reverie is a mood which cannot be sustained for many moments. Baudelaire, from whose verses its motto is drawn, has inspired many beautiful songs, but no symphonies.

The memorable part of the concert was the performance of the three great classics. The audience was deeply

stirred by them.

It is a truth too often ignored that Symphony concerts exist primarily for the performance of such beloved and familiar masterpieces as these. Modern music deserves, it is true, a place on each program, but a place subordinate to the great classics. Nor are resurrections of works dead and buried these many years desirable except as infrequent concessions to the taste of the musical archeologist.

Audiences for the most part hold to the point of view expressed above, unless they desire the kind of thing now to be heard from the orchestra of every movie house. But conductors, players, reviewers, and others professionally busy with music often incline overmuch to neglect things like "Leonore No. 3" or Brahms' C minor Symphony, with which they have been long familiar, to run, like the Athenians of St. Paul's famous phrase, "always after some new thing."

Mr. Koussevitzky's now familiar readings of Beethoven's overture and Brahms' symphony betray his besetting tendency to overstress every dramatic point. The overture and the finale of the symphony are intensely dramatic in themselves, and in need of no such misplaced strenuosity. The first three movements of the symphony, however, are relieved by it of some of their weight of over-serious and academic elaboration of structure at the expense of simple and powerful emotional expression. The orchestra at climaxes played too loudly, so that the balance between different instruments was disturbed, and tone almost degenerated into mere noise.

### Interesting Season

With the "Ride of the Valkyries," Mr. Koussevitzky is not notably successful. It is not well suited to concert performance; because in the opera it is so thoroughly in place. He does not prevent the rhythm from becoming clumsy. It ought to sound less jerky than it did yesterday.

So ends a season of unusual interest, in which many interesting new works have been performed. The audiences have been enthusiastic over Mr. Koussevitzky's emotional and personal conducting. They have endured if not enjoyed the modern pieces, and delighted in the new view his interpretations often present of familiar pieces. He will return next year to conduct the 47th Boston Symphony season, for which season tickets must be promptly engaged by those who desire to hear the concerts.

## SYMPHONY BIDS ADIEU TO FRIENDS

Affection for Koussevitzky Manifest at  
Final Concert

*Post* — *Apr. 30, 1927*  
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To the accompaniment of vociferous hand-clapping, cheers, the banging of seats and other manifestations of admiration and affection, Serge Koussevitzky yesterday bade farewell to the Friday afternoon Symphony subscribers, expressing his own appreciation of his faithful orchestra by shaking the hands of Mr. Burgin, Mr. Bedetti and other occupants of "first desks."

### CONCLUDES WITH BRAHMS

For the concluding number of this final programme Mr. Koussevitzky had chosen the noble First Symphony of Brahms, which served the same purpose a year ago. Mr. Koussevitzky has abundantly proven his devotion to this lofty music. He feels it deeply and he conducts it eloquently—so eloquently that such flaws as the slowing-up of the Andante, the over stressing of the horn calls in the introduction to the finale and the blaring brass of the close may readily be condoned.

Surely yesterday's audience voiced no uncertain approval of a performance in many respects remarkable.

### His Wagner Fast Stepping

Two familiar pieces (Beethoven's Third Overture to "Leonore," and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries"), one unfamiliar piece (the Habanera of Aubert), and one novelty (a suite from the ballet "Zephyr et Flore," by Vladimir Dukelsky), made the rest. With Beethoven Mr. Koussevitzky is nearly always fortunate. In his hands the "Leonore" No. 3, becomes charged to the brim with dramatic force. But Wagner, too, often tempts him to excesses. Thus the "Valkyries" Ride was played yesterday at so furious a pace that clear articulation of the music was often well-nigh impossible.

Unheard here since 1923 when Mr. Monteux introduced it to us, the Habanera of Aubert is a piece of no great distinction. But it does evoke a mood of voluptuous languor and it is full of beautiful orchestral sounds, of which Mr. Koussevitzky and his musicians made the most. Likewise in no way outstanding is this music of Dukelsky, a Russian not yet 22, when this ballet, produced at Monte Carlo in 1925, was written, and hence too young to have found a voice of his own.

The three fragments played yesterday disclosed no small skill in the handling of orchestral resources. The music is fresh, neither labored nor pretentious, and if ancestors must be found for it, they are undoubtedly Prokofieff and Tchaikovsky. Already Prokofieff has his imitators. Ere long we may be listening to the followers of Dukelsky. In these days the world of music moves at a swift pace.

A brilliant and interesting season was that which the concerts of yesterday and this evening are bringing to a close. Again Mr. Koussevitzky's programmes have kept judicious balance between the old and the new. And if some of his novelties have proved hardly worth the trouble of performance, it is altogether right that we should be apprised of what is going on musically both abroad and at home.



# BOSTON SYMPHONY ON AIR TONIGHT

Concert Will Conclude This  
Season's Series

*Apr. 30, 1926*  
Boston Symphony broadcasts by WBZ and its associated stations will end tonight concurrent with the closing of the 46th season of the Symphony hall concerts. The evening's program rounds out the first year of the station's presentation of Boston's choice musical events. The concert will go on the air at 8:10 o'clock (eastern daylight time) direct from the concert hall through WBZ as the key station, WJZ in New York and KDKA in Pittsburgh.

The full series of 24 concerts has been given to listeners far and near through the courtesy of W. S. Quimby. Beginning in October, the programs have continued through the winter and spring months as a pre-eminent radio feature.

With Serge Koussevitzky conducting, the orchestra will offer a program combining works of the romantic, classical, and modern schools. The flaming passion of "Habanera," Aubert's Spanish tone poem, will afford striking contrast to the less colored but grandiose symphony in C minor by Johannes Brahms.

Opening the concert broadcast is the overture to "Leonore," one of Beethoven's few operatic works. More familiarly known as "Fidelio," this opera is based on Bouilly's romance, "Leonora, ou l'Amour Conjugal," the work being first presented under this name. The overture was last heard at Symphony hall in December.

Dukelsky's suite from the ballet, "Zephyr et Flore," is the novelty feature of tonight's program. It was first performed at Monte Carlo in April, 1925. The composer, a youthful Russian of considerable talent, is said to resemble Prokofieff in style.

The Brahms work, which has been called the greatest of the composer's four symphonies in its remarkable combination of dramatic, epic and lyric elements, will complete the evening's broadcast. The symphony in C minor

is said to have engaged Brahms 10 years. The "Ride of the Valkyries," from Wagner's music drama, "Die Walkure," will precede the symphony.

The concert broadcasts this season have been more widely heard than ever before, eight of the larger stations in the East having been linked with WBZ for various programs of the series. Much of the success of the broadcasts has been due to the careful and intelligent preparation of comments and announcements by Alwyn E. W. Bach, senior announcer at WBZ. Through his observations at the Friday afternoon concerts preceding the broadcast, the spoken part of the program has been timed to the second, thus avoiding announcement delays.

Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments at Holy Cross College and Boston University, who has illumined the symphony broadcasts with descriptive talks, will be heard tonight. Before the opening number and again during the intermission preceding the Brahms piece, Prof. Marshall will explain the thematic development of the various works. He will be assisted by Miss Margaret Starr McLain, who will give pianoforte illustrations.

## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky has added to the program announced for the last concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season. As the program now stands it is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Dukelsky, Suite from the Ballet "Zephyr et Flore," Aubert, Habanera, Wagner, Ride of the Valkyries, Brahms, Symphony No. 1.

Dukelsky is a young Russian who studied composition in Moscow, where he wrote operas, ballets and instrumental pieces. He came to the United States from Constantinople in 1922. In January, 1923, an overture of his was played in New York by the Civic orchestra, led by Dirk Foch. The extremely "modern" nature of the music distressed the late Henry Edward Krehbiel, who freed his mind in a violent manner in the review published in the Tribune.

Dukelsky then left for Paris. His ballet, "Zephyr et Flore" was produced at Monte Carlo by Diaghilev; later at Paris and London. The music was warmly praised. This week the excerpts from the suite, which will be performed for the first time, are the Divertissements of the Muses, Coda, and Finale.

SYMPHONY HALL  
BOSTON

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS

53rd Concert in Aid of the Orchestra's

# PENSION FUND

BY THE

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor



SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH, 1926  
AT 3.30

W. H. BRENNAN

Management

G. E. JUDD



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53rd Concert in Aid of the Orchestra's

## PENSION FUND

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## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor



SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH, 1926  
AT 3.30

W. H. BRENNAN

Management

G. E. JUDD



SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, 1926

## PROGRAMME

Rossini . . . . . Overture to "William Tell"  
 Weber-Berlioz . . . . . "Invitation to the Dance"  
 Sibelius . . . . . "Valse Triste"  
 Strauss, Johann . . . . . Waltz, "Voices of Spring"

Tchaikovsky . . . Suite from the Ballet, "Casse-Noisette"  
 ("Nutcracker"), Op. 71a

Ouverture miniature.

Dances caractéristiques:

- Danse de la Fée Dragée (*Celesta*, Arthur Fiedler)
- Trépak (Danse Russe)
- Danse arabe
- Danse Chinoise
- Danse des mirlitons
- Valse des fleurs

Tchaikovsky . . . . . Ouverture Solennelle, "1812"

(*The New England Conservatory Brass Ensemble,  
 trained by Louis Kloepfel, will assist*)

See Page 9 for Sunday Afternoon Concert Announcements

## PENSION FUND LIST POPULAR

Shopworn Pieces Are  
Made Brilliant Under  
Koussevitzky

Post — Dec. 27/26

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Playing yesterday in aid of its pension fund, the Boston Symphony Orchestra quite unprecedentedly offered a frankly "popular" programme, drawn from the music of Rossini, Weber (by way of Berlioz), Sibelius, Johann Strauss and Tchaikovsky. And despite the weather and a date highly unpropitious for concert-giving, the hall was very nearly filled by an audience that expressed its pleasure in no uncertain terms.

### A TREAT ANYWAY

Whether that old standby of Pension Fund Concerts, the all-Wagner programme, would have drawn to Symphony Hall more people than were brought here by Mr. Koussevitzky's lighter list of yesterday can not be known, but surely his wisdom in presenting this popular programme may go unchallenged.

Moreover, to hear from such an orchestra and from such a conductor and in such vital performance the Overture to "William Tell," "The Invitation to the Dance," the "Valse Triste," the waltz "Voices of Spring," the "Nutcracker" Suite and the "1812" Overture must have proved a rare treat to all, whatever the general trend and level of each individual's musical taste.

If recollection does not err the "William Tell" Overture was last played

by the Boston Symphony Orchestra—outside the "Pops"—in the concert directed by Mr. Gericke for the benefit of the sufferers in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, although Mr. Monteux successfully ventured two of Rossini's other overtures at subscription concerts. Granted that its "storm music" is hollow and theatrical, that its finale borders on vulgarity, the "Tell" Overture remains an uncommonly brilliant and effective orchestral piece, and jaded indeed must have been the listener who did not receive an electric thrill or two from yesterday's performance of it.

In "The Invitation to the Dance," Mr. Koussevitzky was, perhaps, a trifle heavy-handed, but he more than made up for it by his adroit fashioning of the "Valse Triste," his verve in the "Voices of Spring" (not too often before has Symphony Hall heard in a Strauss Waltz the true Viennese swing), and his exceeding deftness with the ingeniously orchestrated and ever-delightful "Nutcracker" Suite.

### "1812" the Grand Climax

Of course, such a programme must have its "grand climax," and this proper culmination came yesterday in the "1812," in which a sizable brass ensemble from the New England Conservatory, trained by Louis Kloepfel of the orchestra's trumpet section, helped swell the final tumult. Like the "William Tell," this Overture, in which Tchaikovsky celebrated Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, has been called obvious and dismissed as "old hat," yet yesterday, with the fire of Mr. Koussevitzky's Russian temperament to illumine it, the piece made no inconsiderable effect. Long and loud was the applause, and, as he had previously done at the end of the Strauss Waltz, the conductor made response by summoning the players to their feet.

### MUSIC

Monitor — Dec. 27, 1926  
 Pension Fund Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its fifty-third concert in aid of the Pension Fund in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, with this program:

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 Sibelius—"Valse Triste"  
 Johann Strauss — Waltz, "Voices of Spring"  
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 Tchaikovsky — Ouverture Solennelle, "1812"



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The playing of the orchestra in the present program was of great virtuosity. The "readings" of the conductor were highly individual, and therefore interesting. The audience had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Koussevitzky at his best, as in the "Nutmacker" Suite; and at his not so good, as in the "Invitation to the Dance." Tchaikovsky's little masterpiece received a most delicate, charming and imaginative interpretation. Weber's busical anecdote was told in the manner of Polonius. It seemed that the elegant young couple never would be done with conversation and get down to dancing. And even when they did, their waltzing was none too graceful. It seems a pity that some friend doesn't take Mr. Koussevitzky aside in a brotherly way and suggest to him that perhaps Weber's melodic lines deserve as much respect as Tchaikovsky's.

The most dramatic performance of the afternoon was that of Sibelius's "Valse Triste." It opened with the distressingly dragging tempo which Mr. Koussevitzky so often favors, but it progressed to intensely stirring climax and conclusion. The Strauss, well done, would have been even more enjoyable if less elaborated. The "William Tell" Overture received a vivid and poetic rendition, with the able assistance of Messrs. Bedetti, Laurent and Speyer.

Yesterday's playing of the "1812" Overture was probably the noisiest ever heard in an ordinary concert hall. For to the full brass choir of the orchestra was added, to project the strains of Russia triumphant, "The New England Conservatory Brass Ensemble." This consisted of about a score of brass instruments, including nine trumpets. The extra players, if their intonation was not always flawless, at least blew mightily, which was what they were there for. Mr. Koussevitzky for once, one imagines, had all the brass instruments he wanted.

## PENSION CONCERT. IN SYMPHONY HALL

Nearly Every Seat Taken in  
Spite of Weather

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To hear Mr. Koussevitzky rejuvenate these old 19th century pieces, in the main minor works of the composers, hackneyed to a frazzle by students of various instruments and the dance the world over, was like re-opening the long-closed house of an ancestor and beholding the worn furniture, that as children we know only to be utilitarian household objects, given new beauty and revolution by the antique expert.

In the first half of the program were waltz tunes to which as tiny tots we were taught the one-two-three of the dance, and later grace and lightness of touch at the piano or with the bow; and there was the old William Tell Overture through which we were expected to express in tones the Schiller operatic legend. As children the music had its attractiveness to us, perhaps; still it was the utilitarian vehicle of lessons. Yesterday it had beauties that never had chance to shine in those practice hours. The one exception to this statement was the "Voices of Spring" by Strauss, which suggested somewhat the heaviness of lingering icicles.

The second half of the program was devoted to two of that trio of popular orchestral pieces by Tchaikovsky, no doubt in honor of the 86th anniversary of the composer's birth, on Christmas day. For the "1812" overture Mr. Koussevitzky augmented the orchestra with the New England Conservatory brass ensemble, about 20 players, where-with he heightened considerably the dramatic effect of the climax. There was long and excited response from the audience, for no performance of this overture at the Pops, where it has long been a favorite, ever thrilled as Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of it did yesterday.

H. L.

## SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON

54th Concert in Aid of the Orchestra's

# PENSION FUND

BY THE

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Assisted by

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

(The Choruses are generously giving their services for this concert)

### SOLOISTS

OLIVE MARSHALL, Soprano TUDOR DAVIES, Tenor

NEVADA VAN DER VEER, Contralto

ARTHUR MIDDLETON, Bass

JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organ

SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH, 1927

AT 3.30

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W. H. BRENNAN

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To hear Mr. Koussevitzky rejuvenate these old 19th century pieces, in the main minor works of the composers, hackneyed to a frazzle by students of various instruments and the dance the world over, was like re-opening the long-closed house of an ancestor and beholding the worn furniture, that as children we know only to be utilitarian household objects, given new beauty and revolution by the antique expert.

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The second half of the program was devoted to two of that trio of popular orchestral pieces by Tchaikovsky, no doubt in honor of the 86th anniversary of the composer's birth, on Christmas day. For the "1812" overture Mr. Koussevitzky augmented the orchestra with the New England Conservatory brass ensemble, about 20 players, where-with he heightened considerably the dramatic effect of the climax. There was long and excited response from the audience, for no performance of this overture at the Pops, where it has long been a favorite, ever thrilled as Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of it did yesterday.

H. L.

SYMPHONY HALL  
BOSTON

54th Concert in Aid of the Orchestra's

## PENSION FUND

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Assisted by

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

(The Choruses are generously giving their services for this concert)

SOLOISTS

OLIVE MARSHALL, Soprano TUDOR DAVIES, Tenor

NEVADA VAN DER VEER, Contralto

ARTHUR MIDDLETON, Bass

JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organ

SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH, 1927

AT 3.30

Management

W. H. BRENNAN

G. E. JUDD





BEETHOVEN

Bronze by BOURDELLE

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27, at 3.30

PROGRAMME

MISSA SOLEMNIS

in D major, Op. 123

For Orchestra, Chorus, and Four Solo Voices

*Kyrie:* Assai sostenuto. Mit andacht

*Gloria:* Allegro vivace; Larghetto; Allegro

INTERMISSION

*Credo:* Allegro ma non troppo; Adagio; Andante; Allegro; Grave

INTERMISSION

*Sanctus:* Adagio: Mid Andacht; Allegro pesante; Presto; Preludium: Sostenuto ma non troppo; Andante molto cantabile (Violin Solo, RICHARD BURGIN)

*Agnus Dei:* Adagio; Allegretto vivace; Allegro vivace; Presto; Tempo primo

See Page 9 for Sunday Afternoon Concert Announcements





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MISSA SOLEMNIS IN D FOR CHORUS, SOLO QUARTET, ORCHESTRA, AND  
ORGAN, OP. 123 . . . . . LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

(Born at Bonn, December 16 (?), 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827)

KYRIE

*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.*

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te. Gratias agimus tibi propter gloriam tuam, domine Deus, Rex coelestis, pater omnipotens, Domine fili unigenite. Jesu Christe, domine Deus, agnus Dei, filius patris, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis, suscipe deprecationem nostram, qui sedes ad dexteram patris. Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus dominus, tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum sancto spiritu in gloria Dei patris. Amen.*

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God, the Father. Amen.

CREDO

*Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, Factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum, et ex*

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the

*Patre natum ante omnia saecula. Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero. Genitum, non factum, consubstantiali Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt. Qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis. Et incarnatus est de Spiritu sancto ex Maria virgine: ET HOMO FACTUS EST. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis: sub Pontio Pilato passus, et sepultus est. Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas. Et ascendit in coelum: sedet ad dexteram Patris. Et iterum venturus est cum gloria, judicare vivos et mortuos: cujus regni non erit finis. Et in Spiritum sanctum Dominum, et vivificantem: qui ex Patre Filioque procedit. Qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur, et conglorificatur: qui locutus est per Prophetas. Et Unam, Sanctam, Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptismam in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum. Et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.*

SANCTUS ET BENEDICTUS

*Sanctus dominus Deus Sabaoth! Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Osanna in excelsis.*

*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Osanna in excelsis.*

only-begotten Son of God, and born of the Father before all ages; God of God; Light of Light; true God of true God; begotten, not made; of the same substance with the Father; by whom all things were made. Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and became incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, AND WAS MADE MAN. He was crucified also for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was buried. And the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And He is to come again with glory to judge the living and the dead, of whose kingdom there shall be no end.

And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Life-giver, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who, together with the Father and the Son, is adored and glorified; who spoke by the Prophets. And one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. I confess one baptism for the remission of sins; and I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

AGNUS DEI

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis, dona nobis pacem.*

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us, grant us thy peace.



# Facts about the Pension Fund

(Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution, Founded 1903)

## MEMBERSHIP:

All members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are eligible.

## BENEFICIARIES:

Former members who served ten years or more.

Widows of former pensioners.

Orphaned children under 16.

## PENSIONS:

The amount of pension varies according to length of service, age, residence, and earnings.

The individual pensions paid each year vary from \$50 to \$500.

There are now 70 pensioners, receiving a little more than \$16,000 yearly.

## SOURCES OF FUNDS:

**DUES.** Each member pays an annual installment until, over a period of twenty to twenty-five years, he has paid in a total of \$750. If a member resigns he may withdraw dues paid.

**CONCERTS.** On March 27th the Orchestra will give its 54th concert for the Fund.

**INTEREST AND EARNINGS ON INVESTMENTS.**

**GIFTS.**

## OFFICERS:

**Trustees** — FREDERICK P. CABOT  
ARTHUR LYMAN  
BENTLEY W. WARREN

**Treasurer** — GEORGE E. JUDD

The outstanding need of the Fund is to be able to increase its maximum payment to pensioners having little or no means of support. This can only come about through continued capacity audiences for the Pension Fund concerts and donations to the permanent fund, which the officers of the Fund will be pleased to receive at any time.

# SYMPHONY PENSION FUND CONCERT GIVEN

## Beethoven's Mass Repeated with Choral Groups

*Herald* — *March 28, 1927*

For the benefit of the Symphony Orchestra's pension fund, Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" was repeated yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall before an audience that filled every nook and cranny. The Radcliffe Choral Society again sang, the Harvard Glee Club and Olive Marshall, soprano; Nevada van der Veer, contralto, who, in place of her predecessor Tuesday, sang very well indeed; Tudor Davies, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass. The organist was John P. Marshall.

Of the performance not a word need be said, since Tuesday's production was reviewed in detail. Of the mass itself only a bold person would venture to write at present, so very much has been put forth this week. The temptation, none the less, is strong, in these days when Beethoven is being hauled over the coals by the darling or else being patted kindly on the back by the patronizing, to set down the humble opinion that this Mass in D is built from grander material than almost any other musical work in existence; its melodies write sublimity with expressiveness as to few others; its rhythms, in their variety and force, lend it a life that will never die. What other work of its length and breadth escapes so few weak moments?

If only some day a few devoted men and women could study it bar by bar, with a man to guide them, if such a man lives, who, with the power to penetrate to the very soul of Beethoven, combines skill with an orchestra and an understanding of the human voice—a man who would give the words, when they demand it, right of way? Who would shape each melody in accord with its line, and, by a wise analysis of Beethoven's score, would make rough places for the singers, plain? One who would recognize when sheer massiveness must make the effect, when shading and pure grace?

The mass may not be religious music; they say it is not. But surely it is expressive of many human emotions—to mention only the kyries, in which men plead in many moods, the conviction of

the creed's opening statement, the bounding of joy of the "Pleni sunt coeli." Some day, when all is well in the musical world, a man will rise, a master of the orchestra and of the voice in one, in one as well a musician and a poet—then behold the mass as some people imagine it. In the meanwhile, till these ideal conditions obtain, let us be duly thankful for what is spread before us.

The audience, thankful yesterday, applauded. Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Woodworth with enthusiasm, Dr. Davison with frenzy. R. R. G.

## Seats and No Seats

### Present Conditions for the Concerts of the Beethoven Festival

**THERE ARE** no seats unsold for two concerts in the Beethoven Centenary Festival—that of Tuesday, March 22, at which his Solemn Mass will be heard; that of Tuesday, March 29, at which his Eighth and Ninth Symphonies fill the program. Seats are also unobtainable for the two concerts of the Festival that are Symphony Concerts in regular course—that of Friday afternoon, March 25, when the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies will be played; that of Saturday evening, March 26, devoted to the Sixth and the Seventh.

On the other hand, seats may still be had for the concert of Wednesday, March 23, when the First, Second and Third Symphonies will be played; for the concert of Beethoven's chamber music on Thursday, March 24; for the commemorative ceremonies on Monday, March 28.

A repetition of the Solemn Mass is now announced for Sunday afternoon, March 27—the actual anniversary of Beethoven's death—with the Symphony Orchestra, the Harvard-Radcliffe Chorus, Mmes. Austral and Gordon, Messrs. Davies and Middleton for solo-singers, and Mr. Koussevitzky conducting—all as on the previous Tuesday. The proceeds will go to the Pension Fund of the orchestra. No repetition of the Choral Symphony is announced or is likely.



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## Beethoven Centenary Festival



All places have been taken for the performances of March 22 and 29. A few good seats are still available for March 23, 24, and 28.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses have generously offered their services for a repetition of the great Missa Solennis.

The second performance of the Mass, for which tickets are now available at the box office, will take place on Sunday afternoon, March 27, in Symphony Hall, with the same quartet of soloists, and will be given for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's PENSION FUND.



Mr. Koussevitzky examining the group of rare viols, of which he is holding the bass



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# THE COLLECTION OF OLD INSTRUMENTS\*

## Case (right of doorway): Mandolins

1. Old Banjo, inlaid (18th Century)
2. Ivory Mandolin (18th Century)
3. Mandolin (18th Century)
4. Middle-sized Archlute (Theorbo) (18th Century)
5. Cither (Spanish) (18th Century)
6. Mandola (18th Century)
7. Lyre (18th Century)
8. Hurdy Gurdy (16th Century)
9. Bressan Hurdy Gurdy (signed "Melino") (18th Century)

## Case (right wall, center): Viols

10. Viol (signed "Guersan" French) (18th Century)
11. Viola da Gamba (Juan, English) (18th Century)
12. Viola d'Amore (Paulus Alletsche, Munich, 1713)
13. Bass Viol (Lejeune, French) (18th Century)
14. Inlaid Bow (18th Century)
15. Bow (signed "Tourte," French) (18th Century)
16. Pocket Viol, for dancing masters (André Vinatte, 1612)
17. Old tuning fork (28 notes) (18th Century)
18. Tromba marina (18th Century)
- 19-21. Three dampers (for Violin, Alto and Bass) (18th Century)
22. Violin Case (18th Century)

## Case (right wall near window): Oriental Instruments

23. Pandean Pipes (South American)
24. Chinese Guitar (18th Century)
25. Italian Psaltery (18th Century)
26. Oriental Tambourine (18th Century)

27. Oriental Stringed Bamboo Instrument
28. Large Tambourine (18th Century)
29. Oriental Psaltery
30. Japanese Lute (mahogany)
31. Italian Psaltery (with Arms of the Venetian Republic) (18th Century)
32. (Unidentified)
33. Chinese Reed Organ
34. Oriental Tambourine (18th Century)
- 35-36 Little Kettledrums
37. Siamese Ranat (xylophone) (18th Century)

38. Miniature Drum (18th Century)
39. Scale of small bells for German Band

## Case (left wall, near window): Brass Instruments

40. Serpent for the horse-soldiers (signed "Dantes," Lyon) (18th Century)
41. Serpent for the horse-soldiers (18th Century)
42. Serpent for the horse-soldiers (signed "V. Rust et Dubois," Lyon) (18th Century)
43. Serpent for the horse-soldiers (18th Century)
44. Bass Trumpet (1st Empire, signed "Guichard, Paris")
45. Brass Horn (18th Century)
46. Brass Horn (18th Century)
- 47-48. Two Chinese Horns
- 49-50. Pair of Kettledrums (played on horseback) (18th Century)
- 51-61 Hoops for Horns

\*A room has been set aside in Symphony Hall for this collection, the entrance to which is in the middle of the Massachusetts Avenue corridor of the first balcony. The collection may be seen at all Symphony concerts.

## Case (left wall, center): Bassoons, etc.

62. Church Serpent (18th Century)
63. Church Serpent (18th Century)
64. Venetian church serpent (signed "Pellegrino di Azzi") (15th Century)
65. Tenor bassoon (signed "Adler," Paris) (18th Century)
66. Bassoon (signed "Triebert," Paris) (18th Century)
67. Bassoon (signed "Javary," Paris) (18th Century)
68. Bassoon (signed "Pézé," Paris) (18th Century)
69. Bassoon (signed "Amlingue," Paris) (18th Century)
70. French Drum (1st Empire; Arms of the City of Paris)
- 71-73. Three Accordions (French, 1st Empire, signed "Garin")
74. Bird Organ (with eight tunes to teach birds) (18th Century)

## Central case: Smaller wood-wind instruments

75. Bagpipe (in ivory and tapestry) (18th Century)
76. Clarinet in A (Boxwood and ivory; signed "Rust," Lyon)
77. Flute (signed "Baumann," Paris)
78. Clarinet in B-flat (signed "Godfroy")
79. Oboe (signed "Boisselet ainé, Montpelier")
80. Bagpipe of Poitou (signed "Prosper Colas," Paris)
81. Bagpipe of Poitou (signed "Prosper Colas," Paris)
82. Alpine Horn (Cromorne) (18th Century)
83. Fife
84. Bagpipe of Poitou (signed "Prosper Colas," Paris)
85. Bagpipe of Poitou (signed "Prosper Colas," Paris)
86. Flute
87. Bagpipe of Poitou (signed "Prosper Colas," Paris)

88. Fife
89. Ivory Clarinet (silver keys)
90. Ivory Flute (golden keys)
91. Flute and walking stick combined (used by Frederick II of Prussia; surmounted by Royal Crown)
92. Fife
93. Cornet à Bouquin (Zinke)
94. English Horn (signed "Triebert, Paris")
95. English Horn (manufactured for Richard Wagner; signed "Kuss," Vienna)
96. Ivory fife (18th Century)

## Case (left of door): Cithers, etc.

97. Mandolin (Italian, signed "Antonins Vinaggia," Naples 1772)
98. Cither (Swiss) (17th Century)
99. Tambourin à Cordes of Provence (signed "Joann Batistta Bougot," Fraunié Montalbano, 1764)
100. Cither (Swiss) (17th Century)
101. Italian Cither
102. Swiss Cither (signed "Frank") (18th Century)
103. Little Italian Mandolin (18th Century)
104. French Cither (18th Century)
105. Monochord (18th Century)

## Placed Separately

106. Large Drum of Provence (18th Century)
107. French Clock (with music and moving figures; 1st Empire)
108. Pianoforte (made by Frey père et fils, Paris, 1813)
- 109-132 Scale of 24 Bells (18th Century)
- 133-144 Scale of 13 small Bells (Swiss) (18th Century)





(Photo by Underwood & Underwood)

Among a collection of 144 ancient musical instruments, acquired by Henry Casadosus and presented to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in memory of Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, are the largest and smallest string instruments in the world. The largest is the "Tromba Marino," used in the 18th century. The other is a pocket violin made in the early 17th century. In the picture they are held by Miss Elizabeth Benton, assistant director in the Museum of Fine Arts.

## THE COLLECTION OF OLD INSTRUMENTS\*

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has had the good fortune to come into the permanent possession of one of the finest existing collections of sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century instruments. The collection was given in memory of the orchestra's founder, Henry Lee Higginson. The presentation was made on Saturday, October 23rd, 1926, in Symphony Hall, Mr. N. Penrose Hallowell speaking for the group of donors, Judge Frederick P. Cabot receiving it in the name of the Trustees of the Orchestra.

This collection has been the life pursuit of Henri Casadésus, the French musician who has devoted his career to early instruments and their music. Mr. Koussevitzky has long shared the enthusiasms of M. Casadésus, the two musicians having given recitals in Moscow, performing early double concertos for double bass and viola d'amore. It was on Mr. Koussevitzky's recommendation that this collection was acquired last spring. M. Casadésus is remembered in the United States from the visit of his "Société des Instruments Anciens" in 1918, when he played upon the viola d'amore in a quartet of viols, at Symphony Hall.

M. Casadésus sends a description of the collection, which has been translated from the French as follows:

Musical instruments are admirable objects! Since the flute of Pan, a vegetable stem on the lips of the antique faun, up to the most recent jazz instruments, horned giants of a kind of sonorous chemistry, what an infinitely varied scale of forms! More than those who mix their voices in the tumults of our life, these which are silenced forever, move us: the ancient instruments, violas, cithers, lutes, theorbos, trompettes-marines—their assembled names form a mysterious concert; what echoes, far-off rumors, shadows, rise at their evocation! The angels of primitive times rise up from their clouds of gold, the mezzotints of Watteau pick up their guitars again and all the past thrills, smiles, and sings. . . .

A collection of old instruments is something else than a curious assemblage of bibelots of other times. A noble and sensitive humanity expresses itself in the language of sounds. A little bit of the soul is always floating over the curves of the violins, at the mouth-holes of the flutes and of the oboes.

\*A room has been set aside in Symphony Hall for this collection, the entrance to which is in the middle of the Massachusetts Avenue corridor of the first balcony. The collection may be seen at all symphony concerts.



From his youth Henri Casadésus was haunted by forgotten instruments, long condemned to silence. It seemed to him that there was there a whole world unjustly deserted, whose beauty ought to be charming living ears. Among the lute makers, if at any time one offered to him quite new instruments offensively varnished, he was attracted by the dim lustre of a Viola d'Amore, by the reserved and attenuated sheen of a Quinton; strange little heads, Eros, with bandaged eyes, who perched upon these instruments making of them fairy-like personages. "What do you wish to do with these?" said the lute maker to the captivated young man; "one can no longer play upon them." But the Eros of the viola murmured, "Do not believe it, I can sing if you wish." And one day Henri Casadésus took away with him one of these beautiful dumb violas. He searched for a long time for the secret of its captive song, of its many and entangled metallic strings, of the complex mounting of its sonorous network. What a recompense when the instrument, grateful and resuscitated, made its velvet tone heard under his fingers!

It was then that the idea came to him to form the Society of Ancient Instruments, which joined together as though re-incarnated violas and harpsichords in a ravishing symphony, while the masters of music approved and praised. In these accents the melodies of Rameau, of Lulli, of Bach, found again their color; the music of Monteverde, Mouret, Destouches, sleeping under the dust of centuries, enchanted anew attentive hearers. It was a revelation! The magician to whom one was indebted for it no longer thenceforth resisted the call of the ivory flutes, the temptation of the cithers of precious maple, of the garlanded dulcimers. His house, as in a tale of Hoffmann, became filled with Serpents d'Eglise, with kettledrums, with bells, with all the rarest specimens of the musical fauna. Thus was born the unique collection presented to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in memory of its founder, Henry L. Higginson.

The Society of Ancient Instruments, which was founded by Henri Casadésus is the realization of an ideal which was dear to the great French Master, Camille Saint-Saëns, for everyone knows how much the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries interested him.

It was towards 1896 that Henri Casadésus bought with his modest means the instruments whose beauty we admire today. He occupied himself in the beginning with the reconstruction of the famous "consort of viols," of which the present collection has specimens of the utmost beauty.

An indefatigable seeker, Henri Casadésus, at length succeeded in the course of his travels in assembling this admirable collection of instruments, some of which are not to be found even

in the finest European museums. Our great orchestra leader, Serge Koussevitzky, the intimate friend of Henri Casadésus, knew for a long time these artistic riches and it is upon his initiative and discerning counsel that the committee was formed which has acquired this collection.

Let us first discuss the quartet of viols, which established the point of departure in his researches.

The Quinton, was bought of a collector of Bourgen-Bresse (Ain) Charles Guillon, who obtained it from Gavarni. The Viola d'Amore was bought in Munich of a young German to whom Joachim had given it. Seduced by the original character of this viola, Henri Casadésus hastened to buy it. It was upon this Viola d'Amore that he was later, in 1918, to play in St. Louis with the orchestra "La Mort de Tintagiles," by the great composer Charles Loeffler. The Viola da Gamba came from the collection of Mr. Reed in London, who was forced at one time to sell a part of his instruments. It served during several years for Marcel Casadésus, killed during the war, and later for Louis Hasselmans, now conductor in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, who played upon it in the course of a tour in the United States in 1918. The Bass Viol is an extremely rare instrument because the number of them has been greatly reduced by the musical instrument makers in making them into violoncellos. Henri Casadésus has only known three of them: that at Symphony Hall, that which he uses in his Society, and another which belongs to a collection in Rome.

This "consort of viols" is that on which the Society of Ancient Instruments on January 23, 1918, was played in Symphony Hall in Boston, a magnificent concerto for viols by Ph. Em. Bach.

Let us examine the principal instruments:

The Tabour (or small drum) of Provence of the eighteenth century, is a unique instrument, which the Museum of the Paris Conservatory wished to acquire in 1895 while it still belonged to the Count of Briquerville who was living in Versailles. Henri Casadésus then heard of it through the father of one of his intimate friends, with a secret hope of being able to own it some day. Not until fifteen years later was this hope realized!

The Trompette-Marine (a long, single stringed instrument in the case of viols) is also a piece hardly to be found today. The Venetian "Serpent" has a very curious history. It is an admirable instrument of the Italian Renaissance, signed Pellegrino de Azzi Venetia. As long ago as 1894, while he was frequently visiting a celebrated collector, M. Savoy, attorney for the House of Erard, Henri Casadésus was struck by the



beauty of this instrument. He did not contemplate at this time the possibility of some day becoming the owner of it. However, he watched it lovingly until, after the death of M. Savoy, the heirs sold a large part of the collection, keeping back for better opportunities certain remarkable pieces, of which this was one. It was in 1923 that the sale of the last instruments took place in the *Hôtel des Ventes* in Paris. All the greatest collectors and buyers were assembled. Henri Casadésus followed the bidding with agony. He was at this sale not only on his own account but also to acquire several instruments which the Duchess of Grammont had requested him to buy for her palace in Venice. At the moment when the Venetian "Serpent" was put up at auction, Henri Casadésus, in the measure of his means, sought it to his utmost, but he was outbidden in such a manner by a young American lady that he was obliged to give it up. Broken hearted, he went to the home of the Duchesse de Grammont to carry her the instruments which he had bought for her, and was astonished to see the famous "Serpent" in a glass case. The Duchesse de Grammont explained to him that one of her American friends had just made a present of it to her but she added that in spite of the decorative beauty of the instrument, she found it difficult to include in the grouping of the collection which she wished to make. Henri Casadésus then proposed an exchange, which was immediately concluded, and the famous "Serpent," so much longed for, took its place in his house beside the other "Serpents," which form a complete and rare collection.

It was in Bresse (a French province adjacent to Savoy) that Henri Casadésus found the Vielle (or hurdy-gurdy, played with crank and wheel instead of a bow). It is of the eighteenth century, is signed "Melina," and belonged to a fiddler who for fifty years had conducted all the balls and all the marriages of the region. He had himself obtained this Vielle from his great-grandfather.

It was upon the death of the fiddler in question that Henri Casadésus hastened to buy the Vielle, which is superbly preserved and playable. The English Horn was found in Munich in the possession of an antique dealer, who delivered it in such a state of incrustation, that only after a long and thorough cleaning, was its origin discoverable.

The Ivory Clarinet was known by Henri Casadésus for some years. He had noticed it at the house of the great collector, Tolbecque, and he acquired it at the sale of all the instruments of said Tolbecque at Niort. It is not necessary to state that this instrument is of the greatest rarity.

A complete list of the instruments will appear in the next Symphony programme book.

## Casadesus Collection Is Presented to Boston Symphony

Monitor, Oct. 22, 1926.

By R. G. APPEL

Custodian, Allen A. Brown Music Collection, Boston Public Library

**I**N MEMORY of Maj. Henry L. Higginson, the founder and for many years the sustainer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a group of his friends and fellow-citizens presented a valuable collection of rare and costly musical instruments to the orchestra this morning. No finer tribute could have been devised than a permanent exhibition of the instruments whose tones, and that of their successors, Major Higginson so delighted in.

The collection, consisting of some 145 items, was assembled by Henri Casadesus, a distinguished French musician and connoisseur of old instruments and their music. Founder of the Society of Ancient Instruments, Mr. Casadesus visited the United States in 1918 and performed early chamber music in Symphony Hall and elsewhere, on instruments now obsolete.

A room in the corridor of the first balcony of Symphony Hall has been set aside for the exhibition, which is to be open to the concert audiences. The instruments are mounted in glass cases and each instrument has been carefully labeled by Miss Elizabeth Benton of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is hoped that in the near future a complete catalogue will be available.

### A Notable Acquisition

Among those who were at the presentation were Mr. and Mrs. Koussevitzky, Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell, Mrs. Norwood P. Hallowell, Mrs. Edward Thaw, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Miss Marion L. Blake, the trustees of the orchestra, W. H. Brennan, manager, and others.

The exhibition is due primarily to the initiative of Mr. Koussevitzky, who has been a friend of Mr. Casadesus for many years, having played double bass in recitals at which Mr. Casadesus played the *viola d'amour*.

The Casadesus Collection makes another notable acquisition among Boston's musical treasures. The Leslie Lindsay Mason Collection at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is, of course, much larger (560 pieces), while the Sargent Collection at the New England Conservatory of Music is devoted to Oriental instruments.

Of the many permanent collections in the world, exceeding 100, three of the most important are now the America—the Brown Collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; the collection in the National Museum at Washington, and the Stearns Collection at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

### Beautiful Specimens

It is hoped that this collection will suffer the fate of the famous Heyer Museum of Cologne, Ger., which recently had to be sold, and the services of its illustrious curators, Kinsky and Sachs, disposed with. The bringing of this collection to America finds an interesting parallel in that which Mr. Rodman Wanamaker is assembling, under the curatorship of Dr. Thaddeus Rich, lately concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Casadesus collection at Symphony Hall includes one of the most beautiful specimens of *viola d'amour*, one *viol de gamba* and one *basse de viol*. The *viola d'amour* was originally in the possession of Joachim. Mr. Casadesus played upon it at St. Louis in 1918 in Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles." The bass viol is one of the three known to Henri Casadesus.

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### Attractive Visually

There are Italian, Swiss, Spanish and French zithers; mandolins; serpents for the horse-soldiers; kettle drums to be played on horseback; horns, accordions, drums, flutes, bagpipes and several Oriental instruments.

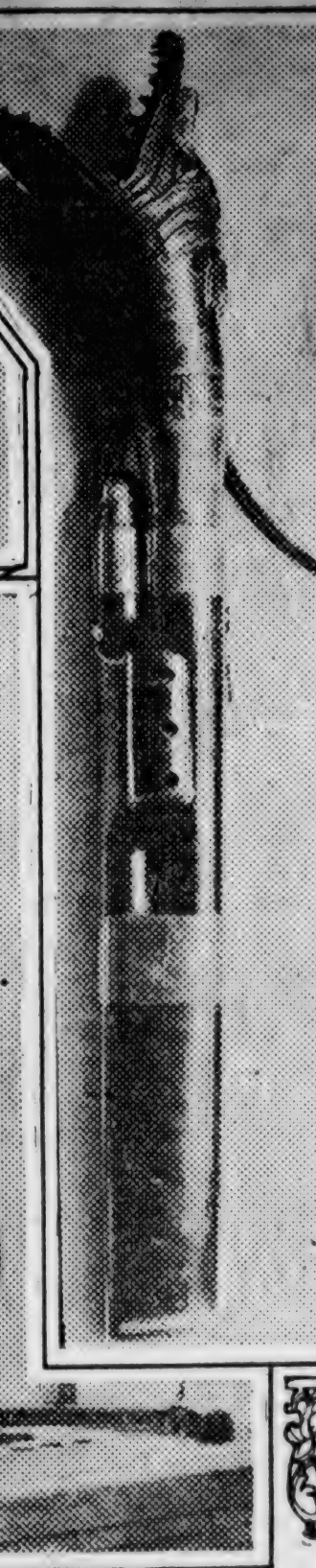
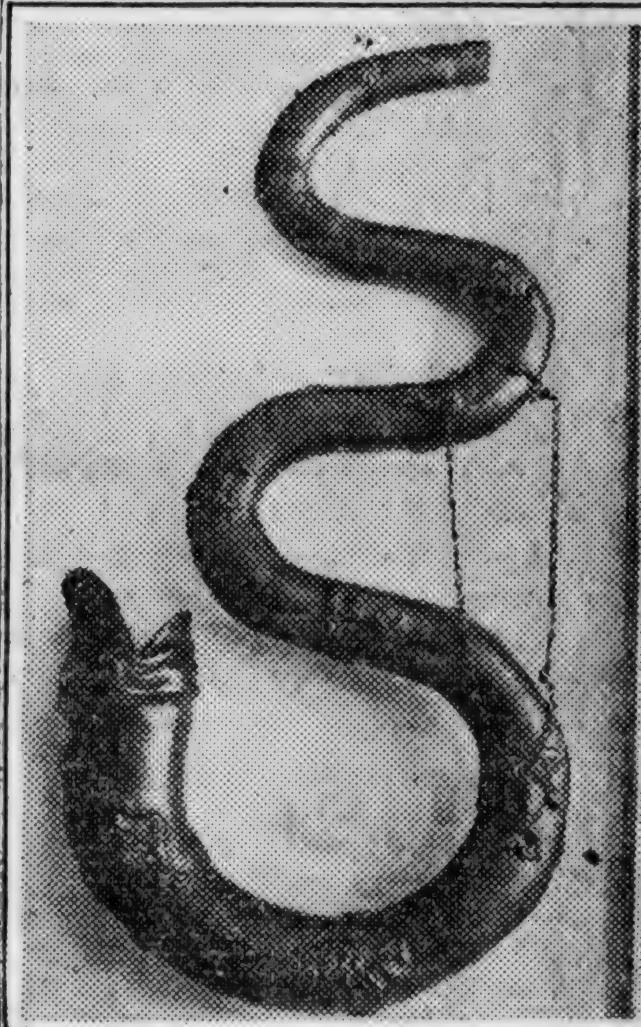
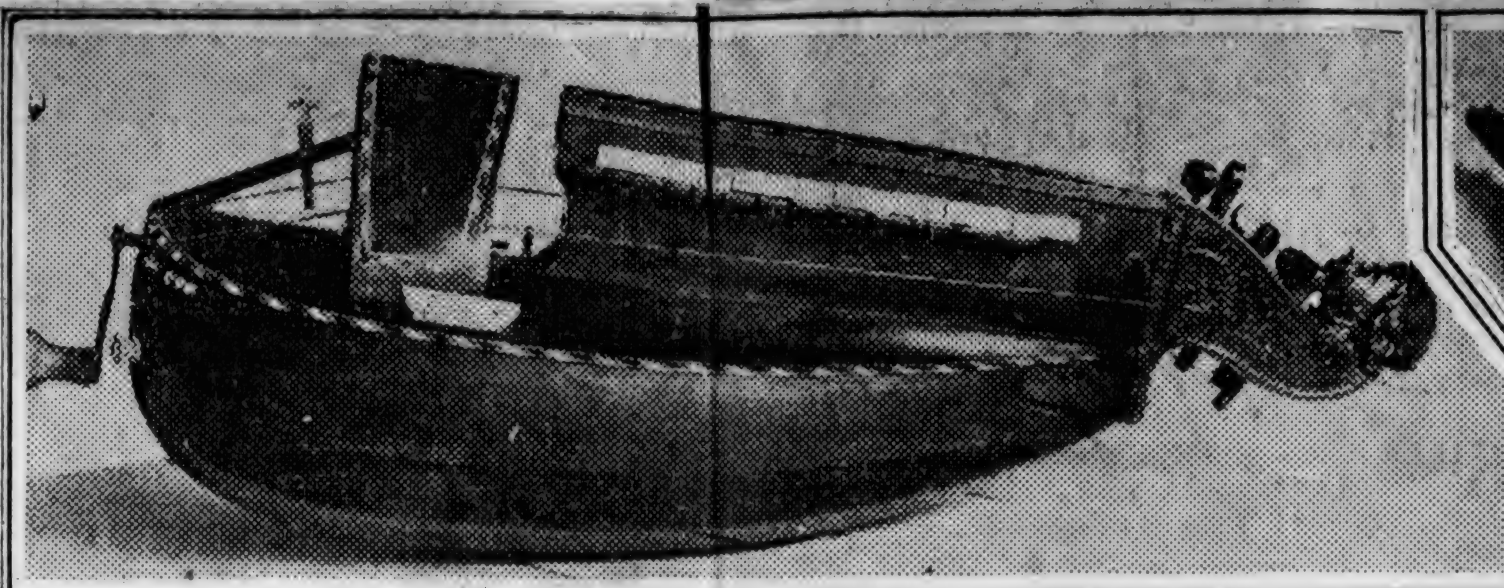
The Flute de Pan; the "organ to teach birds eight tunes"; the two complete games of bells, one of 13 and the other of 24 (right overhead on entering the room); the music-clock—all are beautiful specimens, and deserve and will repay close attention. What the old instruments may have lacked in quality, according to modern standards, they certainly made up in artistic decoration and adornment.

Except to the specialist a large exhibition is apt to be a rather tedious affair and it is one of the delights of this comparatively small collection that it is so attractive visually. If modern music ever gets to the point of being impossible to listen to, composers might well turn to this charming nook and bring in a renaissance of old forms and designs of instruments which would certainly make concerts attractive to the eye. The tonal capacities of some of these instruments would undoubtedly enliven any boresome program.

### Artistic Background

To be serious, however, it is to be regretted that however attractive these collections are to the eye or to the imaginative ear, more of the charm of their tone cannot be revived for the listener, or that some of the original beauty which they once quickened, or were a large part of, cannot be restored.

It is to be remembered that each instrument had its social and artistic background, and however valuable they may be for museum purposes the music that they played was that of the forest, the court, the hut, church, the canal. In short, it was a time when music was neither industrialized or commercialized as at present, and if the collection can inspire the public with some of the enthusiasm and devotion of Henri Casadesus, it will contribute not only to the joy that music brings, but to the honor of that devoted lover of music who labored so mightily that his fellows might enjoy with him—Henry L. Higginson.



Some of the Rare Instruments in the Casadesus Collection. At Top, a Hurdy-Gurdy of the Sixteenth Century. At Right, a Serpent for the Horse Soldiers, Lyon, Eighteenth Century, Made by Rust & Dubois. Below, at Left, Church Serpent With Arms of the Venetian Republic, Made by Pellegrino di Azzi, Venice, Fifteenth Century. In the Group, Left to Right, Viol de Gambe, English, Eighteenth Century, Made by Juan; Viole d'Amour, Made by Paul Allestche, Munich, 1713; (Below It) Pocket Viol Made by André Vinette, 1612; at Right, Bass Viol, French, Eighteenth Century, by Lejeune; at Bottom. Trompette, Marini.

something else than a curious assemblage of playthings of other times. A noble and sensitive humanity expresses itself in the language of sounds. A little bit of the soul is always floating over the curves of the violins, at the mouth-holes of the flutes and of the oboes. . . .

From his youth Henri Casadesus was haunted by forgotten instruments, long condemned to silence. It seemed to him

that he might never find them again. He began by the re-creation of the famous "consort of instruments" of the present collection. The most beautiful specimen of the collection was the Society's travelling across the quarter of a century.

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## Muted Voices for Bostonians Now Unloosed

Trans. — Oct. 24, 1926.  
The Casadesus Collection of Ancient

Instruments, Gift Today to  
the Symphony  
Orchestra

This morning, the noted collec-  
tion of ancient instruments, made  
by Monsieur Henri Casadésus of  
Paris, was transferred to the  
Trustees of the Symphony Or-  
chestra by the committee of Bos-  
tonians who purchased it last  
summer. An account of the oc-  
casion is printed in the news-  
columns. Here follows a résumé  
of the "pieces," written—outside  
the cataloguing paragraph—by  
Monsieur Casadésus himself, pre-  
ferring the third person, dear  
also to Henry Adams.

**M**USICAL INSTRUMENTS are  
admirable objects! Since the  
flute of Pan, a vegetable stem  
on the lips of the antique faun,  
up to the most recent jazz instruments—  
horned giants of a kind of sonorous  
chemistry—what an infinitely varied  
scale of forms! More than those who  
mix their voices in the confusion of our  
life, these move us who are silenced  
forever: the ancient instruments, viols,  
cithers, lutes, theorbos, trompettes-ma-  
rines—their assembled names form a  
mysterious concert; what echoes, far-off  
sounds, shadows, rise at their evocation!  
The angels of primitive times rise up  
from their clouds of gold, the figures of  
Watteau pick up their guitars again, and  
all the past thrills, smiles, and sings.  
A collection of ancient instruments is  
something else than a curious assem-  
blage of playthings of other times. A noble  
and sensitive humanity expresses itself  
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that there was a whole world un-  
justly deserted, whose beauty ought to  
be charming living ears. Among the  
makers and dealers, if at any time one  
suggested to him a new instrument  
smirkingly varnished, he was attracted  
by the dim sheen of a viola d'amore, by  
the reticent and attenuated luster of a  
treble viol. Strange little heads, Eros  
with bandaged eyes, perched upon these  
instruments, making of them fairy-like  
personages. "What do you wish to do  
with these?" said the dealer to the cap-  
tivated young man: "One can no longer  
play upon them"; but the Eros of the  
viola murmured "Do not believe it; I  
can sing if you wish"; and one day Henri  
Casadésus took away with him one of  
these beautiful dumb violas. He searched  
a long time for the secret of its captive  
song, of the entanglement of its many  
metallic strings, of the complex mount-  
ing of its sonorous fretwork. What a  
reward when the instrument, grateful  
and resuscitated, made its velvet tone  
heard under his fingers!

It was then that the idea came to him  
to form the Society of Ancient Instru-  
ments, which joined together, as though  
recalled to life, violas and harpsichords  
in a ravishing symphony, while the mas-  
ters of music approved and praised.  
In these accents the melodies of Rameau,  
of Lulli, of Bach, find again their color.  
The music of Monteverde, Mouret, Des-  
touches, sleeping under the dust of cen-  
turies, enchants anew attentive hearers.  
It was a revelation. The magician to  
whom one was indebted for it no longer  
resisted the call of the ivory flutes, the  
alurements of the cithers of precious  
maple, of the garlanded dulcimers. His  
house, as in a tale of Hoffmann, became  
filled with serpents d'eglise, kettle-  
drums, bells, of the rarest specimens  
of the musical fauna. Thus was born  
the unique collection today given to the  
Boston Symphony Orchestra in memory  
of its founder, Henry L. Higginson.

The Society of Ancient Instruments,  
which was founded by Henri Casadésus  
is the realization of an idea which was  
dear to Camille Saint-Saens; for everyone  
knows how much the seventeenth and  
eighteenth centuries interested him. . . .

It was toward 1896 that Henri Casadésus  
bought with his modest means the instru-  
ments the beauty of which may henceforth  
be admired at Symphony Hall. He occu-  
pied himself in the beginning by the re-  
construction of the famous "consort of  
viols," of which the present collection  
contains one of the most beautiful spec-  
imens. From its foundation the Society  
of Ancient Instruments travelled across  
the world during a quarter of a century.  
Indefatigable seeker, Henri Casadésus  
at length succeeded in the course of his  
journeys in assembling this admirable  
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inspire the public with some of the  
enthusiasm and devotion of Henri  
Casadesus, it will contribute not  
only to the joy that music brings,  
but to the honor of that devoted  
lover of music who labored so might-  
ily that his fellows might enjoy with  
him—Henry L. Higginson.

## TOMORROW COLMAN

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GEORGE

SOPRANO  
Thur. Eve., OCT. 28  
HARRISON  
POTT

PIANIST  
Wed. Eve., NOV. 2  
STEFAN  
SOPHIA

VIOLINIST  
Wed. Eve., NOV. 9  
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PIANIST  
Sun. Eve., OCT. 31  
JOHNSON and  
NEGRO SPIRIT  
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Anita Davis-Chase  
JORDAN I

Wed. Eve., Oct. 27  
SIMON

Pianist  
Sat. Aft., Oct. 30  
TOVE

Pianist

best-furnished European museums. Mr. Koussevitzky, the intimate friend of Casadesus, knew for a long time these artistic riches, and upon his initiative and counsel the committee was assembled which acquired this collection.

In the "consort of viols," the quinton or treble viol signed Quersent, was bought of a collector of Bourgeon-Breese (Ain) Charles Guillon, who obtained it from Gavarni. The viola d'amore was bought in Munich of a young German to whom Joachim had given it. Tempted by the original character of the viola, Henri Casadesus bought it immediately. It was upon this viola d'amore that he was later, in 1918, to play in St. Louis with the orchestra "Le Mort of Tintagiles" Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem. The viola da gamba came from the collection of Mr. Reed in London, who was forced at one time to sell a part of his instruments. It was used during several years by Marcel Casadesus, killed during the war, and by Louis Hasselmans, now conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, who played upon it in the course of a tour in the United States in 1918. The bass-viol is an extremely rare instrument because the number of them has been greatly reduced by transformation into violoncellos. Henri Casadesus has only known three of them: that at Symphony Hall; another that he uses in his Society, a third in a collection in Rome. This "consort of viols" is that on which the Society of Ancient Instruments on January 23, 1918, played in Symphony Hall in Boston the concerto for violas of Emanuel Bach.

If we pass to examination of the principal instruments we see at first: The tabor or small drum of Provence in the eighteenth century, a unique instrument which the museum of the Conservatory in Paris wished to acquire in 1895 while it still belonged to the Comte de Briquerville at Versailles. It was then that Henri Casadesus heard of it through the father of one of his intimate friends, with the secret hope of being able to own it some day. Fifteen years later this hope was realized.

The Trompette Marine—a bowed instrument with a single thick string—is also a "piece" not to be found today. The Venetian serpent has a curious history. It is an admirable instrument of the Italian Renaissance, signed Pellegrino de Azzi Venezia. As long ago as 1894, when he frequently visited a celebrated collector, Monsieur Savoy, attorney for the Erards, Henri Casadesus was struck by the beauty of this instrument. He did not contemplate at this time the possibility of some day owning it. He could only follow it-covetously until, after the death of Monsieur Savoy, the heirs sold a large part of



the collection, keeping back for better opportunities certain remarkable pieces, of which this serpent was one. In 1923 the sale of these last instruments took place in Paris. All the richest collectors and buyers were assembled. Henri Casadésus followed with dread the bidding. He was at this sale not only on his own account but also to purchase several instruments which the Duchess of Grammont had requested him to buy for her palazzo in Venice.

At the moment when the Venetian serpent was put up at auction, Henri Casadésus, within his means, sought it to the utmost; but he was outbid in such a manner by a young American lady that he was obliged to renounce it. Depressed, he went to the house of Madame de Grammont to carry her the instruments which he had bought for her. There to his considerable surprise he saw the famous serpent in a glass case. The duchess explained to him that one of her American friends had just made a present of it to her. She added that in spite of the decorative beauty of the instrument, she found it a little difficult to include in the collection which she wished to make. Henri Casadésus then proposed an exchange, which was immediately arranged and the serpent took its place in his house beside the other serpents which form a complete and rare collection.

It was in Bresse (a French province adjoining Savoy) that Henri Casadésus found the vielle of the Eighteenth Century—a primitive violin played with a wheel and handle—signed Melina, belonging to a fiddler who for fifty years had played at the balls and the marriages of the district. This fiddler had received this vielle from his great-grandfather. Upon the death of the heir, Henri Casadésus hastened to buy the vielle, which is well preserved and playable. The English horn was found in Munich, at a petty antiquarian's, who delivered it so dirty that it was a very long time afterward, as a result of thorough cleaning, that its origin was discovered. The ivory clarinet was known to Henri Casadésus for some years; he had noticed it at the house of the great collector, Tolbecque, and he bought it at the sale of Tolbecque's instruments at Niort. It is an exceedingly rare instrument.

To particularize, catalogue-fashion, the Casadésus Collection comprises a viola d'amore of 1713 by Paulus of Munich; an English viola da gamba by Juan; a French bass-viol by Lejeune; a "Pocket-Violon" of 1612 by Vinatte; a tambourin, or long narrow drum, of 1764 by Talbano; Italian, Swiss and Spanish cithers of the eighteenth century; mandolins, an

arch-lute, a "lyre" and a "banjo" of the same period; the "trompette marine" aforesaid and others; serpents for the church and serpents for cavalry; horns; bag-pipe; bird-organ; timpanons; a "musical clock; a "monocorde," a "mandole"—all of the eighteenth century and of French or Italian origin; accordions from the First Empire; eighteenth-century stands of bells; an assortment of drums of the same period or the First Empire; a flute by Stengel of Baireuth, a bass-trumpet by Guichard, a flute and a clarinet in ivory; bassoons of the eighteenth-century—one tenor; the English horn already mentioned and an Alpine horn; flutes, clarinets and flutes again; bag-pipes of Poitou; an ancient xylophone from Asia; sundry "exotic" instruments; an eighteenth-century oboe; eighteenth-century tuning-forks, bows and dampers; a clavecin of the First Empire; a "Flute of Pan."

A book might be necessary to unfold all the researches, vicissitudes and discoveries of Henri Casadésus assembling these instruments. To enrich his collection with a remarkable piece, he spared neither time, travel nor money. Perhaps, as his friends urge, he will decide himself some day to write his memoirs, giving to each instrument the curious or amusing history with which he associates it. But for the time the collection at Symphony Hall is the monument to his keen instinct, persevering will and inexhaustible patience.

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The 46th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts and the third season of Mr. Koussevitzky's reign came to an end last night. It is customary after the last concert to review the season, not in detail, but to note some salient features.

Those who feared that there would be a preponderance of compositions by Russians were agreeably disappointed; "agreeably," though some of us would gladly have become acquainted with certain Russian composers now living whose works have been performed in other cities of the United States.

There were reactionaries who found a Russian behind every foreign name. On Nov. 19 the program comprised works by Tansman, Krasa, Webern, Walton and Beethoven. To our amazement a subscriber asked us if we could not persuade Mr. Koussevitzky to give less Russian music, at least not a whole program of it. We said in answer that Mr. Koussevitzky was abundantly able to arrange his programs; that it would be impertinent to suggest one. "You think that this program to which you object was all-Russian? Tansman is a Pole; Krasa is a Czech; Webern is an Austrian; Walton is an Englishman. Then there's Beethoven. Alas, it is true that he introduced Russian themes in a set of string quartets; but he did it in such a way that no one would recognize them."

How many Russians were represented last season? Borodin, Dukelsky, Glazounov, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Prokofieff, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scriabin, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky: the Russian compositions were 17 out of 102.

The composers of the season were numerically represented as follows: Beethoven, 10; Respighi, 7 (in consequence of his being a guest conductor); Wagner, 7; Brahms, 6; Prokofieff, 5 (his charming "Classical" symphony was played twice); J. S. Bach, 3; Handel, 3; Mozart, 3; Sibelius, 3; Strauss, 3; Casella, 2; Scarlatti, 2; Schumann, 2 (his Symphony No. 1 was played twice); Stravinsky, 2; Tansman, 2; Weber, 2. About 40 were represented by one composition.

The following composers were introduced for the first time at these concerts: Bartok, Dukelsky, Krasa, Langendoen (a member of the orchestra), Lazar, Scarlatti, Sessions, Steinert, Tommasini (as an orchestrator of Scarlatti's Sonatas), Walton, Webern.

Works performed for the first time anywhere were these: Converse, "Flivver 10,000"; Copland, Piano Concerto; Dukelsky, Suite from "Zephyr et Flore"; Lazar, Tziganes; Respighi, "Church Windows"; Roussel, Suite in F major; Sessions, Symphony; Steinert, Southern Night; Tansman, Symphony; nine in all.

Twenty-five compositions besides those just named were played in Boston for the first time. They were by Bartok, Casella, De Falla, Delius, Glinka, Hill, Ibert, Krasa, Milhaud, Mozart, Prokofieff, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scarlatti, Sibelius, Tansman, Walton, Webern, Vaughan Williams.

And five compositions which had been previously played here were heard for the first time by the Symphony audiences.

The soloists were Mme. Respighi, soprano; Mme. Landowska, harpsichordist; Messrs. Stratton, tenor; Burgin, violinist; Bedetti, violoncellist; and the pianists Copland, Cortot, Giesecking, Milhaud, Respighi, Rosenthal; eleven in all.

The American composers represented were Messrs. Chadwick, Converse, Copland, Hill, Loeffler, Sessions, Steinert.

Not all of the unfamiliar compositions gave pleasure to the subscribers.

De Falla's Concerto was unanimously regarded as poor, dull stuff. The great majority did not accept Copland's piano concerto, Respighi's piano concert, Webern's Five Pieces. There were other works that excited controversy, as those by Krasa and Sessions. Nor is it to be supposed that a conductor vouches enthusiastically for every contemporaneous work he introduces; but any conductor worthy the name, who has in mind the duty to let his audiences know what is now going on in the musical world, will introduce, careless of applause or groans that may follow a performance, works that have attracted attention and excited discussion elsewhere.

There are honest, God-fearing men and women in the audiences of Symphony hall who really believe that music stopped at the death of Johannes Brahms. (Of course local composers should be heard indulgently, especially when they walk in the good old beaten path. If, knowing that music is not now flowing into the old moulds, they wander from this path, they are courteously applauded, but are after the concert subjects for earnest prayer: that they may see the error of their ways and repent before it is too late.)

The season of 1926-27 was a brilliant one. To speak of Mr. Koussevitzky's many memorable interpretations, some of them extraordinarily eloquent, would be merely to rewrite what has been said in The Herald during the season. It mattered not whether the music were by Bach or Strauss, Handel or Tchaikovsky, Chadwick or Prokofieff, Mr. Koussevitzky as the interpreter was thrice admirable. Boston may well exult in the fact that his contract has been extended; for his earnest purpose is not only to maintain and enlarge the fame of the orchestra which is now incomparable for plasticity and euphony, but to make this city once more a musical centre, if the plans that he has in mind will find generous support.

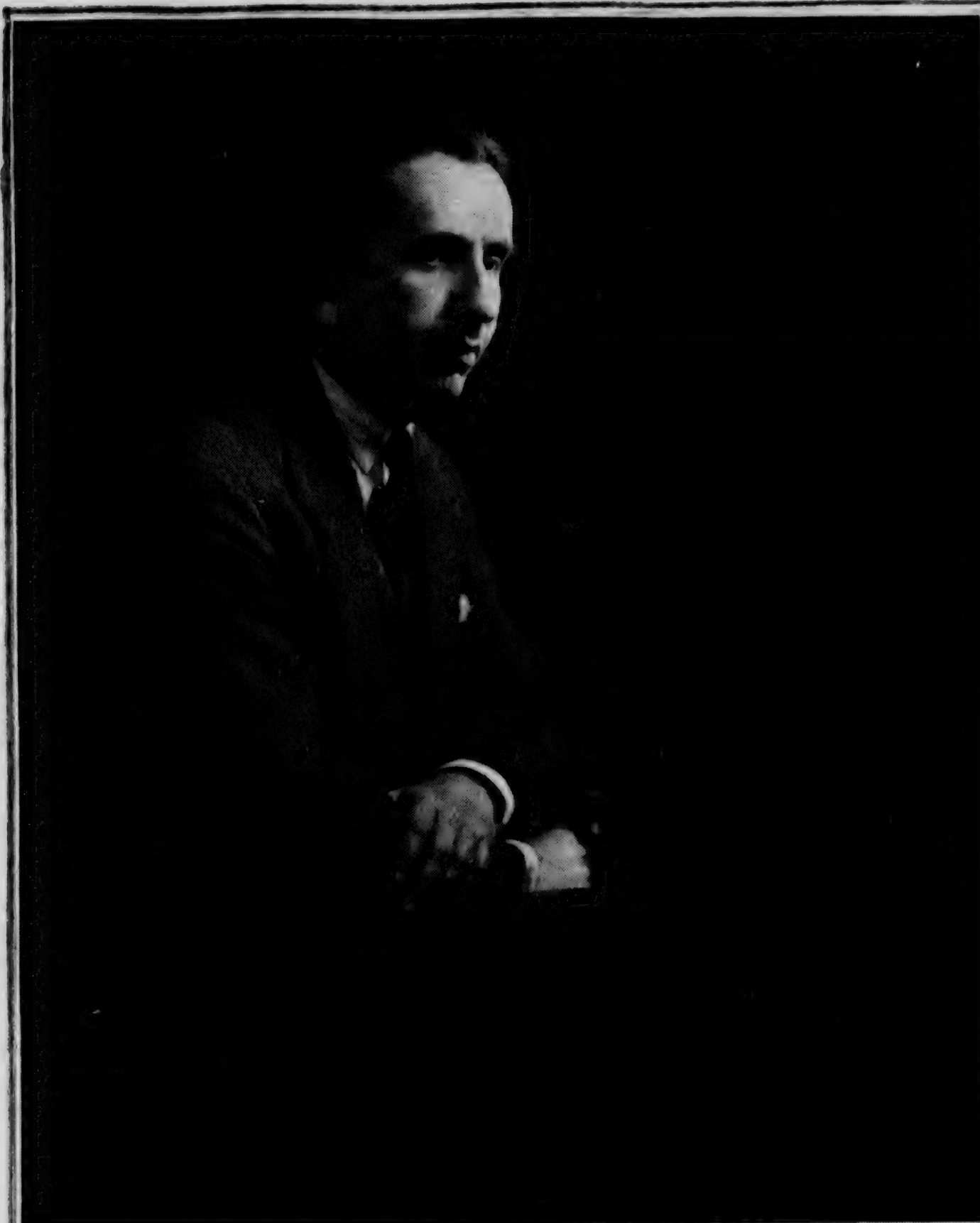
While the orchestra was the supreme soloist, there were solo performances by Messrs. Giesecking, Bedetti and Burgin, that added interest to the concerts in which they displayed their art. It is impossible to refrain from mentioning the exquisite performance by Mr. Giesecking of Mozart's piano concerto on Jan. 14, with Mr. Casella sharing the glory by his masterly conducting of the orchestral accompaniment.

The choral concert of March 4 was a disappointment on account of the inadequacy of the chorus; nor was it prudent to take this chorus to New York, let alone the cost of transportation.

The Beethoven Festival was well planned with one exception: the inclusion of a concert devoted to chamber music, which is not heard to advantage in Symphony hall; nor did the performance of this music justify the inclusion. The orchestra deserved an evening's rest, but it would have been wiser to let that evening pass without a tribute to Beethoven. Of the solo singers engaged for the Mass in D and the 9th symphony only Mr. Davies was fully competent. That Miss Austral, the soprano, was unable to fill her engagement, was a disappointment. It is true that the demands made on the singers by Beethoven are exorbitant. The chorus was undaunted, valiant.

Let it be said in conclusion that the introduction of many unfamiliar compositions is necessary to the musical knowledge of the community. If some of them excite disapproval, even anger, this is as it should be. Without dissent, there is stagnation; an attitude of smug complacency; a folding of the hands for slumber, except when they are raised to applaud something that has for 50 years been regarded as orthodox and respectable. P. H.





### ALFREDO CASELLA

Both as composer and as conductor, Alfredo Casella is not unfamiliar to Boston. He came to America in 1921 and again in 1923, when he gave piano recitals, and presided as guest conductor of several orchestras, including the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On that occasion he conducted his "Italia," long a favorite at the Pops and his "Convent on the Water."

Casella was again guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the week of February 13 last, conducting among other scores, his "Partita," and his Suite from "La Giara," the Ballet which was mounted with much success at the Metropolitan Opera House last spring.

Casella was born in Turin in 1883, of notably musical parents, and began to study piano at the age of four. His aptitude as a small boy for chemistry and electricity was such that a scientific vocation was contemplated for him. At twelve, however, he definitely dedicated himself to music. He entered the Paris Conservatory, where after studying the piano under Diémer, he took the First Prize in 1899. His master in composition was Fauré.

In Rome in 1916, he founded the "Society of Modern Music" and a similar society in 1923 together with d'Annunzio and Malipiero. Through these, concerts were given in Italy, France, and England. He was music critic for the "Homme Libre" in Paris, and founded a periodical "Ars Nova" in Rome, dedicated to the cause of music. In several concert tours, Casella conducted such orchestras as the Colonne, Lamoureux, and Philharmonic in Paris; Mengelberg's "Concertgebouw" in Amsterdam, the Orchestra of the St. Cecilia Society in Rome, etc. In America, Casella has conducted the Orchestras of Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, and Cleveland. His qualities as piano virtuoso are well known on both continents from innumerable orchestral appearances and recitals. These facts attest the brilliance and versatility of Casella's genius.

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Orchestra of Symphony Players

ALFREDO CASELLA, Conductor

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1. PRELUDE to "Carmen" . . . . . Bizet
2. TWO MARCHES . . . . . Schubert  
(Arranged for Orchestra by ALFREDO CASELLA)  
(First performance in America)
3. "FOUNTAINS OF ROME," Symphonic Poem . . . . . Respighi  
I. The Fountains of Valle Giulia at Dawn.  
II. The Triton Fountain at Morn.  
III. The Fountain of Trevi at Midday.  
IV. The Villa Medici Fountains at Sunset.
4. PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" . . . . . Wagner
5. OVERTURE to "Cinderella" . . . . . Rossini
6. THREE DANCES from "Othello" . . . . . Verdi  
(First performance in America)
7. "ITALIA" Rhapsody . . . . . Casella
8. INDIAN WAR DANCE . . . . . Skilton
9. VALSE TRISTE . . . . . Sibelius
10. SPANISH CAPRICE . . . . . Rimsky-Korsakov

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Casella was again guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the week of February 13 last, conducting among other scores, his "Partita," and his Suite from "La Giara," the Ballet which was mounted with much success at the Metropolitan Opera House last spring.

Casella was born in Turin in 1883, of notably musical parents, and began to study piano at the age of four. His aptitude as a small boy for chemistry and electricity was such that a scientific vocation was contemplated for him. At twelve, however, he definitely dedicated himself to music. He entered the Paris Conservatory, where after studying the piano under Diémer, he took the First Prize in 1899. His master in composition was Fauré.

In Rome in 1916, he founded the "Society of Modern Music" and a similar society in 1923 together with d'Annunzio and Malipiero. Through these, concerts were given in Italy, France, and England. He was music critic for the "Homme Libre" in Paris, and founded a periodical "Ars Nova" in Rome, dedicated to the cause of music. In several concert tours, Casella conducted such orchestras as the Colonne, Lamoureux, and Philharmonic in Paris; Mengelberg's "Concertgebouw" in Amsterdam, the Orchestra of the St. Cecilia Society in Rome, etc. In America, Casella has conducted the Orchestras of Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, and Cleveland. His qualities as piano virtuoso are well known on both continents from innumerable orchestral appearances and recitals. These facts attest the brilliance and versatility of Casella's genius.

## SYMPHONY HALL

Forty-second Season of the

# POPS

Monday, May 2, at 8.15

## OPENING NIGHT

Orchestra of Symphony Players

ALFREDO CASELLA, Conductor

### PROGRAMME

1. PRELUDE to "Carmen" . . . . . Bizet
2. TWO MARCHES . . . . . Schubert  
(Arranged for Orchestra by ALFREDO CASELLA)  
(First performance in America)
3. "FOUNTAINS OF ROME," Symphonic Poem . . . . . Respighi  
I. The Fountains of Valle Giulia at Dawn.  
II. The Triton Fountain at Morn.  
III. The Fountain of Trevi at Midday.  
IV. The Villa Medici Fountains at Sunset.
4. PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" . . . . . Wagner
5. OVERTURE to "Cinderella" . . . . . Rossini
6. THREE DANCES from "Othello" . . . . . Verdi  
(First performance in America)
7. "ITALIA" Rhapsody . . . . . Casella
8. INDIAN WAR DANCE . . . . . Skilton
9. VALSE TRISTE . . . . . Sibelius
10. SPANISH CAPRICE . . . . . Rimsky-Korsakov

Seats now on sale for opening night



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# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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*Please note that the option for renewal expires May 1*

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager,  
Symphony Hall, Boston.

## SYMPHONY HALL

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FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON 1927-1928

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(107 MUSICIANS)

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(Payment for season tickets is not due until next autumn.)

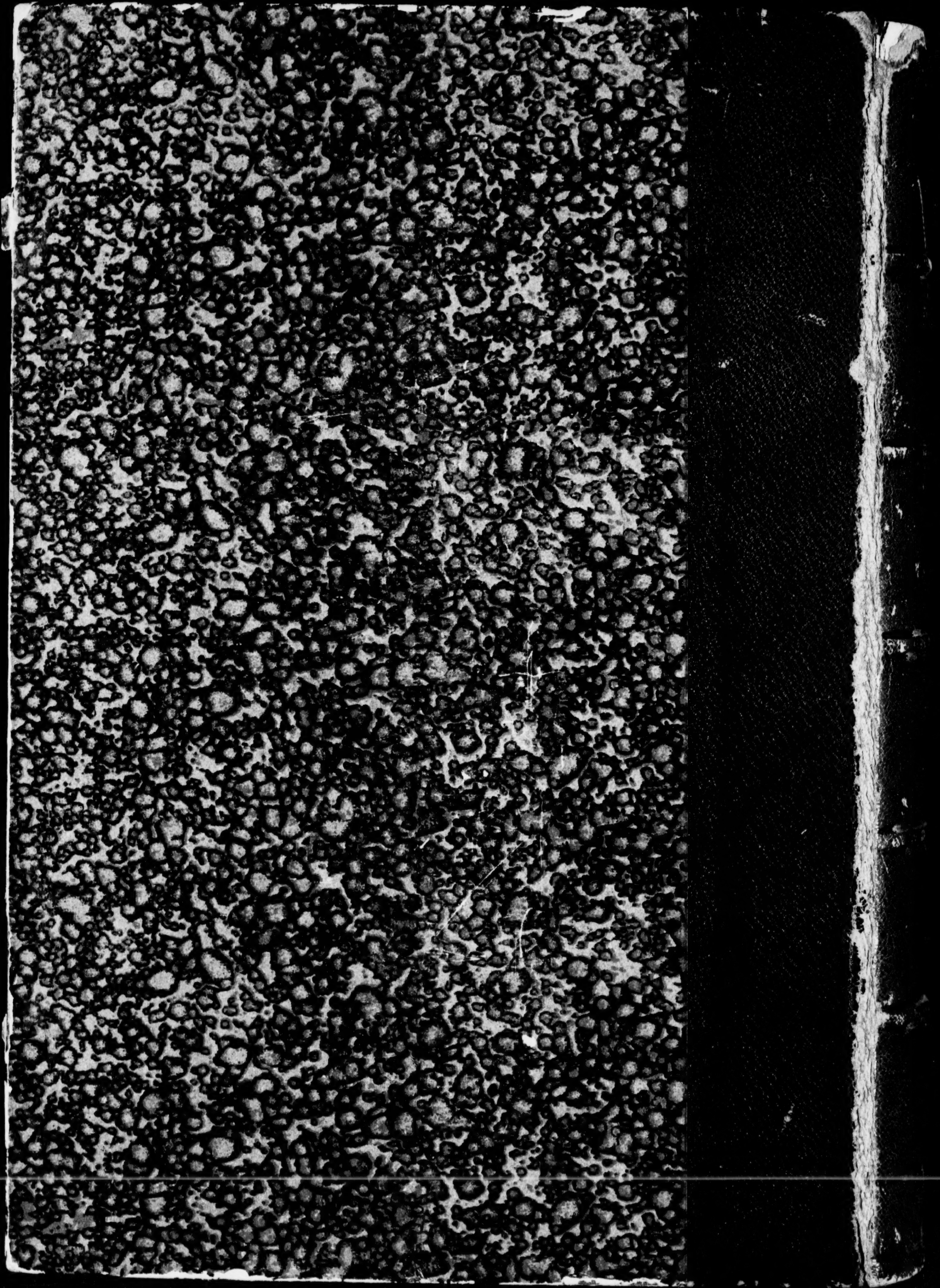


Compiled by Mary A. Brown.  
Season of 1926-1927.



AUG 2 1927







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